For Reference

Not to be taken from this room

220737

Collier's

JULY 3, 1943 TEN CENTS

ROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

220737

EASTON DR. BR.
BURLINGAME
PUBLIC
LIB.

Seven Sins

BEGINNING
A NEW NOVEL
BY SAX ROHMER

FOURTH-TERM FROST IN

BY WALTER DAVENPORT

BURLINGAME
CALIF
6/25/99
C
1 JA44
h/2F

220787

DO YOUR BEST . . . AND

Be At Your Best

~~EASTON DR. BR.~~
BURLINGAME
PUBLIC
LIB.

ON the production line, or in the home, wherever you serve, today you have an added obligation to "Do your Best . . . Be at your Best."

America needs you strong and well. So don't neglect those daily precautions so important for health and well-being. Dress properly. Eat protective foods. Get plenty of sleep. Watch out for colds. Now, of all times, it's your duty to care for *yourself* . . . for your country!

Yes, America needs you healthy . . . *but she also needs you cheerful, friendly, cooperative.* So put on a smile. Cultivate old friends and make new ones. Look your neatest! Be your sweetest! Friendly ties will help keep us all *pulling together!*

On the job, and in your relationships with others, *Do your Best . . . Be at your Best.*

Today, more than ever, it is important to have always on hand a safe, trustworthy antiseptic and germicide for prompt use in the thousand minor emergencies that continually arise. As you undoubtedly know, Listerine Antiseptic has stood pre-eminent in the field of oral hygiene for more than half a century.

It is hardly necessary to add, that with so many fastidious persons who know the meaning of halitosis (bad breath), Listerine Antiseptic is the delightful precaution against offending this way when the condition is not systemic. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, so often a cause of the trouble.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC *for Oral Hygiene*

● American production of war materials has reached the flood stage. It is the kind of flood that will engulf our enemies. Reasons for our high rate of production are many . . . not the least of which is that splendid spirit of cooperation exemplified by the Group-Riding Habit which millions of Americans now enjoy.

MORALE BUILDER

Ask a man who shares his car, and he'll tell you that his Motorola Radio is a fine morale builder. Busy war workers like to get their spot news and radio entertainment as they ride to and from work. Motorola Radio has made group-riding a pleasant and profitable new national habit.

YOU CAN STILL GET A MOTOROLA TO

FIT and MATCH

YOUR CAR, OLD OR NEW!

In most localities there is a Motorola Dealer who can custom-fit your car with America's finest Auto Radio. While there is still time . . .

SEE A MOTOROLA DEALER TODAY!

The Army-Navy "E" and added Star for excellence in production of Communication Equipment for our Armed Forces.

Motorola Radio
AMERICA'S FINEST FOR CAR AND HOME
GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION CHICAGO

W. B. COURTNEY	European War Theater	AMY PORTER	Articles
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Russia and Far East	GEORGE CREEL	Washington
KYLE CRICHTON	Articles	WILLIAM HILLMAN	Washington
HERBERT ASBURY	Articles	FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction	FRANK GERVASI	Middle East War Theater
ALLEN MARPLE	Fiction	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Articles	U. L. CALVOSA	Photographs
HENRY L. JACKSON	Wearables	GEORGE DE ZAYAS	Hollywood
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

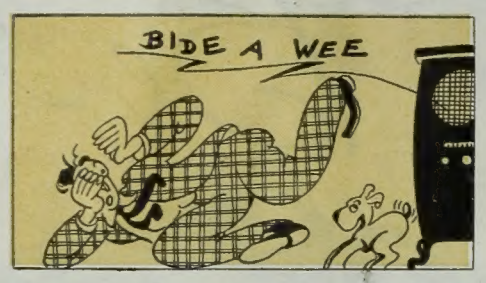
Collier'

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor
JEROME ELLISON Managing Editor

ANY WEEK

THIS column has a hard-earned reputation for roaming far and near to present the cheerier, more optimistic side of things. Therefore it is with some regret that we notify you that a great many of our readers are growing weary of the Army-Navy-OWI pattern into which our military heroes seem to be falling. Several letters have arrived this morning complaining that their writers do not think it is necessary that every gallant captor of strategic enemy positions, every fearless bombardier of Axis factories, dams, railroads and warships, and every destroyer of Axis warplanes should be "shy, self-effacing, wordless, blushingly modest and remembered by his schoolmates as the quietest and least aggressive fellow on the campus." Indeed Miss Gertrude N. Chestnut of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, yearns to be told of a hero who "is a loudmouthed, brash, conceited, self-assertive guy who, before getting into the war and becoming famous for his glorious deeds, was known far and wide as an unpopular pain in the neck." As we say we regret to note this tendency but we're here merely to record the temper of our correspondents. Personally, we've never found it simple to trust the hero officially quoted as saying: "Awwww gosh, I only did what any other fellow would 'a' done in my place." If he said it.

MOREOVER a number of people are kicking about a proposition put up to the War Labor Board by certain war industrialists. They tell us that the latter are asking the former to okay a bonus system whereby the employer may give a worker ten per cent extra if the worker should toil six consecutive days. This, in the event you're as baffled as we are, is supposed to discourage absenteeism. And other hints of discontent seep in. We've a letter from a customer who happened in on a roomful of Army officers. One was writing a letter—longhand. Another was doing the crossword puzzle. A third was burnishing himself with an electric razor. Said the third to the second: "How do you think things are going for Eisenhower?" The crossword addict looked up and said: "What?" The question was repeated. Said the other: "Well, at last we got him going in the right direction all right."



OUR associate Mr. Jim Marshall has just come in, in what we'd call a state. He had been out in the country somewhere. "All I know," said Mr. Marshall gloomily, "is that I heard a newscaster the other night wind up with these words: 'And so, folks, until our next broadcast, bide a wee.' And if you think that's the way to win this war, you're wrong," roared Mr. Marshall.

AND from Washington we receive a bitter comment on the Fine Arts Commission of Mr. Ickes' Department of the Interior, which is to beautify our Nation's capital after the war. Our correspondent, who insists on anonymity, an uncommon quality in Washington, writes: "The Fine Arts Commission has found out that it will cost only $400,000,000 to do the job. This trifling sum will not be a burden upon the now heavily Doughtened taxpayer, because the work will begin with the firing of 400,000,000 bureaucrats who are not, after all, very sightly. What we save there we shall put into stylishing up the place."

A GROUP of soldiers were discussing the future—postwar problems—which is just another bit of evidence that soldiers too are people. The views of President Roosevelt, of Vice-President Wallace, of Mr. Willkie and Mr. Churchill—all got a thorough airing. To sum it up, all present, except one, a corporal, seemed to agree that a great many million people, of whom none of them had ever heard before this war, were going to be fed, clothed, housed and, in general, set up in pretty nice style by, of course, that greatest of philanthropists, Uncle Sam. Then spoke the corporal. "Well," said he, "I dunno. We're going to have twelve million of us guys in uniform before this war's over. By the time we twelve million guys get ours in bonuses and pensions Uncle Sam ain't going to be any too flush." . . . W. D.

Vol. 112, No. 1. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1943, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

THIS WEE

JULY 3, 1943

SHORT STORIES

FELICIA GIZYCKA
A Wall Between. Pride and misunde ing won't stand up to love. P

ED ZERN
High and Dry. A little raw Kansas moo leads Pa to a great idea. P

L. L. FOREMAN
Gravy Guy. The smart aleck and the doll didn't make such a bad team. P

STEFAN ZWEIG
Jupiter. A dog who can plan revenge c change his mind. P

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Report Unfounded, by James Atlee Phill P

SERIAL STORIES

SAX ROHMER
Seven Sins. The first of eight parts. P

FAITH BALDWIN
You Can't Escape. The fourth of eight P

ARTICLES

WALTER DAVENPORT
Fourth-Term Frost in Dixie. The Solid seems to be turning a cold shoulder New Deal. F

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Three Russian Women. The spirit Soviet girl warriors is unconquerabl

COREY FORD and ALASTAIR MacBAIN
Castner's Cutthroats. Tough, ready sourceful are the Alaskan Combat Intel scouts.

KYLE CRICHTON
Mr. 2 x 3. Billy Arthur has never handicap stand in the way of success.

THÉRÈSE BONNEY
Children in Peril. War food shortages the lives of young Finns.

MARIAN STEPHENSON and ANNE SINCLAIR
Set It Yourself. Tips on how to be yo hairdresser.

MONA GARDNER
Watch It, Farmer! Danger lurks on t as well as on the battle front.

HANNAH LEES
Take Heart. Stop worrying about the muscle in your body.

GEORGE CREEL
Prophets of Happy Days. What the are for good times and good jobs after

●

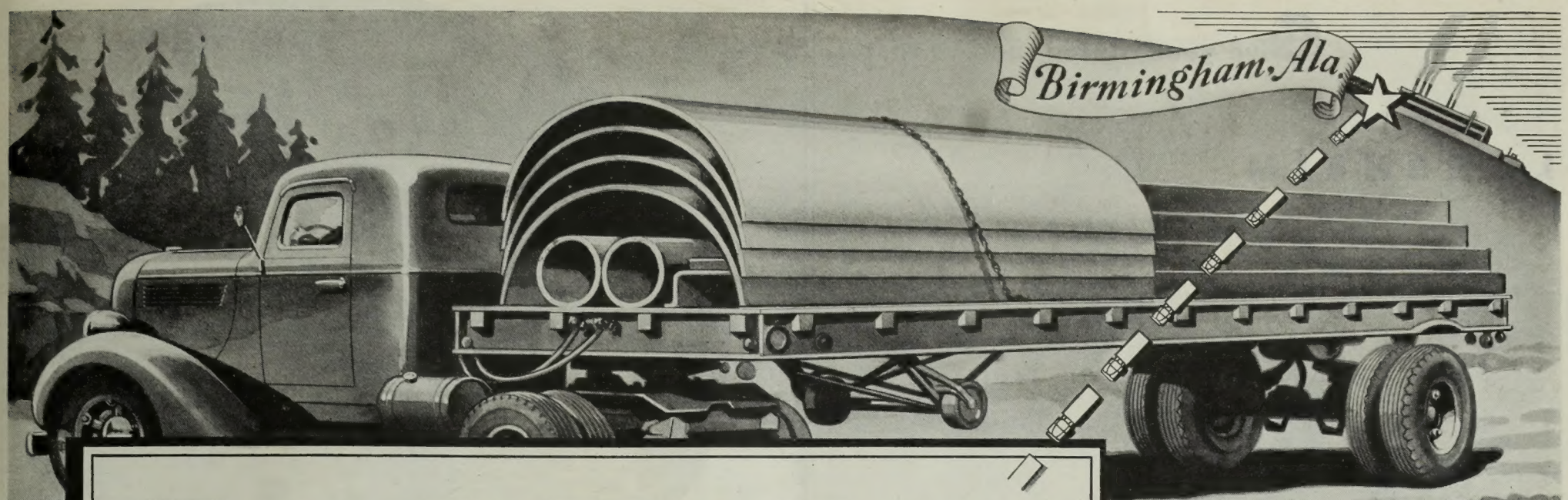
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World.

WING TALK.

DAVID O. WOODBURY
Your Life Tomorrow.

EDITORIALS
Stalin's Retreat to Moscow.
How About These War Profits?
Give the Kid a Good Name.

COVER ERWIN BLUM



Truck-Trailers

GO DOWN TO THE SEA WITH SHIPS!

BUILD sea-going ships in the mountains, 300 miles from water?

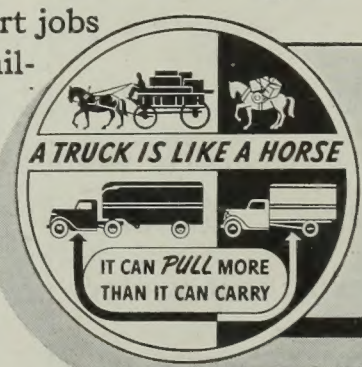
That's about what the Ingalls Iron Works Company, of Birmingham, Alabama, does! In its Birmingham mills it fabricates the big 18,000-ton C-3 cargo ships it builds for the Maritime Commission, then hauls the parts to the shipyards of its subsidiary, the Ingalls Shipbuilding Corporation, at Pascagoula, Mississippi, on the gulf, for final assembly into ships.

Truck-Trailers, carrying 10 to 15-ton loads (but pulled by economical 2 to 3-ton trucks) take much of this fabricated steel on its 300-mile overland journey, delivering it overnight. With cargo ships worth almost their weight in gold to the United Nations, that speed and flexibility of delivery is more than just manufacturing efficiency . . it's a big step toward victory.

The Ingalls Iron Works has found still another vital use for Truck-Trailers. Three Fruehauf Trailers and one motor truck are used in a shuttle operation between the company's loading dock, "pickling" plant and steel mills. While one Trailer is enroute, the others are being loaded and unloaded. Truck and driver are never wasting time and money. And one motor unit literally takes the place of three. So, besides handling a job that couldn't be handled any other way . . for hauling steel is one of the toughest of all transport jobs . . Truck-Trailers provide a major economy, too.

Fruehauf Service KEEPS Trailers Running!

Trailer operators know that Fruehaufs require little service attention, but when it is needed, there's a Factory Branch Service Station conveniently close. Fruehauf maintains the only nation-wide Trailer service organization, with fully equipped shops and complete parts stocks in over fifty strategically located cities.



FRUEHAUF *Trailers*

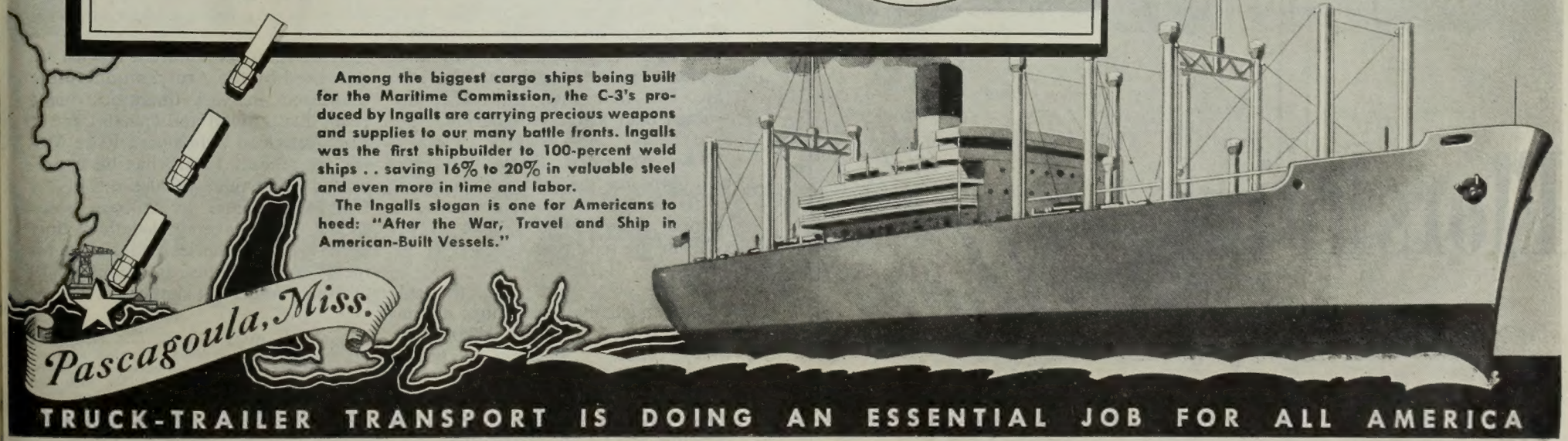
"ENGINEERED TRANSPORTATION"

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

World's Largest Builders of Truck-Trailers

FRUEHAUF TRAILER COMPANY, DETROIT

Member Automotive Council for War Production



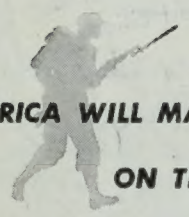
Among the biggest cargo ships being built for the Maritime Commission, the C-3's produced by Ingalls are carrying precious weapons and supplies to our many battle fronts. Ingalls was the first shipbuilder to 100-percent weld ships . . saving 16% to 20% in valuable steel and even more in time and labor.

The Ingalls slogan is one for Americans to heed: "After the War, Travel and Ship in American-Built Vessels."

TRUCK-TRAILER TRANSPORT IS DOING AN ESSENTIAL JOB FOR ALL AMERICA

Give your winter shoes a rest...

FLORSHEIM
Summer Shoes



AMERICA WILL MARCH TO VICTORY
ON THE LEATHER YOU SAVE

This year and next make your summer shoes do a double job for you . . . give you cool summer comfort Now . . . conserve your heavier shoes for wear next winter.

Illustrated, left to right: The Eclipse, The Exmore, The Rambler

Most Styles $10.50 *and* $11

Florsheim *Shoes*

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Because American fliers in the South Pacific are rarely on the spot when dead or captured Japs are relieved of their personal weapons, airmen wanting such souvenirs have to buy them at fancy prices from soldiers, sailors and Marines. The sellers ask and often get as much as $400 for a gold-inlaid hara-kiri knife, $200 for an officer's sword and $100 for an officer's pistol.

Pectin, a substance obtained from certain fruits and vegetables, has been used successfully as a substitute for blood plasma to prevent shock in surgical patients.—*By Leah Boynton, Tampa, Florida.*

Among Britain's traditional customs that have survived for hundreds of years after losing their significance is a rite performed in Ripon, Yorkshire, in which a man blows a horn every night at nine o'clock on each corner of the market cross. While the purpose for which it was begun, to announce the posting of the night watch, ceased to exist centuries ago, the custom is carried on today as it has been for the past 1,057 years.

A study of the labor turnover of a large cross section of manufacturing plants, made just before the war, showed that in order to maintain a force of 1,000 male and 1,000 female workers, a company would have to hire 167 new men and 252 new women over a five-year period.

The American firms that give premiums for the return of coupons, labels or box tops have decreased in number from 324 to 190, or 41 per cent, in the past year.

In the past four years, the sale of dry and dehydrated soups has increased from $300,000 to $40,000,000. or 132 times. . . . Because one pound of milkweed floss is equivalent to six pounds of wool in warmth value, the Navy now uses it to make less cumbersome jackets and flying suits.

Pure iron, or iron whose ratio of impurities is one to 100,000, is used only in standards work in laboratories. The world's annual output does not exceed 1,000 pounds, nearly all of which is produced by one company in the United States.—*By Ernest Radon, Baldwin, Long Island, N. Y*

President Roosevelt has vetoed more bills than any other U. S. President—about 600 in the past ten years or an average of 60 annually. Grover Cleveland is second, having vetoed 464 during his two terms, or an average of 58 annually.

Jews in New York, London and some other cities having a large Jewish population maintain a court called a "Beth Din" for the settlement of cases, chiefly those covered by Mosaic law. In these courts, a witness is never requested to swear to tell the truth because, it is believed, no Jew would break the ninth commandment and "bear false witness."—*By Rose Brandenstein, New York City.*

In England, persons convicted of cruelty to a dog are prohibited by law from owning or having the custody of another for periods ranging from one year to life.—*By Caroline Brunskill, Kerman, California.*

More than 300 different fabrics are now used by the Army, among those employed in vast quantities being twill, duck, nylon and Osnaburg. . . . The American light opera Rose Marie, by Rudolf Friml, has been presented more than 1,000 times at the Operetta Theater in Moscow since 1928. . . . The average length of time spent by the American soldier at his meals is 18 minutes at breakfast, 19 at dinner and 17 at supper.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

Every branch of the Armed Services uses the telephone. No. 4 of a series, Battleship.

Enemy ship approaching. Then the battle call, "All hands, general quarters!" comes over the loud-speaking telephone from the Bos'n's Mate. His words ring out in every part of the ship — and they echo through every part of the world where men fight and work to preserve our way of life.

Western Electric

IN PEACE...SOURCE OF SUPPLY FOR THE BELL SYSTEM.
IN WAR...ARSENAL OF COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT.

EFFICIENCY IN TRANSPORT...

with JACOBS AIRCRAFT Engines

The Army Air Forces use the most efficient airplane for each specific purpose in Transport, as well as for their Combat missions. Huge cargo planes carry large groups of men and tons of equipment and supplies. But, for the rapid transportation of officers over distances up to 1000 miles, the Army has selected the Jacobs-powered C-78, light Personnel Transport,—swift, reliable and economical.

JACOBS AIRCRAFT ENGINE CO.
POTTSTOWN • PENNSYLVANIA • U•S•A•

WING TALK

Outstanding among the new fighters is the Thunderbolt, which is heavier for its size than a battleship. With a 2,000-h.p. engine and 4-blade prop, it is making good in actual combat

A YOUNGSTER of 14 wrote to his 22-year-old brother, a second lieutenant in a combat squadron somewhere in England where he is flying fast, deadly Republic P-47 fighter planes.

"How fast is the Thunderbolt?" he asked.

His officer brother knew that he couldn't tell the exact speed of the plane (that would be talking out of school) so he wrote a note which said in part: "Buddy, when we climbed into these babies for the first time there was a little red tag on the stick which bore the printed warning—*Do not fly this airplane over 470 m.p.h.!*

"Is that fast enough, kid?"

THEY call her "Old Burnt Brushes" because every day since last October she's gone upstairs—above thirty thousand feet—to test the brushes in her engine generators, and, day in and day out, she's come down with the brushes burned black and worthless. Actually "Old Burnt Brushes" is an airplane, a Flying Fortress bomber that probably has logged more time at high altitudes than any other bomber in the world today.

It all started when reports began trickling back from the active air fronts that every time our big bombers went over on a high-altitude mission they came back with the generator brushes burned out. That made it a serious maintenance problem. But more important, it made it a tough supply problem because it meant loading box after box of the brushes onto cargo ships whose space should have been used for ammunition or some other more vital war necessity. So on the home front, our Air Force engineers set out to find what was wrong. They needed a test laboratory to do the job and that's how "Old Burnt Brushes" came into the picture.

This B-17 is a most unusual airplane. Her bomb-bay doors are sealed tight and over them, inside, has been built a special desk and table to hold a maze of electrical test gadgets and recorders that show everything that happens to the brushes in her engine generators, even down to making pictures of them. Too, her crew is different in that it isn't all Army. Only her pilot and copilot are officers. The rest are civilians, electrical engineers, representatives of large commercial electric companies that make the brushes for the generators. They have been doing the job and relaying the test results on to Army engineers who couldn't fly on the tests for the silly reason that they aren't flying officers. Twice a day, once in the morning and once about four in the afternoon, the ship takes off and climbs to heights above thirty thousand feet. Engineers keep changing the types of brushes in her generators until they get one they think will hold up.

Now, after nearly six months of it, at last reports, they have some brushes that live for 500 hours at the high altitudes and that is comparatively longer than the life of any ship in combat.

What these men endured in these long hours of test is worth relating. Two of them on one occasion forgot to turn on their oxygen tanks and nearly died before the pilot could dive the ship to low enough altitudes for them to regain their senses. Another time they got in the midst of a high-altitude storm that nearly tore the ship to pieces.

EVERY day near a Florida flying field a strange class gets its training in emergency sea landings. The students, crew members of a bomber, row out to a wooden mock-up of a fuselage of a B-17 that lies rocking and floating in a near-by small lake. They are wearing their "Mae West" life vests and heavy flying clothing, the same they would have on were they flying on an important overwater mission in the Aleutians or some other theater. They climb aboard the dummy ship and take their positions.

There is a sharp shrill whistle.

Small hidden portals in the side of the wooden fuselage shoot open and with a hissing sound blue and yellow bundles spring forth. Instantly they take shape—life rafts for the crew—and smack the water a few feet from the half-sunken plane. Almost simultaneously the door of the ship flies off and out jumps the navigator, first to leave. Another and another figure follows until all of the crew are splashing about in the water and climbing aboard the large seven-man life raft.

"One minute thirty seconds," shouts an instructor who has been witnessing the whole lesson from a rowboat near by.

The men climb back into the "plane." Rafts are repacked into their hidden side containers and they do the whole thing over again.

That is the latest way Uncle Sam is training his bomber crews to "leave ship" after their craft has been forced down at sea. It is called the "Ditching Trainer." Already, by preparing the men for what is to come, it has saved lives in both Atlantic and Pacific.

DOUGLAS J. INGELLS

FLAK-ACK-ACK—"SLEEP! LET ME SLEEP!"

WAR FLYING plays on a man's nerves like a pick on a mandolin. He's got to stay keyed up. Watch those instruments. Watch for the target. Watch for the enemy. Strain. Look now! Keep looking . . .

Hour after hour of it. Drone of the motors, endless . . . Wake up! Watch!

Quiet at last, back at the airdrome. Quiet in bed, no motors pounding, no flak, no ack-ack. Too quiet.

Why can't a fellow sleep? Oh, for some sleep. *"Grant me the mercy . . ."*

They're using caffein, even "Benzedrine," to keep at top pitch during those long flights. Going to sleep, later, is something else . . .

It was at the "University of Petroleum," Shell's research laboratories, that scientists first found how to get *allyl alcohol,* ingredient of one of the most effective and least harmful of sedatives, from "waste" petroleum gases.

Flight surgeons now are administering such sedatives to fagged-out flyers—to bring the healing restorative, sleep.

Practically everything done through Shell Research now has a war application. That is as it should be. But you notice that these accomplishments, with the coming of victory, will contribute to the more abundant, more satisfactory world in which we wish to live. Even in peacetime, a sedative, administered under a physician's care, is sometimes necessary and desirable.

First oil refinery to win the Army-Navy "E"—Shell's Wood River Refinery.

SHELL RESEARCH—

Sword of Today
Plowshare of Tomorrow

Through the Wringer!

Copyright 1943—Philco Corporation

A FEW weeks ago, the Army and Navy revealed the secret of *Radar,* the fabulous weapon that pierces fog, storms and darkness and seeks out the enemy beyond the range of human eyes and ears. And now, the real story of Philco's vital contribution to Victory can be told.

C. J. Sweigert makes this contribution to the series being drawn for Philco by America's leading editorial cartoonists depicting the significance of America's productive might. While available, a full size reproduction of the original drawing will be sent, free, on request to Philco Corporation, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask for Cartoon No. 59C.

Radar locates and measures the distance to enemy targets, warns against the approach of hostile forces. It performs its miraculous powers through ultra-high frequency radio waves, a science in which Philco has pioneered through its long years of radio leadership. When our sea and air forces needed Radar devices *quickly* and *in quantity* "to stem and turn the tide of Axis conquest," Philco was ready with the research, engineering and production experience of the world's largest radio manufacturer. *And Philco delivered!*

That, in a nutshell, is the story of Philco, today, at war . . . and Philco, tomorrow, at peace. For the achievements of Philco research and production, which are fighting today for Victory in America's planes and ships, will appear tomorrow under the famous Philco name as new miracles of progress for America's homes in radio, television, refrigeration and air conditioning.

PHILCO CORPORATION

The Battle Flag of Philco Soldiers of Production is their Army-Navy "E" with the *White Star*

OUR WAR PRODUCTION PLEDGE
MORE · BETTER · SOONER

RADIOS, PHONOGRAPHS, REFRIGERATORS, AIR CONDITIONERS, RADIO TUBES AND PARTS ★ ★ INDUSTRIAL STORAGE BATTERIES

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

LISTEN TO
"OUR SECRET WEAPON"

Hear Rex Stout expose Axis lies and propaganda over your Columbia station every Friday evening. Consult your local newspaper for time and station. Hear the Truth!

:RNATIONAL

d Sam Jones, governor of Louisiana and tired of e job. He is also tired of the way the Democratic rty, meaning the President, runs the country

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JULY 3, 1943

PRESS ASSOCIATION

From Dixie's viewpoint, Mrs. Roosevelt makes matters worse when she poses for pictures like this. The South gives her most of the credit for the "second emancipation of the Negro"

Fourth-Term Frost in Dixie

By Walter Davenport

EASTON DR. BR.
BURLINGAME
PUBLIC
LIB.

r a variety of reasons—some good and some merely in-esting—the not-so-solid South seems to be losing the keen ge of its appetite for the New Deal. Collier's political porter, in a preseason look, finds the boys below the ason-Dixon line fixin' to do a little shopping around

HE Honorable Sad Sam Jones, tired governor of Louisiana, is not going to be the daddy of hird party—the Democratic Party ıth. There isn't going to be a third ty in Dixie. After next March, en his term expires—to the com-te satisfaction of a large number people in Louisiana, including Mr. ıes—he isn't going to be governor anywhere. And while he is a gen-nan with a wide, deep and well-ıolstered mind, Mr. Jones is no at shakes of a politician. Not that t's knocking him, either.

Nevertheless, Mr. Jones (who is v doing his unsuccessful best to at ease in the mansion once occu-d by such politicial dive bombers Kingfish Huey Long, Okay Allen l Diamond Dick Leche) started ıething last March by saying: "For enty-five years there was good son for the South to stick to the mocratic party because of that ty's stand on States' rights, the ff and race relations. These rea-s are gone. There is no material erence in the treatment of the race blem by the Republican party and *present* Democratic party. I want ıebody to do something. If the job cannot be done by the party we have so long maintained in power, then it is time for us to do some constructive thinking."

There was nothing original in what Mr. Jones said. Mr. Jones had merely touched off a thickly planted mine field at a meeting in Jacksonville, Florida, of the Southeastern Governors' Conference—a gathering of Southern states' executives who, up to that moment, were having a pleasant but dignified time inveighing against freight-rate differentials and similar respectable but dull perennial Dixie doldrums.

Everything was going nicely until Mr. Jones spoke. Soon thereafter, the conference winked admiringly at Sam Jones and adjourned. But as we've told you, the governor of Louisiana started something that is going to take a lot of stopping. Mr. Roosevelt, himself a better starter than a stopper, is going to have to do something strictly political about it before his party convenes to nominate next year.

In his milder and more scholarly way, Mr. Jones had emulated the late Honorable Magnus Johnson of Minnesota who, arriving a bit late one

(Continued on page 59)

ACME

ıething else that worries Dixie: What will become of industrial plants ich have been vastly enlarged by government money, such as this ship-d in Virginia? In peacetime they cannot compete with Northern plants

A Wall Between

By Felicia Gizycka

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

The story of a man and a woman divided by love too willful to make way for complete understanding

THE thing that happened that night made me jump out of bed. I heard the sound while I was still asleep. Then I was awake, lighting the lamp. Outside, the darkness was solid-looking. I could hear the crackle of the frozen branches, while I sat up, shivering.

I was half asleep. I said, "What is it? Who's there?"—as if talking to myself.

Then I thought: You're dreaming, old man. Nobody's there.

I put the light out. I kept listening to the crackling of the trees outside, under their loads of ice.

I heard the second sound distinctly. The wind stopped for a minute and I heard feet shifting on the flagstones outside the front door. I turned the light on again and ran and leaned out of the window.

"Who is it?" I shouted.

There were too many vines, covered with ice, for me to see the front door or anybody down there. The moon behind clouds made a light in the sky, but the land was lighter, more shining than the sky —ice-covered and white, holding the light from the moon and seeming to move in the wind. It was one of the strangest things I ever saw. It made me nervous.

"Who's there?" I called again.

Then I saw the car in the road. It was parked in front of my gate, and the door was open.

"Hello," a voice said, under my window.

I could see the woman now. She stood back from the front door, looking up at me.

"Hello," she called. "I hope I didn't disturb you."

"What are *you* doing here?" I asked.

"I'm sorry," she said. "Go back to bed."

As she turned her back to walk toward the car, I asked, "What do you want?"

"We can't discuss it out here," she told me. "Good night, Raoul. I'm sorry I disturbed you."

"For Pete's sake!" I said. "Since you're here, wait a minute."

I found my bathrobe and slippers. I switched on the lights in the upper and lower hall, and the light outside over the door. I thought: She could walk right in. The door's open. She knows that. And I realized something else: the dogs hadn't barked; not one dog, either in the kennels or the house.

I let her in and opened the living-room door. I turned on all the lights and said, "Enter, madame."

SHE sat down in a chair by the fireplace without taking off her coat or white scarf. She had on red wool mittens. She kept these on, too. I saw her look around the room. I don't know what she expected to find. All sorts of changes made by all the women I'm supposed to have run around with. The old chintz was still there, on the sofa and the armchairs. It was faded about white. The lamps were just the same.

I asked her to take her coat and stuff off, and she did.

"This is so dramatic-looking," she said. "And it's really very simple. I'm staying with the Stevensons, next door. They said you were here. I didn't realize it was so late. We were having fun at the Stevensons'. I—had something to talk to you about. I didn't mean to wake you up."

I looked at her. Nothing beautiful. Nothing to drive a man crazy at all. Just a small, not bad-looking brunette, with all the marks of gentleness, good upbringing and a good school. A pale brunette with a small, beautiful body.

There are a million girls like you, I thought. And you're not even nice or good. I was nuts when I married you.

"I'm beginning to be glad you came," I said. "Just seeing you again is doing me good."

"Raoul," she said, "don't say that. I wouldn't have come if I'd known you'd feel this way. After all, it's not as if I weren't remarried, or as if you weren't—"

She reached for a cigarette. It was on the same low table; even the box was the same.

There was a scraping sound and then the door opened. Sadie, my old spaniel, ran in, wagging her tail. She ran to Althea and jumped on her.

"Hello, hello, Sadie!" she said. She petted the dog, twisting the topknot on her head.

"Well," I said, "what were you going to say?"

"Raoul. You are going to marry Hildegarde, aren't you?"

"Well, what does it matter?"

I thought: She wants something. She's *(Continued on page 49)*

"Goodby," I said. "Thank you for talking to me." But I couldn't let her hand go right away. There I was touching her, and I hadn't touched her in years

Cordrey

EASTON DR. BR
BURLINGAME
PUBLIC
LIB.

~~EASTON DR BR.~~
BURLINGAME
PUBLIC
LIB.

THREE RUSSIAN WOMEN

By Quentin Reynolds

RADIOED FROM MOSCOW

ussian women are totally t war, and many are hero-nes. Here's a trio our corre-pondent in Moscow "thought ou might like to meet"

N FICTION, all heroines are slim and beautiful; their eyes are provocative and their hair is as soft as sunlight. It ppens that way occasionally in real life, o, but now I speak of a heroine who is ither slim nor beautiful; her eyes are t provocative but, instead, are weary ith the pain she has seen and suffered; d her hair is concealed under a shawl. e has no glamorous past, and as for her ture—there is little chance of her sur-ving for another year. This, then, is Uli-a Alexandrovna Golubkova, soldier of ussia.

At first glance, Uliana looks like almost y middle-aged peasant woman. She sits nched over a little, the way women do ho have spent too many years bending er the soil, coaxing it to yield wheat and rn and potatoes. Until she tells you, you n't know that she bends forward ghtly because that eases the pain of a lf-healed wound. Until she tells you that e is only thirty-three, you would indeed think of her as just another middle-aged peasant woman. And you might mistakenly think of her as stupid until she tells of the time she was left for dead by the Germans, or of an agonizing escape she made, with death often within a few feet of her, or of Germans she and her group of guerrilla fighters had killed.

She was born in the village of Putivl, which is in the soft, lush region of the Ukraine. She had two young sisters, Alexandra and Maria. They were trained as nurses. Uliana herself was a brilliant student and fervent patriot. Her father was postmaster of the village and he took great pride in the intellectual achievements of young Uliana. So did the rest of the village, and when the old mayor (who had held office for twenty years) died, they elected young Uliana in his place.

In Russia they do not call it "mayor;" they call it president of the local soviet, but it means the same thing. She was enrolled as a party member when she was twenty-four, a great honor in the Soviet Union, for there are only two million party members in the whole country. That is one per cent of the population. There is a waiting list of more than a million.

As mayor, Uliana settled local disputes over land boundaries, she administered justice, and the village of Putivl was indeed a happy and contented community. And then the German juggernaut rolled through the smooth plains of the Ukraine. Many in the village quite sensibly left, but not Uliana. When the Germans roared into Putivl, Uliana was there, calm and serene, prepared to do her best to make life easier for her fellow villagers.

But the Germans gave her no chance. They took Uliana and some of the other leading citizens, led them to a near-by monastery, lined them up against a wall and shot them.

"There were eight of us," Uliana told me in a peculiarly detached voice, as though she were telling of something which had happened to someone else. "Three of us, two teachers and I, were women. They marched us to an old monastery. They told us to face the wall and to take off our clothes. By now, of course, I knew that we were going to be shot. The Germans usually make people they are going to shoot or hang take off all their clothes first. It saves them a lot of trouble afterward.

"I undressed slowly, and then the shots came. I still had my stockings and underwear on. Nobody cried out when the shots came. Then I felt something hit me in the side and I fell forward, and things became confused. I half remember being carried into the monastery and down a staircase, then I lost consciousness.

"When I came to, it was dark and there was a weight on me, and when my mind began to work, I realized that there were bodies on top of me. Upstairs, soldiers were arguing about the clothes. I could hear them and then I heard someone groaning near me. It was one of the men, a doctor, and he was not dead, though the others were. He cried out to the Germans to come and finish him off, but they didn't hear him. I crawled over to him and said that we should try to get out. We were in the cellar of the monastery."

"How did you get out of there?" I asked.

"When the soldiers left," she said tonelessly, "I crawled up the stairs very slowly because my side hurt and I was losing a lot of blood. The doctor followed me. It was night now. We crawled to a farmhouse near by. I couldn't stand up to knock at the door. I lay there, trying to cry out and fearing that the Germans would hear me, but they didn't. The people in the farmhouse took us in. The doctor had a bad wound. He died that night.

"The following night they put me in a

(Continued on page 44)

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

HIGH AND DRY

BY ED ZERN

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

IT SURELY is too bad that my old man is getting old.

Because when Pa was in his prime he was a first-rate inventor. And if he had his health, it wouldn't take him no time at all to invent something dreadful for shooing them Japs and Nazis.

Come to recollect, Pa never did care much for Japs anyhow. He says they bow down to graven images and, besides, they drink some kind of rice liquor that is a scandal to a man's mouth, and they drink it warmed up to boot.

Pa says a people that scrabbles along on fake religion and fake whisky is bound to come to a bad end. And Pa never makes very many mistakes about religion or whisky.

Except this once. It was after Pa took me and Ma and my brother Jake to live in Kansas. Pa has invented a salve for the poll evil, and he come to Kansas because he heard tell that was a great place for ailing horses.

It don't matter where Pa happens to be living, he is always a big man in the church, and naturally the first thing he done when he got us settled, he hunted up the hell-fire-and-damnationest church in town and joined up. He don't care a hoot about denominations, just so it's the shoutingest church within walking distance. And in this particular town, the Glory Everlasting Evangelicals was head and shoulders above all the others.

So that was where Pa signed up, and even let them baptize him again. I doubt if anybody in the entire U. S. of A. has been baptized oftener than Pa. At any rate, he got to be a deacon in the Glory Everlasting outfit in no time.

And naturally, the second thing Pa done was to look around for a reliable source of whisky.

Nobody had told Pa that Kansas was a dry state. He went right ahead and rented a house just outside town and settled us in it before he found out about the dry business. It upset him considerable.

Because just as regular as Pa goes to prayer meeting Wednesday evening and to church Sunday morning, he gets drunk Saturday night.

As far as I know, Pa never goes inside a saloon, nor touches a drop any other day of the week. But come Saturday along after suppertime, Pa goes off by hisself with a quart of whisky, and by midnigh he will've drunk the hog's helping of i and gone to bed.

In warm weather, Pa will go out to th barn, if there is a barn where we happe to be living, or set rocking on the fron porch if nobody is liable to come visiting Cold weather, he sets upstairs in his ow room, generally. At any rate, he neve bothers nobody, but just drinks quiet an peaceful. Except just before he gets un dressed and in bed, he stands up on a chai beside the bed, standing very stiff an straight with his hands clasped behind hi back, and recites a poem.

It is always the same poem, about young fellow delivering a message to Na poleon Bonaparte on the battlefield on time and how Napoleon Bonaparte no ticed he was kind of bloody and told hir he was wounded and the kid saic "Wounded hell. I'm killed." And sur enough he fell dead, kerplunk.

It seems like kind of a silly poem to m and Jake, but whenever we ask Pa abou it, he would say, "Always remember, boy there is some things you got to be growe up to understand them rightly. That ther is the poem I recited when I graduate from the eighth grade back in Hawle Pee-ay. I guess I was just about the chan peen reciter of all Wayne County, ther days.

"There was something else I recited th same time and, boys, for the life of me can't recollect it. I guess I been trying recollect that thing for twenty years more. Kind of a speech, it was. I'd gi a whole lot to be able to recollect it. surely would."

Pa used to look through me and Jake school books every time we got new one trying to find that speech, but he nev found it. Sometimes it used to fret hi pretty bad. But except for reciting th Napoleon poem, Pa never made a fu with his drinking.

PA SAYS that a man is entitled to a l tle drinking whisky, and that the Lo don't mind so long as a man drinks sensib and don't bother other people. But, course, a lot of folks figure different, esp cially in the churches that Pa belongs and so it is generally a big problem f Pa to get his whisky without people kno ing about it.

But if there is any whisky around, will find out about it, and by Saturday af we got settled in Kansas he heard abc this farmer named Doc Wilkey, who liv out the road about a whoop and a hol from our place, and made pretty go whisky, and would sell it to folks he trust not to snitch on him. He was called D because he was sort of a part-time vet inary.

So Pa went out to see him, and t him about his poll-evil salve, and give h some free, and when Doc found out t Pa was not going to mess up his veterin practice, he agreed to sell Pa whisky wh ever he wanted it, and not to say noth about it.

It was the next summer after that wl Pa give me and Jake fifty cents after s per, and told us to walk over to D place and fetch him a quart of whis

(Continued on page 56)

"And ye do well to call him chie Pa said, very serious, "who for twel long years has met upon the are every shape of man or beast . .

Seven Sins

BEGINNING A NEW NOVEL BY SAX ROHMER

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE [illegible]

The exotic and the occult meet in this enthralling serial of wartime London. Against a background of gambling and espionage, you will encounter Mr. Rohmer's most sinister creations

IN A SOMEWHAT oddly appointed room a man was listening to the nine-o'clock news bulletin. The apartment, in addition to a super radio set, also boasted a large dressing table with wing mirrors, and two tall wardrobe cabinets of the kind seen in a modiste's establishment. There were several trunks and other items of baggage, a camp bed and three ornate gilt chairs; there was a recording phonograph and there was no carpet on the floor. Walls from which musty gray paper hung like elephants' ears; nails of unknown purpose protruding from unpainted woodwork; a nearly black ceiling—these things did not make harmony with the costly appointments. This room did not add up.

The man seated on one of the three chairs wore a shabby blue suit with a muffler in lieu of a collar. His hands were dirty and he displayed a two days' beard on his chin. His nose was expensively colored. A cap—small and greasy—rested on the back of his head to expose a mop of uncombed reddish-brown hair resembling a dying dahlia.

His behavior was not without interest. He was attaching a fitting to connect the radio with the recording machine. When the bulletin came to its rather anesthetic end, the man pressed a control, and the cylinder began to revolve.

"Tonight's postscript," said the announcer, "will be by Sir Giles Loeder—and here he is."

SIR GILES LOEDER was one of the most popular political broadcasters in England. Formerly member of North Tiverton (Independent), he had resigned his seat soon after the outbreak of war in order to be able to devote more time to what he then described as "direct aid." In fact he was chairman of so many committees, contributor to such a number of influential journals, and so tireless a radio speaker that his departure from the House of Commons seemed to be wholly justified.

Certainly, the man with the greasy cap gave undivided attention to Sir Giles' remarks. At the conclusion of the postscript, he disconnected his apparatus, put the cylinder in a box and the box in a drawer and switched the light off.

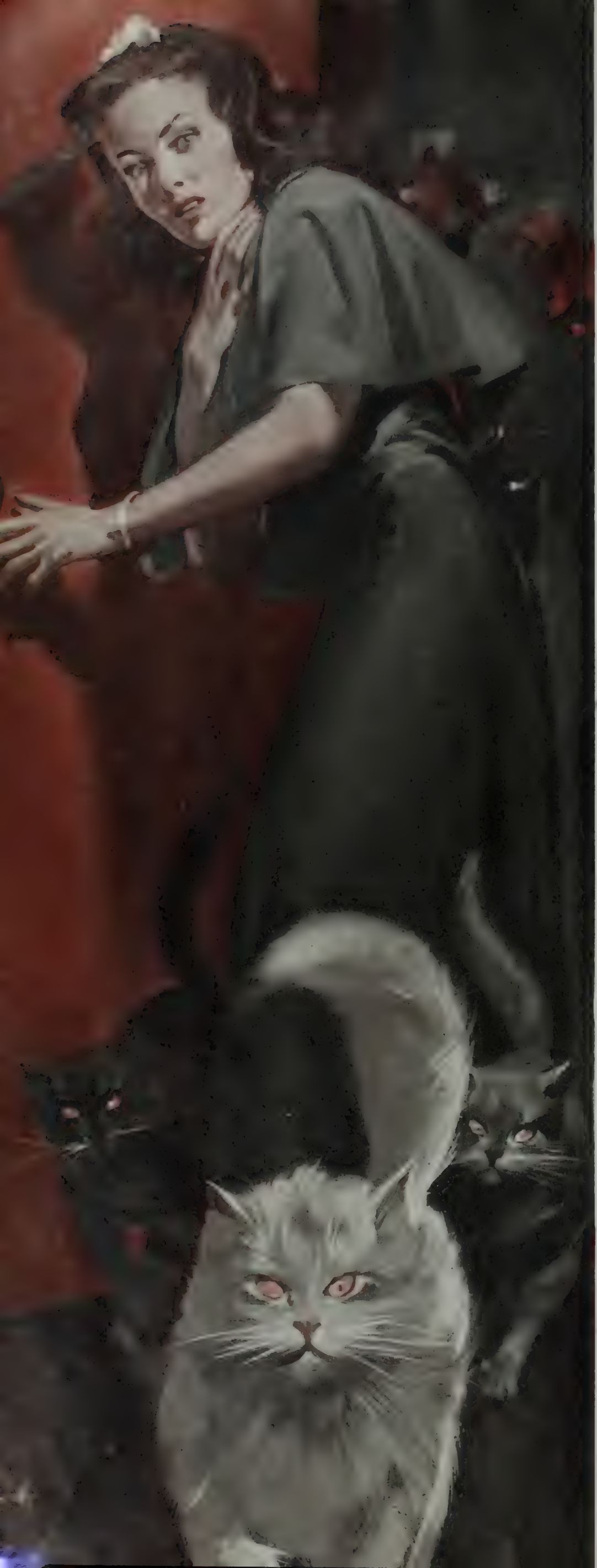
An uncarpeted stair, which he negotiated with the aid of a torch, enabled him to reach the ground floor and to step into a mews where a deserted taxicab was standing. Climbing to the driver's seat, he pulled out into Windmill Street.

One curious enough (and able) to have followed him would have noted that he drove at speed, ignoring would-be fares, through the blacked-out mysteries of Soho and straight up deserted Regent Street. Just outside a tube station he was delayed by traffic lights, and before he could utter a word of protest, a girl who wore a chiffon cape over a brief dance frock opened the offside door and got in.

" 'Alf a mo!" said the man. " 'Alf a bloomin' mo!"

He directed the ray of a lamp into the interior; and he saw

Lord Marcus raised his arms like a priest before the altar and intoned words in an unfamiliar language. The long-lashed eyes of the woman never flickered



there a remarkably pretty brunette whose smiling glance caressed him.

"Please don't say you're engaged. I simply *must* get to the B.B.C."

"Oh! the B.B.C.? That's different." A grin spread over the driver's unshaven face. "I'm goin' there."

He drove on, and at the entrance to Broadcasting House, the pretty brunette jumped out and fumbled in her bag.

"No charge, lady. Me flag's dahn. Also —it's a pleasure. A smile like yours is worth more than a bob."

And this highly unusual taximan moved away and took his stand in darkness outside the temple of British radio.

RATHER less than four hours later, an interesting conversation took place between two men in an office which overlooked the Thames Embankment.

"Ye will have obsairved foreby," said the taller man, and his accent was impressive, "unless ye bought the evening paper as a pipe lighter, that there's a marked decrease o' crime in the West End of London."

He turned hazel eyes, which had an almost leonine quality, in the direction of a smaller man who leaned against a mantelpiece staring vacantly down into an empty grate. The speaker, large-framed, gaunt, his graying hair cropped at the sides of a square, mathematical forehead, and wearing a mustache so closely trimmed as to produce the effect of an unshaven upper lip, might have suggested to some the figure of a Covenanter born out of his generation.

The bare room in which he sat behind a bare desk (it contained a pewter inkpot and pens, a blotting pad, a calendar, a writing block, a wire basket and a telephone) was furnished with such severe simplicity that, excepting the desk and a framed print of Lord Trenchard over the mantelpiece, four chairs and a hatrack would have completed the inventory. This was the Scotland Yard office of Chief Detective Inspector Firth, and the tall man was the celebrated chief inspector.

"That's right," remarked the smaller man.

From a pocket of his sports jacket he withdrew a tightly rolled copy of an evening newspaper, glanced at it, rolled it up even more tightly and put it back into another pocket. Red-faced, clean-shaven, with surprised sandy hair, this was the chief inspector's assistant, Detective Sergeant Bluett. He was never seen without an evening paper; indeed, it was believed that he invariably slept with a final edition under his pillow.

"It would be grand news for the likes o' you and me," said Firth, "if it happened to be true." Big Ben, which sounded as though it stood directly outside the darkened window, chimed the half-hour. "Half past one in the morning—and we're still at it. What's more, a wasted night."

Sergeant Bluett produced the rolled newspaper, glanced at it and put it back in the original pocket. "There was a girl dancing at the Green Spider," he pointed out, "with nothing on but her shoes."

"I ha' small doubt," the chief inspector commented, "that had ye mentioned your disapproval, she would ha' been glad to take them off. The naked women o' Babylon concern the church; they are no affair o' this department. A decrease in crime? Wi' blackout thugs, two unsolved murders, and a new and highly efficient cat burglar in the West End!"

"That's right."

"Millions behind the black market, the gambling racket taking more money than Monte Carlo; a big spy ring sending news to Berlin before it's known to the Hoose o' Commons. A decrease in crime!"

Firth rested his elbow on the blotting pad, pressing tips of long, sensitive fingers together and exposing his angular wrists.

"I'm glad the spy game isn't in my hands," remarked Sergeant Bluett. "Mr. Gaston Max is welcome to his job."

"Gaston Max is a most acceptable confrere. Owing to what he calls a wee misunderstanding wi' Vichy, he's now one of us. He has a brilliant record wi' the Paris police, and in my opeenion is the best detective in Europe."

Sergeant Bluett withdrew the evening paper and rerolled it almost fiercely. "He gets far more rope from the chief than we do. We have to stick to the book of the words; he sings his own sweet song."

"Such was the arrangement. And until he has proven himself, it isna' for us to creeticise a clever officer."

"He looks more like a clever comic to me. As for the marvelous Paris methods we've heard so much about, I should say they're twenty years out of date."

The phone buzzed. Sergeant Bluett groaned. Chief Inspector Firth, frowning, took up the instrument.

"Yes, sir. Firth here." He framed his lips in an unspoken word, whereby Sergeant Bluett became aware of the fact that the caller was Assistant Commissioner Colonel J. N. G. O'Halloran—affectionately known as Jingo, and probably the most popular of Scotland Yard's senior officers. "Sergeant Bluett is in my office. Yes, sir. I will be along at once."

The chief inspector replaced the receiver and stood up. "Back to the street o' Babylon," he said. "Wi' this decrease in crime, our work is never done."

A FULL moon, veiled from time to time by ragged clouds, looked down upon a crop of giant mushrooms, which was really a fleet of barrage balloons floating high above a hushed and darkened London. The police officers were accustomed to these strangely silent streets; they no longer suffered memory's pangs; unmoved they passed by the sites of historic landmarks, of buildings with association whose tendrils were wound around the heart of every Londoner, but which were marked now only by gaping chasms.

The chief inspector broke a long silence only when the police car, entering South Audley Street, swung into a narrow turning. The driver pulled up.

"This is the house, sir."

"Good."

Firth disentangled his great length from the low-pitched car, and when he stood upright on the pavement, he towered above its roof. Sergeant Bluett, who rode beside the driver, got out also. To their experienced eyes, the scene possessed certain unique characteristics, not least of the being the fact that South Audley Street showed empty from end to end.

"No one in sight," muttered the chief inspector.

Sergeant Bluett was shining the ray of a torch upon a door painted vivid scarlet and further distinguished by what appeared to be silver fittings. He moved the ray slightly so that it illuminated a small silver plate; he read aloud, "Lord Marc Amberdale."

Bluett switched off the torch and turned staring with innocent-looking eyes at the chief inspector.

"Ring," said Firth.

Bluett pressed a silver button, and a deep note sounded from somewhere beyond the scarlet door, as a fourth occupant of the car, uttering a loud sigh, clambered out carrying a brown leather bag. This was a short, stout man, with a short, stout black mustache, and wearing a stout black hat. He lingered beside the car for a moment and stared up and down the street.

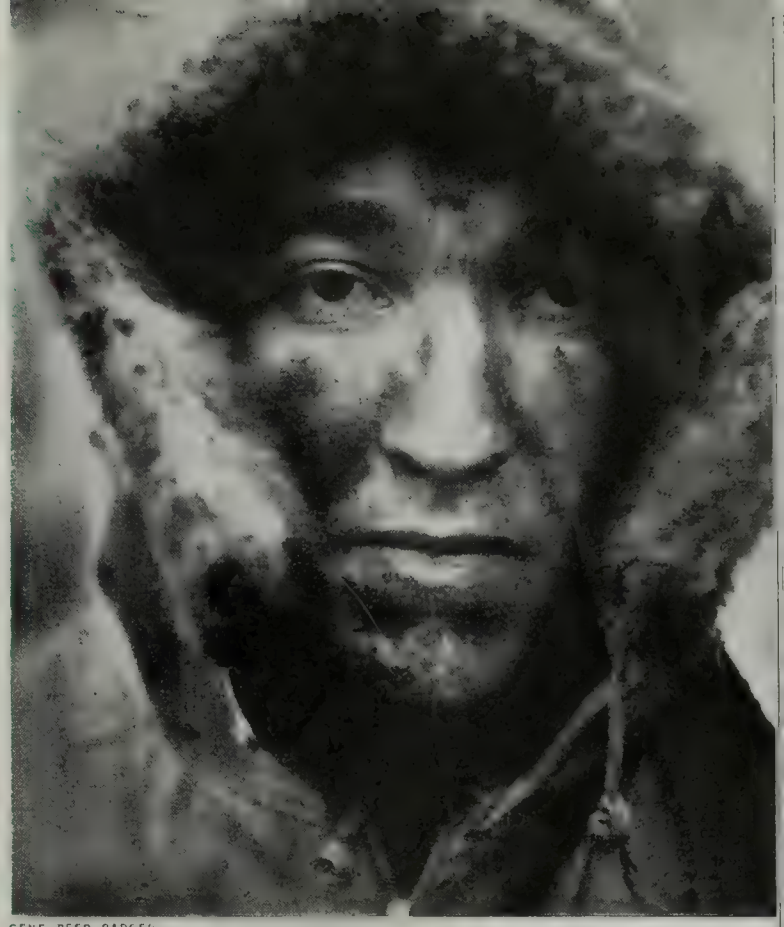
(Continued on page 62)

In from the darkness a girl entered, her eyes wide and frightened. Three cats—led by a majestic Persian—formed a phantom escort

CASTNER'S CUTTHROATS

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

Rank and uniforms don't mean a thing to these rugged individualists—they were Alaskans before they were soldiers, and if you know of any tougher combination, the Army would be glad to hear about it, but the Japs won't



GENE PEER BADGER

Showing signs of the tough going that falls to the lot of the Alaska Defense Command is Robert Harlan Thompson, former Montana halfback, just returned from a scouting trip to Jap-held Aleutian territory

DIAMOND JIM was scrambling a mess of eggs in his hat. It's no particular trick to scramble eggs in your hat, provided the crown is greasy enough. Besides, you've got to be resourceful if you're one of Castner's Cutthroats. There was the time that a group of Cutthroats upset their rubber boat while landing on a Jap-infested Aleutian island and lost all their provisions. They wove a fishing net out of strands of kelp and they lived on salmon for a couple of weeks till a submarine picked them up. And that wasn't all. The salt water corroded the brass cartridge cases and rusted their guns, so they caught a seal in the net and rendered the fat, producing a gun oil that was even better than the regular Army issue.

But to get back to Diamond Jim: Jim wears a $2,100 diamond ring and a $1,700 diamond-studded wrist watch whenever he goes on patrol; he's rumored to own a couple of gold mines in the interior of Alaska, but he's just a private in the Cutthroats. They're all buck privates; there's no Table of Organization. They don't bother about rank or military salutes or uniforms; they wear G. I. blue denims stuffed into rubber boots, or old fishing pants and sneakers, or native parkas and mukluks; anything that's handy.

"We're a punk-looking outfit," Jim admits frankly, stirring the eggs in his hat with a calloused forefinger. "I guess the Army never saw anything like us before. When the colonel picked us out, the brass hats took one look and threw up their hands. 'If you're crazy enough to want these baboons,' they told him, 'you can have 'em.' "

But Colonel Lawrence V. Castner of the Alaska Defense Command wasn't selecting his Cutthroats for their military appearance or their ability to parade or salute. He wanted men who knew the Alaska hinterland like the back of their hands, men who could live in subzero cold or in the mosquito-infested tundra barrens in the summer, men from every part of the Territory. He picked old sourdough trappers from the Yukon and prospectors from the Kuskokwim, big-game guides from the Kenai, Aleuts, Eskimos, small-boat men from Bristol Bay who could read the treacherous tide rips of the Bering seacoast, and dog-team drivers from the Arctic who knew how to cut and steam the wood to make their own dog sleds

Wise, Military—and Tough

For his patrol leaders, he picked prewar doughboys from Chilkoot Barracks, who combined native Alaskan resourcefulness with military knowledge.

"They have one thing in common," Colonel Castner says. "They're tough."

They have to be. For the job of these Combat Intelligence scouts—a very important and very hush-hush job—is to sneak past the enemy's Alaskan outposts and determine the strength of his armaments and the identity and disposition of his combat units. The ever-present Aleutian fog might cover a surprise advance at any time by the Japs; the tortuous bays and inlets could harbor lurking Nip subs; an enemy unit might conceivably set up shop unnoticed in the vast unexplored areas of northern Alaska

The vigilant Cutthroats must maintain a steady reconnaissance, often under the enemy's very nose, to find out what he's up to They have to be prepared to knife and kick and gouge their way out of a tight spot if a Jap sentry jumps them.

"Once a party of us ran smack into a whole Jap patrol," Jim recalls pleasantly. "They took one look at us and fled. I don't blame 'em, frankly. The way we looked, after crawling on our bellies in the mud for a week, we'd have scared ourselves."

Amchitka was thoroughly scouted by these Cutthroats before our regular forces moved in. On a foggy afternoon, long before our occupation, a Navy submarine surfaced silently in Constantine Harbor, and a little party of Cutthroats put ashore in a rubber boat. They did not know whether enemy rifles were trained on them at that very moment from the boulder-strewn shore; that was what they had come to find out.

For weeks they scouted the island, undetected by Jap reconnaissance planes: wallowing in creek beds during the day, sleeping without shelter at night in the ceaseless Aleutian rain, doing their cooking over collapsible Primus stoves. So complete were their findings that our occupation forces were able to land unopposed, move in their heavy equipment, and nearly complete a fighter-plane strip before the Nips discovered what was going on

Niceties of military etiquette don't bother the Cutthroats much. Their usual remark is, "Where the hell do you want us to go next, Colonel?" They take rank in their stride; they'd as soon talk back to a general.

Colonel Castner respects their ability: he'll squat on his haunches and listen gravely while a private argues with him over where to spend the night: "Hell, no, Colonel. We don't want to cross this river tonight Let's sleep here tonight and cross it tomorrow Why? Because then the first thing in the morning, the men will all get wet right up to their belly buttons. You start a man out soaked to the skin, he won't give a damn the rest of the day. That way you'll get some real patrolling done."

Colonel Castner is no cheechako himself. His father was Alaska's famed General Castner, who made the first map of Matanuska in 1898, and who pioneered the present Richardson Highway to Fairbanks when that town was only a collection of Indian lean-tos. Colonel Castner, literally following in his father's footsteps, has explored every corner of the Territory, has traveled with the Coast Guard to the Bering Sea and out to the far end of the Aleutians

The Valley Forge Wisecrack

He knows personally the tough and tricky terrain where the Japs established themselves. He is as good as any man in his outfit; he's proud of them, and they worship him. He still recalls the night when he decided to let the men rest, while he stood guard alone. As he squatted in the lee of a boulder, the bulky figure of a private wandered toward him in the darkness. "Go on back and get some sleep, Colonel Who do you think you are—George Washington at Valley Forge?"

The Cutthroats are individuals; Army life hasn't changed them a bit. They're Alaskans, first, last and always. They wear the same clothing they'd use on a trapline. They choose their own type of pack board; the Trapper Nelson pack is most popular. They even make out their own grub lists when they set out on patrol: a handkerchief full of oatmeal, perhaps, or a slab of bacon, or some powdered milk, or a pocketful of raisins The rest of their diet is where they find it.

"Give them an hour," says Colonel Castner, "and they'll have a mess of butter clams or a salmon trout, or a slab of reindeer steak that melts in your mouth."

Sometimes, to be sure, their menu is a trifle strenuous for a sensitive stomach. Private Robert Harlan Thompson, former Conference halfback from Montana, can carry an extra chest of machine-gun ammunition up a hill at double time; but Tommy admits that the eating habits of a couple of his compatriots in the Cutthroats sometimes get him down.

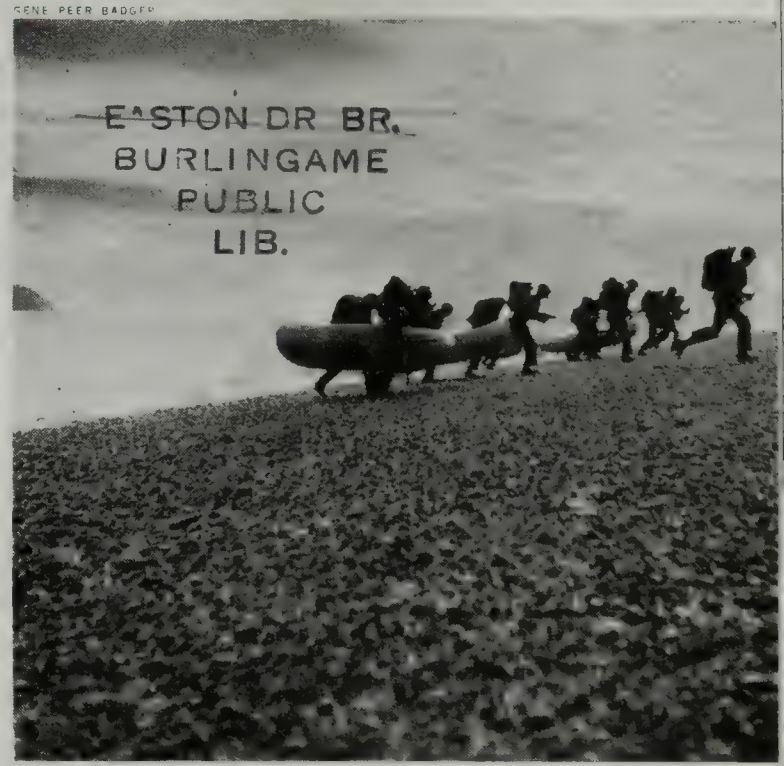
"I don't mind their cooking a muskrat head and all," he complains. "I don't even mind looking down into the pot and seeing its face grinning up at me. What I object to is when they eat it whole—and spit out the teeth." ★★★

The dangerous terrain that is shown here is all in a day's travel for tough Alaskan fighter-scouts. Each man is self-sustaining—and can live indefinitely off land like this

GENE PEER BADGER

A dawn landing on a small island. The Combat Intelligence group separates into small units that work and fight independently until the mission is finished

GENE PEER BADGER



EASTON DR BR.
BURLINGAME
PUBLIC
LIB.

Diminutive Billy Arthur has never let size stand in the way of his success. Mr. Arthur is simply above such things

THE original purpose of this inquiry was to discover what went on in the mind of a man who stands exactly forty-one inches high. Billy Arthur, editor and publisher of the Jacksonville (N. C.) News and Views, is three feet five inches tall. This is small, even for a newspaper editor, and it might be assumed that he had notions about the world as seen from such a lowly vantage point. In addition, he represents Onslow County in the North Carolina legislature, has his fingers in every pie in Jacksonville, practically harasses the Kiwanis Club with ideas, and is a Mason, an Elk and superintendent of the Methodist Sunday school and teacher of the men's Bible class.

"Mr. Arthur," we asked, "have you any message to give the American people about how man can surmount even the worst of obstacles in this difficult world?"

Billy sat on the opened right-hand top drawer of his desk and reflected.

"No," he said finally.

The reason seems to be that while Mr. Arthur is undeniably tiny, he long ago made up his mind that he wasn't going to be a freak. He is neither a dwarf, a midget, a gnome nor a pigmy; he is simply a man who never grew. His head is normal-sized and quite handsome; his body is diminutive and sturdy.

Anybody who entertains false notions about the little man's capabilities has only to see him at work on his paper which is a four-page affair appearing twice a week. It is written, edited and proofread entirely by two people—Mr. Arthur and Mary Lily Blake, his assistant. In addition, Billy sells all the advertising and runs the commercial job-printing plant that goes with the newspaper. *Also,* he sells all the advertising for the New River Pioneer, weekly newspaper of the New River Marines, whose hundred-mile-square camp practically surrounds Jacksonville.

In view of all this, we tried again.

"Don't you think that a man who has made a success despite great handicaps has a lesson for more fortunate people who think life is treating them badly?" we asked him.

Billy had the distressed air of one who seeks diligently to be helpful to an interviewer but can't quite make it.

"To be honest with you," he said, "I've never thought about it."

His parents were normal-sized and the first theory about him was that he had rickets. There were also suggestions that it might be a thyroid condition. His legs were broken at the age of two for the purpose of straightening them, but his left leg is still bowed and as a consequence he walks with a wobble. He had an attack of pneumonia at the time his legs were being treated and he had another at the age of ten but, since then, his health has been perfect.

"The doctor here has some long name for why I didn't grow but I can never remember it," he says apologetically, as though he weren't being fair with the world in not knowing more about his case. The doctor's name for it is "achondroplasia," a congenital something in the cartilage which retards the growth of the long bones between the joints.

As a kid around Charlotte, N. C., where he was born, he was mascot for the high-school football team, sold papers for six years on one corner, the Latta Arcade, and was mascot for the Charlotte Hornets in the old South Atlantic League. He also developed a pretty fair voice and appeared in school plays and at clubs around town as a monologist and singer. That brought him to WBT radio station, where he sang to the piano accompaniment of Miss Clemmie Reid.

"One Yard of Fun they called that program. That was me."

He says this with a slight wince because his pride in those early days is tempered by the thought that he might have been trafficking a bit on his handicap.

At the station was Billy Hamilton, program director who felt that Billy was good enough for New York and sent him off, after his graduation from high school, with a few letters of introduction and a scrapbook full of worthless notices. In due course, he reached the New York office of William Morris, Inc., largest theatrical bookers in the world, and gave an audition for Johnny Hyde, mingling his usual monologue with songs.

"Cut out the corny talk," said Hyde. "You're no a freak and you're going to do it straight if you work for me. You're a singer."

Eight Months on the Circuit

Billy went into a unit show called Whooping It Up with Lander Brothers and Leary and the Ray Fagan Band. He had one song, Carolina Moon, and he carefully refrained from calling attention to his size by the usual stage antics. The act played the Loew Circuit around New York, and Billy worked up to $125 a week later going with the Charles Bennington Harmonic Band as a soloist. This took about eight months and convinced Billy that he'd had enough of bum food, hard beds and five shows a day. He went over to tell Johnny Hyde he was quitting.

"Hyde wanted to know why," Billy relates; "and I'll never know what prompted me to say it but I said, 'I'm going to college.' "

He went down to the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill and entered the journalism school, finishing in three years by taking all the summer courses. He was head cheerleader for two years and sang with Alec Mendenhall's orchestra, which had quite a reputation in those parts.

He graduated at the worst time in history, 1933, when the bottom was out of everything. After trying around hopelessly for a job he had decided to return to the university and go on with a law course, when the New Bern (N. C.) Tribune hired him as city editor.

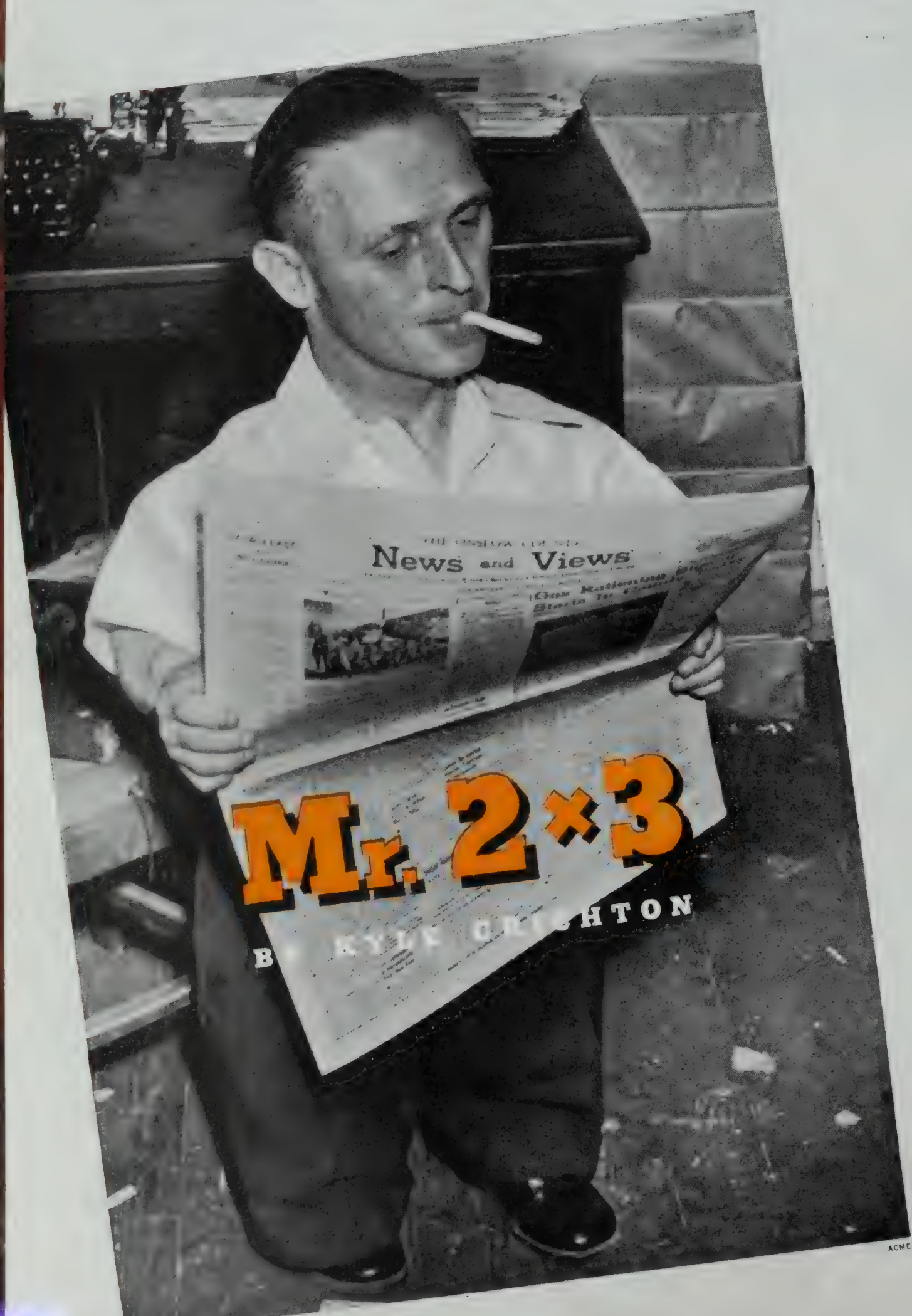
"I wrote a daily column of town gossip, did all the reporting, edited the society copy and the country correspondence, handled the telegraph copy, wrote the heads and laid out the paper. Nine bucks a week."

He finally got that up to $25 a week and had a share in the paper, but after seven years of it he decided to fulfill the dream of every newspaper man—a little weekly of his own. He found what he wanted down in Onslow County, one part of which is on the ocean north of Wilmington and the rest sort of congregates around New River.

"Jacksonville, N. C. (pop. 857), newspaper with a circulation of 243, best hunting and fishing on the Eastern seaboard. I paid too much for it; $350, but I was anxious to get started fishing."

He had a great life for six months, working three days a week, fishing three days. "Made $15 one week, $5 the next, lost $25 the next, lost $40 the next and made $100 the next."

(Continued on page 4



YOU CAN'T ESCAPE

BY FAITH BALDWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

The Story Thus Far:

ONE week before Linda Wheaton is to be married to the man she loves—Rix Anderson—in her New England home town, Benfield, she receives a stunning shock. Her best friend—Peg Reynolds, an orphan who has been making her home in Benfield—runs away with Rix and marries him.

Feeling that she *must* get away from Benfield (where everyone pities her), Linda goes to New York City. There, she takes a room in a girls' club; and there, thanks to Tony Dennison—a young lawyer whose father had gone to college with her father—she gets a job as stenographer with the firm by which Tony is employed.

Both Linda and Tony make progress. Linda soon becomes secretary to Andrew Powell, one of the firm's important officers; Tony is made a junior partner. Tony, it appears, is in love with the daughter of one of the firm's clients—Nelda Heron. Tom Yorke, another junior partner, is also in love; he is in love with—Linda Wheaton! Linda is in love with—*nobody*.

The three—Linda, Tony and Tom Yorke—run up to Connecticut, to spend a week end at the Herons' elaborate country estate. Linda has a pleasant time, until two more guests arrive: Rix Anderson and his wife!

Controlling her emotions, Linda greets Rix and Peg casually. Then, to her astonishment, she observes that Rix is staging a quiet drive on Nelda—and that Nelda likes it! Peg makes a similar observation. Shocked, she has a talk with Linda, accuses Rix of being unable to be loyal to anyone—not even his wife. She suggests that she and Linda meet, for a longer talk, when they are back in New York.

Several weeks later, Linda receives a phone call from Peg, who asks if she can call on her, at the girls' club, that afternoon. Linda tells her to drop by at five-thirty; she does not relish the idea of discussing Rix Anderson with his wife of only a few months.

Before she leaves the office, Tony comes in. Ecstatically happy, he tells her that he is engaged to Nelda. When, after a brief chat, he goes out, Linda sits rigid for a time. Then, sighing, she picks up a letter she has written. As she reads it, or tries to read it, she thinks: I wish today would last forever so that I need not see Peg, not ever. Then she thinks: I wish it were five and I were on my way home.

IV

SHE waited in the lounge for Peg. Girls wandered in and out, the radio was playing. The lounge was bright with late sunlight, shining on pleasant chintz; the windows stood open to the wind. Linda looked at her watch. She's late, of course, she's always late, she thought.

Then suddenly there she was, the superb figure, the sultry loveliness, the low-pitched voice asking for Miss Wheaton.

Linda went forward. She said, "Suppose we go up to my room—I don't have to dress for a time. My engagement's at eight."

Peg looked casually about the lounge as they passed it. She said, "This is quite a place."

"Sun deck, everything," said Linda, trying to smile and to talk naturally. "It's very pleasant, really."

"Too many women. I'd go crazy shut up with a lot of females," commented Peg.

They went upstairs in silence. When the door had shut behind them, Peg cast her hat upon the bed, ran her hand over her sleek, shining hair.

"Smoke," she asked, "or is it against rules?"

"Sit down," said Linda. "That's the best chair. Ash tray on the window sill." She sat down on the bed, the pillows against her back She asked, after a moment, "Well, Peg?"

"Now that I'm here I don't know how to begin," said Peg, and flushed, darkly.

"Perhaps," said Linda evenly, "it was a mistake to come. We can—let it go at that, if you like."

"I don't like. Linda, there's no one to whom I can talk, no one. You must listen. You're the best friend I ever had . . ." She broke off. She wasn't especially sensitive, but the sound of her own words appalled her.

"I was," said Linda, with a slight emphasis.

"All right," said Peg, and it was as if illogical anger stirred and drove her on, "let's get it over. All those last months, Rix and I behind your back . . . It was easy. You were utterly unsuspicious. You were as happy and guileless as a child. Don't think it didn't make me sick. It did. I liked you, more than I'd ever liked any girl. But it didn't matter, very much. I was crazy, I was in love. Nothing mattered but Rix. At first, a sort of flirtation.

"We were wary. We kept telling each other, all in good clean fun. Then it wasn't fun any more; it wasn't good nor," she added, "clean . . . Remember near Christmas, trimming the tree, I went to pieces? I acted like a fool. I couldn't help it. I was desperate. You were to be married soon, Rix had never said anything to indicate that he wouldn't go through with it. From the very first he hadn't known he'd get in so deep. When he realized it, he told me over and over that nothing could be done about it. He loved me, but he was very fond of you; your parents and his expected this marriage, their hearts were set on it, his hands were tied. Right up to the last he kept saying that. . . ."

Linda said, low, "It would have been kinder, Peg, if, when it first began, Rix had come to me and asked me to release him, told me he didn't want to marry me."

"He doesn't face things," said Peg. After a moment she said, "Well, I made him. I told him I was pregnant."

Linda was very white.

"I wasn't," said Peg defiantly. "But I made him see what it would mean . . . scandal, everything. I said I would go to his father."

"Did you ever believe that you were?" asked Linda. Her voice was as hard, as cold and smooth as a stone wrested from frost-bound earth.

"No," said Peg sullenly. "But I knew what he wanted. He wanted me. He didn't want you and Benfield, Linda But he was afraid to say so."

"And—did you tell him that you had lied?" asked Linda inexorably.

Peg's gray eyes shifted, looked away. She said, "Yes, of course, afterward. It didn't matter then, we were married, we were together, we were happy."

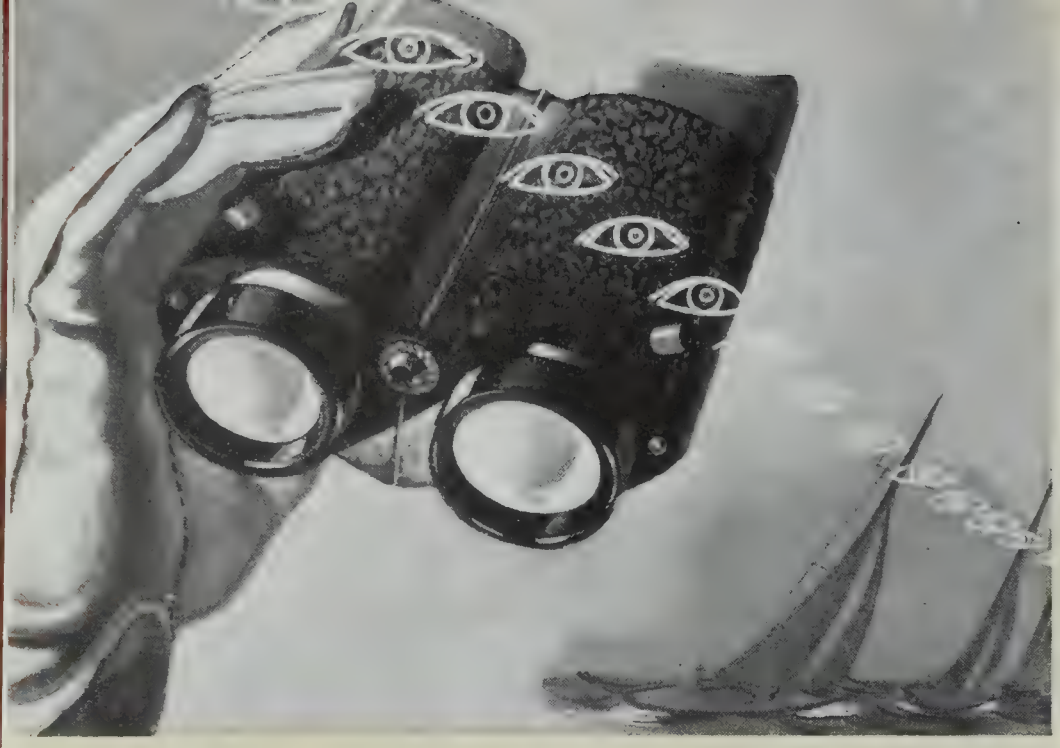
She's lying now, thought Linda contemptuously. She's never told him. Oh, some excuse . . . anything. Merely that she was mistaken, after all. But she hasn't told him that it was a deliberate lie on her part. Linda's heart was tight with a species of triumph. She had Peg now, she could tell Rix if she wished, tell him right out: She lied to you, she blackmailed you into marriage. Then she thought: What good would that do?

Peg said: "We were happy, at first. He liked New York, he still does; and his work; and the people he meets. If there weren't another woman in the world we'd still be happy. But there are other women. There's Nelda Heron for instance."

"What about her?"

"She's insane about him," said Peg . . . "or as much as she can be. And he is about her. That's all there is to it. I know it. He hates me for it. We quarrel a good deal of the time." She turned away, stared out of the window. "If I had any guts," she said, "I'd leave

"You don't want to talk about Rix and Nelda," accused Peg. Linda swung around and said, "I don't want to talk about anyone. It's not my business"



YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

By David O. Woodbury

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL BROEMEL

Education, an Exciting Adventure

SPEED and thoroughness through dramatic interest will keynote your children's schooling tomorrow. The rigid discipline of today's classroom is to be forgotten, and with it the dawdling and lack of attention that waste so much time and create so many misfits. The static quality of lessons learned by rote will yield to dynamic and exciting explorations into the workings of the new world.

Movies are to be used everywhere, presenting every kind of subject in absorbing story form, teaching by graphic demonstration and direct visual observation.

"Learn by doing" will be the theme song of education. Shop and laboratory, workbench and field and factory will provide the new classrooms. Recitations and lectures will fade away; textbooks are to become vividly written guidebooks to personal experiment rather than tedious dictionaries of fact.

Your child will learn more and be far happier in this swift new curriculum. Helped by aptitude tests to discover his special talents, he will choose the best possible combination of streamlined courses, so abundant and flexible that he can be sure of the utmost training for his capabilities and preferences.

Heat Your Home with Outdoor Cold

Neatest trick of the future will be "reverse-cycle refrigeration," by which cold air pumped in from outdoors will actually heat your house without the aid of coal or oil. A small cabinet located on the window sill of each room will draw in winter air, extract heat from it and deliver it indoors.

This may seem like lifting yourself by your bootstraps but it is not. Refrigeration is nothing more than the process of pumping heat from the interior of the icebox to a coil of pipe outside at the back, from which it is dissipated into the room. The "pump" is a liquid which takes up heat upon evaporation and gives it up again on being compressed. In the reverse-cycle process the same principle will be used, except that the outdoors itself will replace the icebox. There are plenty of heat units in winter air, but they are thinly spread and must be concentrated for use. The new device will do this by electrically refrigerating outdoor air, making it colder still, then delivering the captured heat to a radiator indoors.

The new heater will be portable and will run from any electric socket for a few cents an hour. In moderate climates it can replace the furnace altogether. In cold ones it will be invaluable on those chilly spring and autumn days when the central heating unit would ordinarily be run at poor economy. And in hot weather the flip of a switch will turn it into a standard refrigerating unit to keep your house cool.

Featherweight Autos of Wood

Jack-rabbit starts, headlong stops and rubber-scorching turns are some of today's tire-killers that will lose their menace for car owners tomorrow. Plywood automobile bodies, lighter by half than the present steel, will make sudden changes in speed and direction possible without damaging your tires.

Extra thin sheets of high-grade wood, bonded together with plastic cement, are making the De Havilland fighter plane one of the fastest in the war skies. Tomorrow the same technique is expected to cut the weight of your car to 1,000 pounds, yet provide bodies so roomy and comfortable that four people can ride on the front seat and as many as six behind.

Fitted with airplane-type engines with magnesium and aluminum parts, these light cars will not only break all records for gasoline economy but will be far safer to drive. Extreme light weight will mean that when a collision impends, you can duck out of danger in a split second.

Back to the Woods

Durable, good-looking clothes for work and sports, so cheap that they can be thrown away after a few wearings, will be the order of the day when wood and paper are used for rough apparel. Bark of the redwood tree, shredded and interwoven with a small amount of wool, will give you playsuits, camping and tramping outfits, sporting togs and dungarees that are washable, yet far less expensive than cotton.

Your whole camping regime may be changed, too, by plastic-impregnated paper goods such as sheets, pillowcases, towels, drapes, curtains, rugs. Even blankets of laminated paper will keep you warm on chilly summer nights. Fiber textiles like this will stand the strain of a long summer outing and still be so inexpensive that you will throw them away at vacation end as unconcernedly as you now discard paper napkins and plates.

Fine binoculars and field glasses will be far less expensive in the world of tomorrow. The requirements of a ten-million-man fighting force have brought about a complete new deal in these handmade instruments. New glassmaking techniques will provide the best grade of lenses and prisms in large quantities. Almost human automatic machines will turn out the many tiny parts in huge volume, accurate to a few ten-thousandths of an inch. Assembly and adjustment will be done largely by machine, too.

Result: For your vacation, for hunting, boating and planing you will be able to own a pair of top-notch binoculars just as you now have a camera and sunglasses.

Sulfa Gum for Throat Ailments

Tomorrow will bring a new kind of chewing gum containing some other sulfa compound which will keep your mouth and throat passages constantly bathed with the germ-killing drug as long as you chew it. This simple treatment will be especially valuable for sore throats and tonsillitis. It will work better than present-day sulfa pills because it will go directly to the tissues affected, without first having to pass into the blood stream.

No More Waste

Keynote of the future will be *conservation:* rigid economy of materials, of manpower, of time. Ours has been an appallingly wasteful civilization, scattering its resources to the four winds. Coal, oil, lumber, toothpaste tubes and human effort have been thrown away with awful lavishness.

But the acute shortages developed in this war have taught us that such wastefulness is suicidal. Better products, faster manufacture and distribution, lower costs, higher standards of living, can come only from high economy of effort and materials.

Of all the commodities we use in war, time is proving least expendable. To "kill" time is a crime that we shall have learned never to commit tomorrow. Every moment will have to be used to the utmost if we are to take full advantage of the tremendous opportunities in better living, travel, education and recreation now being prepared for the future.

Speaking of Robots

Long before this war began, science had constructed a "mechanical brain" out of electric circuits, motors, gears and dials—a robot capable of amazing feats of mathematical computation in a few minutes. This "brain" aimed the big guns on a battleship and was planned for use in controlling the great 200-inch telescope. A naval fire-control instrument, for example, when fed with such variable factors as the ship's course and speed, wind velocity and direction and the enemy's course and speed, would give the right aiming data.

Now the instant decisions required in blitz warfare have rendered such machinery too slow for certain services. A new robot has taken over—an electronic gadget as compact as a table radio; with it the most complicated mathematical problems can be solved almost instantaneously.

Tomorrow this "thinking machine" will inherit hundreds of intricate monitoring tasks in industry, in office work and even in your home. The production of strange shapes in metal, wood and plastic; the grading and packaging of foods, the control of machines that make steel, paper, cloth and glassware; the solution of statistical problems in banks, insurance offices and government departments—innumerable jobs that now call for expert human judgment—will be supervised by these vacuum-tube robots that work with lightning speed and perfect accuracy. ★★★

him. Tomorrow. I'd go to Reno. I'd divorce him." She swung back. "I can't," she cried. "I'm in love with him. It would kill me."

Linda felt chilled, as if her veins ran thin red ice. She said, "I think you're mistaken about Nelda's being interested in Rix. She's engaged to Tony Dennison. It's to be announced shortly; they'll be married next winter some time."

"Tony Dennison?" said Peg. She laughed, a short harsh sound. "What difference does that make?"

"But if she's in love with Rix," began Linda, "why would she—"

"You're still pretty young," said Peg coolly. She surveyed Linda. "You dress differently, you make up a little more, you're thinner. You know all the answers, apparently. I heard you talking at Nelda's. But underneath, you're the same. Nelda doesn't want to *marry* Rix. He's nobody. A young man in a brokerage office. He'll always be that," said Peg bitterly, "even when he's old. A young-old man in someone's office. But Tony Dennison's a clever lawyer. He's been made a junior partner in a big and famous firm. He'll go places. That's what Nelda wants. She doesn't have to marry for money, she has all the money in the world, more or less. But she wants to marry someone—and not too long out of her first season—who is ambitious, whom she can push. Politically, perhaps.

"I've heard her talk. With her father's backing and the sort of hostess she'd be she could do a lot for Tony if he wants to play it that way. If I divorced Rix tomorrow she wouldn't have him. Besides, you know the Herons—or don't you? They have odd prejudices for people of their type. One thing they don't happen to like is divorce. If Nelda married a divorced man, they'd cut her off with a shilling or whatever it is. No. She'll marry Tony and she'll push him for all she is worth, and that's plenty, and if another man happens to take her fancy, whether it's Rix or any one else, she'll amuse herself on the side very discreetly."

"I don't believe it," said Linda slowly.

"Don't take my word for it," said Peg. "She's been clever about Rix. I'm usually around. Oh, he's seen her for lunch and, I think, on other occasions. But he always tells me afterward, they just ran into each other, that sort of thing. After she's married it will be the same."

Linda said, "Tony doesn't deserve that. He's one of the best—"

Peg leaned forward. She said, "Why don't you—" she broke off. She asked curiously, "You're interested in Tony yourself, aren't you?"

"No," said Linda, "I'm not." Her blue eyes met Peg's squarely. "I like him. He's fine, he's a good friend."

"Then," said Peg, "you're still in love with Rix? Why not admit it? It doesn't matter now . . . And it wouldn't do you any good," she said brutally, "against Nelda Heron. He'll always have a—a feeling of humiliation toward you. He hates you for it, because it was his fault. That's the way he is. He's the sort of man who can borrow from someone and despise him the rest of his life because he's under an obligation, a burden of gratitude. No . . . You're washed up," she said. "I succeeded in that, pretty well. Now, it's Nelda's and my turn."

"You don't expect me to be sorry," said Linda, "do you? For you, I mean."

"No," said Peg, "I don't. You hate me don't you, Linda?"

"No," said Linda. "I did, once. At first. Not now. I'm indifferent to you, Peg."

"But not to Rix?"

Linda was silent. She thought: Deny it, look her in the eye, say: Rix is nothing to me now, and never will be again.

"Okay, okay," said Peg impatiently, "you don't have to answer. You have

(Continued on page 38)

Because of wool and cotton shortages, newborn children in many sections of Finland are wrapped in paper. For each child the State provides a complete paper layette and a cardboard cradle

CHILDREN IN PERIL

BY THÉRÈSE BONNEY

ed like an express shipment and carrying one pack- of food, this crying Finnish boy is on his way after having been restored to health in Sweden

Since the outbreak of the first war with Russia, the Swedes have cared for about 40,000 Finnish children. Those shown above are in a camp near the Finnish border

OF THE 800,000 children in Finland, approximately 20 per cent are starving. In the northern part of the country 60 per cent have tuberculosis In Sala, scene of one of the biggest battles of the first war between Russia and Finland, the rate of this disease has risen as high as 80 per cent. Before the wars began, the death rate of Finnish children was 9.3 During the first war it fluctuated between 12 and 20. In the second war the average has been 16.4, but in some sections has remained fairly steady at about 40. In a few regions, difficult of access, and suffering at certain periods of the year from shortages of virtually everything needed to sustain life, it has risen as high as 47. About 10 per cent of the children are stillborn. Another 10 per cent are premature. Few hospitals or clinics are available for the children; they are filled with wounded soldiers.

Cod-liver oil, a vital necessity in a land of little sunshine, is now almost unknown in Finland. Seal oil, one of its best substitutes, is also scarce. In peacetime the Finns killed 6,000 seals a year. Last year the catch was about 1,600. Nearly all of the oil rendered from these animals was used by the army. Milk production has declined 40 per cent, because Finland has 200,000 fewer cows than in 1939.

Instead of getting better, things grow worse in Finland, due to three successive years of bad harvests. The nights are long, the days short. There is no coal, and few men left to cut the wood.

Sweden has done much more than any other country to help the children of Finland. During the first Russian War, the Swedes cared for more than nine thousand Finnish children. Since the Treaty of Moscow, in March, 1940, thirty thousand more have been brought into Sweden, installed in private homes and in vacation camps, and restored to health. In the winter of 1941-42 the Swedes donated enough personal ration tickets to provide them with 237 tons of meal, 49 tons of sugar, 36 tons of butter, and 5 tons of meat. ★★★

In all his life this little Finnish boy has never had enough to eat. His chance of survival is small. In some districts of Finland infant mortality is 40 per cent. Ten per cent of the babies are stillborn

Set it Yourself

By Marian Stephenson and Anne Sincla

Expert tips on home hair-dos

WHEN Lura de Gez of Fifth Avenue walks up to you and says, "Honey, you need to be reshaped," she isn't making remarks about your figure. She's talking about your hair. Miss de Gez, according to her own definition is the "wack of the hairdressing business" because she teaches her customers how to do their own hair. "It's time they knew how to handle their hair," she says.

With the aid of Pauline Crook, an alert young woman who got her extensive knowledge of hair styling as head of Stephens College grooming clinic, Miss de Gez runs her Self-Service Schoo on an eight-hour-a-day schedule. In five lessons, you learn ho to roll a curl so you'll know what it's going to look like when i brushed out. Classes are made up of women from sixteen to six First thing they are taught is not to be afraid of their hair— to be afraid to brush it hard, roll it, pull it, pin it. Then the given the five lessons illustrated below.

You can't expect any amount of professional teaching t you unless you have three things: healthy hair and scalp hair and hair that has been cut correctly. (This is what Gez means by "shaping.") To keep hair healthy, brush

1

2

Lesson One. Stand up, put your feet apart, lean over so your head is hanging somewh between your knees and your waist. With a brush in each hand, start in, making strokes outward and downward. Purpose of brushing is to make hair shine, bring to scalp and keep it healthy. If the war has left you with one brush, use spread f as substitute as the model does in lower picture. Note also how she grips the

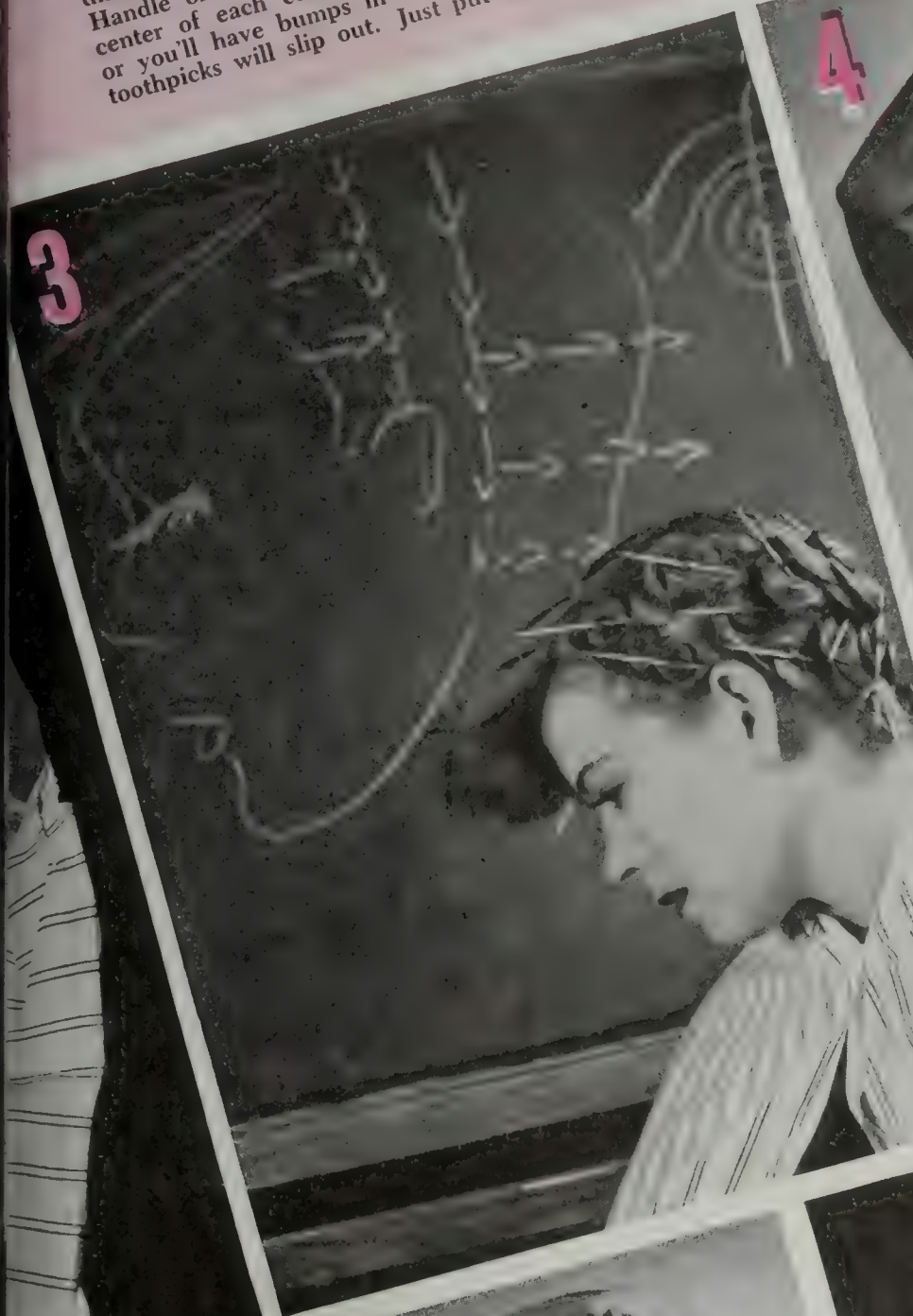
strokes a day. To keep clean, wash at least a week with liquid shampoo. And get it cut n expert. Tell him or her that you want to wear ore ways than two.

Models find the best length for everything, from amor to swimming, is a not-too-short feather cut can be brushed up for evening, worn neat for work nd military hats, or in about any way you like.★★★

Pauline Crook, with back to camera, demonstrates to her Tuesday evening class the art of rolling a curl. Miss Crook believes that pupils should watch themselves in the mirror to see how their hands work and correct their mistakes

Lesson Three. Now that you know how to roll a curl, you divide off your hair into further sections, making parts with the tip of your comb along arrow lines shown on blackboard. For top-front hair, part in two horizontal rows and make curls, just as at the sides. As in the pictures, make curls swing upward. If your hairpins have disappeared, use ordinary wooden toothpicks. Handle one like a needle, taking a nip in the center of each curl. Don't pin any curl tight or you'll have bumps in it and don't be afraid toothpicks will slip out. Just put on a snug net

Lesson Four. Most home hair-doers think you have to sleep on pinned-up hair before it will "take." An hour is sufficient to leave it up, if hair isn't rolled when it is too wet. Dipping comb in water and running it once through the hair will moisten it enough. Left, Miss Crook shows Moya Rhodes, our model, how to brush out the curls. The stroke should be back from the face and upward



IFOR THOMAS

Two. After your hair en brushed thoroughly, wn in front of a mirror, a comb, make your regu- rt. Then, using the tip of comb, make another part, ning from the first one down he top of your ear. Pin back e hair behind this second rt. Then divide the hair in ont of the ear into three sec- ions as shown. Roll each curl loosely, being sure you start rolling at the loose end, not the attached end. When complete, each curl should look like a series of concentric circles

IFOR THOMAS

IFOR THOMAS

Lesson Five. Learn how to shape several hair-dos to your own needs. We've purposely used the same model to show you how one length of hair is right for a Waac hat, a John Fredericks hat, or an evening up-do. These pictures were all taken the same afternoon, and the model did her own hair

WATCH IT, FARMER!

BY MONA GARDNER

EASTON DR BR.
BURLINGAME
PUBLIC
LIB.

HAROLD M. LAMBERT

Farms can be dangerous, even for old hands. Here are some tips for land-army volunteers

THIS year something like 3,500,000 land-army recruits will go to the country to help with the most important crops our farms have ever grown. City slickers, stenographers, file clerks, schoolteachers, students and housewives will don blue denims to put more food in our national bins.

They're off to sunshine, fields of waving wheat, haymows and lowing kine, which, it turns out unpoetically, are just about twice as hazardous as working in a nice little TNT plant, with the five-o'clock subway rush thrown in. True, hoeing, threshing and milking put a sparkle in the eye —that is, if they don't close it permanently. For when it comes to downright menace, farmyard chores, it seems, are in the danger bracket next to soldiering.

Of all industries, the National Safety Council reports, agriculture is the No. 1 manslayer. Some 18,500 farmers and farm helpers lose their lives every year through accidental causes; more than 1,500,000 are injured, 70,000 of them so grievously they are never able to work again.

A farmer's life is just a continual round of barbed wire, missing ladder rungs, balky gasoline engines, somersaulting tractors, broken harness, and bulls as gentle as a demolition bomb. Add the human factor —carelessness—and in the time it takes to read this piece, you have fifty more people cut or trampled or crushed somewhere on farms. These accidents, remember, are happening to experienced farmers, versed in farm lore and farm ways.

What, then, is going to happen to all the simple and trusting city folk once they're loose among these pastoral hazards?

Caution, caution, and *more caution* is the solution, the National Safety Council says. Their safety engineers, working on a special grant from the War Production Fund to Conserve Manpower, have studied the appallingly repetitious causes back of farm accidents. They insist accident losses can be pinched down and every farm producer kept sound, if only conspicuous use is made of that cheap and sovereign commodity called caution.

Here are the things to watch especially:

Machinery. Tractors kick, buck and roll over. Keep your thumb on the same side of the handle as your fingers when you're cranking it, or a broken hand will remind you of the wallop in a tractor's kick. Neglect to fill its tires with liquid, and it can bounce you out onto the loam, maybe under its own wheels, maybe under the two-ton load it's hauling. Hitch too heavy a load to it, and it will rear up on its hind wheels. Cross a hill field or turn at more than four and one half per, and it may roll like a May colt.

In other words, tractors are vicious compared to the ordinary domesticated family car. With tractor history there in front of them, safety engineers warn:

Never stand up in one.

Never carry a passenger.

To prevent accidental starting while oiling, be sure you know which wires to disconnect—*and disconnect them.*

Don't fool with belts while pulleys are in motion.

Keep out of the space between tractor and trailer.

Beware of gushing steam when removing radiator cap. New steel-cored radiators, substituting during copper shortages, have pressure cooling systems. Meaning —there's steam even when the tractor isn't overheated.

Don't show off.

Corn pickers, mowers, harrows and threshing machines have the same black history with their moving treads, cogs, fans and belts. Merely losing your balance around them can be final. It was for 4,625 farm helpers last year.

Look Out for Ferdinand

Livestock. A bull is just about as peaceable as a loaded gun. If you *must* enter the bull pen, know how you can get out in a split second. Never lead him without a staff through his nose ring.

"So, Bossy"—even if her name is Alice —is the proper conversational gambit when you're entering a cow's stall. You have to milk her from the right side if you want anything besides a hoof in the bucket. Even so, watch her feet. She'll be stomping a lot if the flies are bad. Spraying helps this.

Stay away from rams and boars. They have very little brother-of-man feeling.

There are a lot of things to remember about horses. They're highly temperamental and easily frightened. So they're even touchier than cows about a gentle "Howdy" from you to warn them you're entering their stalls, which—don't forget —is *always* on the horse's left side. Four other important "nevers" are:

Never approach directly from the rear.

Never bump them.

Never leave an unhitched team standing alone. Fasten the lines so they don't fall under the horses.

Never tie lines about your body or wrists.

Barns and Silos. Farm fires cost about $225,000,000 every year, not counting the 3,500 people burned to death in these fires. So, never carry loose matches in your pockets when you're working around in a barn. Never strike matches there. Hang lanterns on pegs where they can't be knocked over. And never, never smoke in a barn.

Don't clown around in hay. It's deceitfully slippery once it's in the loft. You can break more than a leg falling out of the haymow. Never carry a pitchfork in your hand going up or down ladders. Hoist them up by ropes, and when they're not in use, stand them—tines up—against the wall.

Be careful about ladders. Watch for broken rungs, make sure the ladder is secure top and bottom, and that the base is less than one fourth the ladder's height away from the wall. Depend more on your hands than on your feet; and hold onto sides, not rungs.

Don't Let Yourself Get Poisoned

Silos and windmills aren't sight-seeing towers. Use a safety belt or rope if you *must* climb one. Silage generates poisonous gases, so never enter a silo which has been closed for some time. Never work there unless there is an open doorway below your breathing level through which the carbon-dioxide gas can escape.

Poisoning. Poison ivy is creeping frenzy for weeks if you're susceptible—doctors say we all are. Poison oak and poison sumac are an equal affliction. The best precaution is to identify all three immediately and by-pass them from then on. But if you have to work around them, wear rubber or heavy leather gloves and carry a bottle of 5 per cent ferric chloride solution to sop on, just in case. Washing with lots of hot water and laundry soap helps, too. Have clothes thoroughly cleaned. Sap can remain on clothing a year and still infect hands and face.

Lightning. Farmers have been bandying the words of lightning-rod salesmen for years in an effort to check the devastation from this rampant electricity, but they still take chances with their own bodies. Lightning kills some 400 people every year and injures another 1,000. You needn't be one of these if you remember never to take shelter under tall trees, or under the only tree in a field during a thunderstorm. Lightning is trying to get back into the earth; it will use your body or the tree as a conductor if you're the tallest object around. Lie flat on the ground.

General Health. Condition your muscles with light workouts the first few days. Blisters will develop before you know it. Learn how to open and sterilize them. People have died from infected blisters. Lift with leg muscles instead of straining the back. Respect the sun. Sunburn is painful but sunstroke is worse. Drink plenty of cool water, adding a teaspoonful of salt to each gallon to replace what you lose by excessive perspiration if you'd avoid heat exhaustion. Anyone can write to The National Safety Council, 22 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois, for their manual on farm safety, and the United States Department of Agriculture has three leaflets on the subject.

But all the time you're being cautious, *think* of the extra shiploads of good food that will be going to the Yanks in Europe and Asia if there are *no accidents* on farms this summer. ★★★

EASTON DR. BR.
BURLINGAME
PUBLIC
LIB.

About the seven-eighths you can't see

EVERYBODY KNOWS that the seven-eighths *you can't see* is the most important part of an iceberg. And that's true of a Mint Julep, too.

For instance, that fragrant green mint and thick silvery frost can make almost *any* Julep look tantalizing. But it's the seven-eighths you can't see—the all-important part inside the frosty glass—that's the very heart and soul of a Julep!

In short, it's the whiskey that *makes* a Julep. That is why, for the deep content and cooling solace of the *perfect* Mint Julep, you should *always* use that matchless whiskey, Four Roses.

How to make the important seven-eighths

Simply take a few sprigs of fresh, tender young mint. Cover with powdered sugar and enough water to dissolve sugar. Crush the mint (or just stir it, if you prefer). Place the mixture in bottom of tall glass and fill with shaved ice. Then pour in Four Roses, lavishly, until the glass is brimming. Garnish with mint and let stand till the frost forms thick.

Ah!—what a Mint Julep that will be!

FOUR ROSES

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

An Explanation to our Friends

If your bar or package store is sometimes out of Four Roses, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our pre-war stocks to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber and other war products. (Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.)

"Tobacco Talk." Painted from life in the tobacco country by James Chapin

Copyright 1943, The American Tobacco Company

...YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed—So Free and Easy On The Draw

TAKE HEART

BY HANNAH LEES

AFTER AN INTERVIEW WITH PAUL DUDLEY WHITE, M.D.

One of America's foremost heart specialists explains the difference between real heart diseases and the very troublesome imaginary ones. Chances are you'll never have either—that heart of yours is an amazingly tough muscle that can take care of itself quite capably if you give it half a chance

IF YOU think of your heart as one of the more delicate parts of your body, you're wrong. Your heart, if it's normal, is probably the strongest and most efficient muscle in your whole body. This is the considered opinion of Dr. Paul Dudley White of Boston, who probably knows as much about that vital organ as anybody in this country. It has been figured out that a heart, pumping at the rate of seventy beats a minute, does 2,800 foot-pounds of work in an hour, which is roughly equal to pumping some ten gallons of water to the top story of a house or, in more romantic terms, to carrying your wife upstairs. Quite a job for a little bit of muscle not much bigger than your fist.

Your heart, moreover, is a relatively simple, four-chambered, four-valved pumping machine. It's not nearly as complicated or delicate as your kidneys or liver, which are whole chemical laboratories in themselves. Your heart is tough and amazingly capable of recovering from or keeping right on working with most kinds of damage.

"All right," you may say, "so my heart is tough, so I can't strain it. Well, what about Mr. Smith and little Cousin Joe, who all died of heart trouble? What about my mother-in-law who can't go upstairs because it hurts her heart, and what about Aunt Minnie whose heart pounds so at the least excitement, and my cousin who has to be careful because his pulse is fast?"

Well, in a moment, we'll come to all those things people can't do. Meanwhile, it is a fact that people die of heart disease. More people die of it than of any other disease—over a third of a million in the United States in 1940. And more people are dying of it now than ten or twenty years ago. But in addition to the people who really are sick with heart disease there are hundreds of thousands of people who, having been scared by the things they've heard, are going around with imaginary heart disease and ruining their lives because of it. This is both silly and sad because those facts aren't really as bad as they sound.

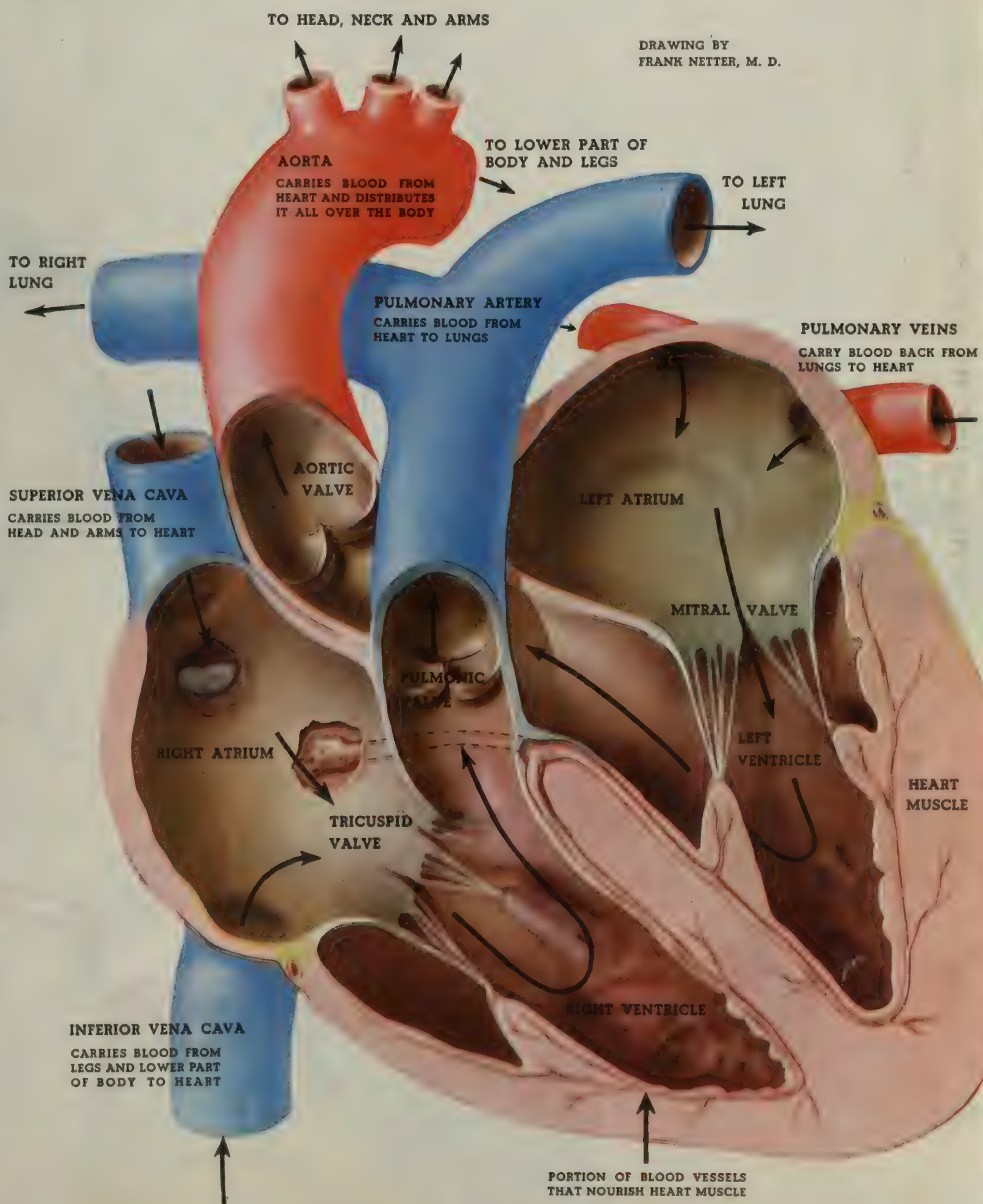
For one thing, you might almost say it is normal for a person over seventy to develop some degenerative sort of heart trouble. After all, you have to die of something. What's more, a lot of people with generally weak constitutions who, a few years ago, might have died at birth are now living to die of heart disease in their forties or fifties. In other words, a good deal of the increase in death from heart disease really means that more people are living longer. Another important thing to remember is that heart disease isn't one disease, it is a dozen or more.

All this, of course, doesn't alter the fact that some kinds of heart disease are on the increase even among fairly young adults, particularly the type known as degenerative heart disease—high blood pressure and coronary disease, which seem to go along with sitting at a desk and sweating from worry rather than from exertion. Some people do die suddenly and unexpectedly of heart disease but many more people recover from it or live long, useful, happy lives in spite of it.

There are three or four kinds of heart disease you're likely to run into, and practically the worst thing you can do for any of them, except in the very beginning, is to lie around afraid to move for fear you'll strain your heart. This is probably least true of acute rheumatic and acute coronary heart diseases. Here it actually is important to lie quietly in bed, sometimes for weeks or months, to give the heart a chance to repair itself.

Nobody knows yet the exact cause of rheumatic heart disease. It seems to go along with a hemolytic streptococcic infection, though the strep itself is not found in the damaged hearts. What it does is to set

(Continued on page 34)



This is your heart. It's essentially a simple pump that does its job with remarkable efficiency. The flow of blood from the right side, through the lungs, and back to the left heart is indicated by arrows. The heart is subject to a dozen or more diseases, to most of which it will adjust itself. Even the most serious heart diseases can be lived with successfully. Worst heart troubles are due to inflammatory rheumatic disease, the cause of which is not known, and in which inflammation prevents proper closure of the heart valves; and to the coronary diseases in which arteriosclerosis and blood clots interfere with the blood supply that nourishes the pumping muscles through the coronary arteries. Because the heart is extremely sensitive, many so-called "heart symptoms" result from nervous disturbances or from other bodily disorders

GRAVY GUY

BY L. L. FOREMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC VARADY

Slim could take any job in the plant and ride it into the gravy. So they stuck him on Operation K-3 and they gave him a dumb doll for a helper—but was she such a dumbbell?

EVERY Sunday, the Crescent Comptometer Corporation hands over its manufacturing plant to the sweepers and maintenance crew for purification and repairs. Through the rest of the week it is a bellowing, toiling giant, for the Crescent Comptometer Corporation is nowadays up to its neck in rush production that has very little to do with comptometers.

On Monday mornings the awakening sounds of the incoming shift echo through the stilled plant. There are men's solid footsteps, women's lighter strides, and the brisk *clack-clack* of younger girls' heels; and voices calling greetings and occasional yells and piercing whistles, and everywhere the sharp ring of cards being punched at the time clocks.

Slim Downey, this particular Monday morning, raised a yell as he came in. Some of the older men, less exuberant, frowned intolerantly at him, but he didn't let that bother him. He was making more money than any of them. He was making more money than he'd ever made before in his life.

At the freight elevator he steamed off a whistle that brought a girl in front of him jumping around with her hands to her ears. She was little and pretty, but when he grinned down at her she only gave him the dubious look that girls usually gave him and turned away. That set him back a bit, because it reminded him what a long scarecrow he was, six-feet-two and thin as scissors.

Oh, well, the heck with the dolls; he was making the dollars.

Arriving in his department he joined the gang around the time clock. One of the fellows, Johnnie Gilmar by name, asked him how much he'd made last week on his piece-rate job, and Slim answered airily, "Eighty-nine bucks and forty cents."

There was a wagging of heads. "Boy, you sure hit the gravy jobs!" Johnnie commented.

"Double-quick Downey, the great gravy getter!" put in somebody else. "Soak it away, speedball. It can't last. They'll get wise some day and fix you with a jinx job that'll break your heart."

Slim ran long fingers through his lank brown hair and favored them with a concert artist's bow. "Your applause, gentlemen," he drawled, "is my greatest reward."

There was a girl in his way when he turned to get his time card. She stood studying the card rack, the tip of a finger to her mouth, like a lost kid. She was the same girl who had jumped at his whistle and given him that look, and Slim regarded her coldly. Girls sure did get in the way, some of them, around a factory. The fellows were taking notice of her right away and exchanging eye-rollings behind her straight little back. You could tell she was new here, and she was young enough for this to be her first job. Her neat white coveralls were practically child-sized, but she fitted into them very nicely, very nicely indeed.

Harker, the department foreman, came up, and he, too, looked at the girl. Slim let go with his hideous whistle, and when she jumped around he said calmly, "You're in the wrong pew, stranger. No frills in this man's department. What's your number?'

She consulted her badge with dark, serious eyes, making sure. "Two-B-four—" she began timidly.

"Well, Two-by-four, you belong in assembly somewhere." Slim shooed her away. "Scat. These bug-eyed wolves around here'll eat you up." He reached for his own card and found the slot empty. "Hey, who's been messing with *my* card?"

Behind him, Harker said gently, "You'll find it at the Assembly K clock. You're transferred, Downey!"

"Wha-aat?" Slim swung around stricken. "Aw, no—not me! Me work with some dumb doll on a bench? No, sir! You can't do that to me!"

"It's done," Harker remarked, walking off, and Slim didn't feel good at all any more.

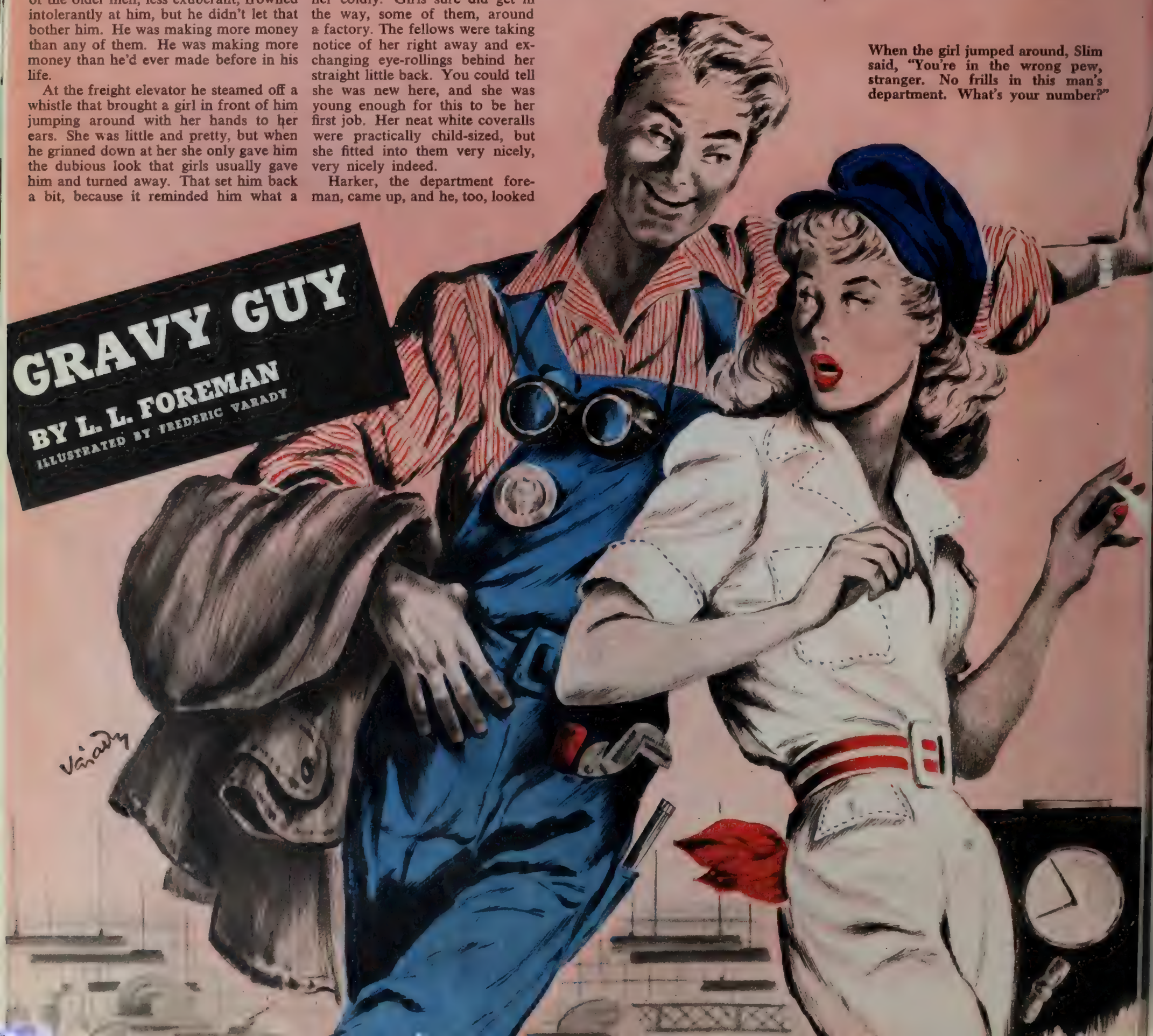
The Assembly K subforeman looked Slim up and down and sighed. Slim had the kind of gaunt face and challenging gray eyes that some foremen distrust. He was a noisy exile from the sweaty, dirty madhouse that was Harker's buffing department, and the sub's sour expression said that he didn't welcome this raffish addition to Assembly K, where things were quiet and clean and most everybody wore nice white coveralls.

"It's kind of partic'lar work here," the sub told Slim cheerlessly, steering him past knots of girls getting in some last-minute chatter before the starting bell.

Slim grunted, thinking of that big pay check last week. He guessed he should have got hep on Saturday when Bronco Bill—J. Bruno Brill, the high nibs—came nosing around with a sharp glint in his eye. You didn't put much over on Bronco. He knew the setup of every job in the plant. He must have spotted the changed setup on the steel spindles job and jumped on Harker about it.

Double-quick Downey, the great gravy getter. Hooey! He'd made his own gravy. He'd clamped an electric drill to a bench, and, with the chuck spinning the spindle at five thousand revs and a strip of fine emery cloth in his hands, he had cut down the polishing time to next to nothing. At five bucks a hundred pieces, he could have made a fortune on that job if they had let him alone.

(Continued on page 53)



When the girl jumped around, Slim said, "You're in the wrong pew, stranger. No frills in this man's department. What's your number?"

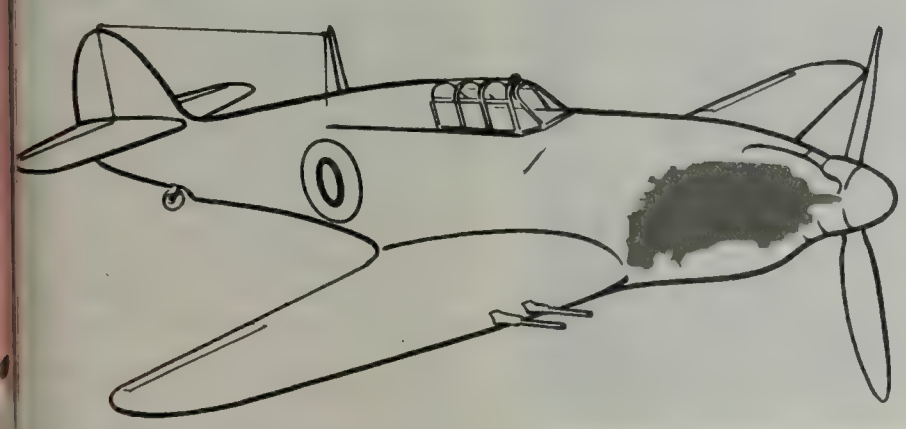
Back in "coffin corner" went Rommel's Axis divisions as U. S. Warhawks helped to pound them relentlessly. Packard workers heard the news with cheers, for they build the Rolls-Royce engines that power these planes.

"Streamline pile-drivers loaded with dynamite!" That's what men in Uncle Sam's famed mosquito fleet call their PT Boats. The hit-and-run PT's, powered by Packard super-marine engines, are making a terrific dent in Axis tonnage.

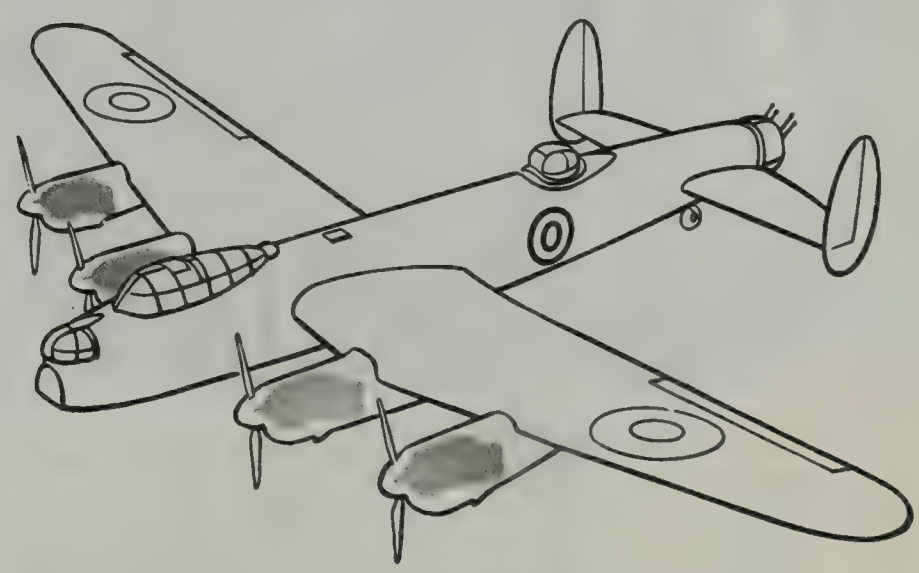
Did you know this family secret?

You've read, in your daily newspaper, about the exploits of the fighting weapons shown here. The group ranges from the amazing PT Boats to four-engined bombers. Yet all of them are "sisters under the skin" . . . powered with precision built engines by Packard.

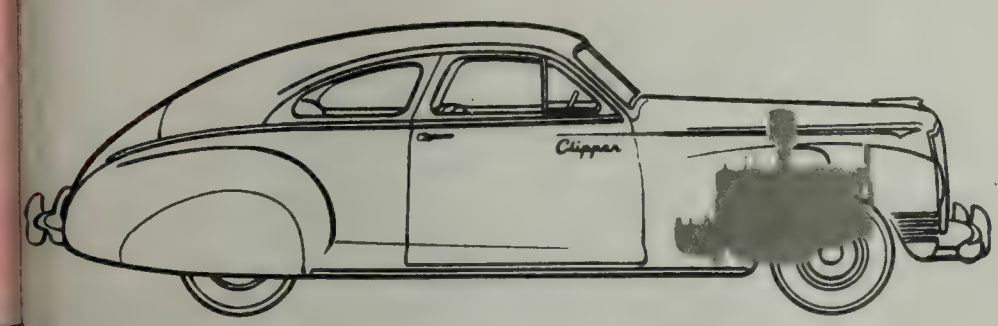
Too fast to catch! Swift DeHavilland Mosquito bombers rely on pure speed to complete their missions unscathed. With two Packard-built Rolls-Royce engines to supply their power, these long-range streaks are giving the Luftwaffe plenty of headaches.



"Can openers" is the name they've given the Hurricane —equipped with 40 mm. guns—for its spectacular tank-busting feats in North Africa. Many a Packard-built Rolls-Royce engine has helped to write the fighting log of this deadly British fighter.



"To Berlin—with the compliments of Coventry" might well have been scrawled on the block-busters dropped by England's multi-ton Lancasters. These four-motored giants depend on Packard-built Rolls-Royce engines on their nightly sweeps over German targets.



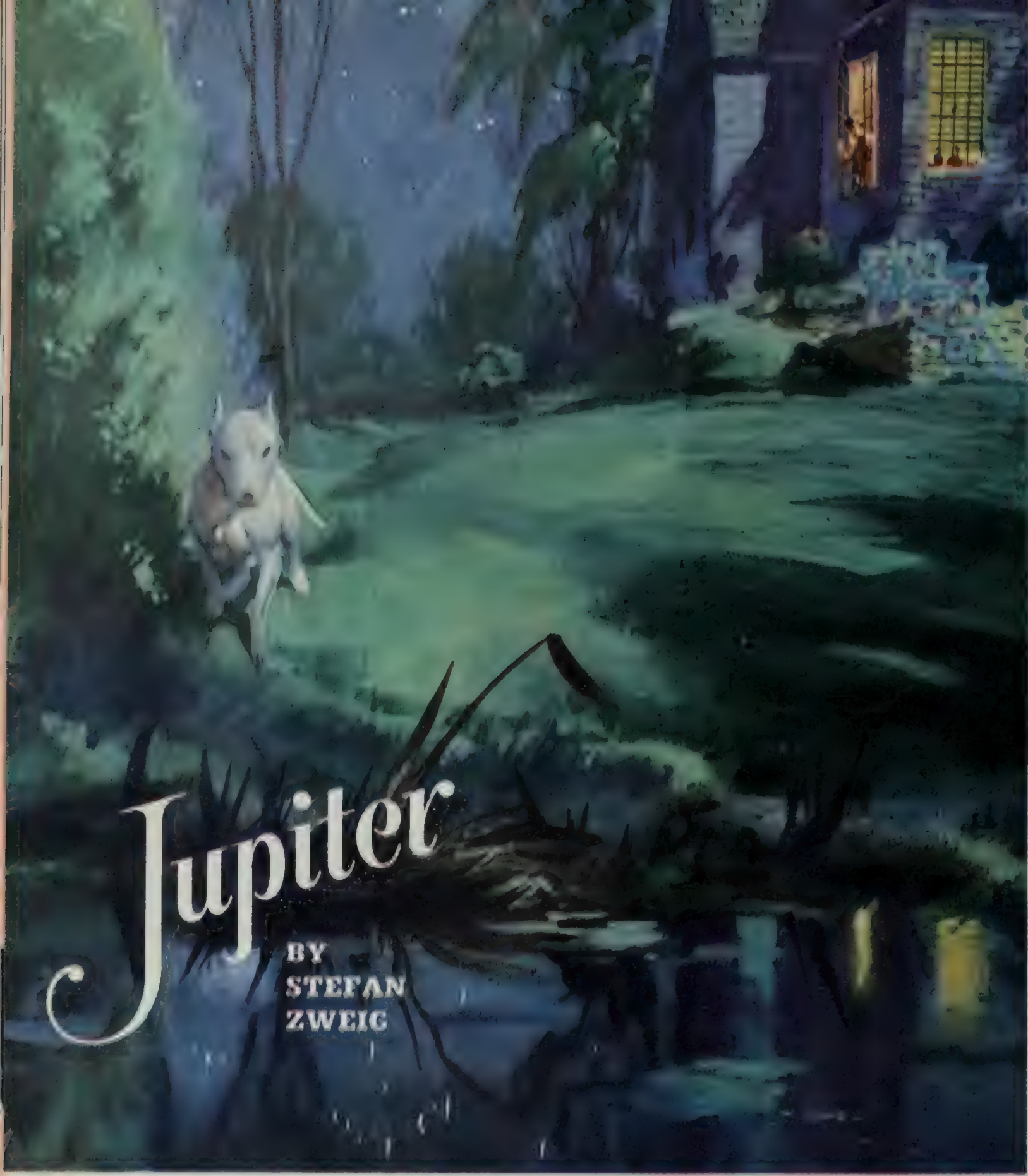
Duration durability. Packard Clipper quality counts double today, for the craftsmen who once built these cars are "all out" on war work now. They're building *fighting* engines today—and storing up new precision experience that will produce even finer post-war Packard cars. Meanwhile, Packard dealers have ample parts and a special war-time "car health" plan to keep your car in A-1 running order.

PACKARD

Precision-built Power

•

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



Jupiter

BY STEFAN ZWEIG

Here's our nomination for the dog story of the year. Maybe you wouldn't want to own Jupiter. We know we wouldn't. But you'll have to admit you've seldom seen his equal

I SHALL never forget the picture he made as he stood there on the edge of the canal, he, the criminal, the monster, looking on the work he had done. Heaven knows we were none of us rational at that moment, with the horror that gripped us; and yet I can recall thinking that I knew how he felt, that I knew what was passing in that vengeful little brain of his—that extraordinary brain.

But let me try, if only for myself, to reconstruct the whole story.

When I retired some eight years ago, my wife and I decided to look for a quiet home in the country. We found the place we wanted near a little town called Dover in upper New York state. An old canal ran through the section; a century ago it had been busy with the barge traffic of the time; then the railways came, traffic dwindled, the lock caretakers were dismissed, and now its atmosphere of desertion made it romantic and mysterious.

Here, on the crest of a hill a few miles out from town, overlooking the canal, was the home we bought. Sitting on our garden terrace at the water's edge, we could see the house, the trees, the garden and meadows reflected in the smooth surface of the stream. We were not entirely isolated, for there was another house fairly similar to ours a few hundred yards away.

Not long after we moved in, a pretty, slender woman, hardly more than twenty-eight or twenty-nine, came over one morning and introduced herself—Mrs. Sturgis, our neighbor. Her eyes were intelligent and kind, her manner attractive, and we were soon talking as if we had known each other for years. Mr. Sturgis, it seemed, worked in Buffalo, and although it was a journey of an hour and a half for him every morning and night on the train, he did not mind it because of the beauty of the country here.

Her manner of speaking of him struck me as rather strange, I remember thinking —as if she did not miss him and yet as if at the same time she was devoted to him.

A few days later, on a Saturday morning, we were starting out for a walk along the canal when we heard footsteps behind us, and a tall, strongly built man came up and offered his hand. He was Roger Sturgis, he had heard of us from his wife, and seeing us pass just then, he had come down to say hello. Wasn't it a glorious morning! Didn't we think it was the most beautiful spot on earth? Could we imagine anyone living in a city, when there was a place like this?

He talked with such enthusiasm, such fluency, that you had hardly a chance to get a word in edgewise; but this allowed me to have a good look at him. He was perhaps thirty-five, a huge ox of a man, six feet anyway, with great broad shoulders. What good nature! He went on talking and laughing without pause. He gave out so strong a feeling of happiness, of utter contentment, that one was carried away against one's will. Both of us were stimulated by him and delighted to think that such a jovial fellow was our neighbor.

But this enthusiasm did not last. There was nothing to be said against Roger Sturgis. He was kind, sympathetic, helpful— decent, trustworthy man. And yet—

The truth was, he became intensely diffi cult to bear because he was so boisterously overwhelmingly and permanently chee ful. Everything was for the best in this be of all possible worlds. His house was pe fect. His wife was perfect. His garden wa perfect; and the pipe he smoked was th very best pipe ever made.

Never, before I met Roger Sturgis, coul I have dreamt that such good qualiti could exhaust you and drive you almost t despair.

I began to understand now the strang contradiction in his wife's manner speaking of him. He loved her passio ately, as he loved passionately everythin he owned. I have never seen such tende ness as he lavished on her; the pride took in showing her off bordered on th embarrassing. She felt this, but what cou she do about it? You cannot quarrel wi such supreme devotion!

As we talked about it, my wife and began to think that what the Sturgis needed was a child. And it seemed, wife told me, that Mrs. Sturgis had want children, that this was the great disappoin ment of their married life. They had e pected a child in the first year of the marriage, in the second and in the thir After eight years, they had given up hop

IT WAS at about this time that Bet went to visit an old friend of hers Rochester. When she returned, she h what she thought was an excellent sugge tion. Her friend owned a female bull te rier that had given birth to a litter adorable puppies. Betty had refused o for us, feeling that we could not take ca of it properly, but thought that it mig make a wonderful pet for Mrs. Sturg

I agreed, and that night I asked them they would like it.

Mrs. Sturgis was silent—she was alwa silent when he was there—but he accept with enthusiasm. Certainly! Why had he thought of it before? What a marvelo idea! He couldn't thank me enough.

Two days later, the puppy arrived, comical, lovable little thing, all loose sk and big paws, pure white, a perfect spe men.

The result was not at all what we e pected.

Our intention had been to provide companion for her, but it was Sturgis w took possession of the dog. It was not lo before he was telling me on every occasi that there had never been such a dog, more intelligent one, a more beautiful o a bull terrier of terriers, a king of his ra

It seems incredible now, the effect t new passion produced in Roger Stur Sometimes we'd hear a noisy barking their house. It wasn't Jupiter. It was St gis, lying prone on the floor, carrying as if he were a child, playing with his p I swear the dog's diet gave him far m concern than his own. I know that o when a newspaper mentioned typhoid an adjoining county, Jupiter was given b tled water to drink.

Yet there was an advantage to it, in t Sturgis' preoccupation with the bull t rier spared his wife and us some of exuberance. He would play with Jup for hours, never wearying, taking him on long walks; and Heaven knows it not make Mrs. Sturgis jealous. Her h band had found a new shrine at which worship, and for her it was a blessed lief.

All this time, Jupiter was growing, wrinkles in his coat filling out with h tough flesh, his chest broadening, his

(Continued on page 66)

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

Report Unfounded

By James Atlee Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN JONES

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

HE CAME into the room, nodding and smiling slightly. He was a heavy man, of middle age, and his r was abstracted. The nurse trailed him ı and stood behind him. The woman in ıe bed watched, her hair like a glistening ɔony fan on the pillow, her dark eyes in-ɜnt on his face. His hand tested with gen-e pressures the abdomen brought by ·egnancy into strange contrast with the ender body. Outside, along the hall ɔmewhere, a woman began to scream ith anguish. Footsteps pattered. As if ı answer to a signal, the bright lips of the oman in the bed moved and tightened. ıe did not have to speak. The doctor ɔdded.

"Miss Malone," he said.

The nurse moved up beside him. "Yes, r?"

"We're ready here, I think. Medication, ease, and three grains of nembutal, in alf an hour."

"Yes, sir." The starched uniform rus-ed as the nurse turned and went out of e door.

The eyes of the pregnant woman were ill on the doctor. The tremor of labor ıd passed, and her lips softened. It was though a cool hand had gone over her ce, erasing pain. The bed lamp struck ıe side of her face into shadow, and ade the paint on her mouth look almost ack.

"Is he in the proper position to get him-lf born?" Her voice was low.

"He?" The bulky doctor crossed around e foot of the bed, sat down, and put a garette in her mouth. Then he took one ıd lighted both. The match made a warm ıre in the partially darkened room. 'ou're very presumptuous. Where, for stance, did you get that 'he' stuff?"

She inhaled on the cigarette. "Some-nes," she said slowly, "it doesn't make uch difference. Not when we were all embers of the same fat-cat lodge, in acetime." She blew out the smoke with ı audible sound. "But now the father this one is a fighter pilot. 'Somewhere,' the cloudy dispatches say, 'in New uinea.' That makes a difference. Don't ɔu think so?"

The doctor smiled in a tired way, like a iddle-aged Buddha. He said nothing. ıe night wind of Texas fluttered the cur-ins at the hospital window, and the slen-r woman trembled all over. Her facial uscles drew taut and then slowly re-xed.

The doctor sat in his chair, and after a oment she spoke again.

"There must be," she said distinctly, as reciting a ritual, "some extra-special lestial ruling that gives the wife of a hter pilot a fighting chance to have son, if she wants one as badly as I do."

The doctor crushed out his cigarette. 'ou and your fly-by-night husband," he id brusquely. "You women come lum-ring in here like truck horses, and every-ɔdy wants a boy. And sore as hell if I ɔn't deliver one." He checked with gen-pressures once again. "You'd think I ıs Zeus' handmaiden instead of a glori-d midwife."

She smiled slightly. "But you're so etty, Doctor!"

"It's a fact. My envious colleagues say at I wear glasses to preserve a look of gnity, and have indigestion to give me a ok of concern. It is, of course, prepos-ous." He took her wrist and held it be-een his thumb and forefinger. It was ıall talk they were making. The time ıs near. They both knew.

"When did you hear from him last?" ıe doctor's head was cocked.

"About a month ago. Melbourne post-ark."

He was counting. "Postal system not ɔrth a rap," he grunted. Then he stepped ck. "Probably be a girl," he said.

"Nuts to you!" The fan of dark hair ɔpled on her pillow as she turned her head. "If it is, I'll send it back, and you'll get no fee."

"All right." He stood outlined against the brightness of the hall, a dumpy man in wrinkled white clothes. "But if it's not even a baby, no bet."

She tilted back her head and laughed, which was what he had hoped she would do.

His footfalls sounded down the hall, and her face remained smiling for a moment. The silence moved in then, and the anti-septic hospital smell. She moved, the child moved, too, and she began to cry softly and desperately, as though her heart would break. But if it broke, you could not hear it in the quiet room. The only sound was the almost inaudible sobbing that shook her body and, with it, the body of her child.

SHE drifted up slowly, out of the dark, into consciousness. It was like a recov-ery from drowning in swirling waters of pain, and shreds of the memory of that pain seemed to line her body. She ached, and when she opened her eyes, the room began to swim, its walls advancing and receding in pulsing waves. Sunlight was a fuzzy blur at the windows. The push button was only a foot from her hand, but when she tried to reach for it, no strength was there. So she tried again, laboriously, and pressed the button. She was uncomforta-ble, but could not change her position. The sunlight grew brighter; it hurt her eyes.

Finally the nurse came in. She was nearly alone, but not quite. In her arms was a wrapped bundle, which she put down on the bed. "Six pounds, seven ounces," she said briskly, and hurried back out of the room.

The girl in the bed felt a sudden mo-ment of panic. The baby was resting against her shoulder; it was a spot of warmth. She brought one hand over with infinite care and pulled back the protect-ing blanket. Something scraped her hand, and she saw a tag stenciled on the blanket's edge. "Baby boy Arnold," it said. "Six pounds, seven ounces."

Relief went through her and partially blotted out the gnawing pains in her body. She replaced the blanket carefully, after a long look. Your father, she thought, would say that you had a head like a dropped grapefruit, but you look lovely to me.

THEN she reached out for the drawer of the bedside table, opened it, and with-drew the folded newspaper clipping, two days old. It was the clipping which said that Captain Ted Arnold, U. S. Army Air Forces, had been killed in action over Ra-baul while strafing enemy installations. She did not unfold the clipping, just crumpled it up and threw it down on the floor. It left her hand and rolled out of sight into the corner of the room.

"You never heard of propaganda, did you?" she whispered fiercely to the blan-keted bundle. Outside, above the hospital, in the sky over Texas, a squadron of train-ing planes roared by in echelons as Mrs. Ted Arnold tightened her arm around her son. "The reports of your death were ex-aggerated, weren't they, Mr. Arnold?" she asked quietly.

The sunlight of the early morning spilled a burnished glare in at the windows and made Mr. Arnold blink his eyes. He began to cry with a ferocity that made his wrinkled face beet red. The sound of his quavering protest was like the sound of hope in the brightening room. Mr. Arnold was hungry, and it was early morning—time for a man to get his food.

"You never heard of propaganda, did you?" she whispered to the blan-keted bundle. Outside, a squadron of training planes roared by as she tightened her arm around her son

Take Heart

Continued from page 27

off an inflammation of the heart which often damages both the muscles and the valves; then the valves won't close properly and so the heart leaks. How bad this leak turns out to be depends to some extent on how promptly the disease is discovered and how quiet the child—for rheumatic fever is most common among children—is kept until the infection subsides. But once the active infection is over, many people can lead quite normal lives with slightly leaking hearts. Many women with leaking hearts can have children, and men can do ordinary work and even play golf if the damage isn't too great.

One of the kinds of heart trouble you hear most about is that due to high blood pressure, which is apparently on the increase, though nobody yet knows why. High blood pressure is caused by the small arteries and arterioles contracting and making it difficult for the heart to pump the blood through them. If the blood pressure stays high enough for long enough, the heart may eventually weaken from the strain and even fail entirely.

Though doctors may not know all about high blood pressure they do know a good many things that make it worse or better. Dr. White feels convinced, for example, that eating too much is bad for it. Fat people's blood pressures often come down a good deal when they reduce. Yet an occasional cocktail or a nightly glass of sherry will probably be relaxing. Nine or even eighteen leisurely holes of golf are probably all right, too, if the pressure isn't very high already and if the heart is still sound. Tobacco may do harm. Dr. White has found that it raises the blood pressure in a good many people who have high blood pressure to start with, but you can test this out, and if tobacco does not have such an effect, a small amount of smoking won't hurt. Not worrying too much about anything, including your blood pressure, is important. One person may have a systolic blood pressure of 200 and not have a single symptom. Another person with a blood pressure of 160 may be full of headaches, dizziness and palpitation, and then, if he learns not to take these symptoms too hard, he may quickly lose most of them.

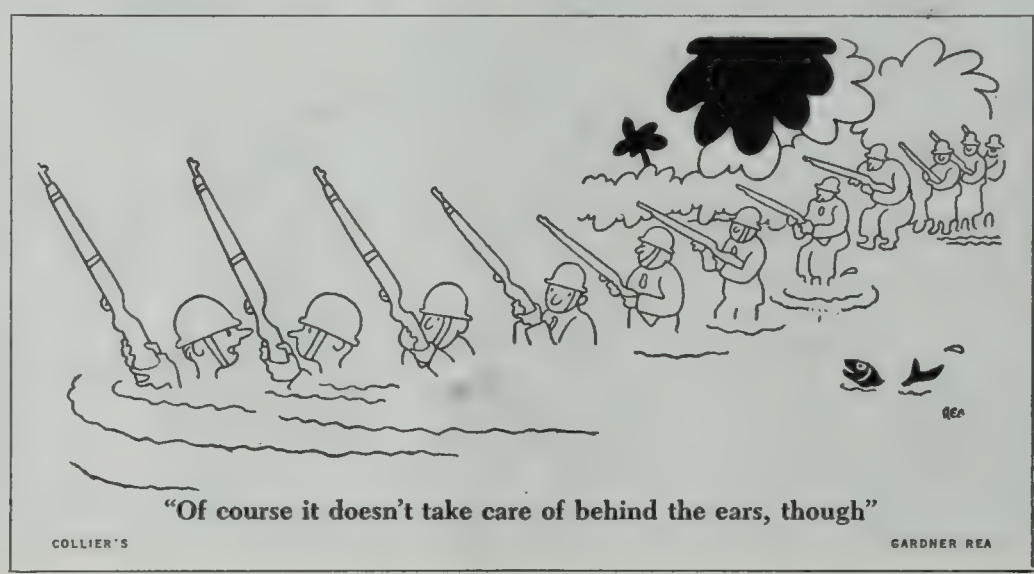
Hope for a Cardiac Specific

Heart specialists hope that eventually a specific treatment may be evolved to do for high blood pressure what liver extract has done for pernicious anemia, or insulin for diabetes.

Many people with high blood pressure, however, may find it best for the present simply to cut down their weight, omit tobacco, and learn not to worry. But they should also keep in touch with doctors who are following with open but critical minds the medical and surgical advances in treatment.

Along with high blood pressure there very often goes another serious type of heart trouble known as coronary heart disease. Coronary heart disease, which can occur, too, without high blood pressure, is malnutrition of the heart, in a roundabout way. The blood your heart pumps through its valves all day and all night doesn't nourish it. The heart's oxygen and nutrition come through two arteries—the coronaries—that branch right off the beginning of the aorta and wind back around and through the heart muscle in a thickly interlacing network or tree. If anything should keep the blood in those arteries from carrying oxygen to any part of the heart muscle, that particular part would tend to weaken and wither. This may happen if the coronary arteries become hardened and narrowed—what is known as arteriosclerotic. The fundamental cause of such arteriosclerosis is still largely a mystery but it seems to be associated with overeating, with years of high blood pressure, and with other factors we don't yet understand. Overeating may be important because bits of fat can deposit themselves from the blood in the inner walls of the arteries and in time change chemically first into soap and then into hard lime; this may very possibly be a particular danger in people who eat too much butter, cream and eggs, or in people who just don't burn up quickly enough the cholesterol fat in dairy products.

Two other interesting factors in coronary heart disease seem to be heredity and sex. The disease is very apt to run in families, though no one is yet sure whether this is because of inadequate family coronary trees or inherited weakness in cholesterol metabolism or some other reason.



"Of course it doesn't take care of behind the ears, though"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

And coronary disease is much more apt to appear in men than in women, though the reason for this, too, is still a mystery.

Hardening of the arteries isn't so serious by itself in a mild degree, but if the bore of the coronary arteries becomes narrowed, the coronary arteries may not be able to supply an adequate amount of blood to the part of the heart they are feeding. Then the heart will send out pain signals, usually a feeling of tight pressure under the breastbone on effort, until the strain is relieved either by rest or by some drug such as nitroglycerin, which relaxes the arteries again. This is angina pectoris. It is important to remember that though it can be very painful and terrifying, most people do not die of it. But it is always important to try to avoid causing it.

Another serious result of hardening of the coronary arteries can be coronary thrombosis. The hardened arteries may become so constricted that the blood doesn't flow through them freely. Then a clot may form which cuts off the blood supply beyond. This is serious but not by any means so fatal as most people think. If a person who gets coronary thrombosis has been born with a thickly branching coronary tree some of the other smaller blood vessels will take over the work of the blocked one. Unless a person dies during the first week after a coronary thrombosis his chances of recovery are pretty good. After a few weeks of rest in bed he may be able to go back to a fairly normal life if he is careful not to work hard enough to let the heart ask for more oxygen and food than the narrowed arteries can supply.

There are a number of other things that can go wrong with the heart, but the chances are that for every person you know with a genuine obscure heart ailment you know a dozen who are nursing some terrible fear about their hearts with absolutely no foundation.

Take those common "heart symptoms," pain in the heart, palpitation, shortness of breath and faintness. People with any of these symptoms are often sure they are going to die any minute of heart failure—remember your Aunt Minnie whose heart pounded so—but more often than not their hearts are absolutely sound. There is a disturbance of the nervous system called neurocirculatory asthenia which in the last war acted so much like heart disease and was so common among the men in the trenches it was called soldier's heart. These symptoms are always a nuisance; men having them under normal conditions won't make good soldiers because fear and tension are sure to aggravate them. But they don't shorten life and they don't cause heart disease, and many very brilliant people have led highly constructive lives with neurocirculatory asthenia when allowed to work at their own pace, and taught not to worry about their hearts.

Pulse rate is another thing people worry about amazingly and unnecessarily. Statistics on pulse rates recently unearthed three champion long-distance runners and an aviator who had pulse rates of 37, 38, 35 and 38 respectively. Dr. White himself counted the pulse rates of six contestants in the Ashland-to-Boston Marathon, both at the starting line and after they had finished the long, grueling race. One of them had a pulse rate of 64 before and 136 after; another had a pulse of 88 before and 120 after; another 60 before and 140 after; another 62 and 108; another 80 and 80; and the winner had a pulse rate of 118 at the starting line and 110 at the finish. So even if your pulse rate is normally under fifty or over a hundred, you'd better see your doctor before you begin to worry about it.

Effective Treatment for Rapid Pulse

One special reason for a pulse jumping well over a hundred, and even as high as two hundred, is a trouble you may have heard of known as paroxysmal tachycardia. These attacks of rapid pulse usually start and end abruptly, lasting a few seconds, a few hours, or on rare occasions several days. They occur just as often as not in young people without any apparent heart damage, sometimes as a result of exertion, emotion or digestive disturbance. A person who gets paroxysmal tachycardia can often be taught by his doctor to stop an attack himself. Putting the head between the knees, pressing on the front of the neck or the eyeballs, holding the breath or inducing vomiting are often highly effective, very much the same treatments you might give severe hiccups. In more prolonged attacks certain drugs are given to act on the nerves which slow the heart. As in angina pectoris, the important thing to remember about paroxysmal tachycardia is that it is practically never fatal. One doctor tells of a patient of eighty-seven who had been having attacks for fifty years, often with a pulse as high as 200.

Then there is low blood pressure. Some people with low blood pressure feel a little low and logy and may need a bit of a stimulant to pick them up, but these cases are rare. Most people with low blood pressure are extremely lucky. They will probably never get high blood pressure and will live quite a bit longer than the rest of us.

Your Doctor Knows Best

You've heard a lot lately about X-raying and fluoroscoping the heart and taking electrocardiograms, or electrical tracings of the heart impulses. These examinations are useful, especially when there is uncertain evidence of heart disease otherwise. But a good doctor can usually do a pretty accurate and thorough job of diagnosis on your heart with just his head, his hands, his stethoscope and his sharp trained ear. If your doctor says, "There's a little murmur but nothing to worry about," he means just what he says.

High altitudes are not nearly as bad for people with heart disease as most of us think. Unless the heart is really badly damaged most people with heart disease can fly—as passengers—or vacation in the mountains. This is also true of exercise. Dr. White thinks one of the best exercises for people of all ages, even those with mild heart disease, is leisurely stair climbing—remember your fictitious mother-in-law?

Raising the arms, reaching for things or hanging curtains is not bad for the heart. Neither is lying on the left side; you just feel your heart beating then because you are lying on it. Aspirin is not bad for the heart. Alcohol in moderation is not bad for the heart and neither is smoking unless you find you are particularly sensitive to tobacco.

But what is probably bad for the heart and general circulation is overeating, at any age, to the point of getting really fat and sitting around and letting your muscles get flabby is almost as bad. That may be one of the causes of the increase in high blood pressure and coronary disease among young businessmen who have been athletic in college. Your heart, you see, is only part of your circulatory system. The diaphragm which rises and falls right under your heart with every breath is an important help in pumping your blood back to your heart, and so are all your body muscles, which, as they contract, squeeze the veins and help to push the blood along back to the heart too. So if you never exercise to the point of having to breathe deeply, if your muscles get so flabby that they don't help out the veins your heart will have just that much more to do.

As a matter of fact, though the war may claim a few high blood pressure and coronary disease casualties that might otherwise have lived a bit longer, they will probably be nothing compared to the heart casualties it may prevent with its rationing of butter and eggs and cream and sugar and gasoline and rubber. If you ever get tired of thinking of your country and your duty when you can't have that second pat of butter and that whipped-cream dessert if you ever feel rebellious when you have to walk to the corner store or to the movies think of the good it is doing that vital little pump inside of you and take heart.

THE END

Pre-war view of Plymouth's half-mile long assembly lines—long since changed to war production.

THEY REMEMBER WELL, who find the promise of quality on which they chose a Plymouth has been fulfilled in generous measure. Plymouth economy and long life are more talked about in these days than ever before.

And Plymouth owners can well expect that the engineering "know how" and high-precision manufacturing technics—which produced a great car for them—are broadly and intensively engaged today in war production.

The huge Plymouth plants, where half-mile long assembly lines once turned out upwards of 600,000 great cars a year, are now vast volume production centers contributing heavily to Chrysler Corporation's many important war contracts.

Foundation of the saying "Plymouth Builds Great Cars" was the fact—proven among some three million Plymouth owners. The reputation follows these cars where they are sought today by second, third, fourth-hand buyers. The reputation is remembered when people talk about the new car they will buy after the war.

Meanwhile, present Plymouth owners are fortunate in the nationwide service and parts availability through Plymouth dealers everywhere. Indeed, car owners of other makes, too, are securing competent service from those Plymouth dealers.

And meanwhile, the thought—"Plymouth Builds Great Cars"—has so many living representatives on the streets and highways, so many devoted witnesses among the public that even several years of building tank, airplane and cannon assemblies, and no cars, in the Plymouth plants could not obliterate its meaning in the automotive world—nor the promise it holds with peace.

PLYMOUTH... *Division of Chrysler Corporation*

WAR BONDS ARE YOUR PERSONAL INVESTMENT IN VICTORY

Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS — Saturday Night — NBC Network

to Benfield, a thousand years ago. Tom commented, putting her in the car, "One of the prettiest girls who ever gladdened these old eyes, dear."

She asked, "Woollcott speaking? Thanks very much. Golly, it's hot tonight . . . I understand Nelda is leaving for Southampton when this announcement business is over . . ."

"Is she? My people will be there," said Tom, "in the stuffiest house you've ever seen, unless it's the town mausoleum. I suppose I'll go down week ends, whenever I can, and of course Tony will be at Herons'."

"What do the Herons do with the Connecticut house?"

"Oh, that's one of those week-end *pieds à terre*," said Tom, laughing. "Autumn, spring, or a run up now and then for skiing, when they aren't in Palm Beach. The Southampton place isn't large, but it's a honey. The old man likes his fishing, golf and surf bathing. The Connecticut jernt is really Mrs. Heron's baby."

"Why," asked Linda, "do people find it necessary to live in so many houses?"

"Well, for one thing," said Tom, "it affords them a topic of conversation. 'You know, my dear, I have to open the Florida place and close the Long Island shack and, of course, run up to Connecticut to talk about the storm windows'. . . It's going to be a little more difficult," he added, "to maintain all these dilatory domiciles, what with domestic servants deciding defense work's the thing, the draft and all the rest of it, not to mention taxes. By the way, did I tell you you are looking very pretty tonight?"

"Yes," said Linda, "you did, and thank you again."

He said, "You couldn't by any chance be falling in love with me, could you?"

"Perish the thought," Linda answered cheerfully.

"That's funny," he said. "I thought I was just your type."

They reached their destination, and Linda waited in the lobby while Tom wrestled with the problem of parking. He ended by putting the car in a West Side garage and taxiing furiously to the St. Regis.

When he returned, Linda was talking to Peg and Rix Anderson. Only Peg, with her blue-black hair, dark skin and gray eyes could have managed to wear a bright sheer, startling in line and color.

THEY'D arrived almost as soon as Linda, and Rix had hailed her. He'd said, as if delighted, "Linda . . . this *is* luck." He'd added, "Don't I recognize that dress . . . ? It's very attractive."

He spoke, doubtless, without thinking why and how he recognized it, for almost as soon as he had asked the question, he looked disturbed, and Peg said, with the ease of a knife sliding into butter, "You should, darling. You selected the color, and I had the dress made for her."

She looked from one to the other, and Linda said lightly and quite without effort, "That's the one, Rix . . . from the well-remembered trousseau. Don't look so upset. I don't feel the least compunction —or nostalgia—wearing it."

"Lord," he said, with a rueful smile, "I certainly put my foot in it this time, didn't I—?"

"Why?" asked Linda. "Aren't you being a little self-conscious about the whole thing?"

She was certainly not self-conscious. Rix Anderson felt a curious admixture of relief and chagrin. He said, "She's a good sport, isn't she, Peg?"

"Wonderful," said Peg, "and that remark was certainly not Emily Post either."

"Oh, you two," said Linda, and her tone was much as it once had been, half affectionate, half tolerant, "you're being very silly. Why don't you go up to the party? Tom's probably having difficulty parking; he'll be along any time now. I'll wait here. . . ."

"You and Yorke," began Rix, rallying . . .

She interrupted, smiling, "No speculations. There's a columnist under my chair. After all, Tom's rather well known."

He looked at her with bewildered admiration.

"You've come a long way," he commented.

"Isn't that Dietrich?" Linda asked Peg. "Look—going into the elevator . . . Of course it is. I didn't know she was in town."

They were still discussing celebrities and the cinema when Tom, panting, arrived. He greeted the Andersons, and seized Linda's arm firmly. "The car's halfway back to the club but it couldn't be helped. Let's go. I don't believe we're late at that," he said.

They were almost the last to arrive. In the cocktail lounge off the roof, Nelda greeted them, smiling, with Tony, looking very brushed, polished and proud, and her parents beside her. Linda had met the older Herons on a prior occasion and liked them both, the big bluff man with the leonine head and the older, small, softer edition of Nelda who was Nelda's mother, her gold head turned prematurely platinum, but the fine skin as clear as her daughter's.

DINNER was lavish, and the guests were many, reminiscent of other days. There were souvenirs of the occasion . . . heart-shaped compacts for the women, with A. D. and N. H. reproduced across them in Nelda's small, square handwriting. There were cigarette holders for the men. The enormous table was banked with flowers and there was enough champagne, as Tom remarked, to launch a two-ocean navy.

Dancing with Tony, Linda asked, "Are you as happy as you look?"

"More so. Do you think an idiotic grin becomes me?" he inquired anxiously.

"Very much. Who's that dark man with the little beard who sat opposite me . . . I didn't catch his name."

"Doctor Benning . . . he's the big shot psychiatrist," said Tony, "an old friend of the Herons. He's alleged to have the best brain-side manner in Manhattan."

Linda giggled. Tony was fun. He demanded, his arm tightening around her, "Having a good time, youngster . . . ?"

"Swell, but I wish it were Saturday night. I hate to stagger into the office tomorrow all hung over," she said. "This sort of shindig isn't good for the working woman. You know, Cinderella and all that. I'll wake up with my mind full of mice."

"Did you come with Tom?"

"Yep. Why?"

"Looks as if it were getting serious." He added, "I couldn't do anything about the Andersons. Nelda likes them a lot and so—"

"Don't bother," said Linda. She tilted her head to look up at him and her eyes were as clear as a child's. "I—well, I'm wholly over the hump, thanks to that sudden encounter at Heroncrest . . . and thanks to you, too. It's all washed up, don't give it another thought. Peg even came to see me the other afternoon, at the club. We're the best of friends," said Linda mendaciously. . . .

He said, "I don't believe it."

"How discourteous. Them's fighting words. Why?"

"You're not the sort of girl who gets over things," he said, rather awkward. "I mean, as soon . . ."

"My dear Tony!" said Linda tolerant. "You haven't the remotest idea what sort of girl I am."

He looked down at her for a moment. "Maybe you're right," he said slowly.

"I decided," said Linda, "that carrying a torch didn't suit me. In the first place too much heat and darned little light.

prefer fireflies, all light and no heat. I'm no blues singer," she told him, "and besides, I'm having too good a time. Whatever happened has happened. I can't undo it, but I can go on from there, can't I? I'd be silly not to—as staying in one place, marking time, gets you nowhere fast. Maybe you were right about one nail driving out another. Maybe what hurt me most was my pride—"

"And I don't believe that, either," he said firmly.

"What a fruitless discussion," she murmured. "Skip it. I'm much more interested in you and your gal. And the music's stopping."

IT WAS on the cards that she would dance with Rix before the evening was over. A week or so ago the thought of his arms about her—they had danced so much together, and beautifully—would have terrified her. Now she didn't mind. Not in the least. She told herself that firmly when she rose and looked at his smiling eyes. But some trepidation remained until the arms were close about her. She said to herself in astonishment: Why, I feel nothing, absolutely nothing . . . And it was true.

He asked, "Dare I say, 'This is like old times?' "

"Well, not quite," she said, smiling.

He said, "Peg . . . she was out of turn, wasn't she, going to see you?"

"Why?" asked Linda. "We are more or less civilized, aren't we? Though sometimes, when I see the newspaper headlines, I doubt it."

"Linda, have you really forgiven me?" he asked, soberly.

"In the sense you mean, there was nothing to forgive, Rix," said Linda. "If I thought so for a time, it was my vanity speaking. You couldn't help falling in love with someone else. I don't think you were ever very much in love with me, now that I look back . . ."

"But I was," he protested.

"You didn't know your own capacity," he said, smiling. "With us, it was just a question of did he fall or was he pushed. Pushed, I think, by propinquity, our families' intimacy, and the fact that from the time I was knee-high to a hoptoad everyone thought of me as your girl. Suggestion, I think. Just ask Doctor Benning about it."

"Who the heck is he?"

"A fellow guest," she said. "One of the medicos who deal with strange things like the power of suggestion and behavior patterns, to say nothing of conditioning and complexes. I danced with him a while back. He's very interesting. I'm busy planning a nervous breakdown, as he's very attractive as well."

"Linda, I don't give a hoot about what's-his-name. If you knew how I felt when I saw you at Nelda's."

Did she imagine it or had his voice altered as he spoke Nelda's name?

"I know," she said. "I felt a little odd myself. But it's all over now. Meeting you, again, was the best thing that ever happened to me."

"Why?" he asked after a moment.

"Because it proved how utterly foolish I was, in being afraid that I might meet you. There's nothing like having what you fear most happen. Then there's nothing more to be afraid of, Rix, and you see how groundless your fears were all along. It's as if a child woke in the dark and saw an unknown shape and shrank from it. But when daylight comes he sees it's just a piece of furniture long familiar to him and so not in the least frightening."

"What a flattering comparison," said Rix. "Look here, Linda."

"No," she said firmly. "Look at Tony and Nelda." They were dancing close to them, and Nelda saw them and smiled her slow, provocative smile, and Tony beamed blissfully. But his eyes were a little anxious. Well, bless his heart, thought Linda, he's still worried about me.

She said aloud, as they lost Tony and his partner in the crowd, "They're such an attractive couple, don't you think?"

"Oh, sure," said Rix carelessly. "Not that Tony's much to look at, but he's a good, sound guy."

"No," said Linda, "he isn't as handsome as Tom Yorke of course, nor you." She smiled at him, amused at his reaction. "You were always a little too good-looking," she added critically, "which would have become a great anxiety to me after a while. It must be terrible to be compelled to compete with one's husband in, and for, the mirror—"

"I like that!" said Rix, annoyed.

"Good," said Linda serenely. "But Peg can't have any such worry, as she's by far the prettiest woman at this party. She's even handsomer than Nelda . . . because her type lasts longer. Blondes," stated Linda, "fade."

"You are a cat," said Rix. "By any chance are you a little miffed because Tony Dennison is now officially Nelda's?"

"Nope," said Linda, "I'm not. One thing for which I am very grateful to you, Rix, is that you set up a sort of immunity in me . . ."

"To—other men?" asked Rix, almost mechanically. This was the sort of line to which his responses were automatic.

"Wrong again. Not *other*, but all. Take it or leave it," she said. "Maybe it's rank flattery but I'm grateful just the same."

He said, "I don't know just how you mean that, Linda. Mother and Father are going to be in town next week. Somehow she's persuaded him to see me. If

EASTON DR. BR.
BURLINGAME
PUBLIC
LIB.

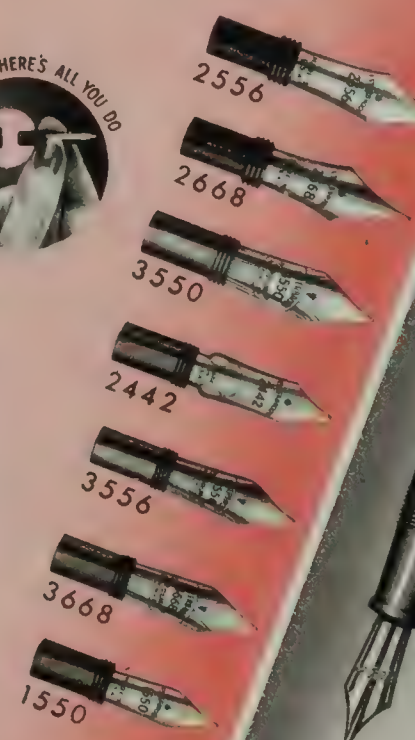
"Thank goodness for that nasty disposition. Nobody will steal her from us"

COLLIER'S TED KEY

THE RIGHT POINT
for the way you write

If you own an
Esterbrook

You'll find Renew-Points ideal for keeping your Esterbrook Fountain Pen in tip-top form for the duration. You can replace worn or damaged points yourself. But remember, Renew-Point production is limited and the demands on your dealer are greater than ever. Give him time if he does not have your number in stock—he will get it for you as soon as possible.



If you need a new
Esterbrook

Only limited quantities of new Esterbrook Pens are being made, in accordance with War Production Board regulations. If you need a new pen, you'll find that a new Esterbrook—with an Esterbrook *Precision* Renew-Point—will give you the right point for the way you write! But remember—war conditions may limit your stationer's ability to fill your order immediately.

WRITING IS FIGHTING

Before the war, Esterbrook was the world's leading business pen. Today Esterbrook is the *war* business pen—doing its part in war industries and in Government war agencies. Demands from these sources are great. If your stationer can't fill your order immediately, don't forget that he must supply these high priority war orders first. He'll fill your order as soon as possible.

Esterbrook
IS THE WAR 1 BUSINESS PEN

you—if you'd come to see them—have dinner with us at the flat or something, it would be generous of you, for it would help me a lot."

"I've just said I was grateful to you," she mused aloud . . . "Of course I'll come. Not that I care," she said frankly, "whether you and your father are reconciled or not, as far as you are concerned. But I care for your mother's sake. She doesn't deserve this situation, Rix. And she adores you. It hasn't been easy for her, I know. Tell Peg to call me up or send me a card or something and I'll turn up and convince them that everything's just dandy . . ."

"I don't," he said cautiously, "like your tone . . ."

She said, "Because it hurts your vanity to think that I am all over it, doesn't it? Well, I can't help that, Rix, thank heaven."

He said, "Funny thing, I used to think I knew you better than anyone in the world. And I went on thinking so, right up until I saw you again. Tonight, I'm more confused than ever."

"Confusion . . ." began Linda gravely.

THE music slid to a smooth, sweet close, and they went back to their table.

Later, she saw him dancing with Nelda. He wasn't much taller than the girl, but tall enough. The dark head was close to the golden head. They waltzed perfectly together, with a lovely unity of step and fluid motion. Linda, with Doctor Benning sitting beside her, watched them, and Benning said, idly, "Now there's a rather ideal couple . . ."

"Rix Anderson," she asked, "and Nelda?"

"Is that his name? Attractive young man," commented the doctor, "with a very beautiful wife who looks like a slumbering volcano."

"Yes," said Linda, "Peg does, rather." She added. "I've known them a long time."

"I've known Nelda since she was born," said Benning. "I'm old enough to be her father. There was a time when I wanted very much to marry her mother. I was a struggling young intern in those days and Heron came along, too soon." He smiled. "I'm Nelda's godfather, however," he went on, "and have always been fond of her. I very much hope that she will be happy in this proposed marriage."

Linda asked carefully, "You don't like Tony Dennison?"

Doctor Benning's bright, dark eyes were thoughtful. He said, "My dear girl, I certainly did not mean to give you that erroneous impression. I like him enormously—the little I've seen of him. He's a very fine type . . . one of which this country can be proud, and which it will, one day, sacrifice for the good of the majority."

She asked, "Which means you think we'll get into this war?"

"I believe there's no doubt of it," he said gravely, "as the world has become something of a madhouse."

She said, "I—I don't like to think about it . . . But you were talking about Nelda, Doctor."

He said, "Was I? Speculating aloud, perhaps. She needs a very firm hand on the reins, a hand almost ruthless. I doubt if young Dennison possesses the quality." He shrugged. "Still," he added, "I have made a wrong diagnosis before this and the emotion we term love is a marvelous thing . . . as unexpected as lightning from a blue sky, as uncertain as April weather, as incalculable as the woman who arouses it in a man . . ." He smiled, "You're a very good listener." He went on, "And all men in my particular branch of the medical profession enjoy talking about themselves because so much of their work is spent in hearing others talk."

"You weren't talking about yourself," said Linda.

"Yes, I was. I was theorizing, a form of ego. I see that a redheaded gentleman is bearing down on us with blood in his eye. And the music has started."

Linda rose, smiled at Benning and was taken into Tom Yorke's arms. He demanded, "What gives here? Were you getting a little psychoanalyzing free of charge? He looks like a guy who'd enjoy his work."

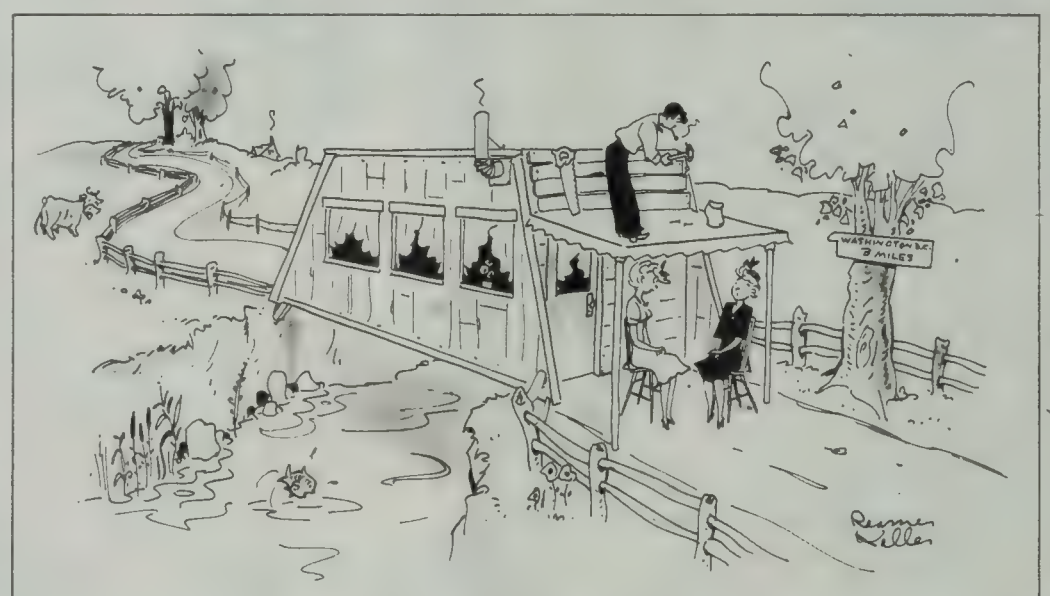
"Maybe I ought to consult him," said Linda, "except that I don't much want to know any more about myself than I do . . ."

LATER in the powder room, she encountered Peg making a new mouth for herself and scowling into the mirror.

"Having a good time?" asked Linda, sitting down beside her.

"Rotten," said Peg. "Champagne makes my head ache."

Linda yawned. She said, "It's late and I work for a living. I'll drag Tom away from Nelda's post debutante pals and we'll get going."



COLLIER'S "It's nice here except we're bothered a great deal with cars wanting to get through" REAMER KELLER

"I'll stay here," said Peg viciously, "and watch Rix make a fool of himself. Wha else can I do?"

Linda powdered her nose. She com mented, "I don't know why I bother. Pu on your face, take it off, put it on again Too silly. It's a wonder women have an skin left."

"You don't want to talk about Rix an Nelda," Peg accused her.

Linda swung around. She said, "I don' want to talk about anyone when it's non of my business."

"Well, it's mine," said Peg. "I was danc ing with someone . . . I don't even kno the man's name. He was a disgusting ol boy . . . And we stood there politel clapping for the encore and he was askin for my telephone number—I bet he has honey of an address book—and Rix an Nelda stood there too and didn't even loo around and I heard him say, 'But you can do this to me, Nelda, you can't.' And sh said, 'I have to, Rix . . . Please trust m it's the better way, it will be all right. Ju be patient.' There's a word for that kin of woman," she said bitterly.

She met Linda's eyes in the glass, an flushed. She said, "I suppose you thin there's a word for me, too?"

"Several," said Linda mildly, "and o of them's idiot. You're unduly apprehe sive, I think . . ."

"Which is all you know about it . . ."

Linda rose. She said, "I'll find Tom a demand to be taken home. Rix spoke me about his parents' imminent arrival. promised to be on deck when, and if, y want me and if you think it will help ma ters. I know you don't care especially. B Aunt Alice cares and she's the one I interested in, Peg. If it is possible for R and his father to be reconciled, then I'll all I can, for his mother's sake."

"I can't see why," began Peg.

"No," said Linda, "I suppose not. I just that I find it more difficult than thought to eradicate Benfield and the c loyalties completely. Next to my moth I love Aunt Alice more than any wom in the world. And if you were wise, P you'd be friends with her."

"Benfield isn't in my blood," said Peg.

"No," agreed Linda, "that's been qu apparent all along, hasn't it?"

(To be continued next week)

Mr. 2 x 3

Continued from page 18

Then the life of Mr. William Joseph Eudy Arthur, his full name, caved in all around him. The Army discovered Onslow County and dumped $16,000,000 into Camp Davis, an antiaircraft Coast Artillery place accommodating about 20,000 men. The Marines landed in Jacksonville and started the greatest Marine base in the world at Camp Lejeune. Camp Davis had been a bit far from Jacksonville, but the Marines were right on the doorstep—and they poured in by the thousands.

"Billy," they were saying, almost before he could get his fishing rod put reluctantly away, "get us out 50,000 of these laundry tickets by Monday, will you? We'll need 25,000 pay sheets for the sergeants. And, Billy, those stamps and pads—what about them?"

The newspaper is his pride, however, and he does his twice-a-week column with all the attention of an old master working on a miniature. When he answers the phone he generally says, "All right?" but sometimes varies it by saying, "News and Views." He's proud of the name and prouder of the paper's slogan: "The only newspaper in the world that gives a whoop about Onslow County."

He weighs 84 pounds and has started dieting; he wears a 14½ collar and his arms are 12½ inches long. His waist is 28 inches and his chest 30 inches. He is 32 years old and has never married. He wears his trousers zoot-suit style to hide his game leg. He is one of the best two-fingered maulers of a typewriter in existence, averaging seventy words a minute when the furies possess him. He is an inveterate cigarette smoker but takes only two or three puffs on a new one before throwing it away. He owns his own home and keeps house, bachelor-style, with a Marine captain who has lately come back from Guadalcanal.

Billy is a good cook but he has one failing—biscuits. He can't do biscuits; buys them canned. He owns a car but doesn't drive it himself. His greatest hobby next to fishing is photography, which he has now turned into a professional asset because of his business.

When he went up to the legislature last fall, he was put on eleven committees, the most important being the finance committee, a good appointment for a new member. He had no competition for election and probably can keep the job forever. Help was so short on the paper that he came home over the week ends, got out an issue of the paper, editorial copy and advertising, and was back in Raleigh on Monday morning.

"The big shots told me the best thing a new member could do was keep his mouth shut. I did. I got along all right. Spoke in committees, of course, but not on the floor."

He had to use strenuous measures to get the merchants of Jacksonville accustomed to the idea of advertising. Hitherto, they had done nothing but distribute a few handbills. Billy worked out a plan where they got both the advertising in the paper and the handbills for one price. That convinced them, and when he worked out a deal to print the Marines' paper free of charge in return for the privilege of selling the advertising, he had no trouble at all except foot trouble. He has to race around town at a great clip to keep up with business. He crosses a street, hurls himself up over the curb onto the sidewalk and careens along.

Small-Town Executive

In the office, he bangs his typewriter, handles printing business, answers the phone, confers with constituents wanting political favors and tries to keep peace between the Marines and the townspeople, the latter not being too happy at having their once leisurely life upset by the appearance of the Devil Dogs.

The woods are gone, the use of New River is gone (a beautiful stream five miles wide at one point), and strangers are b ing out the old merchants with fabul offers and transforming the town.

In view of all he does, it is difficult convince Billy that his stature has bee handicap for him. He is an entirely n mal young man, with an attractive p sonality and friends by the thousands. first, one is inclined to be embarrassed meeting him, for fear of showing pity, that feeling disappears almost immediat

When curious people ask him his re tion to life, he says, "I suppose I could around sermonizing fortitude and brav but I'm too busy to bother. I'm no he I'm just healthy. Look at those legs! Str as a bull. I'm agile, too."

His attitude toward himself is exa right. When the draft board called him for classification, a young lady filled his questionnaire. He stood by the t with his nose barely sticking up over edge. She was writing down the ansv as fast as he gave them.

"Height?" . . . Billy told her.

"Weight?" . . . He told her.

"Age?" . . . He told her.

"Any distinguishing marks or cha teristics?" she asked.

"I got a scar over the right eye," Billy.

THE END

They Float...

This is a fish-eye-view of a bridge of air. It's a military bridge—made of inflated rubber pontons over which are laid metal road sections—and it's buoyant enough to carry the heaviest tanks safely across deep rivers.

Seiberling is one of the largest makers of bridge pontons for our Armed Forces . . . and of 2-man rubber life boats, larger 6-man reconnaissance boats and big landing barges that carry 40 fully-armed troops. One remarkable Seiberling engineering development has cut the curing time of these urgently needed boats and pontons from two days to 35 minutes! Seiberling has released this marked manufacturing advance to the entire rubber industry to help speed up and improve production.

The men and women who have made the name Seiberling on Rubber like Sterling on Silver are using all their skill and ingenuity to improve and speed production of *many* kinds of war goods. After Victory, that same skill and ingenuity will create the finest peacetime products that have ever borne the Seiberling name.

Until the war *is* won, save rubber for Victory! Drive slowly, keep your tires properly inflated, and let your Seiberling Dealer help you get *maximum* mileage. He's ready with *expert* service.

SEIBERLING *Experts in Rubber*

ARMY E NAVY

Wartime manufacturers of Bullet-Sealed Tubes and Military Tires for our armed forces—Bullet-Sealing Gasoline Tanks—Rubber Floats, Boats and Pontons—Rubber Parts for Gas Masks, Airplanes and Tanks. Also makers of Tires and Tubes for passenger cars and trucks—Sealed Air Tubes—Rubber Heels, Soles and Mechanical Goods.

"Chicago Pianos" Today...

Call 'em "Chicago pianos," pom-poms or whatever you please. To speed production of such vital war goods as this AIR EXPRESS rushes tons of tools and materials to every production center in the U.S.A. and to more than 60 foreign countries. At the same time AIR EXPRESS works hand in hand with the Army and Navy Air Transport services to supply our fighting fronts throughout the world.

Baby Grands Tomorrow

Tomorrow, this 3-mile-a-minute service will speed the delivery of peacetime goods to every part of our better world . . . *flying* everything from pumps to piano wire, bric-a-brac to baby grands. (A pound or a ton, if it fits into a plane it can go AIR EXPRESS.)

AIR EXPRESS SPEEDS WAR PRODUCTION

SHIP·EARLY—as soon as shipment is ready — to assure *fastest* delivery. PACK COMPACTLY—to save valuable space. Get our handbook "How To Ship by Air Express During Wartime." Write Dept. PR, Railway Express Agency, 230 Park Ave., New York.

AIR EXPRESS

Gets there FIRST

Phone RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY, AIR EXPRESS DIVISION
Representing the AIRLINES of the United States

Three Russian Women

Continued from page 13

wagon, piled hay on top of me and sent me to a farmhouse a few miles away. Each night I would be transferred farther away from my village, farther away from the Germans. Then I reached an unoccupied town which had a hospital. The bullet had gone through my side and had injured my lung, and they didn't think I would live. I did, though, and then when I was better I decided to join the Partisans. People in our villages always knew where they could be found."

"Were you expert with a gun?" I asked.

She smiled faintly. "I had never held a gun in my hands before but I soon learned. We were usually behind the German lines. We kept in touch with the people of the occupied villages. Sometimes we raided these villages. There was a great shortage of salt in the Ukraine. I imagine the Germans sent it back to their country. Once we heard that they had a stock of salt in a certain village. We raided the village, took the salt and distributed it among the people of the neighboring villages. We were well armed but food, of course, was a problem."

"How would you get food?" I asked her.

"They put me in charge of that," she said. "My wound was giving me trouble and I couldn't go on quick marches. I'd take a few men and lie in wait beside a road. When a convoy of German food trucks came along, we would ambush them and run the loaded trucks back to our headquarters. We shifted headquarters every few nights. We slept by day usually, and fought by night."

"What was the Partisans' main job?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Our main job was to blow up railroads and bridges. We blew up a lot of them, hindering the German advance. They decided to send a good force after us. We heard about it. They sent twenty tanks into the valley where we were, but we outflanked them and blew up five of them with hand grenades. Then we moved somewhere else. We were always on the move."

Uliana lived and fought with the Partisans for nearly two years. She doesn't know yet what happened to her mother or to her two younger sisters. She would rather not think about that, she said. Why was she in Moscow? Uliana was a little ashamed of it. Her old wound had given her a lot of trouble, so she had been sent to specialists in the capital. But she would be back with the Partisans soon, she said grimly, and then, rather surprisingly, she lost her placidity and became vibrant, alive, dynamic.

"Do your American women know the kind of beasts we are fighting?" Her eyes flashed now and she no longer bent forward. She didn't look like any middle-aged peasant woman now. She looked strong, vigorous, filled with a righteous hatred of the men who had invaded her country.

"Do they know that every time Germans occupy a village they hang or shoot a group of women just as a lesson to the others?" she said. "As a lesson to make others fall into line and obey them. Their motto is, 'Women and children first.' Yes, hang the women and starve the children. Have American women ever seen the bodies of children who have starved to death? I have—in many villages of the Ukraine." Uliana breathed heavily and put her hand to her side. She got up and bowed, and there was a certain majesty about this stocky Russian who couldn't quite stand up straight. She walked out of the room.

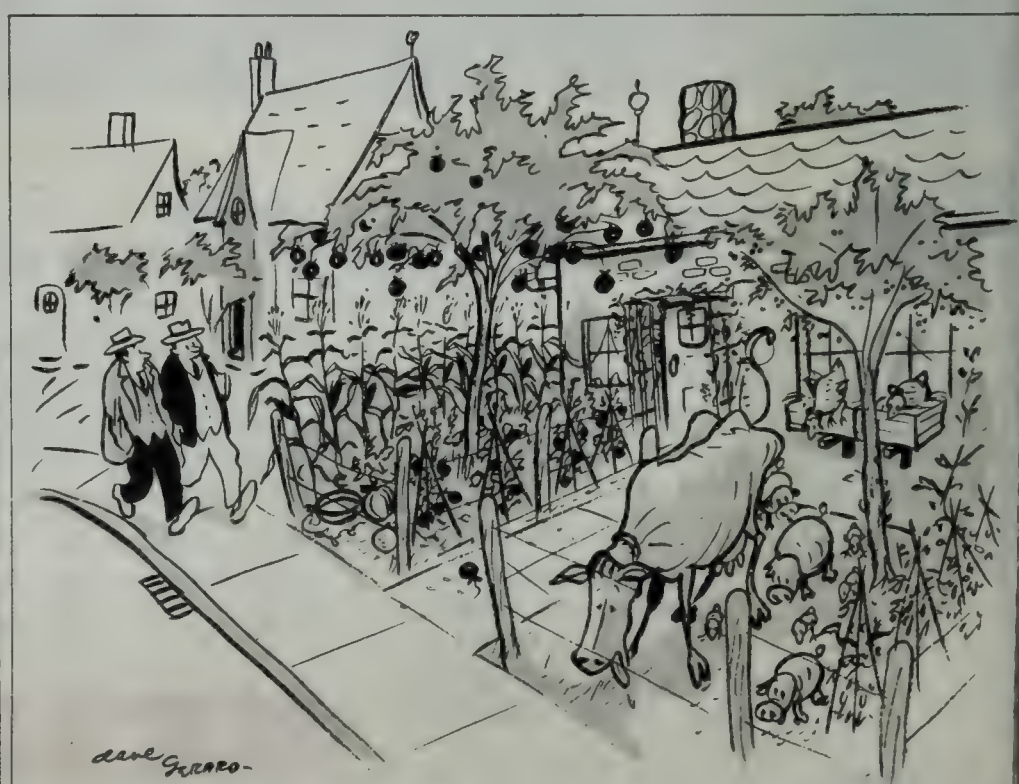
The Reward for Valor

Katia has chestnut hair that tumbles gaily over her forehead, and it is difficult to resist the impulse to run your hand through it. Katia has gray eyes that twinkle when she laughs, and she has even white teeth and a dimple in her right cheek. She has a slim figure and soft hands, beautifully cared for. She is twenty-four but looks younger.

Katia wears the shining order of the Red Star, and the gold and crimson of it gleam against the dark blue of her uniform. She is a lieutenant and one of the best combat pilots in Russia. She has just returned from the Stalingrad front to receive another decoration. She has been in Moscow ten days and is very bored. Moscow must seem dull to a pilot who has made 160 operational flights and downed six "certain" German aircraft and received credit for many "probables."

"It will be good to get back," Katia says, her gray eyes gleaming. "Moscow is nice but it is no place for a fighter pilot to be. Once you've seen the ballet and heard the opera, what else is there to do in Moscow?"

"You might do this," I suggested. "You



COLLIER'S "And just when I thought I was becoming self-sufficient, my tobacco crop failed" DAVE GERARD

COLLIER'S "How about something nice in a rug, pal? After buying a War Bond first, of course" BILL KING

ight tell me the story of how you be-ame a pilot."

Katia was born on a farm near Vyazma n the village of Konoplianka. Her father ied when she was very young, and her nother, with five daughters to bring up, ad a difficult time of it. Katia began to ork when she was eight. She did house-ork for a more prosperous family in the illage. She had no time to play, no real irlhood, and it is doubtful whether she ver had any dreams. Her dismal future as too obvious. Fortune had destined er to be a household drudge.

Then came Stalin's first great innova-on—the collective farm. That meant a reat deal to very small farmers. It meant certain amount of security, for one thing.

Katia immediately went to work on a ollective farm. Now life was better. She ad friends of her own age with whom to lk and play, and she was allowed to at-end school for the first time in her life.

Then one day Katia met her destiny. he was walking home from school and, ooking up, she saw an airplane. It was e first plane she had ever seen. It ircled lazily above her as though it were ere for her special benefit. She stared, ascinated.

Birth of an Ambition

The pilot glided low, so that she could e the graceful outlines of the plane asily, and then he opened the throttle and pared away, leaving a singing heart be-w. Katia told herself that one day she, o, would fly an airplane. It was a ntastic ambition for a young girl in an bscure Russian village to harbor, but e nursed it, and henceforth everything e did was directed toward that one aim. y now, Katia's older sister Olga was orking in a Moscow factory—an aircraft ctory. Katia headed for the capital.

Her sister laughed when Katia told her f her ambition. Katia had it all planned. he would work in an aircraft factory and er work would be so outstanding that ey would immediately send her to a fly-g school.

"Everyone here is a specialist," Olga ld the dismayed Katia. "Everyone has een to a technical school to learn the use f precision instruments. You'll have to o to school before you can get work in a aircraft factory."

Katia went around to technical schools, ut found that, as it was June, they had osed for the summer. Then she made the ound of factories looking for any kind of b. When you apply for factory work as a pupil in Russia, you must fill out a formal application. Among other questions, you are asked, "What do you want to be?" Invariably Katia wrote down, "Pilot."

One personnel manager grew impatient. "This is a shoe factory," he said. "If you want to be a pilot, it's no place for you."

She went back again to her sister's factory. She pleaded for any kind of job at all. Her persistence was finally rewarded, and Katia was given a job as messenger between departments. Nothing mattered as long as she could hear the roar of engines of planes landing and taking off on the airport which was also part of the factory.

Katia was a good citizen. She became a Pioneer leader—Pioneers are much like our Boy and Girl Scout organizations. She loved children and she worked hard, all of it voluntary unpaid work. In addition, she became a member of the Komsol (Young Communist League), and she attended night school. But always she kept sight of her main ambition.

At the factory airdrome, they taught young pilots to fly. Katia never stopped badgering the officials in charge to give her a chance and, finally, again perhaps impressed by her persistence or maybe just tired out by it, they reluctantly allowed her to enroll in the school. She didn't mind the tedious months of ground instruction. Soon she would actually fly in a plane.

Then the day when she began her dual instruction finally arrived. She proved an apt pupil, and one spring afternoon when her instructor climbed out of the plane, he waved her back and said casually, "Take it up yourself. See what you can do."

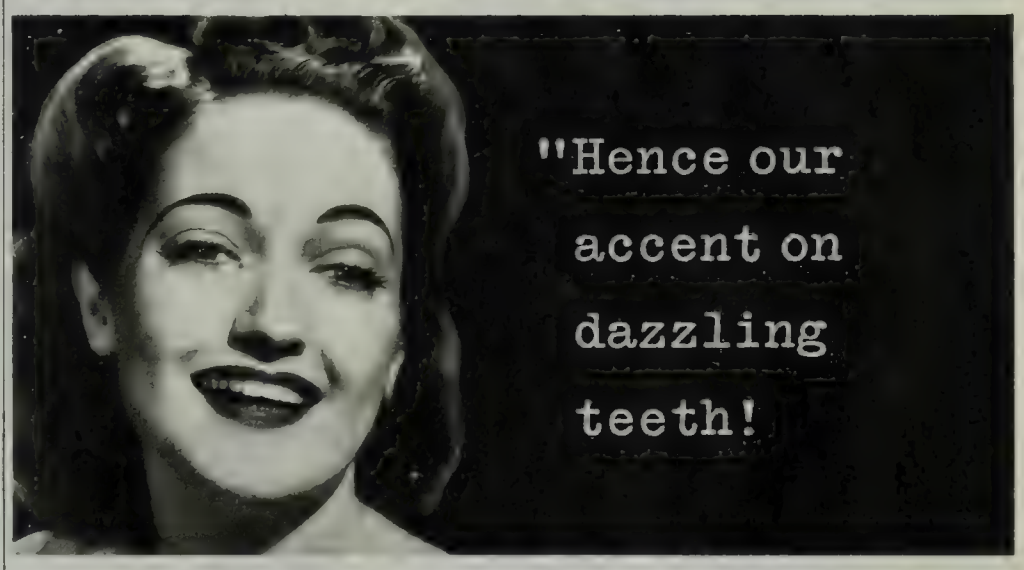
"That was the greatest moment of my life," Katia says, her gray eyes shining. "I took it, and it obeyed me. It was wonderful to be high above Moscow in a plane that did everything you told it to do. I landed, and it was all right, but the instructor said, 'That landing was probably an accident. Take it up again.' And thank goodness, my second landing was all right, too."

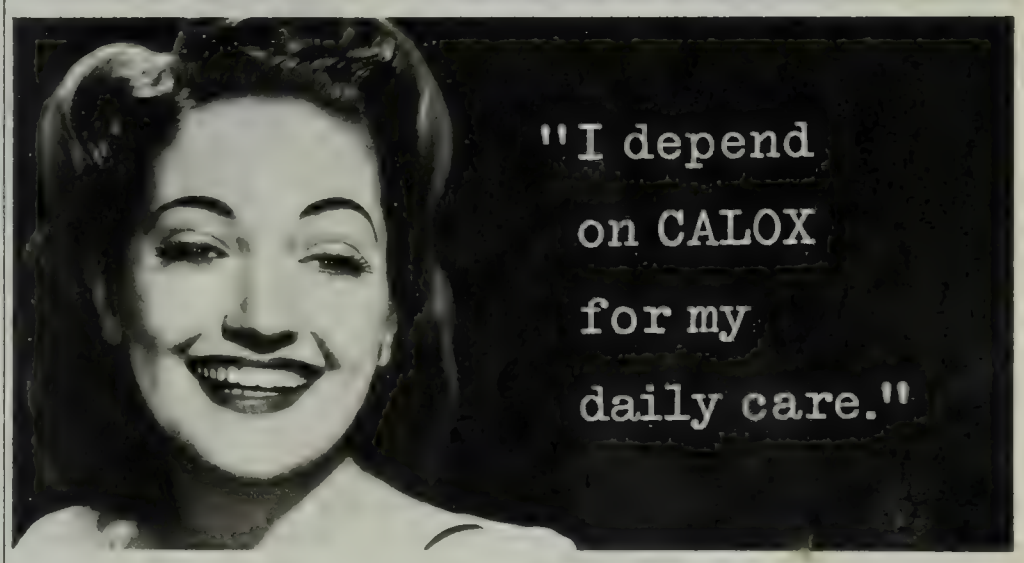
From then on, Katia did nothing but fly. She resented the hours of darkness when she couldn't fly and she became a good pilot, so good that within six months she was acting as an instructor. About this time, aviation clubs were springing up all over Russia. She was given a post as head instructor at one of these clubs. She turned out more than one hundred pilots, some of whom became her colleagues in her squadron at Stalingrad.

"Then one morning," Katia says, "I

DOROTHY LAMOUR speaking:

Starring in "DIXIE," a Paramount Technicolor Production.





A dentist's dentifrice—

Calox was created by a dentist for persons who want *the utmost sparkle and brilliance* consistent with utmost gentleness. Look for these *professional* features:

1. Scrupulous cleansing. Your teeth have a notably clean *feel* after using Calox.
2. Unexcelled efficiency—even for problem teeth. And Calox is a miracle of delicacy.
3. Especially lustrous polishing.
4. No mouth-puckering, medicine taste. Contains no strong ingredients. Even children like the cool, clean flavor.
5. Made by McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.—a laboratory specializing in professional drugs.

"and McKESSON makes it"

OTHER FAMOUS McKESSON PRODUCTS: BEXEL VITAMIN B CAPSULES, ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM, YODORA DEODORANT, SORETONE

heard Molotov tell us on the radio that the Germans had invaded us and that we were in a state of war. I said to myself, 'Be calm. Be calm.' But it was hard to be calm. I knew now that I wanted to be a fighter pilot. How? I didn't know. But I would become one."

And despite every difficulty, she did become a fighter pilot. She found the speedy Yak, the best of all Russian fighters, not much more difficult to fly than the sport planes she had been flying. Gunnery was a little more difficult, but she soon mastered the ground targets and finally the targets towed in the air by other planes. She was given her wings. Stalingrad was taking a bad beating in those days, and fighter pilots were urgently needed there to stop the German bombers. Katia, wearing her new dark blue uniform and her new wings, was sent to the Stalingrad squadron.

"Men laughed at first," she said. "They thought it a joke but not a very good joke. We usually fly in pairs, with each pilot looking after his partner. None of the men wanted to fly with me."

But discipline is discipline, and one of them had to accept her as a flying mate. They took off on a reconnaissance flight, and when they returned an hour later, her partner smiled and cried out, "Khorosho," which meant in Russia, "Okay." She had been accepted and henceforth she was one of them.

One Girl Against a Squadron

She got her taste of battle very soon. Alone, she came out of a cloud and was startled to see a full squadron of German bombers just below her. They were heading for Stalingrad. She really had no right to risk herself and her plane against twelve bombers, but if she didn't, these Germans might get to Stalingrad and drop those eggs. She dived, got a German in her sights and pressed the little red button. Smoke poured from the German plane in a lazy trail, and she zoomed above the squadron and into a friendly cloud. She thought she'd try it again. Apparently their fighter escort was very high. She banked and returned to attack.

This time she hit the leader, probably hit his gas tank, for the plane blew up in an orange ball of fire. She saw that the remaining German planes were dropping their bombs. They always did this when they anticipated an attack by a force of fighters. She saw bombs burst harmlessly in white flowers of smoke on the countryside below and then she thought it high time to be getting home. She went.

She had her miraculous escapes as all pilots do. There was the time when she was attacked by two Messerschmitt 109Fs, an awfully good German fighter. She got one of them nicely, and then she and the remaining Messerschmitt, with the sky to themselves, fought for twenty-five minutes—a long time for a dogfight. Each tried to maneuver into good positions. Each cleverly averted and countered every offensive trick.

Finally Katia got him in her sights. She pressed the button—and nothing happened. She was out of ammunition. Well, she would try to make him think she still had ammunition. She circled and climbed and dived, and then he managed to get behind her, and she had a horrible moment when she realized that he was in a beautiful position. She dived. He followed, but the expected fusillade didn't come. Then she realized that he, too, had run out of ammunition.

"It was very silly," Katia says gravely. "There we were flying close to each other and neither of us could do anything about it."

Katia laughed. She had to go, really she did. She had an appointment—at the Kremlin. Rather shyly she confessed that. Yes, she was going to the Kremlin to be decorated again. She was to receive the second order of the Red Star, and then she would be off to the front again.

Our third Russian woman isn't really a woman at all. She says she is nineteen. She looks fifteen. She seems far too small to carry the long name of Ekaterina Stepanovna Novikova about with her, so it seems quite natural to call her by her diminutive of Katiusha, which really means Kathie. Katiusha always wanted to be a parachutist. She did make one jump. It was from the roof of her parents' farmhouse in the Yaroslavl region, and her parachute was her mother's pet possession—a silk umbrella. The jump was not exactly a success. The umbrella caught on a shutter, and young Katiusha (she was eleven then) landed in very soft mud which injured nothing but her clothes and her feelings.

As a youngster, she never liked dolls but she did like dogs. Katiusha was the freshest tomboy in the neighborhood and at a very early age she flatly declared her intention of becoming a member of the Red army. "You're too short," they mocked, and that was true enough. At twelve, she was only a tiny thing with very short legs. She heard of some pills which would make her grow and somehow she managed to get a box of them. The instructions said to take one every day. Katiusha took ten at once, which sent her straight to the hospital.

"Tell me about myself!"

From Rifle to Machine Gun

Her parents moved to Moscow to find work in the factories, and Katiusha went to school. There were shooting clubs then in Russia, and Katiusha joined one. At least she would learn to shoot a rifle. She did learn to shoot a rifle, and when she was sixteen she learned to shoot a machine gun. Like any enthusiast, she wanted to spread her gospel, and one day the school authorities were horrified to hear shots in the schoolyard. They hurried out to find Katiusha teaching her young schoolmates how to handle a machine gun.

When war came, sixteen-year-old Katiusha tried hard to enlist. "We have enough men to shoot guns," they told her, "but we need people on the labor front."

She heard the magic word "front," and that was enough. She immediately enlisted in a labor battalion.

"I thought we were going right to the front," Katiusha wails now, "but it was quite different."

She was sent just outside of Moscow with thousands of others who were building trenches and gun sites. It was hard work even for sturdy little Katiusha who had been brought up on a farm. There was an antiaircraft battery near, and she and others were given strict orders not to go near the battery. Anyone who broke the rule would be brought up before the commandant. As soon as she heard that, Katiusha's short legs carried her as quickly as possible to the forbidden zone. She was immediately hauled before the stern commandant.

"Why did you go into that section?" he asked.

"It was the only way I could think of to meet you, Tovarisch Commandant," Katiusha said humbly. "I am a machine gunner. I want to go to the front."

"How old are you?" he asked, finding it hard to be stern.

"Nineteen," she lied gravely, and when he asked for her passport (all citizens carry passports for identification purposes) she handed him instead her certificates which told of her proficiency with a rifle and machine gun.

"We have plenty of machine gunners," the commandant told her, "but we do need nurses. Will you join us as a nurse?"

To get to the front, Katiusha would have joined as anything. Luckily, she had studied nursing at school. A group of infantrymen were just leaving for the front. Katiusha went with them. Her baptism of fire came quickly. They had advanced only a few miles when they were dive-bombed and then strafed by low-flying German planes.

"I just stood there and shook my fist at the planes and yelled at them," Katiusha says. "How I wished I had a gun. All I had were bandages. I did what I could, but it was the first time I had ever seen blood and it was pretty awful."

Closer to the front, disaster struck again. A group of German parachutists landed behind her detachment and cut them off. They had landed tanks, too, and for six days Katiusha's group held out. There was no question now of what she was to do. She crept out to where a machine gunner had been, she thought, wounded. His hands still clenched the handles of the gun but he was dead. Katiusha disengaged his fingers and took the gun in her own hands. Henceforth, she would never be anything but a machine gunner. This was at Belyi i the Smolensk region where fighting wa exceptionally heavy.

"I knew the region well," Katiusha say smiling, and when Katiusha smiles, sh shows small white teeth and wide blu eyes. Katiusha has three big freckles o her stubby nose and these make her loo even younger than she is.

She was often sent on reconnaissanc because she knew the section so well. O one of these long forays she found a co swimming hole. She used to visit it ofte to bathe. One day she found a soldier pr paring for a swim. She cried out, "Zdo ova, tovarisch," or "Hello, pal," but h answer was in guttural German, and went for his gun.

"I had dropped my gun," Katiusha sa frowning as though reproaching herse for her carelessness, "so I reached into n boot and pulled out my knife. I thre myself at him, and just before he got h gun, I stabbed him. He died immediately Katiusha added grimly.

"Was he the first German you ev killed?" I asked the child.

"Oh, no," Katiusha said. "I had ke track. He was the sixty-seventh one I h killed."

The Return to Moscow

At the front, it was kill or be killed, a killing became commonplace for t youngster. Twice she was wounded, a then a third time she was sent to a hos tal quite unconscious with a shell splin in her head. They found out that she w only seventeen. They told her sternly go back to Moscow; they wanted babies here at the front.

She started for Moscow but made detour to wind up with a guerrilla detac ment near Sychevka. She spent five mon with the guerrillas. During that time killed, she says almost apologetically, o twelve Germans. Then she was sent officers' school. The training was ridi lously easy after her practical experie and, within three months, she was mad lieutenant.

Since then, she has been at the fr constantly. She received the order of Red Star and has another decoration co ing up. She has seen the hardest fight of the war and took part in the defe of Kharkov. The fighting was bitter the western front when the Russians vanced.

Not long ago Katiusha and her gr were given orders to capture a villa They entered it and had to capture ho after house. Katiusha, with grenades her belt, with a revolver at her side with a Tommy gun in her hands, cras into one house. She swept the room her gun, killing two out of three Germ The third, an officer, held up his hands.

"I walked close to him to get his g Katiusha says, "and then he noticed I was a woman. He was enraged and hit me on the side of my head. I w sprawling. Well, I was pretty mad, too I emptied a whole drum of bullets him before he could raise his gun. Th seventy bullets. Have you seen L Hamilton?"

At the moment, the film That Hami Woman is the most popular pictur Russia. Katiusha had just seen it. would really rather talk of how beau Vivien Leigh looked and how hands Laurence Olivier was, than she woul the Germans she had killed. That was commonplace part of everyday existe

"I have seen Lady Hamilton t times," she said, and she looked like schoolgirl now (except for her wo stripes and her decorations and her k uniform). "And now I'm going to s again. Then tomorrow"—she smiled pily—"I'm going back to the front."

These are three women of Russ thought you might like to meet.

THE END

The RED LION
An Invitation
ENJOY LIFE WITH
Miller's
HIGH LIFE BEER
MILLER BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

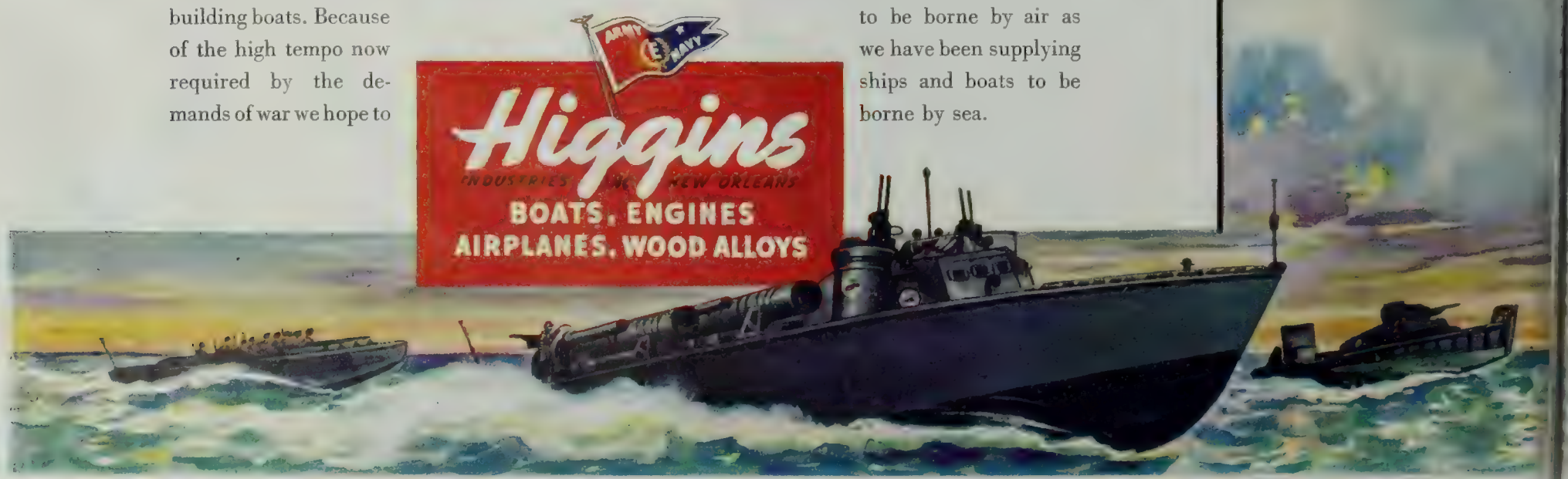
Aviation was Born December 17, 1903

JUST 39 YEARS AGO

HIGGINS INDUSTRIES now moves into this new and fateful young industry unafraid and undaunted by the tasks imposed on us but deeply honored and impressed. We have no idea that we know all the answers or that we will revolutionize the industry. We do have courage and determination and we believe we have imagination.

We bring to it years of experience and knowledge acquired in designing and building boats. Because of the high tempo now required by the demands of war we hope to catch up in an art yet so young, so embryonic, that there lives today one of the two men who proved flight possible in heavier than air motor-driven machines. That man is Orville Wright, who, with his brother, Wilbur, electrified the world at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, December 17, 1903. We salute the one and honor the memory of the other.

And we dedicate the HIGGINS organization to a maximum effort to supply ships to be borne by air as we have been supplying ships and boats to be borne by sea.



A Wall Between

Continued from page 12

ter something. She's up to her tricks gain. She was looking embarrassed, as ough it were hard to keep her eyes on e Suddenly I remembered my back, and e stiffness that makes me seem almost me She hadn't seen me since I came ck from Spain, because she'd gone to eno while I was over there, fighting. I ought: She's got a guilty conscience. It ins her to see me now, and still she ants something. She's going to ask some-ing more of me.

"All right," I said. "I am getting mar-d. This is Friday, and on Monday, Hil-garde and I are going to the little church wntown, where Hildegarde has gone all r life. Doctor Hammond is going to arry us, and his sexton will be the wit-ss. Hildegarde and the Stillwells are ming up tomorrow for the week end d I expect to go back to town with them Sunday night. I don't know what you e trying to find out, but does that an-er it?"

"Oh, Raoul," she said. "Oh, I'm so glad. don't know her well, of course, but the evensons and the Stillwells like her. nd she's young and beautiful. I do think e's beautiful, Raoul."

"Yeah, I think I'm lucky, too," I said. Vhy did you come here?"

She stopped smiling. "I'm being stu-d," she said. "I see now that I'll never ange you. You'll always feel this way ward me."

started to speak, and she said, "No. it. I do want to say something. You nk I divorced you quickly while you re in Spain, and married Jim Corwin. u think—well, no matter what you nk I can't change you now. It's too e But I want to help you. Let's put it s way: I owe you some happiness, and ere's just one thing I can do. I can give u back three months' alimony you paid before I married Jim. You're getting rried now and you need it. Fifteen hun-d dollars—that's quite a lot."

WHY didn't you write me?" I asked. "You didn't have to come here. I nk, Althea, that you came here out of ne whim. Curiosity, perhaps. You want see how I feel about it all. Is that it?"

She got up and started putting on her at I stood watching her.

"I didn't know you still felt this way," murmured. "I didn't know you'd keep p this long."

"That sounds familiar," I said. "It nds melodramatic, just the way you it. You're a troublemaker. You al-ys were. You made trouble for me. u'll make trouble for Jim Corwin. I'll out and warm your engine and turn the around."

went to the hall closet and put on a t and rubber boots. I got back from rming the engine and turning the car in driveway. She was sitting in the chair h her things on. Her coat was off her ulders.

"I'm sorry I came," she said. "I thought came, I could persuade you. I'd like to think it over, anyway."

"The answer is no," I told her, "whether ake it now or later."

held each shoulder of the coat and e the sleeves a punctilious jerk, like a et. Then we went out of the house, I helped her across the stiff white ss. In the silence and cold, it tinkled broke.

"Are you all right now?" I asked.

he said yes, and I slammed the car door went back. You didn't have to talk e that, I thought. You shouldn't let her that you remember anything, or get d, or let her affect you in any way. er all, this is just an old something out of the past—'way back, five years back. So what? So why be like a child?

I went to the pantry and got a Scotch and soda. I went in the kitchen, with Sadie following me, and sat down.

I had my coat off now and I could put my hand back and feel the shrapnel hole. It was in Teruel, just before the surrender. They were able to get me out in an ambulance. The hole was so big nobody thought I'd live, and I didn't want to live.

Sitting here now, drinking the Scotch and listening to the wind in the trees, I thought: I'm lucky. I'm well again, and I have everything now. Everything except an A-1 rating with the Army and the Navy. And then it's not like being turned down without having had a go at it. At least I got a whack at it. I have Hildegarde now, and she understands everything. She understands why I had to go to Spain to fight and about how I feel now, not able to get in the Army or Navy or Merchant Marine. She knows about my war job. They can use an architect like me, and although I sit at a desk, I know I'm doing some good She knows all those things.

Hildegarde is beautiful to look at and she's got everything else. We understand each other. We know all about each other. She's been on a newspaper all her life, from the time she was seventeen. She works on a liberal paper in town, and she believes everything that I believe about men and freedom and peace.

I thought to myself: I'm lucky. Yes, I'm lucky. I've had all my bad luck, and now here's my good luck. She'll be here tomorrow, and I'll see her. On Monday, we'll get married. Everything's going to be all right from now on.

I was sitting there, petting Sadie, twisting the topknot on her head. That was lucky, I thought: Althea coming here tonight It helped get rid of any poison there was left in me. Now I can see the thing for what it was. Terrible excitement between two people who don't belong together but who excite each other like the devil anyway.

You see it for what it is now, I thought. A man can't go up into ecstasy and crash down into despair more than once in his life. A man has to grow up in his love.

THE next morning, it began to thaw. I met Hildegarde and the Stillwells at the station just before lunch. Hildegarde had on a yellow and brown tweed suit, and a plain brown hat. She had a possum coat, like a college girl's. With her apricot-colored hair and that figure and that skin, she practically lit up the landscape. The Stillwells are my age, and that isn't old, but seeing the three of them there, I thought: She's just a kid. I'm getting married to a little kid.

I SAID hello to the Stillwells and kissed Hildegarde on the forehead. I think if I'd kissed her differently, it wouldn't have been such a giveaway. I saw the Stillwells give each other a look, meaning: See, *they* are engaged. But neither Hildegarde nor I was going to tell anybody. We'd planned to get married first and tell people afterward.

"It's really spring," Hildegarde said. "Oh, it's just wonderful to be out here!"

Hildegarde sat in front with me. "I'm glad you're here," I said.

I reached out and squeezed her hand, and we looked at each other, smiling. The Stillwells were busy talking.

"Something odd happened last night," I said, keeping my voice down. "Althea came to the farm."

Hildegarde looked at me in surprise. Then she asked, "Why did she do that?"

"She said that she was staying at the Stevensons, that she'd just come over to tell me she wanted to pay back that alimony. I said nothing doing. I said, anyway, she could have written me a letter But Althea has a perverted sense of drama. She liked coming over. She liked getting me out of bed. Everything last night was frozen and icy. I think she liked that, too."

Hildegarde sat there, frowning. Then she said, "Don't let that bother you. It's nothing. Did you accept the money?"

"No," I said.

The week end was wonderful and warm. We all decided to stay over Sunday night and take the early train into town on Monday morning. The train was crowded, and Hildegarde and I found a seat together away from the Stillwells. We sat holding hands

"Darling," I said. "This afternoon we'll be married. Can you believe it?"

She squeezed my hand. She didn't say much.

"We belong together," I told her.

And she said, "Yes," smiling at me.

We talked about the bar in the Fifties where we'd have a drink after work. Then we'd go down to the little church and get married. We'd have the sexton as witness. Then we'd call the Stillwells and the Stevensons right away.

"I don't want to leave you," I said. "I don't want to let you go, even for a few hours"

"Well, it *is* only a few hours," she argued "It's almost no time at all."

We got off the train in the same mood. When I got to the office, I found that there wasn't much work to do. This happens once in a while, even in my office. I thought: Here is my lucky day.

I left the office and went for a walk in the park My wedding day. Hildegarde—Hildegarde Mason, I thought; Mrs. Raoul Richards. Raoul Axel Anderson Richards. French and Swedish and Scotch and some Irish—all together meaning an American. Here in the park, in the sunshine, everybody was walking slowly. I passed people speaking French — homesick refugees thinking of the parks in their cities at home, as they used to be.

I lit a cigarette. I thought: That's what Althea will never understand or know. It's funny, I thought, that she divorced me for going to war. And there's Jim Corwin—somewhere in the Pacific. Althea's new husband, off to war. Enlisted, just after Pearl Harbor. That's different, I suppose she'd say. Only it isn't different, Althea. You'll never understand that, will you?

I SAT down on a bench, in the sun. It's funny, I thought, that the same poet, Lovelace, should have written a poem, To Althea, from Prison, which goes:

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.

And another poem, to a girl, on going to war:

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Lov'd I not honor more.

Yes, Althea, I thought. You never understood that. We fell into a silence over that You stopped talking to me, or looking at me

"I have to go," I had said.

And you wouldn't take that from me, Althea You wouldn't accept it and stay with me and understand me.

You said, "What ax have you to grind in Spain?"

That's what you said. And now the war's caught up with you over here, and Jim Corwin enlisted over here. It's a joke on you. Only you don't see it.

I went to a picture gallery for half an hour, and a movie for half an hour, and finally it was time to go to the Madison and meet Hildegarde and go and get married.

Five thirty-one, my watch said, as I sat down and ordered an old-fashioned. The date was for five-thirty. She's a minute late, I thought. But I didn't feel any of that unhappy tight excitement people get, waiting to marry. I just knew she'd come, that she'd sit down and have a drink and take my hand. And then we'd get married.

After a while I thought it was funny that she hadn't either shown up or telephoned. She couldn't have changed her mind, could she? No, that was the thing she wouldn't do. She wasn't like that. I got up and went to the phone. Her apartment didn't answer, but I didn't expect that anyway. I didn't expect to get her at her office, either, but I called there, just the same. Now it was six o'clock, and I began to get nervous. Could some accident have happened to her?

At six-twenty, I went back to the phone

booth and shut the door very tight. My heart was beginning to act up. I dialed the Stillwells' number.

"Hello, Jack," I said, "have you heard from Hildegarde? We got our wires crossed, somehow. I've been waiting for her at the Madison for an hour and a half, almost."

Jack started to say something to kid me. Then asked, "What's the matter, Raoul? Anything wrong?"

"No," I said. "Just tell her where I am if she calls."

I called the minister's house, but they hadn't heard from her, either. I waited another half-hour. Then I decided something had happened to her, some accident. I went back to my apartment. I was going to start calling the hospitals. As I was letting myself in with the key, I heard the phone, so I sprinted all the way down the hall. It was Hildegarde.

"Oh, darling," I exclaimed. "You're all right, aren't you? Where are you?"

"Yes, I'm all right," she said. "I just called the Stevensons. I tried to get you at the Madison but you'd left."

"What happened?" I asked. "Are you really all right? Where are you?"

"Raoul! Oh, Raoul!" She gave a little laugh.

"For heaven's sake, tell me," I said.

"Raoul, don't you know where I am?"

"No, I don't. But wherever it is, I'm coming over."

"You didn't say the Madison, Raoul. You said the Weylin bar. Don't you remember? That's where I am now. I've been here since five-thirty."

"Did I say the Weylin?" I asked her. "Gosh, yes, I did say the Weylin. I remember now. I must have gone to the Madison because that's habit. That's where we usually go."

"What made you suggest the Weylin in the first place?" She laughed again.

"I don't know," I told her. "But I'm coming right over. Then we'll go downtown."

"Wait a minute," she said. "I'm going home. I've already called Doctor Hammond."

"Then I'll come and get you."

"No, Raoul. Don't. I told Doctor Hammond we weren't coming."

"Please don't be angry, darling. I'll come over to your place. I'll be there before you are. I'll wait outside."

"Raoul, you believe in Freud, don't you?"

"Yes. Why?"

"When somebody makes the kind of mistake you've just made—unconsciously, deep down inside them somewhere, they're doing it on purpose."

"Things aren't as simple as that," I said. "Please listen to me, darling. Let's talk this over."

"No, Raoul," she said. Her voice was very gentle and nice. "Somewhere inside yourself, you're not sure of me or of this marriage. I don't blame you. I understand, really. But I want you to think it over before you see me again, and I'll think, too. Goodby."

"Hildegarde!" I said, but she'd hung up.

I CALLED the Weylin back immediately, but they said she'd gone, so then I took a taxi, and went to her apartment. I waited outside a few minutes, then I rang the bell. There was no answer. I crossed the street and phoned, but the phone didn't answer, either. I went out and started walking.

"She can't do this to me," I said. "She can't cut me off like that without a hearing. I won't let her. I'll keep trying till I get her." I was mad. I wanted to clench my fist, and smash it into a face—everybody's, the face of the world.

At Fifty-sixth I turned into Lexington and started downtown, to a little place I've gone to for years—Honoré's French Restaurant. "I'll have some dinner and a glass of wine, and then I'll be able to think," I told myself.

"Where to, dearie?"

I said hello to Madame Honoré, who's an old friend of mine. Then I ordered a good dinner. When it came, I couldn't eat much of it. I began thinking: You're mad at yourself. What she said is true. You didn't want to meet her. Some part of you didn't. Subconsciously you knew she was at the Weylin. You knew it and hid it from yourself. Why? Don't you love her? And I had to say to myself, "I don't know. I don't know."

Madame Honoré came over with a half a bottle of red wine and a glass. She winked at me. "Lady over there seems to know you," she said. She winked again.

I LOOKED across the room, and there she was. There was Althea, big as life. She was with some oldish, fattish, dull-looking man, and she had on a deep-red dress. The kind of red that has no yellow in it, a subdued but very hot color. On her head was a red veil with some flowers. She was looking her best.

I remembered now that she liked this place, too. Years ago we'd come here together. "Well," I said to myself, "I've done a good job all round with the things I remember and forget. I'm asking for trouble and getting it, too."

I carefully didn't look her way or catch her eye, so that when she got up and crossed the room, I didn't see her. I didn't see her until she was right at my table, standing there. I got up, holding my napkin in my hand.

"Raoul," she said, "what happened?"

"Very nice getup," I said.

"I'd like to sit here a minute and talk to you."

"What about the man you're with?"

"We've had dinner and he has to catch a train."

"He seems to be drinking his coffee and looking bored."

She said, "Something happened between you and Hildegarde. What is it?"

"You're enjoying yourself, aren't you?" I sat down again, and she sat, too. "This is the kind of drama you like. You certainly hit the jackpot tonight, didn't you? Well, the fact is that something came up in her office and she had to work late. So we're getting married tomorrow instead. Does that disappoint you?"

The man she was with got up from their table and started across the room toward us. We both watched him. He came over and said to Althea, "I'll have to run along, I'm afraid. It's nearly train time."

"This is Mr. Richards," she introduced us. "Mr. Walsh."

We said, "How do you do," and he declined coffee or a drink, and left.

"Well," I said, "I hope he's not a gossip."

"Even if there's gossip," she said, "it doesn't matter. Jim trusts me the way I trust him. He's on his way home now. He's been sent for, to make a personal report to Washington. So he'll be here. I'll see him. I'll tell him that we met and talked. But, listen, Raoul," she said, "I did you an injury and I'd like to make up for it. If you won't take the money back, I'd like to make up for it in some other way. I want to help you."

I sat there smoking. I didn't answer.

She said, "You're mixed up. You don't know what you want."

I still didn't say anything

"Raoul," she went on, "once you and I lived together and we were in love and happy. Then the Spanish war began. You read the newspapers without talking to me, and every day there was a change in you. I wanted to say something to you, but I'd start to and then I'd be—frightened. Somewhere inside yourself, you decided to go. I don't know when it was. I just know. There was a long time when you read the papers without talking to me about what you read, and you listened to the radio with a certain expression on your face. You looked as though you were hating somebody who was right there, in the room.

"I lost my nerve. I got stupid, and scared. What I tried to do was to hold you, and stop you, instead of getting you to talk. I was afraid that if I got you to talk, you'd say you didn't love me any more.

"Do you remember that night when you told me you were going? You told me suddenly, with no warning or explanation. You just said, 'I have to go.' And I said, 'Let the unmarried boys go. Let the young kids go. You belong here.' You just stood there, in the living room out at the farm. You stood by the chair where you were sitting the other night. I thought you'd never answer me. Your face was dark. But finally you said, 'I hate Fascism more than I love you. But that's part of it. The way I feel about you is why I have to go.' And I said, 'You care more about going away than you care about me.' You see, I didn't understand. I didn't understand!"

I OFFERED her a cigarette, and took one myself. When she took the cigarette out of my fingers, hers were shaking. I could feel the trembling, going from her hand into mine. I thought: I just can't look at her, now. But I lit the match and held it for her. The match was unsteady in my hand.

She said, "I went through everything too. Everything that you went through losing me, I went through, too, for you. Only I did it first, and you did it later. I asked you if you wanted a divorce, and you said all right. It sounded as though you meant it. So I—got the divorce. I began seeing Jim. He made me see a lot of things, by and by, that I hadn't understood with you. I know why he's fighting. I want him to fight. I'm working in a hospital here, doing what I can. Jim and I are happy together. That part's all right. But you, Raoul. I want you to be happy, too. I owe it to you."

I thought to myself: Go on, look at her. So I looked, I saw her, the way she used to be. The way I used to think of her. She meant everything she was saying now. It was all true.

"You mean you don't want me to make any more mistakes," I said.

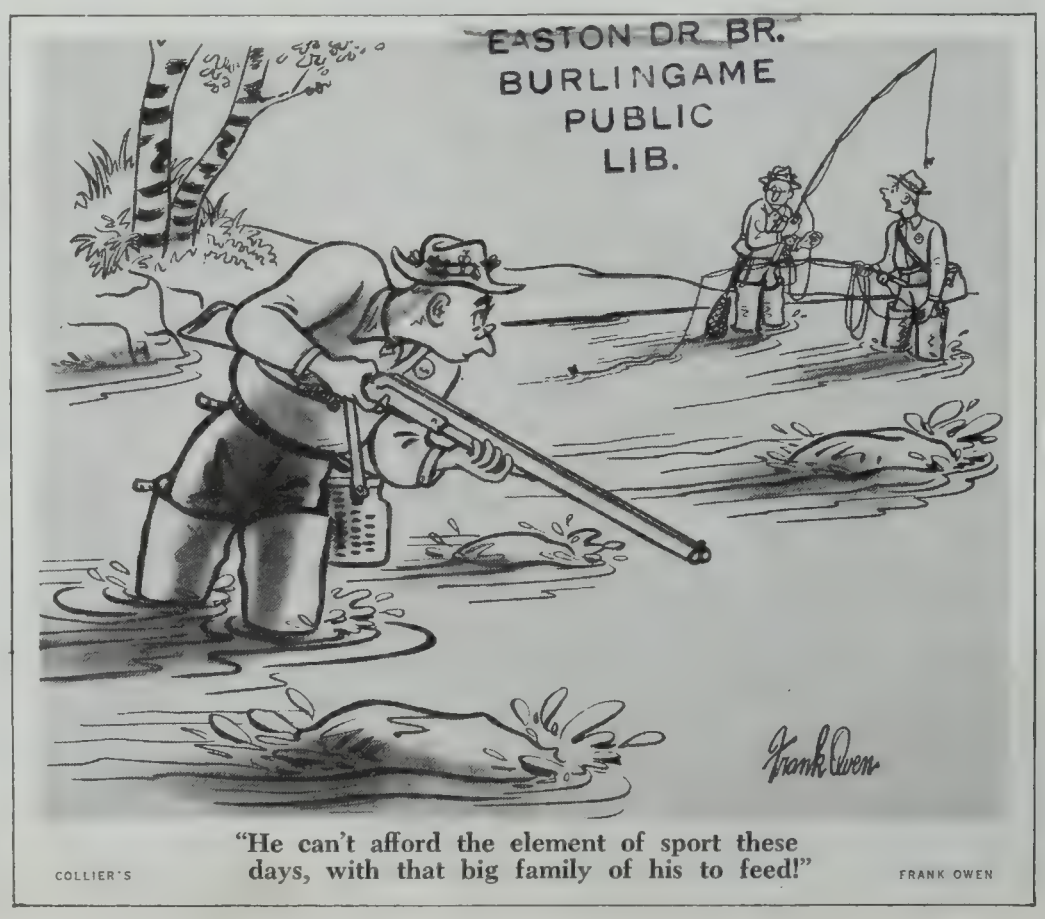
"Yes," she said. "Hildegarde is wonderful. She's very steady. She's the way Jim is. Marry her, Raoul."

"I'm going to marry her," I said. "I have every intention of doing so."

I got the check and helped her into her coat. There's a little foyer in Honoré's that's curtained off. Nobody's there, and for some reason we stood there now, shaking hands.

"Goodby," I said. "And thank you for talking to me."

But I couldn't let her hand go right away. Here I was, touching her, and I hadn't touched her in years. I pulled



"He can't afford the element of sport these days, with that big family of his to feed!"

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

rom a mysterious world

u are looking at men who are part of a group hich has spent more time farther from this earth n probably any others who have ever lived! They are Boeing flight engineers recording by nera and visual observation the readings on a ze of high-altitude test equipment. Extensive earch at 35,000 feet and above is one of the sons the Boeing Flying Fortress* is able to erate at higher altitudes under combat condi- ns than any other bomber.

Here is a world utterly alien to any which u know, a world of incredibly thin air and brilliant blue skies where weird things happen. Radio plays strange pranks up there in the stratosphere. Engines lose their power. Oil turns to mush, and windshields sprout ice whiskers in the 67-below-zero temperature.

Yet these and many other problems have been solved so well by Boeing research that the Flying Fortress today performs in some respects even better 7 *miles up* than it does at sea level!

Probably *you* will never have occasion to travel at such extreme altitudes. But once the war is won you will fly swiftly and luxuriously at 20,000 feet and thereabouts . . . thanks in large measure to the pioneering done by Boeing flight test crews.

It is a characteristic of Boeing to do every job a little better than is required. In engineering, in manufacture and in performance, Boeing products have always exceeded the claims advanced for them.

• • •

It is true of the Flying Fortress today, and it will be true of many a new product tomorrow . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's bound to be good.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**

*THE TERMS "FLYING FORTRESS" AND "STRATOLINER" ARE REGISTERED BOEING TRADE-MARKS

Crawford
COMPLETELY DEPENDABLE

Whether smartly streamlined or mounted with diamonds and rubies, Crawford Military and Dress Watches combine the accuracy of fine watchmaking with the beauty of rich jewelry.

Crawford fob and wrist watches at better shops from $19.95 to $500.00

BEAUTY • ACCURACY

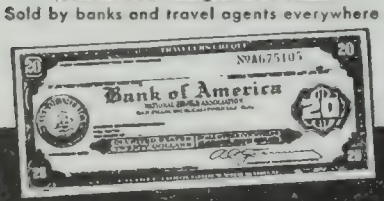
Crawford
WATCH COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS

PULVEX
FLEA POWDER
25¢
AND 50¢

...glad I'm carrying
Bank of America Travelers Cheques

Always carry

BANK of AMERICA
TRAVELERS
CHEQUES
Sold by banks and travel agents everywhere



Backed by the resources of
a two billion dollar bank

Issued by Bank of America National Trust and Savings Association, CALIFORNIA
MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION
London, England, Branch: 12 Nicholas Lane, London, E.C.4.

her hand, but she said, "No," and got away from me.

And then I took hold of her. I pulled her to me as if I'd never be able to let her go. I kissed her. It was a kiss from the past, coming into the present. The past was here now, it was back again. I kissed her with my whole heart and soul and everything I've got. The way I'd never kissed her or any other woman before. The way no man kisses a woman, except one woman, in his whole lifetime.

Then I was out on the street. I'm not sure that I walked straight. I thought: If a policeman sees me, he'll think I'm drunk. "I am drunk," I said, and I laughed, walking along crazily, zigzagging home.

In the next few days, I tried to call Hildegarde but she was always out. I don't know what I was going to say to her but I'd have had to tell her in some way that we wouldn't be happy together. I couldn't marry her now or marry anybody else.

I got a strange peaceful feeling in me, and it kept on for days and weeks. There was lots of work and I went out to the farm when I could but I went out alone.

I was in love with Althea. All this time I'd been kidding myself. It looked like very thin kidding now. I must have known all along that I was in love with her. And I'd tried to hide it and drown it, and kill it. But in the end, it hadn't done any good. It wasn't her fault. She'd been trying to help me. It wasn't anybody's fault. Just fate, that was all. I decided that I'd have to wait to hear from Hildegarde. Then finally I got a note from her.

It said, "Dear Raoul: You can see that I've been avoiding you. I don't think, after all, that we'd be happy together. Maybe it's because you have a lot behind you, and I have everything still ahead of me. It may be the difference in our ages. I don't know. I'm not happy now but I will be happy again, and so will you. We'll find other people, I'm sure of that. I will always feel friendly toward you. Hildegarde."

I ANSWERED the note. I said that I knew she was right. That was some time in April. Inside of me was that strange peace. It was as though I had my answer now to everything. I thought: Will this go on forever? I don't know.

The first Saturday in May, I was out on the farm, and I had a bad night. I dreamed about Spain all night, and in the morning when I woke up, my back hurt. I ate my breakfast out on the front steps in the sun and smoked some cigarettes.

I heard a horse coming up the hill; it was somebody riding. The slope of my southeastern fields keeps you from seeing people on that road, until they're right in front of the house. I sat listening to the *clop-clop-beat-beat* of the hoofs. Then I saw Sugar, the Stevensons' old hunter, and the man who was riding her. I'd know Brad Stevenson's bleached white corduroys anywhere, even though Jim Corwin was wearing them. I got into the house before he saw me. I stood there, in the hall. Before this, I hadn't let my jealousy out where I could see it, and now it was all through me, heating me up.

"Shut up," I said to myself. "She's his. She's moved on ahead of you. She's out of your reach. So take it and like it." I hit my fist a couple of times against the paneling. Then the door burst open, as though somebody'd kicked it. It swung all the way open, and the sun flooded the hall and me, standing there.

"Hello," he called out.

"What made you come here?" I asked.

"To talk to you," he said. He walked in. "I'm up here, staying with the Stevensons. Althea's in town. She has to work at the hospital this week end."

"Come in and sit down," I invited him. "What can I do for you?"

We went into the living room. I didn't know him well and I'd never really looked at him before. He was slight and dark, with a dark mustache. Now he was sunburned, thin and in good health. I saw what Althea meant about strength. He stood there at his ease, waiting to say what he'd come to say. He had a big mouth, very strong and firm.

He sat down and took the cigarette I offered him. "While I was away, you and Althea saw each other," he said.

"Yes," I admitted.

"Althea told me all about it. She said she knew I'd trust her."

"That's right," I said.

"Well, I certainly have all the evidence I want now."

"What evidence?" I asked. "What are you talking about?"

He said, "Since that night when you met in the restaurant, you haven't seen her or talked to her. I know that. She told me."

"So what?"

"Wouldn't you like to see her again?"

He had taken me by surprise. I said, "Yes. So what?"

He sat there, smoking. "I married Althea five years ago," he told me. "It was after she divorced you. I was in love with her and she was in love with me. Or so we thought. On the surface, everything was happy and peaceful, just as she says. But she never got over you. When I realized that, I went through hell for a while. And after that, in the last year or so, I've changed. I got bored. A man doesn't stay in love with a woman who doesn't love him. Not if he's lucky. In the ordinary course of events, you get over that. You have to. It's nature. You're looking for somebody who'll respond to you and take what you have to give them—not somebody who's always staring out of the window, waiting for another man to pass by in the street.

"Now you'd like to see her again," he went on. "You're still interested. You haven't changed in all this time. You tried to marry somebody else but that didn't work. You're not bored with Althea or fed up or finished with her at all. Quite the contrary, I'd say. I'd say that you're still in love with her. Is that so?"

"Yes," I said. "That is so."

"Well, what do you think that adds up to?" he demanded.

I looked at him hard. "Does she know you're here?" I asked him.

"No," he said. "I've never talked to her. I didn't know how you felt. They said you were engaged to Hildegarde Mason. I couldn't leave Althea. She clung to me and depended on me. She didn't know what was the matter with her. She hasn't any idea that she's half crazy in love with you."

"She says she's happy with you."

"That isn't really true. That's what she kidded herself into thinking. It's so untrue that I enlisted just to get away. Now I'm asking you again: Just what does all this add up to?"

"How do you know the way I feel?" I asked.

"How do I know?" he said. "Look at you. I came to see you, to find out. I didn't have to ask you. You ran into the house when I rode up here. You should have seen your face when I came in the front door."

"Well," I insisted, "what *does* it all add up to? What are you going to do?"

He got up then. "It's not what I'm going to do. It's what you're going to do."

"What hospital does she work at?" I asked.

He gave me the name of the hospital and the phone number.

I WENT to the front door with him and opened it. Bobby Rafters was standing in the road, holding the old hunter. The sun looked good, and all the country was green and wonderful. I stood there, shaking his hand.

"That's quite a grip you've got," he said. "Goodby."

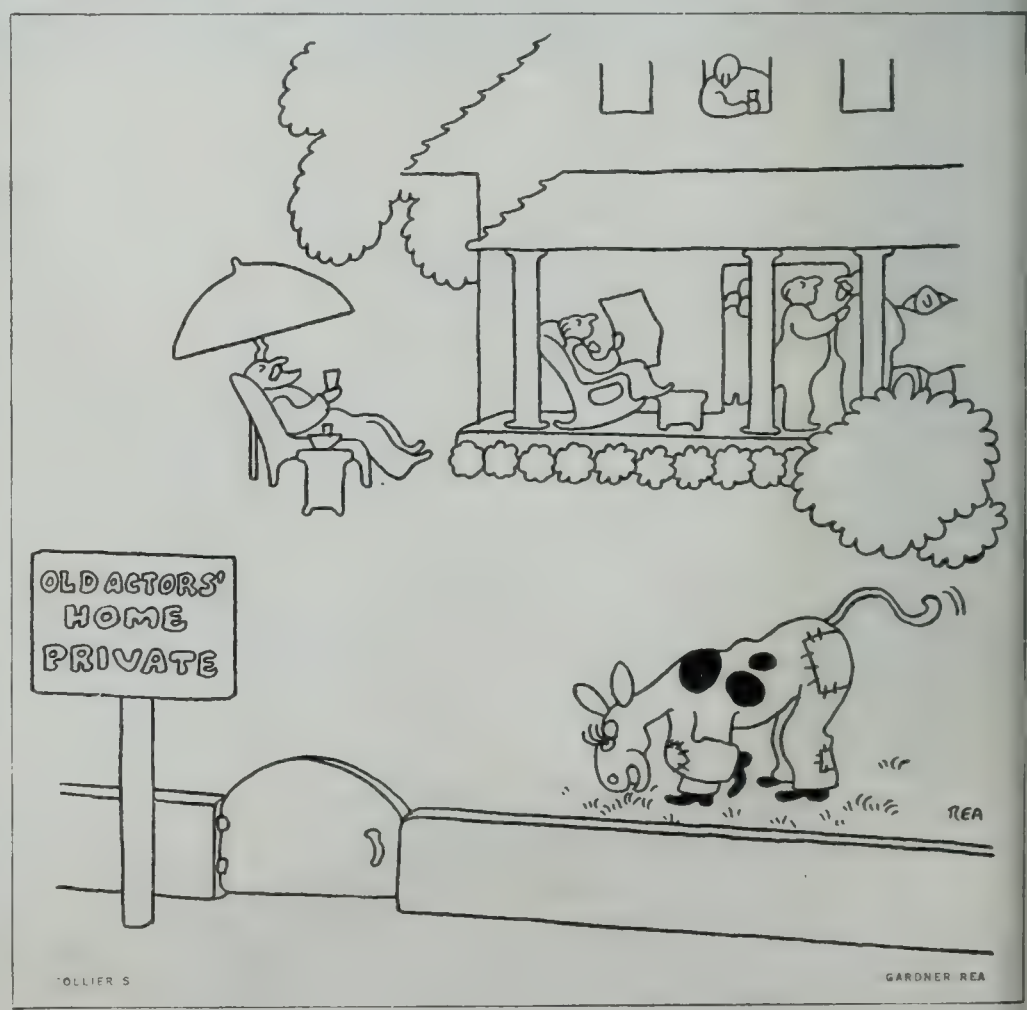
I watched him ride off, and he turned before going down the hill and waved his hand. I waved back at him. Then I went into the house. I stood in my house, and it seemed to me that I could see all the rooms at once. I could see all my house, orderly and clean, painted and papered, with curtains in new bright colors, with fires burning in the fireplaces in winter, and flowers in the rooms in summer, the way it used to be.

I could see the sky, blue and clear, with nothing threatening us. This is my world, the way I believe in it. This is the future, the way I want it.

"This will be the future for us," I said, "when I get you back. Oh, Althea."

I started down the hall for the telephone.

THE END



Gravy Guy

Continued from page 28

He looked sidewise at the elderly sub, nd dourly he thought: *I bet you've been pped off to fix me with the prize jinx job your circus!*

He knew it for sure as soon as he saw e bench setup and the girl helper. The ench was crowded into a corner behind stock rack. Its long toolboard was ung all over with fussy little tools, and ere were shelves and pigeonholes containing parts of everything in the world. he girl stood waiting on her side of the ench, and she was the new Two-by-four rl, looking as little and lost as ever and bit nervous.

" 'Lo," Slim greeted her bitterly. Then e bell rang, and the Crescent Compmeter Corporation roared alive as if mebody had stepped on its starter with e throttle wide open.

WHINES and howls screamed from the grinders in Harker's buffing adhouse, but here in Assembly K the und of work was more in the nature of a nteel hum. Here in Assembly K they orked mostly on queer little gadgets that oked like odd sections of sewing maines and alarm clocks; maybe the Army rdnance knew what they were for, but body else did. This was small handsembly work, requiring a fine touch and tience. Slim felt homesick for Harker's adhouse, where life was hard but simple, t cluttered up with girls and gadgets.

It was to be one of these niggling, comicated assembly jobs for him, that was rtain. With more tools than a man uld keep track of, and a midget girl lper who was so green she didn't know e time clock from another. They sure d put the fix on him.

The sub explained the job: "It's the -3 unit here, you'll work on. Here's one assembled, see? You'll find all the rts in those—"

"Is this," Slim cut in, "that K-3 job e heard about? Where that feller blew and got fired for cussing a girl?"

The sub coughed. "First you assemble the unit, except for the little armature. Then you run it on this test motor and listen to it with this earphone thing. If it's noisy, that means there's burrs on those bevel gears, or a rough spot on that little camshaft. Or it could be that spindle, there. Or—"

"What do I do then?"

"You tear it apart again," said the sub almost happily, "and find the trouble and fix it."

Slim nodded at Two-by-four. "What's she do, if anything?"

"She winds the little armatures for you, and you fit one in each unit after you got all the bugs out. I got to show her that job. Think you can get along?"

"What's the piece rate?"

"Twenty-seven cents each."

Slim closed his eyes. "I'm scuttled," he said.

When lunchtime came lagging along he had only three units assembled. One ran okay after some babying. The second had a persistent click. The third was a brute.

Two-by-four was three armatures ahead of him, but she was having her troubles, too. She had to wind five insulated wires a definite number of times around each tiny armature core. The wires were of different colors and had to be wound to an exact pattern. Sometimes she went askew on the pattern or found herself with one wire inexplicably too many and had to unwind the whole thing and start over again.

They hadn't exchanged a word all morning. Others in Assembly K chatted and laughed as they worked, but not Slim and Two-by-four. They were both too busy and too worried, and they weren't sold on each other, either.

By quitting time Slim understood why the K-3 was a notorious jinx. No unit ran right. You carefully filed the burrs off a scratchy bevel gear, and then a mesh gear developed a rattle. You tightened the mesh gear, and it ground harshly against the worm gear. You got that ironed out—tearing the whole unit apart at each operation—and the spindle squeaked. Or the camshaft stuck. . . .

After the quitting bell, Slim placed his hands on the bench and looked across the toolboard at Two-by-four. He said in a tight and tinny voice, "They've fixed me! They've fixed me good!" He had to say something to somebody. He'd talked enough to himself. "They've fixed me up with the worst jinx job—"

"And a dumb doll for a helper!" she snapped, and the flash in her brown eyes said she'd heard him make that crack to Harker. She jammed her little cap down over her curls and marched off, click-click-click.

Tuesday morning, Two-by-four stretched her lead over him to nine armatures. The sub came up and told Slim he'd have to increase his production. Slim lanced a glazed glare of desperation at him, and the unit he was assembling fell apart. The sub left before anything more could be said between them. Back in Harker's madhouse, Slim was known as a good-natured guy and a crackajack of a working mate. But not here in Assembly K. The fix was on him.

By contrast, Two-by-four was getting brighter. She was catching onto her job and making friends. She sat with a bunch of girls at lunchtime, chattering away with them, laughing, having a whale of a time. Everybody appeared to like her, and she appeared to like everybody. Everybody, that is, except Slim—Slim the ex-gravy guy, Ex-double-quick Downey. Slim munched his lunch alone, glowering at his bench. Not a friend in the world, and Bronco Bill had put the fix on him.

Near quitting time Slim was fighting with a unit and mumbling to himself again, and he looked even gaunter than ever. He became dimly conscious of Two-by-four rising from her stool and leaning over the toolboard.

He looked up harassedly and saw something in her eyes that was alien to all his factory experience. Sympathy, it was—sympathy for him in his slow-poke production. For him, the speedball, the veteran crackajack!

"Huh?" he said.

SHE hadn't said anything, but she did now. She said in a breathless way, "Have you seen that movie—Jeeps in the Jungle—yet? They say it's awfully good."

"No," he growled. "I don't like war movies."

"Oh," she said, small-voiced, and went back to winding armatures. Then he was sort of sore at himself, but he didn't know what to do about it. She was cute and nice, all right, and all the fellows were giving her soft talk when they got the chance, but he sure didn't want her sympathy or anybody else's.

He didn't streak for the clock at quitting time. He stayed behind, glaring narrow-eyed at a K-3.

Wednesday morning he was early at the plant. Two-by-four arrived and watched him curiously, then came around the bench and asked, "Have they changed your job?"

"No," he said. "I'm changing it." He looked up from what he was doing. "I'll show 'em! They can't keep me out of the gravy!"

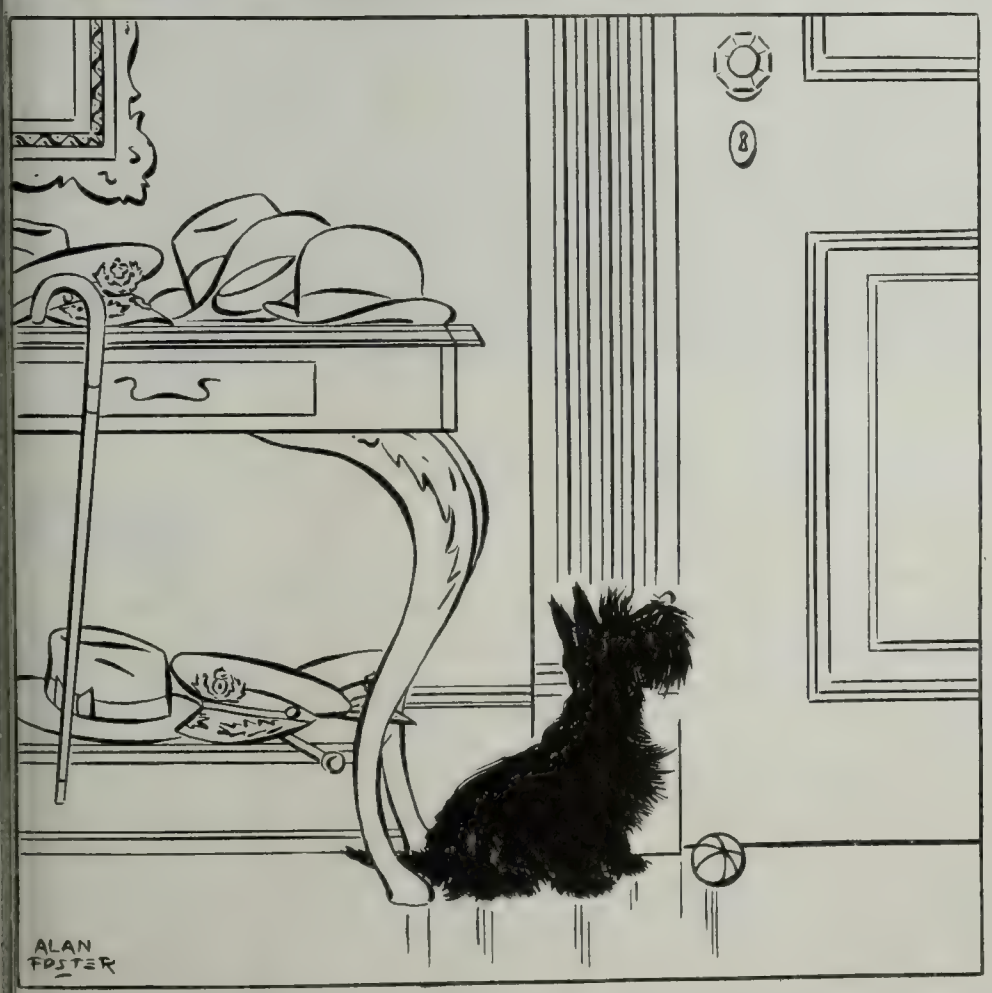
She regarded him wonderingly. "Is that why you're mad all the time—because you're not making big money?"

"Sure."

"Oh." She went back to her place, and when next he looked at her he didn't see any sympathy. He grinned and called.

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



COLLIER'S "Visiting dignitaries take up a great deal of our time"

You Can Get New Windshield Wiper Arms and Blades!

True or False?

It's true! ANCO RAIN-MASTER Blades and Arms are safety replacement parts—war-rated by Uncle Sam as essential. Your dealer has them right now—and can get more quick.

RAIN-MASTER Blades are of one-piece, molded, virgin rubber of advanced design . . . used on our fighting tanks and trucks and ships and bombers too—and used for years as original equipment on many makes of high-grade cars and trucks. Because they clean quicker—clean cleaner—last longer.

Why drive half blind—from wiper smear—in any storm? Smashed cars and broken bones today help only Hitler and the Japs. Your nation needs you and your car—both at your best—for Victory.

So—next time you buy gas—ask the man to change your dulled wiper blades to keen new RAIN-MASTERS. Ask him to show you too how sturdy RAIN-MASTER Arms hold your blades straight and true and snug against the glass—so they can give you the cleanest wipe.

for safer driving . . . install new Anco

RAIN-MASTER

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

WINDSHIELD WIPER

Blades and Arms

Used on our fighting tanks and trucks and ships and bombers too.

THE ANDERSON COMPANY

Gary, Indiana

Creators since 1918 of accepted automotive products

JOHNNY SHOEMAKER SEZ..

"ADD AN EXTRA LIFE TO YOUR OLD SHOES —WITH RUBBER HEELS"

ASK FOR HOOD

RUBBER HEELS AND SOLES

YOUR RATION STAMP ISN'T NEEDED FOR HOOD RUBBER HEELS

"This'll do it!" But her glance was cool and she said nothing.

It was a casing that he had made, built of hard fiberboard, with an open top. From the machine shop he had got some emery dust, and this he mixed with oil and poured into the casing. Then he dunked a K-3 into it and fitted it to the test motor. He started the motor and let the K-3 run in the bath of emery dust and oil. He let it run for a while, then took it out and washed it in a pan of kerosene, and gave it a test run on the motor. With the earphone against it, he listened.

"A-aah!" he breathed.

It ran with merely a silky whisper. The emery bath had swiftly worn off the burrs and rough spots where they hit and smoothed the K-3 down to a silent and beautifully fitting piece of mechanism The heck with the fussy little files, the scrapers, the miniature chisels. . . .

"My fix-buster!" he crooned over it "My gravy-maker!"

By noon he was waiting for armatures After lunch he went around to Two-by-four's side of the bench. He watched her work, then began turning out armatures on his own. She sent him a distressed look and tried to hurry faster.

"Take it easy, bunny, you can't expect to keep up with me," he told her grandly, and gave her a very superior look of sympathy. "Say, what's your name?"

She put down the armature she was working on, and said tensely, "My very best friends call me Jen. You've called me Dumb Doll and Two-by-four and now Bunny. Just let it go at that!"

"Okay, Toots," he said "How about that movie?"

"I've seen it. Besides"—she swept him with a freezing glance—"you don't like war movies. I guess they upset you. They should!"

THAT hit him, so he went back to his own side. During the rest of the day he kept having to wait for more armatures, and in those waiting spells he stood thoughtfully watching her. This very plainly fussed her. It fussed her so much that she made more mistakes than she'd made on Monday, and at each mistake he shook his head slightly. At quitting time she flashed him a bitter stare of wrath and near-tears and sped out as if the plant were on fire

Thursday morning she came up behind him, where he sat slumped on her stool, his head on the bench. "Move, please," she requested crisply "I'd like to put my lunch away."

He yawned and rose. "Yeah, sure." He had been up most of the night. His eyes were bleary and he hadn't shaved.

She twitched her small nose, stooped to put her lunch away, and was brought to a pause by what she saw under her side of the bench. He grinned at her expression until she straightened up and said in a tone of quiet fury, "Will you kindly stay on your own side?"

Then he was mad. "I sure will. I sure can get along without having to do half your job as well as my own!"

He hauled out the contraption that he had worked half the night on and set it on the bench. For a jackleg job it wasn't bad, he considered. Looked screwy, but it worked There was a small electric motor with an extension shaft, and on the shaft he fitted an armature core. The colored wires were on spools, set on a base, and at different angles. Other details were a grooved wheel guide for the wires and an automatic cutoff for the motor. Acquiring some of the materials had demanded finesse and skulduggery.

He set the wires, and after he switched on the motor he hovered over them, touching them into place here and there. The cutoff clicked and the motor stopped. He clipped off the wires at the correct length and laid a built armature on the bench "There you are," he said curtly. "Now let's see some decent production around here!"

Occasionally during the morning he glanced over the toolboard. She was doing all right. The little armatures were piling up. A couple of times she ran into trouble with the winder, but she fixed it herself somehow, biting her lip and refusing to call on him for help. The pile of armatures got bigger, and he realized that she was out to swamp him under. He'd handed her a weapon and an insult along with it, and from now on, it was war between them. Boy, she was off him for life!

In the afternoon the sub caught Slim sending a case of K-3s down the elevator, and asked how he was making out. "A bit better," Slim answered cautiously.

"We're way behind schedule with those things," the sub grumbled.

Slim thought pleasantly: *Brother, wait till you see the week's production report Saturday!* He had hopes of hitting as high a pay check this week as last and showing them that he could outsmart any fix they put on him They might fire him when they discovered the liberties he'd taken with that assembly setup, but they'd have to admit that they couldn't pin him down

Friday, he brought in another grinding box. He set it up beside the other, and with both running, doubling his output he set to work to cut down the pile of armatures. He worked at top speed, and he was happy until he saw how Two-by-four was grimly racing to keep her lead over him Her rounded forehead glistened with perspiration and a few tendrils of hair clung to it, but she didn't even take time to give it a quick swipe with her sleeve

IT DIDN'T seem right to make her work like that, and it made him feel queer. But she'd asked for it, hadn't she, trying to swamp him under? He had it all planned how he'd act when he caught up and had to wait for her. He'd stand tapping on the bench, casual and innocent—not impatient, exactly, but just kind of resigned.

He caught her eye after a while, and gave her what was meant to be a grin of friendly rivalry, the kind that working mates exchanged when running a production race. She didn't smile back. Her look was challenging and defiant. But he went on grinning after she bent her head again, and then she looked up quickly and smiled, and nodded as if to say, "Okay, big boy—it's a race!"

She sure was hitting production At lunchtime there was still a pile of armatures between them, and neither of them had slowed down yet. They went at it again after lunch and kept up the pace through the afternoon. Slim gained a little, but every time he had to dart off for more parts or drag a case over to the elevator, he'd come back and find his gain wiped out

THE sub caught him again at the elevator. "Say, where you getting 'em?" he demanded. "Any squawks coming back?"

Squawks were rejects from the inspection department down below. "None so far," Slim said, and just then the elevator came up and Bronco Bill himself stepped off with a production sheet in his hand and the usual dead cigar between his teeth

Bronco Bill looked down at the K-3s that Slim slid onto the elevator. "Hey, you!" he barked. "My record shows a hundred and sixty of those, up to yesterday, and here's a special emergency order for five hundred that's got to go out tonight! *Got to!*" He was a heavy man who always looked irritated about something, and when he swung around and bushed his eyebrows at the sub, the sub almost ducked. "Put more men on that job right away!"

The sub swallowed. "Yes, Mr. Brill But it takes time to break in new men on that, so—"

Slim said, "I've done two hundred today. That's three hundred and sixty for the week, so far." He wanted to grin then, only Bronco Bill wasn't the kind of man you grinned at. Two hundred, at the piece rate of twenty-seven cents per, meant a crazy pay credit of fifty-four dollars he'd made today. *Figure that out, Bronco!*

You could tell by the flicker in Bronco Bill's eyes that he was surprised, all right He took out his dead cigar and stared at Slim "Urr-hum. Think you could do another hundred and forty tonight, working late?"

It was twenty minutes to quitting time "I'll have 'em by eleven o'clock tonight, if my helper holds out."

"Make it ten," said Bronco Bill "They've got to be on a plane by eleven We'll give you another helper."

"No, I like the helper I've got," Slim said. "Okay, ten o'clock." He met Bronco Bill's stony regard, and with his eyes he said, *Mister, I've turned the fix right back at you, and you know it!* Then suddenly he knew he shouldn't have looked like that You couldn't outsmart Bronco Bill—he always showed you in the end.

At six o'clock Slim tore off and returned with Cokes and sandwiches. He placed a Coke and a sandwich by Two-by-four, and she nodded her thanks, and without comment they went on working, eating in hasty snatches.

At eight o'clock they still hadn't slowed down Nine o'clock came and they knew they'd make it. At five minutes to ten, Slim dragged the last case over to the elevator When he got back to the bench, Two-by-four was sitting with her chin in her hands, gazing tiredly but triumphantly at three armatures. "Three left," she said. "You didn't catch up with me."

He nodded "You win, partner. Let's call it a day."

She dragged her feet, going with him to the time clock He punched both their cards, and they left the plant together. She was a very weary little girl, so when he led her to his old car she didn't protest. "Four seventy-one Harrington Street," she murmured, and closed her eyes.

She woke about midnight and asked, "Where are we?"

"Four seventy-one Harrington Street," he said "I hated to wake you up. Then I fell asleep, too."

She lifted her head from his shoulder and held her face up sleepily, and after he kissed her she said, "Good night, Slim."

"Good night, Jen." He watched her stumble up the path and enter the house, and then he drove home.

Saturday morning, Bronco Bill said, "Darnedest-looking setup I ever saw Pretty smart, aren't you, Downey?"

SLIM figured he was due for the boot, anyway, so he remarked that a fellow had to be smart to make over ninety bucks in one day, like he did yesterday. Jen was listening and she shook her head earnestly at him over the toolboard, but he recklessly went on to say it was the best gravy job he'd ever had

Bronco Bill chewed his cigar "I'm taking you off it."

Well, Slim expected nothing less, so he just shrugged

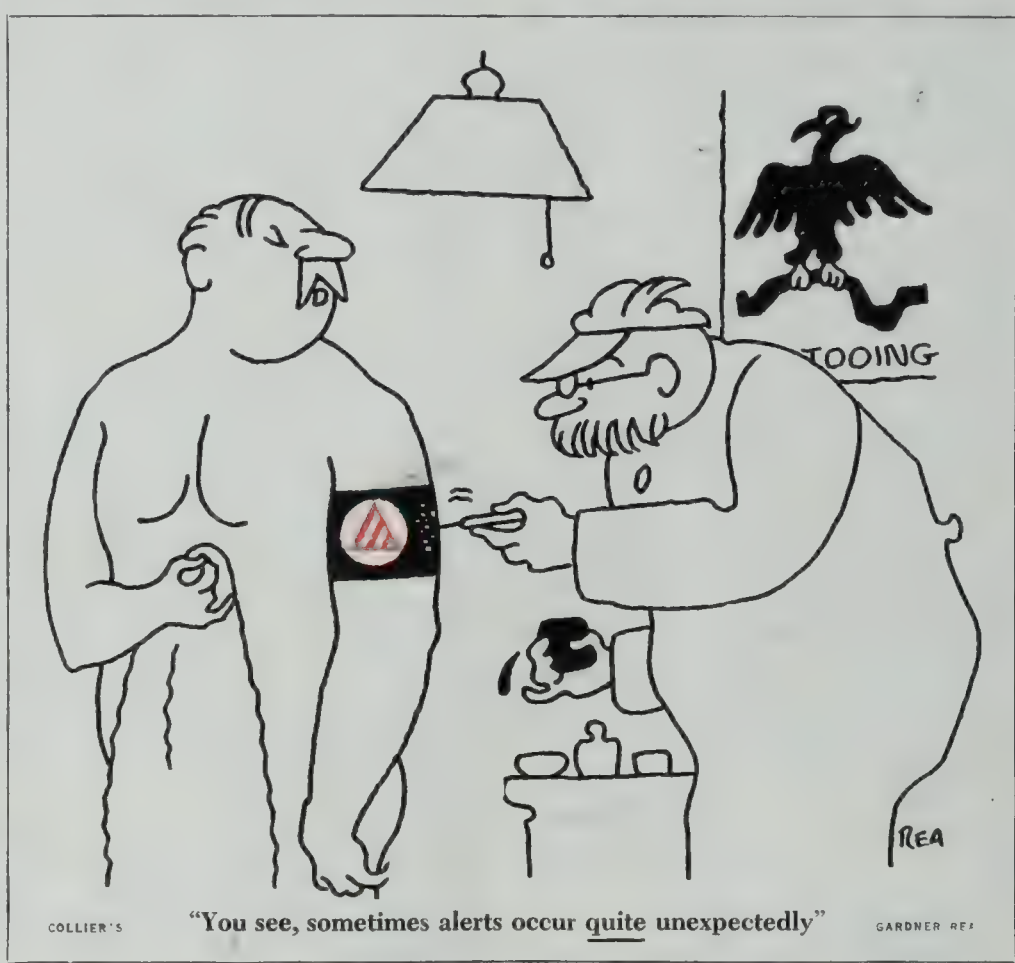
"Production expediter," Bronco Bill said "That's your job, starting Monday I've had my eye on you. You'll be on salary—you won't lose anything."

After Slim got over the shock, he argued that it was no use lining up a salary job for him because he planned to quit soon. He explained how his draft board had given him a six months' deferment because he was so underweight, and how he aimed to lay off work for a spell and build himself up before his next physical. "And with the pay I've been making I've got about enough to take a couple of months off now," he pointed out

Bronco Bill said he could savvy that but it was no reason why Slim shouldn't take this expediter's job He pointed out that it was a policy of the Crescent Comptometer Corporation to grant an necessary leave of absence to a salaried employee "And," he mentioned, "while we don't try to hold a good man back from the service, we do like to feel he'll be coming back to us when it's all over and we're in comptometers again."

Slim said, in that case, he'd take the job Then he so far forgot his manners as to move off around the bench to where Jen was looking at him with a kind of special look, leaving Bronco Bill standing there chewing on his dead cigar But maybe Bronco Bill could savvy about that, too, for he drifted off without looking any more irritated than usual. It was also policy of the Crescent Comptometer Corporation to encourage a happy family feeling among its employees at all times. was good for production.

THE END



"You see, sometimes alerts occur quite unexpectedly"

Trustees of Tomorrow *Need Keen Eyes*

On the shoulders of the boys and girls of today rests the sponsibility of directing the world we are now hting to preserve for them. If their education to be sound, their hands capable, their brains ert, their *eyesight must be efficient.*

Keeping the vision of America at a high per-rmance level is the work of thousands of men, illed in the measurement of vision, experienced the scientific correction of visual deficiencies—professional men who have won the respect of their communities through their contributions to richer, more useful living.

Today the nation depends on Bausch & Lomb to supply the optical instruments needed to win the war—range finders, binoculars, aerial height finders, as well as the metallographic equipment, the contour measuring projectors, tool-makers' microscopes, that speed production and maintain precision standards in industrial plants. Equally a part of the Bausch & Lomb war effort are the examination instruments, lenses and eyewear for improving human vision.

BAUSCH & LOMB
OPTICAL CO. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED 1853

AMERICAN SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION PRODUCING OPTICAL GLASS AND INSTRUMENTS FOR MILITARY USE, EDUCATION, RESEARCH, INDUSTRY AND EYESIGHT CORRECTION

High and Dry

Continued from page 14

We always went across country so as not to meet anybody, and found Doc out in the wagon shed, and told him Pa sent us.

"Boys," Doc said, "I'm afraid your pappy's out of luck. A man come and bought my last two barrels of good whisky just this morning. You'll have to tell your pappy I'm mighty sorry."

I was going to start right home, but Jake knew better and he said, "Mr. Wilkey, Pa's going to be terrible upset when we get home and tell him you got no more whisky. Here it is Saturday evening, and there ain't no other place to get it, and Pa will have fits. Can't you find some around somewheres that maybe you overlooked, and let us take it back to Pa?"

"Well, sonny," Doc said, "I wisht I could. But I can't. That man cleaned me out for fair. The only thing I got around is some fresh-made stuff that ain't fit to drink. It won't be no good for six-seven months yet. I'm afraid you'll just have to go home and tell him I'm real sorry."

"Mr. Wilkey," Jake said, "I know Pa. You better let us take some of that fresh-made whisky back with us."

"I'll tell you what, sonny," Doc said. "I'll give you a quart of fresh-made whisky, and only charge you twenty-five cents. You tell your pappy, if he can drink the stuff, he surely is a drinking man. And you tell him if he can't drink it, bring it back and I will give him back his two bits and glad to do it.

SO DOC give us a quart jar full of whisky, and we took it back and give it to Pa. Jake told him what Doc had said.

"Boys," Pa said, "you done right. Maybe this is poor whisky, but it's better than none. And I expect I'll be able to drink this all right. I have drank some powerful poor whisky in my day."

So Pa unscrewed the lid off the jar, and sniffed at the whisky, and said, "Well, sir, it sure smells terrible But I can drink it all right."

So Pa took a sip out of the jar and made a terrible face, and then he run over to the porch railing and spit out the whisky.

"Boys," he said, after he drunk a glass of water, "I wouldn't've believed there could be such awful whisky in the entire world There ain't nobody living could drink that stuff, and I doubt if you would get it down a three-day corpse. But it don't seem right that Doc should sell all his good whisky to one man and not keep even a snifter around the place. I'll bet he's got some hid in the hayloft and figures to keep it for hisself. So let's us go back there and find out Bring along that fresh-made whisky, boys, and if nothing else, we will get our two bits back."

The three of us walked over to Doc's place and found him setting on the porch, and Doc told Pa the same thing he told us: that he didn't have so much as a spoonful of decent whisky left.

"You might of knowed I would need some," Pa said. "How come you had to sell two whole barrels to one man that way?"

"I didn't like it no more than you," Doc said. "But he was from Topeka. He said some of them politicians was having a shindig tonight and he needed every drop I had. And you know, them fellows over in Topeka can make a lot of trouble for me."

"Maybe so," Pa said. "But it sure puts me in a fix. I just got to get some whisky."

"I sure wisht I could help you out," Doc said. "But it looks like you invented yourself into this fix, with that salve for the poll evil, and coming to a dry state on account of it. Maybe you can invent your way out."

"Mr. Thomas A. Edison hisself couldn't invent his way out of this fix," Pa said. "But it's worth trying."

So Pa walked off a piece and sat on the tongue of a manure spreader and closed his eyes, the way he does when he is inventing something. Me and Jake played mumblety-peg, despite it was getting so dark we couldn't see very good, and Doc Wilkey just sat rocking on the porch

Finally Pa jumped up real excited, the way he gets when he's just invented something, and run over to the porch.

"I got it, Doc, I got it!" he said. "You got any sheep capsules around the place?"

"No, sir," Doc said. "I got some horse capsules but I don't have no sheep capsules."

"Well, trot out the horse capsules, then," Pa said. "And you'd better shake a leg, because it's coming on night already."

So Doc went out to the barn and come back with some horse capsules. Pa looked the capsules over and said they looked pretty big even for horse capsules, but he was humming like when he is happy and

COLLIER'S WILLIAM SAKREN

contented. He took a capsule apart, filled it full of the fresh-made whisky out of the jar and put it together again.

"You don't aim to try to swallow that, do you?" Doc said.

"I sure do" Pa said, and he put it in his mouth.

Then he choked and snorted until me and Jake and Doc thought he would strangle for sure, but finally he got it swallowed. I guess one of them capsules must've held two big jiggers, and when Pa had swallowed three more, he said that would have to do on account of it being so late.

"I sure am glad you suggested the inventing," Pa said to Doc, "because I certainly was in a fix. I'll give you what's left of this quart, Doc, and we'll call it square for the capsules. Come on, boys."

By the time we got back home, it was around nine o'clock, and Pa set out on the front porch, swatting at mosquitoes and waiting for his invention to work. Me and Jake went out in the front yard and threw rocks at a bat but we couldn't hit it.

At ten o'clock, Pa was still sober as a hard-shell Baptist. He called me and Jake up on the porch and said, "Boys, it's getting late, and you both got to take a bath yet. Your Ma has a mite of cold and she turned in long ago. So you'd better skedaddle on inside."

I said, "All right, Pa," and Jake said, "How's your invention working, Pa?"

"It ain't working so good, to tell the honest truth," Pa said. "It's probably them cheap capsules. But there's still plenty of time to get results Jake, you go fetch me the citronella. Someday I'm going to invent something for mosquitoes that don't smell to high heaven."

By the time me and Jake had took our baths and was ready for bed, it was pretty near eleven o'clock but we could tell from the sound of Pa's rocking chair on the porch that he was still sober as a circuit judge. When Pa is good and lickered up, he rocks slow and steady, like the pendulum on a granddaddy clock. It makes a real restful sound. But now he was rocking fast and jerky. We laid in bed for a long time waiting for the rocking to slow up, so we would know the invention was working, but it still sounded jerky when we fell asleep.

The first thing at breakfast next morning, Jake asked Pa about the invention.

"Well," said Pa, "let it be a lesson to you boys. Sometimes you think you have got hold of a good thing, and it turns out to be a snare and a delusion. It is the Almighty's way of taking us down a peg or two."

So we didn't say no more about it. For one thing, Pa don't care much about discussing an invention that turns out punk, and for another he don't believe in a lot of talking on Sundays. When the good Lord give us a day of rest, Pa says, He meant for us to rest all over, including our jaws. So even walking down the road to church, me and Jake only whispered a couple of times, because we knew Pa was disappointed in hisself and kind of touchy.

THERE was a visiting preacher that morning, from Topeka He had sideburns and he preached about all kinds of sin, but mostly about the evil of liquor. He said it was a sin that reached from the lowest places to the highest, and how just last night there was some terrible goings-ons right in the state capitol, with a lot of big politicians getting pie-eyed on liquor that was made right here in Kansas. I never seen Pa look so indignant in his life as right then

After the preaching, there was hymns, and I noticed Pa was singing lots louder than usual. As a matter of fact, I don't think I ever heard Pa sing as loud and as good as he done that morning And after the singing, it come time for Pa to take up the collection.

Usually, Pa just walked down to the preaching platform, and the preacher handed him the collection plate, and Pa passed it along each pew until everybody had chipped in. But this time was different

Pa walked down to the stand and said, "Parson, give me that plate! Maybe you seen some highfalutin plate-passing up at Topeka, Parson, but the truth is, you ain't seen a thing! Because I aim to take up the goldurndest stem-winder of an offering that was ever took in this county. Because the way you lit into them low-down whisky-drinking politicians was a sure-enough blessing to the Lord! Glory—" And then Pa let out a belch you could hear clean over to the courthouse.

Well, sir, everybody was kind of took aback, because it wasn't like Pa to behave like he was doing. But Pa went right ahead and handed the plate to Uncle John Tinsley that sat in the front pew and always started the collection going with a shiny ten-cent piece, and everything went along all right. Only when Pa come to our pew and handed the plate in, I noticed he smelled funny.

I leaned over to Jake and whispered, "Hey, Jake, did you notice how Pa smelled?"

Jake whispered, "Uh-huh.

"You boys stop that whispering," Ma whispered I guess she couldn't smell him on account of her cold

I leaned over to Jake again and whispered, "What do you reckon makes him smell that way, Jake? He never smelled that way before."

"I ain't sure," Jake whispered, "but I got a good idea. You better shut up or Ma will skin you for sure."

By that time Pa was finished taking up the collection and was walking down to hand it over to the preacher. He walked up on the platform and handed the plate to the preacher and said, "There you are Parson! There's five dollars in that plate if there's a jitney! I guess that'll show them besotted scoundrels that's spending the taxpayers' hard-earned money for bootleg whisky. I reckon that will show them what's what, all right. Take it, Parson, because you're a sure-enough friend of us poor sinners."

The preacher seemed kind of troubled about something, maybe by the way Pa smelled. At any rate, he backed off from Pa a bit, like he was afraid that he was liable to explode or something. But I guess Pa never took notice of how the preacher was behaving, because he was just turning around to step down off of the platform, when all of a sudden his face lit up like a lamp

"By the Lord Harry!" Pa hollered, stopping dead in his tracks. "I got it! So help me! I got it!" And then Pa stepped up to the edge of the preaching platform and stood stiff and straight with his arms clasped behind his back and scowled at the congregation something fierce.

"Ye call me chief!" Pa said. "And ye do well to call him chief," Pa said, very serious, "who for twelve long years has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who has never yet lowered his arm!

"If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on!

"As a matter of fact," Pa said, "I figure I could take on any four of you and wallop the living daylights out of your hides. Yes siree, and you can throw in this here fancy-pants parson for good measure. Him and his sideburns both."

And then Pa let loose with another belch, even louder than the first one, and keeled over like somebody had belted him with a whiffletree

WELL, sir, even after Pa invented the corn-husking contraption and we all moved to Nebraska, Pa kept brooding over the matter of them horse capsules. But coming home from the Word of God Reformed Tabernacle one Wednesday evening, he perked up considerable.

"Boys," Pa said to me and Jake, "if you should choose to carry on the work I am doing, always remember what I'm about to tell you:

"Some times you start out with a little bitty invention that don't pan out proper and you get plumb discouraged. You commence to figuring you should've gone into some other line of business. And the first thing you know, it turns out to be something almighty big and important. For instance, just this week I have wrote a letter to the War Department in Washington, D. C., giving them the idea for a new kind of bomb. It's a kind of bomb for dropping out of flying machines.

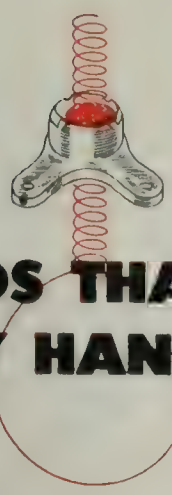
"And this here bomb would just lay quiet for a while—like a monster horse capsule, kind of—until the excitement died down.

"And then—KABLOOIE! I guess you might call it a delayed-action bomb.

"You boys mark my words: Some day you're going to hear a lot about that invention."

And as usual, Pa was right

THE END



THREADS THAT LIVES MAY HANG ON

When wars were fought at a slower pace, it is said hat "for want of a nail" a shoe, a horse, a rider, a battle and finally a kingdom were lost.

Little things can be just as vital in the war today —things as humble, for example, as the nuts which hold fighting aircraft staunch and tight.

The lives of flying crews may hang on the threads of nuts which stay put—hold fast against the chatter of gunfire, the throb of pulsing engines, the wrack nd twist and vibration of massive wings wheeling nd twisting through thin air.

We make such a nut. We have made more than hree billion of them. And as far as is known, not single one of these nuts has ever failed in service.

t is the special virtue of Elastic Stop Nuts that hey never loosen, slip, shake off or break.

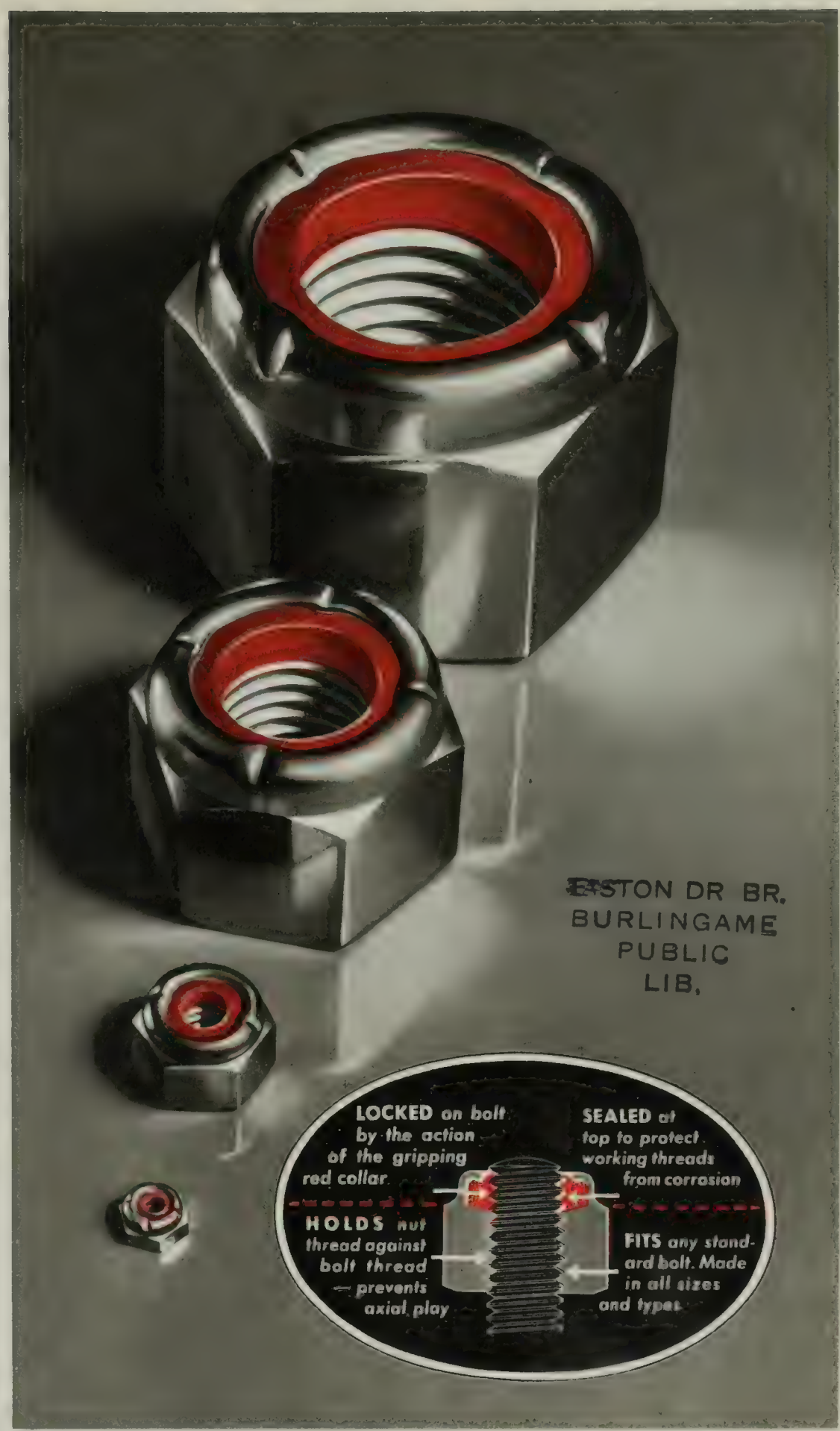
mall wonder they are used on every airplane nade in the United States and Canada — as many s 50,000 may be used in a single ship.

ome day these nuts will be available for purposes ther than the grim jobs of war.

When they are, automobiles will be tighter and afer and quieter—everything from garden tools or arm tractors to radios and vacuum cleaners will ve longer and less troublesome service.

ut that's for the future. Today, all these tenacious uts we can make go for an even more important urpose — which is the simple task of holding tight ll the war is won.

LASTIC STOP NUT CORPORATION OF AMERICA
UNION, NEW JERSEY AND LINCOLN, NEBRASKA



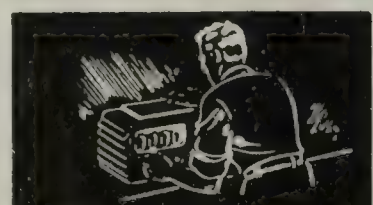
EASTON DR BR.
BURLINGAME
PUBLIC
LIB.

ELASTIC STOP NUTS

Lock fast to make things last

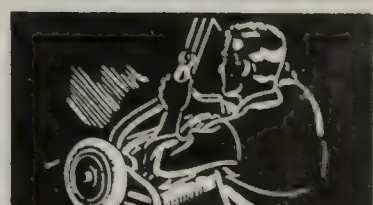
ESNA
TRADE MARK

Washing machines call for nut-and-bolt connections that stay tight under heavy use. Elastic Stop Nuts keep such appliances running right.



Radio sets will last longer, keep a truer tone, with Elastic Stop Nuts holding important fastenings firm and tight.

When regular nuts loosen, cars squeak. So look ahead to quieter automobiles after victory is won.



On a lawn mower ordinary nuts may loosen, fall off, get lost in deep grass. Elastic Stop Nuts stay put.

YOU MIGHT CALL IT SHAVE INSURANCE

The day you bought your Schick Electric Shaver (we hope you *did* get one before our factory went all-out on war production!) you bought the world's quickest, easiest, most comfortable way of shaving.

And that's something you certainly want to insure keeping!

So, you'll be glad to know that even if you were to damage your precious Schick, it can be put back in perfect condition again.

At all of the offices listed below they've got a supply of genuine Schick renewal parts—and are prepared to give expert service down to the last whisker, at very low cost. They can even fit your present Schick with a new 2-M Hollow-Ground Shearing Head—and it will cost you only $3!*

Just to be *sure* everything's okeh—why not take or mail your Schick in for a check-up, and let them clean, adjust and lubricate it? The charge will be trifling!

SCHICK INCORPORATED, Stamford, Conn., U.S.A.

★★★

Fourth-Term Frost in Dixie

Continued from page 11

ning at a Farmer-Labor roarfest, uted, "This is a hell of a meeting, no-ly's spoke out of turn and got throwed yet. Here goes! Listen!"

Today, politically even more than in-trially, Dixie is a sight to behold. Her s politicians, their stooges and echoes, twice as belligerent as the legions of diers who are training in her hills and es. If they were half as mad at Hitler, ssolini and Tojo as they are at Franklin osevelt, Eleanor Roosevelt and—of all ocent bystanders—Henry Agard Wal-e, our enemies would be asking for ns. Never friendly to the New Deal as ational policy except when it took over er to a satisfactory extent) the succor- of its poverty-stricken, Dixie now gs to repudiate it—particularly its la- legislation and minimum-wage stand-s. Her businessmen talk Jefferson but k Hamilton.

ealizing that her economic salvation essitates industrial expansion in her right and less dependence on agricul-, Dixie blames the President for her re to have achieved this end. Mrs. osevelt is held responsible for what the th regards as a growing Negro men- and some of the stories they hasten ell you about this are as incredible hey are startling.

A Revolt on Racial Grounds

fter a couple of fruitless efforts, we e up trying to find proof of any of n. But be assured of this: A danger-y large portion of the South's increas-revolt against the Roosevelt regime is al. What they're going to do with the rning Negro who has migrated North hare in the war-industry high-wage anza worries them sick.

he second emancipation of the Negro, which Mrs. Roosevelt gets most of the it, is regarded as a political problem h may have to be solved roughly. In South's current temper, it would not ire major incidents to start a few ma-ace riots.

ntil recently the white tenant farmer sharecropper were as close to Mr. sevelt as his undershirt, ready to vote im with a gun if necessary. But what the gradual disappearance of prewar al financial assistance, they, too, have considerable of their ardor.

lso, they're being well needled with ger-menace" stories and they—the es from which the overwhelming ma-y of Ku-Klux and lynch-mob mem- are recruited—neither ask for proof eek it. Anyway, many of those lower-ket sons and daughters of politically led Dixie are now in war-industry ts earning more money than they can fortably count and they've sort of for-n the Good Samaritan.

eroes last just so long and no longer, cularly on a full stomach. Before the it would have been as difficult for the h's big shots to wean their wool-hat ren away from Mr. Roosevelt as for amyankee" to make Republicans of . Like their political and financial rs, they're still Democrats. Like them, re going to keep on being Democrats ome time to come. But Mr. Roose-still the most resourceful politician in United States, is going to have to turn verything he's got to fill them with the ime religion next year.

e're not saying that they won't vote im if he's nominated; and in spite of e "confidential" stuff poured into our we found no incontrovertible reason lieve that he won't be nominated if hooses again to draft himself. Mr. evelt and the Democratic party are worse than synonymous; they're virtually identical. And that, for another thing, is what Dixie's mad about.

Time was when the South was properly regarded as the party's bulwark. Today she feels that she's regarded merely as a Roosevelt fief. There are no immediate indications yet that the South will abandon her Democratic habit as she did in 1928 when five states deserted Wet-Catholic-Tammany Al Smith. But change is as inevitable below the Mason-Dixon line as elsewhere, and today the South has all the solidity of a picnic banana.

Those persons, interests and influences who do not adore Mr. Roosevelt are doing quite a job on him in Dixie. The honorable and genial Jim Farley, while scarcely the major political prophet he used to be, is still trouping the brush urging his fellow Democrats to do their duty. He has recently toured the South. He will repeat that. It is not his idea of a Democrat's duty to perpetuate Mr. Roosevelt in office. Mr. Farley is popular in Dixie.

One of the most important of America's industrial organizations (identity a political secret) has its missionaries working the entire sector. It has large sums of money to spend and its missionaries are open-handed with it. As a result, many of Dixie's clergymen, politically more powerful than their ministerial brethren in the North, are now gently but firmly deploring the possibility of a fourth term for Mr. Roosevelt, viewing with alarm the increasing threats to individual enterprise and the growing tendency toward governmental control of industry. This preacher persuasion is not flowing direct from the pulpit but rather from the clergy in its more intimate man-to-man contacts.

There is no particular ballyhoo for any aspiring Democrat successor to Mr. Roosevelt, particularly none for any possible Republican candidate. Incidentally, none of the Republican aspirants to the Presidency has his shills working Dixie yet. The only Republican conversation piece getting any publicity at all is Mr. Willkie, and he, alas, is being spoken of as the probable William Jennings Bryan of the Republican party. The preacher influence against a fourth term for Mr. Roosevelt is of a negative turn: "Mr. Roosevelt's a fine man but—" That sort of thing.

Yet Dixie is not at all hopeful that she will have an opportunity to vote for any Democratic candidate but Mr. Roosevelt. At present she is concentrating on abolishing those closest to him, hoping thus to circumscribe some of his domestic policies. The South is in the position of the offended man who can't lick the guy he dislikes most and is going to try to take it out on his little brothers.

Anyone But Wallace

One of Dixie's most persuasive politicians pushed us off into a corner and argued thus: Henry Wallace for Vice-President again? That crystal gazer? No, brother, no! Suppose the war ends. Suppose they set up a world supergovernment—a big League of Nations, a real one. Suppose Mr. Roosevelt decides to become head of that—president of the world. He resigns, leaving us in the hands of Mr. Wallace, that free-wheeling internationalist who, mind you, can't deliver his own state of Iowa in an election. No, brother, no!

In New Orleans, where you can get a bet on anything from what day it is to where Mrs. Roosevelt will be at twenty-two minutes after four next Thursday, we met a gambler who seemed to us to have the political temper of Dixie rather nicely gauged. The fellow has been a bookie for

No bone, no waste, TREET is ALL meat

Tasty, nourishing Treet makes your meat points go further

Stumped for a big meat meal that's easy on points? Get acquainted with ready-to-eat Treet. One tin makes a big meat meal for 4 . . . at just a little more than 1 point per serving!

Surprise your family with this Treet O'Brien dinner tonight! It's a platter heaped with good eating . . . for Treet is made only from choice pork shoulder meat and tender, flavorful ham—richest of all meats in Vitamin B_1.

Try Treet these war-busy days. It gets a big welcome any way you serve it—sliced cold, baked or fried. You'll be surprised at how easy meal planning can be—and how many red points you save!

Goes to fighting fronts, too!

Because our fighting men get so much Treet, your dealer may be out of it occasionally. But remember, his shortage is temporary. So keep on asking for Treet!

TREET O'BRIEN

Get one can of Treet. Cut 6 thin slices for frying and dice the rest. Fry the cubed Treet—together with 4 cups cubed cooked potatoes, ¾ cup sliced onion, ¼ cup sliced green pepper, ¼ tsp. salt—for 20 to 25 min. Serve with the 6 Treet slices fried 1 min. each side. Serves 4 to 5.

Armour and Company

For finest quality and flavor ask for

Star Canned Meats, Star Ham and Bacon, Star Beef, Veal and Lamb, Star Sausages, Cloverbloom Poultry and Dairy Products.

© ARMOUR AND COMPANY

fifteen years and is still eating. In other words he is regarded as somewhat shrewd. So we listened to him for a few minutes. He offered us two to one that Mr. Roosevelt would be the next President—provided the war is still with us. Incidentally he'd give you the same odds, being a careful man with a dollar, that it would be. But he'd give you three to one that any other Democrat would be defeated—particularly Mr. Wallace.

Poor Mr. Wallace is about as popular in Dixie as Mr. John L. Lewis. In fact our gambler would give us even money that Mr. Wallace would not be nominated for Vice-President, his argument being that, for political expediency, the President would jettison Mr. Wallace and return to the South for a running mate—perhaps Governor Coke Stevenson of Texas, Governor Ellis Arnall of Georgia or Mr. James F. Byrnes of South Carolina. And finally this bookie was willing to bet five against three that whatever else might transpire, the next Congress would be very definitely Republican.

Briefly then, Dixie's numerous small fry are being inflamed by horrid tales of a looming Negro domination, of a return of carpetbaggerism, by assurances that Mr. Roosevelt proposes to give postwar Europe the vittles and cash and let hungry Southerners shift for themselves in the depression which will follow this war. Somewhat more realistically, certainly with more intelligent reason, Dixie's little businessman, too—commercial and industrial—is losing his appetite for Mr. Roosevelt.

Little Men at the Wall

From Richmond, Virginia, to Houston, Texas, real-estate agencies are eager to show you their long lists of vacant shops, stores and lofts. Not that business in general isn't booming. But it is the big department store that's selling shirts, not the little haberdashery. It is the financially well-heeled chain grocers who have full shelves, not the lonely independent. Hardware merchants big and little are in lots of trouble. Luxury purveyors are just out of luck, that's all.

Of course the war and its attending dislocations are responsible. The South is as conscious of this as any other part of the country. Anybody imagining that Dixie's ability to fight has diminished is pitiful indeed. He who thinks that her military traditions have lost so much as a single red corpuscle is himself in need of a course of vitamin pills. But the small businessman of the South derives no particular comfort from such self-evident truth.

He laments that he is strangled by government red tape. He emerges apoplectic from a hundred government offices wherein, he roars, "Squirt clerks, New Deal statisticians, Roosevelt economists, professional bright boys, and college niggers tell him how to run his business, whom he shall hire, what he shall charge whether there's profit in it or not." (We're here quoting a wholesale baker who added that next year he'd vote "against Roosevelt even if I have to vote for that guy in Ohio, whatever his name is.")

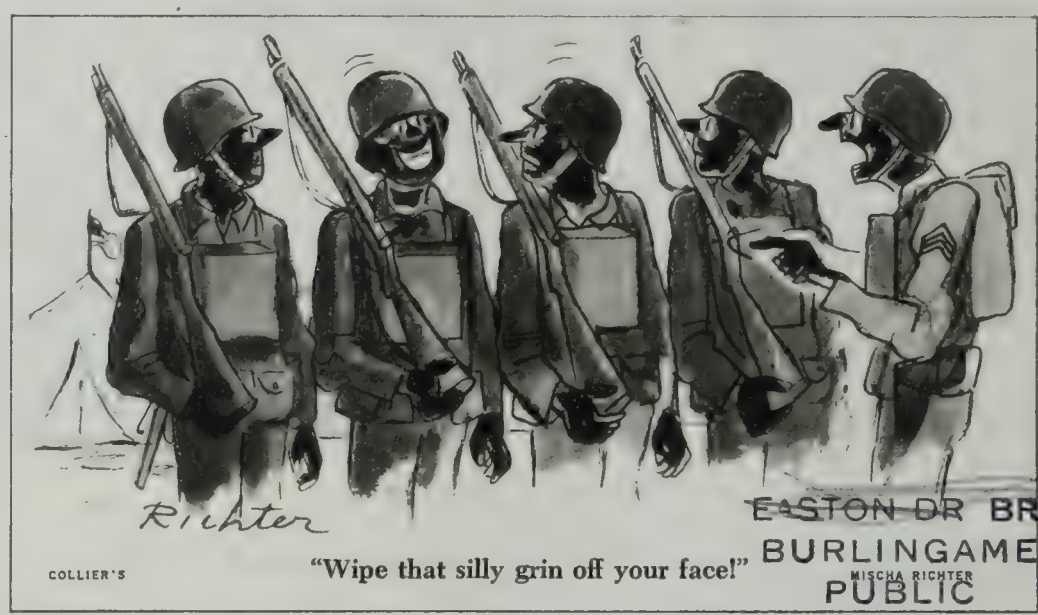
He was much more worked up than a gentleman who used to run a motorcar repair shop and a couple of filling stations. This small businessman was sitting in his office, the only part of his repair shop that was open, or had been open for three months. He was reading one of a stack of very official-looking documents. Occasionally he'd stop frowning and write something on the paper. They were government questionnaires. In six months he had received forty-two of them from seven separate government agencies.

Like the vast majority of businessmen of his size, he had either ignored them entirely or had found them incomprehensible or had been much too busy earning a living to give them the many hours, the numerous days, that filling them in called for.

"I don't know who wrote this whodunit," he lamented, "but he musta had something on his mind. Listen."

And he read us parts A and B of question 32F, to wit: (A) "In per cent, tell what portion of your regular business operations were transacted on Saturday forenoon. Saturday afternoon? Compare these figures with similar business operations transacted during the same periods on Mondays. (B) If you employed three or more assistants, skilled and unskilled, but fewer than ten in the ordinary (if extraordinary, state fully) transaction of your normal business, give exact information about each: Age, education, sex, race, married or single, wages, hours of work per day, length of employment, working characteristics (state fully), religion, distance each must travel to and from employment, if discharged from your employ. State fully."

A manufacturer's agent reported that he had received twelve pounds of questionnaires from federal bureaus in seven months. In the same period he had received three leaflets asking him to conserve paper. He sent the latter back adding three words to each: "You're asking me?"



"Wipe that silly grin off your face!"

EASTON DR BR. BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIB.

These harassed gentlemen are not merely irritated by such foaming bureaucracy; they're scared. Their businesses gone or going, how are they to pay their taxes, particularly such time-bomb levies as the federal income tax? They ask you that. From sources we have not been able to isolate they have heard disquieting tales of the Roosevelt Administration's attitude toward postwar immigration.

Maybe it is enemy propaganda, maybe the old political smear. At any rate it runs like this: Mr. Roosevelt, strongly urged by Henry Wallace, and "Others" are more than agreeable to admitting into this country large numbers of small, war-forlorn Europeans and, with government assistance, to establishing them in the small businesses of which they were deprived by Hitler.

If it's the smear in action, the President's foes have set it in motion awfully early. It usually doesn't get under way to that extent until just before election.

Opposition to New Deal

Even more than big business, the little businessman of the South is unalterably opposed to the New Deal's minimum-wage legislation, to prolabor legislation, to the closed shop, to the Negro's growing government-encouraged independence and self-assertion and to the black man's increasing awareness of his economic value and the price to put on it.

It's a scandalous waste of time to argue the Negro question with the average Dixie-born white, but the South has been overrun with Yankee weepers who, in the name of the government, in the pay of the government, have been doing just that. Certainly it hasn't counteracted any of the accumulating anti-Roosevelt feeling that lies deep in the heart of Texas—to say nothing of Mississippi, Alabama and other Southern parts.

We happened to be in Dixie when three Mississippians were being tried by the government on the charge of lynching a black man. The trio were sprung—acquitted. That they would be, whatever the evidence against them might be, was freely predicted. With a proper show of astonishment we asked our informants what made them so certain—before trial. Because, they said, the government was doing the prosecuting; because they're getting sick and tired of federal interference in what they insist upon regarding as States' rights.

In Atlanta, skillfully hosted by young Governor Arnall (36), sat the Southern Regional Conference of the Council of State Governments. And while these governors and their deputies were theoretically discussing the welfare of their people as a whole, you got a comprehensive summation of why Dixie's big shots, the controllers of her wealth, were quite ready, war or no war, to give Mr. Roosevelt to history and carry on with a new President after January, 1945. Although it did not emerge in the conference's debate, it was not difficult to gather that they expected the end of the war to come in 1945.

For domestic reasons they clearly preferred to fight the peace, with the White House occupied by someone not quite so global-minded as Mr. Roosevelt nor as enamored of all creation as Mr. Wallace.

The conference devoted most of its time to the discussion of what Mr. Arnall called the Four Peevedoms: Freight-rate differentials, federal aid not being granted on the basis of need rather than on the state's ability to pay, the current system of gasoline rationing, and the disappointing distribution of federal patronage.

The Honorable Prentice Cooper, governor of the Crumped-up state of Tennessee, was by all means the most specific speaker on freight-rate differentials. It's an old story, dating back to the shabby days following the Civil War, days in which the North can take no pride whatever. He told the discouraging story of how Massachusetts shoe manufacturers can ship shoes to, say, Memphis, Tennessee, and Mobile, Alabama, for less freight charges than the Dallas, Texas, manufacturer can. And while both Jacksonville, Florida, and Chicago, Illinois, produce automobile storage batteries and both are the same distance from Washington, D. C., it costs the Jacksonville manufacturer eleven cents more, per battery, to deliver his product in the nation's capital.

These instances are samples. The conference wanted to know (and proposed to find out) why Mr. Roosevelt was not as eager to correct this inequality as he was to raise the wages of the Southern worker.

In this understandably selfish humor, the conferees wondered what was to become of the vast war-industry pl which are continuing to pop up overn throughout the South. After the war, w were they to be used for? If Sout manufacturers were to inherit them, v they to produce commodities which c not compete with stuff turned out in s lar plants in the North because of fre differentials? Or was the government ing to operate them, thus competing private enterprise? Or would they turned over to Yankee industrial

"Politics, being politics, permeate e phase of human life," said Mr. Ar without reference to Sad Sam Jones, incidentally was not present at this ticular conference. "I hope that we ir South, without being loyal or disloy any political idea, name, personag group, may insist on justice as our ina able right as a part of the American eration of states."

Dixie's second peevedom got a l oratory. "Why should old-age pen be larger in the rich states of New and California, for example, than i poorer states of Georgia and Mississi she asks. The federal government, Dixie, should see to it that her old get as much as the North's, even if her tributions thereto were necessarily sm

The conference talked briefly but edly about the government's gas rationing system. We gathered tha gentlemen didn't understand it wit clarity they understood the other p doms. Neither did we. Later, tra west, we began to discover that nobo Dixie was quite clear about it. Bu farther west one went, the more gas one could buy, the easier it became B and C cards, and the more inclined ers were to say, "To hell with it an How many gallons, sir?"

Oil Springs from the Ground

This is particularly true in Lou and Texas, where it is very difficult f natives to understand why they ma fill their tanks with the old-time ab when oil springs from the ground erally as boulders in New England.

Dixie's politicians—both the "ins the "outs"—are fit to be tied whe mention federal patronage. They co that the least a Democratic Pre could do would be to tell the bos his almost innumerable war bureau OPA as a particularly flagrant exa that local administrative offices sho manned by Democrats. They give stance upon instance of Republica ing appointed by Mr. Leon Hen when he was administrator of OP pointed to the directorships of st district offices of OPA in a land obviously, the better men are Dem

They tell you, too, that Republic these important federal jobs we above sabotage of the President. Th was to increase Dixie's distaste for ing by irritating the citizenry as mu as often as possible, by making rulings, ceiling price lists and price entials less and less understandabl never failing to explain that it was Roosevelt's fault anyway.

All that we're utterly confident this remote date is that Mr. Roos wrong if he thinks that any of his (except that the war must be w shared wholeheartedly by his old heart—Dixie. The last thing she to that one of these days she is g serve him (or some one of his mill attorneys) with "or else" papers.

In the meantime, Dixie's own sentatives are sleuthing the Demo the North and asking them wh have on their minds. If she finds th too, are quite disgruntled, she likely to become more and more sive in her anti-Roosevelt fight.

THE END

THINK
before you
travel
HE is one in two million who every month board American railroad trains under military orders to ride away on sombre, terrible, necessary business – the business of America's salvation – the business of war.
To move these two million men each month in special cars and trains takes more than one-half of all the sleeping cars and one-third of all the coaches in the United States.
With what equipment is left the railroads must move individual servicemen or smaller groups traveling under orders – soldiers, sailors, marines and coast guards on furlough–families visiting servicemen in camps–businessmen and other workers on war business – those who can no longer use their automobiles – and every other sort of traveler by rail.
In all, the railroads today carry nearly four times the passenger traffic of 1939.
That's the score today, and Americans who know it understand why travelers sometimes have to wait at ticket windows or why they cannot always get accommodations when they want them.
Whether you travel this summer – and where – and when, are questions which you alone can answer – but answer them with your eyes fixed on the fighting fronts and with the needs of the armed forces in your mind.
When your trip is necessary, you can help by asking the railroad ticket agents about the less crowded days and trains on which to travel. You can help by traveling "light" and by canceling reservations promptly if your plans are changed.
The American railroads and railroad men will continue to do their utmost to get through the heavy movements indispensable to winning the war.
AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF RAILROADS
ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

Seven Sins

Continued from page 16

"The first time in my experience, Inspector," he said, "that I have been called to such a scene and found not a soul about."

"Just what I was thinking, Doctor," Bluett agreed, glancing over his shoulder. "Queer, I call it."

Inspector Firth stepped back, and during a brief flood of moonlight, surveyed the house. It was one of those bijou Mayfair residences, smart and labor-saving, which had become so popular as a result of the insoluble servant problem. It contained no more than seven or eight rooms and had a total frontage of some four paces.

As Firth stood there looking up, South Audley Street's silence was broken.

A sound of distant chanting arose. The voice was a man's, rich, sweet, and informed with passionate intensity.

As this chanting swelled, diminished, and died away, the moon became wholly obscured. Drops of rain made a sound like tapping fingers on the car roof, and some small, furry object darted past Sergeant Bluett and disappeared in darkness.

"Here! What was that?" he exclaimed.

"That," said Firth, with ponderous sarcasm, "was an example of *felis domestica,* or common hoose cat. The bell push is directly before ye . . . For heaven's sake, what's that?"

"That" was another cat, which had brushed against Firth's leg in retiring. And now Sergeant Bluett began to shine his torch into shadows behind the low parapet—and out from this cover sprang cats of all kinds—certainly no less than ten! When the last of the cats, a large and majestic Persian, had been put to flight by the questing ray, Sergeant Bluett inhaled deeply.

THE three men before the scarlet door exchanged glances. It was the police driver who spoke. "That's funny," he said.

Inspector Firth half turned as if to reply, then evidently changed his mind and addressed Bluett instead:

"Ring again—and keep on ringing."

So that once more that remote buzzing might be heard from somewhere behind the scarlet door. And now Firth pressed his ear to one of the enameled panels.

"Can you hear anything?" Doctor Fawcett inquired, a nervous note in his voice.

"I can. Footsteps."

The door was opened. Against dim light in a paved lobby, a gaunt figure appeared, the figure of a man almost as tall as Chief Inspector Firth. He wore what looked, at first sight, like a yellow dressing gown, but which appeared, on closer inspection, to be a robe of unbleached linen. As Bluett uncompromisingly directed the ray of his torch upon the man's face, his impression that they had disturbed a priest at his devotions was strengthened rather than removed.

It was a strange face, that of an esthete, a scholar, drawn and lined, no more than a pallid frame for large, burning eyes which seemed to change from gray to blue. This man was so blond that it was hard to tell if his hair, grown unfashionably long and brushed back from a brow almost Shakespearean in countour, was very fair or nearly white. He wore a slight mustache which drooped at the ends. Save for the fire which burned in his eyes, he was strangely, almost unnaturally composed.

"Good evening, sir," said the chief inspector, stepping forward. "Do I address Lord Marcus Amberdale?"

"You do. I am at your service."

Firth turned and spoke to the driver: "Pull around the corner of South Street. Keep a sharp lookout."

And as he spoke, from the dim lobby where Lord Marcus stood, out into that silent street, crept the heavy perfume of burning incense.

"You sent a message to Scotland Yard about ten minutes ago, sir," Firth said. "I am here to investigate."

"You are welcome." The refined, musical, rather troubled voice expressed little beyond bewilderment.

"I am Chief Inspector Firth."

"Please come in, Chief Inspector. I was fortunate to find Colonel O'Halloran in his office when I phoned. He and I were formerly brother officers, you know. Who are these other gentlemen?"

"Detective Sergeant Bluett, my assistant, and Doctor Fawcett, divisional surgeon."

"Yes, of course. Will you please come in also, gentlemen? I do not desire to be rude, but this regrettable interruption could not have occurred at a less fortunate moment. I must request you to lower your voices and to make as little noise as possible. You will understand, I trust, that I have a reason for my request."

The lobby which they entered was paved with what Doctor Fawcett (something of an archeologist) judged to be fragments of Roman mosaic, cleverly reconstructed in a geometrical design. On the walls were singular frescoes, and a ceiling of lapis lazuli blue had been gemmed with stars in mother-of-pearl or some other translucent material.

FOUR antique pillars supported this ceiling, or heaven, and between two of them, a purple curtain hung. A niche in one wall enshrined a statuette of Isis, an Ancient Egyptian piece, quite perfect, which must have been a great value. A lamp burned before it. Otherwise, although the lobby swam in a sort of liquid radiance, the source of light was invisible. And now, the scarlet door being closed, that oppression of incense which had been perceptible outside became almost unendurable—a subtle prompting to be repelled at all costs.

A long Roman couch rested before the wall facing the niche of Isis, and upon this lay the body of a man in evening dress. Lord Marcus, having admitted his visitors, stood before the purple curtain, and one saw, now, that his robe was bordered with a design of a similar color. He wore sandals. His large blue eyes were dreamy, preoccupied.

"I repeat, gentlemen, make as little noise as possible," he cautioned. "My house is a small one; and tonight, when I had reached a higher plane than any I had reached before, comes interruption upon interruption."

He folded his arms and stood there, a tall, strangely impressive figure, that of a high priest who guards the holy of holies. Doctor Fawcett put down his bag and crossed the lobby. He bent over the man who lay on the couch—stooped lower, and uttered an exclamation.

"What?" asked Firth, and was surprised to note that his somewhat strident voice had uttered no more than a whisper.

"He has a broken neck."

"What?"

"See for yourself!"

Lord Marcus, his lips moving as if in silent prayer, did not stir. He looked straight before him in the direction of the closed door, which inside was paneled with dull silver and engraved with cabalistic inscriptions. Firth and Detective Sergeant Bluett joined Doctor Fawcett.

COLLIER'S "He says for a small sum he'll come along and point out places of scenic interest" CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

They saw the body of a man of no more than medium height, but of good figure. He wore a double-breasted dinner jacket and its usual accompaniments, and his face, closely shaven except for a mustache resembling a penciled line, was that of one thirty-five or forty years of age, who in life might have been conventionally handsome. He had abundant wavy dark hair, carefully dressed, and all those attributes of good grooming which are usually associated with a man of culture. His complexion, however, and his expression (if expression it could be called) were unpleasant to see. He appeared to have sustained a tremendous blow on the brow above his right eye, and his head was twisted in a grotesquely horrible manner.

Doctor Fawcett carefully examined a slight abrasion on the firm, clean-shaven jaw. He manipulated the bones and made other examinations; then, straightening up, he stared at that immobile robed figure before the purple curtain. On an Arab coffee table stood a crystal pitcher half full of water, a tumbler beside it.

"Did you try to revive him?" the doctor asked Lord Marcus.

"Yes." He inclined his head very slightly. "But the moment I endeavored to raise him, I realized—as you have realized—that his neck was broken."

"Was he a friend of yours?" The ques tion came from Firth.

"I never saw him in my life before."

"Of course, Doctor—" the chief inspec tor turned, the lids of his leonine eye slightly contracted—"you know who thi is?"

"The face is familiar in some way, In spector, but I confess—"

"*You* know him, Sergeant Bluett?"

Bluett, who was examining the conten of a wallet he had found on the dead ma turned. "No. I was just trying to find out

"Aye, it's a fact that a man's appearan undergoes a subtle change after he h had his neck broken. It's Sir Gil Loeder."

"You are right—so it is!" Doctor Fa cett exclaimed. "I heard him broadca from the B.B.C. this evening—postscri to the nine-o'clock news!"

"Aye? Is that so? Weel, no doubt ye be wishing to complete your examinatio Doctor. I will leave you to it. . . . Is it po sible for us, Lord Marcus, to sit do anywhere while I ask you a few simp questions?"

"I am at your disposal, Chief Insp tor. Will you be good enough to come t way?"

LORD MARCUS crossed before the c tain and opened a door in a rec which one might not have suspected be there. He stood aside, slightly incl ing his head again. Firth and Bluett, e casting an odd, sidelong glance at form on the Roman couch, entered room which was evidently a study.

The smell of incense was less percepti here, and in his distinctive way, each the men, as he entered past the wh robed Lord Marcus, experienced a sul sense of gratitude for this. Lord Mar pausing for a moment in an attitude listening, entered after them and clo the door with a long, white, delicate ha He indicated a settee and a deep armch

This, they saw, was an orderly w room, every available inch of wall sp being occupied by closely stacked volur On a large mahogany table a green-sha lamp burned; and all the titles of t books within reach of its light refle up from the carved and lustrous sur indicated that occultism and An Egypt played a large part in Lord Ma studies.

A nearly illegible papyrus was ope this table, held flat by four unusual pa weights. These were: a black granite ure of Set, god of the dead; a fossi fish; a lump of quartz glittering specks of gold; and a mummied hand of a woman) highly varnished mounted in a gold bangle. Before books on some of the shelves were s ettes and tomb ornaments, with fragn of mural decorations, and there w complete mummy in a highly paintec cophagus standing just inside the doc

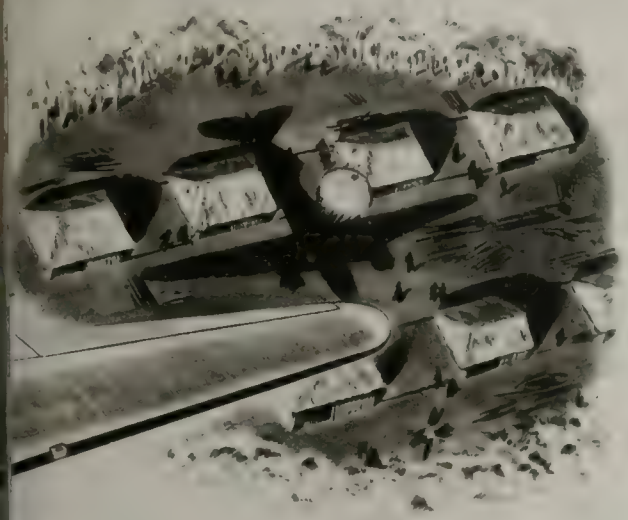
"Gentlemen," said Lord Marcus, " you to be seated."

Chief Inspector Firth was angrily scious of feeling ill at ease. The situ was outside his experience. There folly, madness, in the story somew for he doubted the sanity of this impa linen-robed man, who during a na crisis unique in history could find for whatever mumbo-jumbo was goi behind that drawn curtain. Neverth Lord Marcus, mad or sane, was a s the aged Marquis of Ord. Therefor chief inspector began awkwardly, " I ask, sir, at what time Sir Giles arri

"Arrived?" the musical voice e "I fear I cannot tell you exactly; b sound of his arrival, if it may be scribed, broke in upon the rites at

"With Lear Avia Equipment, TRIPS THAT WERE DRAMATIC ARE NOW ROUTINE"

— PAN AMERICAN GRACE AIRWAYS INC.



Nine days by muleback from Quito, capital of Ecuador, s a work-camp where unarmed laborers were recently ttacked by savage Aushiris Indians. By radio a call or help went out to Quito. Rifles, ammunition, medical upplies and food were carried by plane and dropped t the camp after only an hour's flight.

shipment of 300,000 doses of sulfadiazine is Clippered stem an epidemic of meningitis in Chile. For the ed Cross in Haiti, another shipment containing 600 unds of medical supplies were flown for injured rvivors of ships torpedoed in the Caribbean.

Nearly four miles high, in the Chilean Andes, the great ships of Pan American-Grace Airways are guided through their rugged flight areas by Lear Avia.

HROUGH SOME of the strangest flying conditions on earth, the radios and direction-finders Lear Avia safeguard the ships of the Pan Amer- n System over much of South America. Over gles and mountains, the Flying Clipper Ships te all the capitals and most of the other cities our sister republics with air transport service, ded over much of their courses by Lear Avia ipment.

amous pilots who use Learadio in their planes lude: Clyde Pangborn, Major Al Williams, jor Alexander P. deSeversky, and Bob Hall. earadio, "*the pilot's preference,*" is now stand- equipment on the better known aircraft in- ding Grumman Amphibians, Wacos, Fairchilds, Cessnas, and most civilian and air cadet pilot training aircraft and itinerant types used in the service of the armed forces.

NINETY-EIGHT PERCENT of Lear's Production and Engineering facilities are today concentrated on projects of a secret or semi-secret nature. Automatic Electromechanical controls of Lear exclusive design are incorporated in aircraft manufactured by Consolidated, Douglas, Boeing, Lockheed, North American, Vultee, Grumman, Curtiss-Wright, Ford, General Motors, etc., now in combat on the world's battlefronts.

* * *

THE MAKING of precision products on principles developed by Lear's war program of research and invention is developing peacetime applications in many consumer fields in addition to aircraft.

THE LEAR ADF-8 Automatic Direction Finder fulfills all requirements of the modern air navigator in radio reception and direction finding. Everything you need – at your finger tips. Everything you want to know – at a glance.

The Lear ADF-8 combined with the Learmatic Navigator is a new basic instrument for navigation of aircraft. It ushers in a new era in air safety. Designed by pilots for pilots.

The Learmatic Navigator concentrates the entire navigational problem on a single dial; gives graphically its running solution; guides the pilot along his chosen track and brings him to his destination, and if need be to a safe landing; reduces pilot fatigue; and achieves greater safety in the air through greater precision of navigation.

LEAR AVIA, INC.

Learadio

PIQUA, OHIO

LLYWOOD, CALIF. • GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. • CHICAGO • CLEVELAND • NEW YORK

ATTLE-BORN • BATTLE-TESTED • BATTLE-PROVEN

PERIOR INSTRUMENTS FOR TOMORROW'S FLYING

ment of great danger to myself, since I was compelled to break the contact in order to learn what had occurred."

And now the courteous, but incomprehensible character of this reply increased Firth's ill-humor. "You mean that you were in another room—a room which we have not seen yet—engaged in some occupation which no doubt ye will explain later, when you heard a sound? What was the sound?"

Sir Marcus raised one hand to his brow in an effort of recollection. "I had become dimly conscious of a disturbance in the lobby. I had deliberately ignored it, supposing that Wake had returned."

"Who is Wake?"

"My butler."

"And had he returned?"

"No. Shortly after this sound interrupted me, however—it resembled that of scuffling footsteps and other slight movements—someone rang the doorbell."

"The doorbell? What did you do?"

"Accepting the interruption as unavoidable, I was forced to inquire what had caused it. In the lobby on the couch, as you see him now, I found a man lying. Until I actually touched him, I did not realize that he was dead."

There was a short, uneasy silence. Bluett broke it: "Do I understand your lordship to mean that there was no one else but yourself here at the time?"

Lord Marcus inclined his head in that characteristic gesture. "No one else who was conscious."

"Conscious?" Firth repeated in an irritably bewildered way. "Was there someone who was unconscious?"

"The physical shell of a woman. Her spirit was far away, climbing the staircase of the planets."

THE police officers exchanged glances. "I should like to point out, sir," Firth said, and his strident voice had become stern, his accent strongly marked, "that a murder, a most brutal murder, has been committed in this hoose tonight. What the staircase o' the planets has to do wi' it is not for me to say. But do I understand there is someone else on these premises—someone we have not seen—who was present at the time?"

"There is—but she remains in a state of exaltation, of trance. To arouse her might be fatal."

"That will be for the doctor to decide," said Firth dryly. "Ye say that yer butler was not in?"

"No. Speaking physically, I was alone in the house, Chief Inspector. I wish to make that clear."

"Quite so. And when ye came out into the lobby, would ye be noticing if the front door was open?"

"I opened it myself and looked out into the street. There was no one in sight, although I could see right to the corner."

"But," Firth persevered, "ye found the door shut?"

"It was shut."

Firth stared at his assistant rather helplessly. "This is quite beyond me," he confessed. "Are we to suppose that a man wi' a broken neck admitted himself into yon lobby? I think not. Therefore, someone else must ha' brought him in, and then slipped out again unless he is still here. Have you searched the hoose?"

"I have not left the ground floor. I was forced to return immediately to the rites."

Firth stood up and then sat down again. "The doctor is out yonder," he muttered, "so that if there is anyone else inside, he canna very well get out. Have you a back entrance?"

"No, there is no other entrance."

"Who, other than yoursel', has a key o' the front door?"

"Wake has one. But Wake has not returned."

"Late hours for a butler," Bluett suggested, glancing at his wrist watch.

Rather wearily Lord Marcus explained, "Wake sometimes sleeps out. His wife acts as caretaker at a house in Grosvenor Square. With my permission, he occasionally spends the night there."

"And no one else has a key, sir?" Firth insisted.

"No one else. It is a patented lock, and there are only two keys for it."

"What other servants are there?"

"A woman who acts as cook and who attends daily; otherwise Wake is in sole charge of my small household. Let me epitomize the situation, gentlemen." He glanced with those dreamy eyes from face to face. "I was engaged in a ritualistic experiment, the results of which might well have meant the end of that evil which oppresses the world.

"Hearing the sounds which I have described, I forced myself from the subconscious back into the conscious, and went out to the lobby. The man—I had never seen him before, but you say he is Sir Giles Loeder—was lying as you found him. The front door was locked. I can tell you nothing more. This is all I know."

There was a further uneasy pause. Then Firth spoke. "Realizing that the man was dead," he said, "you came to the phone, which I see on the table yonder and called up Scotland Yard. Is that correct?"

"It is correct. I then returned hoping that in the short time still left to me before final interruption should occur, I might reconquer some of what I had lost."

THE door opened and Doctor Fawcett entered, sniffing and looking from face to face, a man whose curiosity could brook no further repression. A wave of that disturbing perfume followed him in.

"Why do you burn incense, Lord Marcus?" he asked. "And what is it?"

"It is *kyphi*, the sacred *kyphi* of the Ancient Egyptian temples. I am the only man in modern times who has succeeded in producing it. As to why I burn it, I burn it during the rites."

The surgeon shook his head, staring inquiringly at Chief Inspector Firth. "Probably you will want to check the dead man's possessions," he said. "The cause of death is perfectly clear, of course. He seems to have been lifted up—lifted bodily up—and cast down, headfirst, upon the paving—an operation which, in the case of a powerful man—and I should say he was a fairly powerful man—would have created a tremendous disturbance."

"There was no such disturbance, Doctor," murmured Lord Marcus. "He cannot have sustained that frightful injury in my house."

Chief Inspector Firth stood up. He knew that the moment had come to make a demand of Lord Marcus which he anticipated would be declined. And although he fought a stout inward fight, he was unable to disguise from himself the fact that Lord Marcus, whom he believed to be mad, inspired him with a sort of respect, which, although he despised the weakness, he was unable to shake off. He faced him across the dimly lighted room.

"I must now request, sir," he said, his strident voice quite toneless, "to interview the other witness who, by your own account, was present at the time that the events reported took place."

DOCTOR FAWCETT observed a change stealing over the ascetic face of Lord Marcus. The dreamy blue eyes grew hard, the jaw more angular. He remembered vaguely that Lord Marcus had formerly been a soldier, and these were the eyes of a soldier which now looked out from the mask of the visionary.

"I appreciate, Chief Inspector"—his musical voice remained low and untroubled—"that you have power to enforce this request. But if I assure you that the lady you desire to see, although present in the body, is actually far from this house, if I assure you that she has remained throughout oblivious of all that has occurred here, will you accept my word, and not compel me to arouse her? I assure you upon my honor that to do so might prove fatal."

Firth glanced uneasily at Doctor Fawcett. "The decision on that point rests in your hands, Doctor, but for my part I must certainly see this lady."

"Can I count upon your support, sir?" asked Lord Marcus, turning to the surgeon. "If I make certain stipulations, as indeed I must, will you see that they are carried out?"

"To the best of my ability, Lord Marcus. But the conduct of this inquiry is in the hands of the chief inspector, not in mine."

"My stipulations are these," Lord Marcus went on: "I will permit you to see the shrine on the understanding that no sound is made, no word spoken. If you consider, Chief Inspector, that an interrogation is necessary, I must ask for more time."

The three men exchanged glances, and Firth nodded. "Verra weel," he said dourly. "This is the queerest business that ever came my ways, but I must carry out my duty. Lead on, sir."

"I forget Port Moresby's thump and I hate to bother Information!"

COLLIER'S SUYDAM

Lord Marcus extended a long, sl hand, inviting his visitors to return t lobby. Again, in passing, they all gla down at the dead man.

"Be good enough to remain immedi outside the door when I shall have op it," he said; "no foot but mine must the threshold. And be silent."

He pulled a cord, and the purple tain opened in its center, to reveal an of the silver-plated doors. This opened in the center, its twin leaves s silently to right and left. As it open overpowering wave of incense swep into the lobby.

The tall, robed figure entered. A perative gesture warned them to pau the threshold. It was significant tha all moved on tiptoe as one does i echoing vastness of a cathedral, alth the place into which they looked was such dimensions. It was, however, o prising form.

The floor was paved with shiny stone; the walls were plastered and co with mural decorations of Ancient tian figures. It was lighted by two glo lamps resting on slender silver tripo right and left of a golden curtain occupied a great part of that wall faced the door. The ceiling was a ently of dull black, creating an impr of space above. Apart from the two lamps, there was absolutely no fur whatever in the apartment.

Raising a finger to his lips as he l back across his shoulder, Lord M stepping silently in his sandals, adv to the golden curtain and drew it

The origin of those clouds of in which permeated the house now b apparent. A silver burner rested third tripod, and, because of draft sioned by their entrance, sent up wa spirals of aromatic smoke through forated cover.

IN SPITE of the injunction to s three sibilant inhalations marked tonishment of the onlookers.

Recessed beyond the curtain, a s shrine or altar lay. Upon a dais co with a leopard skin rested a thron dently of great antiquity and inlai silver and gold. The recess embraci throne was semicircular and dec with designs from the Book of the so that a grotesque procession of g the Nile marched in eternal mo behind the woman seated there— with the heads of hawks, of cats, of diles—a saturnalia such as migh haunted the dreams of a sleeping Ph

This woman wore the asp headd royal Egypt, a dull gold bangle right arm and a number of antiqu upon her fingers. She sat in a rigi her hands palm downward, her bo right, her knees and feet pressed together—and her beauty was m matic in its flamboyance, in its sta sivity.

Hair dressed in a barbaric fash sembled polished copper; wide-ope which stared eerily before her w amber flecked with green—beautif but they held no human spark of love or passion; they seemed to su past dead world. A sheathlike garr transparent tissue permitted the of her body to gleam through it lik of an ivory statue. No pulse throb that white throat; there was no per movement of her breast. Her lip slightly parted in a sibylline smile

Invasion of this secret temple pr no visible change in that entranced Lord Marcus raised his arms like before the altar and intoned word soft, musical voice, and in a langu familiar to any of those who l The long-lashed eyes of the woma flickered. Lowering his arms, h aside and, for a period of perhaps ute, allowed the three men to wat

onder. Then, turning, he gave a ing gesture to intimate that they d retire.

pping again on tiptoe, with extreme n, acutely aware of their clumsy , those who had watched withdrew. Marcus reclosed the silent door and ed the purple curtain. . .

was Doctor Fawcett who broke an ard silence. His expression, as he ed Lord Marcus, was diagnostic, but fort which it cost him to recapture ofessional manner was not lost upon ctor Firth.

YPNOTISM?" the doctor inquired, with raised eyebrows.

ot entirely, Doctor," Lord Marcus d, and that hard light had died from yes; he was again the prophetic er. "*Kyphi* has singular properties, preparation of hashish, which I can re only from Aleppo, more widely the inner eye. Personal magnetism, is fully established between us, di- he quest of the released spirit—"

ef Inspector Firth interrupted: "I raid, sir, there are certain important which I must clear up before I can or an ambulance and have the body ed."

eg that you will make your inquiries ef as possible."

do that. First and foremost, I would octor Fawcett: Are you prepared to at yon woman is in a trance?"

s, or under the influence of some

e's not just pretending?"

m prepared to state that she is un- ous. I can say no more without a examination."

rra good, Doctor. And now, Lord s, I understand that this woman, as been drugged or hypnotized by being used for some kind of an ex- ent. Am I right?"

e is playing her part in the rites," Marcus replied, in that musical, voice, "which are probably more wo thousand years old, and which, ually probable, have never been at- d by any man living. You may have ed that tonight is the night of the oon. It is the full moon of the An- Egyptian Sothic month of Paophi, means that, failing, I cannot even t to do what I sought to do for a year again."

ght I ask, Lord Marcus," the doctor cted eagerly, "what you sought to

tainly." The reply was calm and ous. "You, very properly, in com- ith these officers, assume that I am I assure you that I am sane. The ts, so scorned in this machine age, more of the power of the spirit than ay even suspect. I have endeavored ore than twenty years to recover of that lost knowledge. Tonight I t an untrammeled soul upon a voy- exploration. I sought to know why rld was so sorely afflicted and when ishment would end. I sought, not own good, but for the good of the This I ask you to believe."

, in fact, despite all that they had ll that they suspected, despite mem- f the entranced woman upon whose ted a smile at once voluptuous and no one of the three doubted this sincerity. But each, in his different doubted his sanity.

tt had managed to recall the fact rd Marcus in his younger days had notable boxer; he remained, for asceticism, a physically powerful urthermore, the detective sergeant, special province was the morals of r, had recognized the woman. She ne other than the once notorious Vane, whose adventures, matri- and extramatrimonial, had fur- society journalists just before the war with many spicy paragraphs. In his practical way, he was reconstructing what might have occurred; and in the light of this reconstruction, Lord Marcus Amberdale already as good as stood in the dock.

Bluett cast a swift glance from ingenuous eyes at his superior. But there was nothing in the way in which Firth was looking at Lord Marcus to suggest that he shared the sergeant's views.

"Do I understand, sir," said the chief inspector, "that in spite of what has happened, you would wish to renew this—er —expeeriment?"

Lord Marcus shook his head sadly. "Not at all. To do so would be useless. The shrine has been defiled. Forgive me—the implication does not reflect upon yourselves. But I must very gradually, and with infinite care, recall the traveler."

"I see," said Firth. "May I have the lady's name?"

"She is Mrs. Vane, the only woman I have known in thirty years who possessed at once the ethereal subtlety and the physical courage to pursue the path so far." Instinctively, startlingly, he turned to Detective Sergeant Bluett: "You are thinking of the stories which are told about this lady. I would reply that her physical life is beside the point. I neither condone nor condemn it. There are qualities present which I have found in no one else—those of a priestess of Isis. With your permission, Chief Inspector, I will retire."

Chief Inspector Firth was about to reply and to give the necessary authority, when all four men started and turned as one.

Someone at the front door had quietly inserted a key in the lock!

AS THE door opened, which it did slowly —one might have said furtively—a draft of cool air penetrated the lobby.

In from out of the darkness, somewhat wet and disheveled, a girl entered, her eyes wide open and frightened, and her fingers still clutching a key which remained in the lock. Color began to ebb from her cheeks as she glanced around at the four men who lived and at the one who was dead.

"Fay!"

Lord Marcus pronounced the name on a queer rising intonation to which his musical voice lent a sort of elfin beauty.

"Look at that!" Bluett was the second speaker. He pointed into the shadow—pointed to where three cats, a tabby and a black, led by a majestic Persian, formed a phantom escort.

Firth came to his senses. "Huish! Be off!" he cried and swept toward the feline intruders.

They fled, uttering plaintive miaows, as the chief inspector, stepping past the horror-stricken girl, gently removed her fingers from the door key (she did not seem to be conscious of the fact that he was doing so) and slipped the key into his own pocket, closing the door. He turned, back to the silver panels, and looked across her head at the three men. Particularly, his penetrating glance searched the countenance of Lord Marcus.

"I believe you spoke, sir," Firth said.

Startled by the voice, which came from behind her shoulder, the girl looked quickly back and then ran to Lord Marcus, hands outstretched.

"Marcus, my dear—Marcus! Whatever has happened?"

He rested his long hands upon her shoulders, giving her a reassuring squeeze, and his smile was infinitely kindly. "You may well ask, Fay, but I fear I cannot tell you. This unhappy affair is as much a mystery to me as to anyone. Let me ask in return: Whatever has brought you here at this hour of the night?"

Sergeant Bluett glanced suspiciously at Doctor Fawcett. Firth stood quite still, watching Lord Marcus. The girl, clutching one sleeve of his robe, was staring aside toward the Roman couch. Perceptibly, she grew still paler. She was so delicately pretty that the average observer might have overlooked her—a beauty for a connoisseur.

ALMOST boyishly slim, her limbs were alluringly rounded, and her frank gray eyes expressed a sort of primeval innocence. She had hazelnut hair, windblown and, at the moment, wet; and her fresh skin might have belonged to a dryad, to a creature of the greenwood. A short, light blue cape, which may have formed part of a uniform, was worn over an evening frock, and her dance shoes were spattered with mud. She turned from Lord Marcus, still holding his sleeve, and faced the chief inspector.

"Really," she said, "I am afraid I don't understand at all. Please, won't somebody tell me what has happened?"

"Perhaps, gentlemen—" the interruption came in that singularly calm voice of Lord Marcus. "I should make you acquainted. Chief Detective Inspector Firth, Doctor Fawcett, and—er—Sergeant Bluett. My cousin, Fay Perigal."

The chief inspector and the surgeon acknowledged this introduction by bows. Bluett alone spoke. "How do you do, miss?" he said.

"A tragic and unaccountable thing has occurred here tonight," Lord Marcus added, "so that your wholly unexpected appearance seems to call for an explanation, Fay. I am curious on this point myself, and these gentlemen are professionally interested."

"Yes, of course." Fay Perigal glanced from face to face, glanced at the couch and then away again quickly; her agitation was pathetic. "It's really quite simple. Just an unfortunate accident. You see—" She addressed herself nervously to the chief inspector—"I managed to get leave to attend a birthday party given by a school friend in London. As I knew I couldn't possibly get back to Otterly tonight—"

"Otterly, miss?" Bluett glanced up from his notes.

"Yes, I am at the Royal Air Force Hospital there. And so I arranged with Phil—Phillida Wentworth, another friend—to spend the night at her flat which is quite near the house where the party was held. Well"—she smiled unmirthfully—"I can't account for it. But when I got there, the outer door was locked, and no amount of ringing was any good. It began to rain, and at last I gave up in despair. Then I thought of you, Marcus."

"I am glad you did. Normally, you would have been most welcome. Indeed, you are welcome now."

"Oh, I didn't mean to disturb you by

The Long Arm of Coincidence

Blue-eyed, blond Maxine Samuelson of Elm Creek, Nebraska, met blue-eyed, blond Maxine Samuelson of a neighboring county. Both were born on February 21, 1921. They were not related.

In Orchies, France, resides a Mme. Marie Charpentier whose seven children were born, respectively, on a Sunday, a Monday, a Tuesday, a Wednesday, a Thursday, a Friday and a Saturday.

During one April, within the past few years, in the Baldwin family of Columbia, South Carolina, Alice was 13 years old on the 13th, sister Mary Elizabeth was 17 on the 17th and brother William was 19 on the 19th.

W. E. FARBSTEIN

A GOOD TIP ON A GOOD OLD FASHIONED!

Just give your bartender the password..."Fine Arts"...and get the "multi-blended" whiskey! Golden-smooth whiskies tenderly blended with other deep-flavored whiskies . . . then "multi-blended" to perfection for rare flavor and aroma. And all whiskey—all 5-years old!

FINE ARTS

THE BLEND OF 5-YEAR OLD STRAIGHT WHISKIES — 90 PROOF

Distributed solely by Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

from $1.35

KNITTED POLO SHIRT . . . Bold circular stripes (illustrated) or criss-cross patterns. Gay spring colors. $1 & $1.35

SPORT SHIRTS . . . Luxuriously tailored for style and comfort. Cottons, twills, rayons in handsome color combinations, plaid effects and pastel tones. Long or short sleeves. $1.35 to $3.95

BAN-DRI AVI-JACK . . . It's fine, rain or shine. Water-repellent. Military style. Choice of several models, including the popular reversibles. $2.95 to $5.50

TRUVAL MANUFACTURERS, INC., 261 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

PATROL BOMBERS!

THEY GET THERE BY *Hamilton* TIME

To Help Find their tiny targets on the vast ocean, Navy patrol bomber navigators depend on the Hamilton Navigational Time and Stop Watch. It's one of many timing instruments Hamilton is now building for our armed forces.

HAMILTON
The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

TAKE CARE OF YOUR CAR

DU PONT
№7 POLISH
MAKES CARS SPARKLE!

going upstairs." She glanced in the direction of a marble stair which led from a corner of the lobby to upper apartments. "My idea was to sleep, or try to sleep"—her eyes turned fearfully in that direction—"on the couch. I didn't expect to find anybody up, you see."

"Then might I ask, Miss Perigal," the chief inspector interrupted, "how ye expected to get in?"

"Oh!" She smiled again, and this second smile momentarily swept the horror from her eyes. "That's quite simple. Marcus always hides the key, or what he calls hiding it, in the flower box outside, you see."

"What?" Firth turned frowningly to Lord Marcus. "Do ye mean to say, sir, that it is a habit of yours to leave the key outside the door?"

That old-world, dignified inclination of the head answered him. "I confess to being somewhat absent-minded, Chief Inspector, and therefore invariably I leave my key in a corner of one of the stone boxes, as Miss Perigal has told you."

HE PAUSED. Then: "Now, gentlemen, if you wish to talk further to my cousin, I would suggest that you use the study. The guest room is vacant, Fay, and you are more than welcome to it. I will leave a note for Wake, who will bring your morning coffee and take your orders for breakfast, at which I shall look forward to joining you. I should be glad, Chief Inspector, of your permission to retire for the purpose to which I have already referred."

But Fay continued to clutch the sleeve of his linen robe. It was a physical expression of a bleak mental loneliness; a quest of sympathy, of understanding

"Marcus! Is *she* in there?"

He paused, as he was about to draw back the curtain.

"Yes," he answered mildly.

Fay crept closer to him. "But surely, Marcus, you promised me that you wou give this business up?"

"When the experiment of tonight shou be completed, Fay; such was the unde standing. I regret to say that Fate has i tervened to make it a failure." He turn to Firth. "My cousin is obviously mu overwrought. I count upon you to spa her unnecessary questioning. She kno no more than I know. Until breakfa Fay."

"One moment, Lord Marcus," Fir said.

Lord Marcus paused, his hand rais again to the curtain and glanced ba at the chief inspector. "At your servic

"When ye have awakened the lady yon, I should be glad, wi' the docto consent, to see her for a moment."

"I will do my best."

Lord Marcus pushed the plated pan aside, went into the dimly lighted pla beyond and reclosed the door.

Silence became so complete that it w possible to hear the pattering of rain the street outside. It was broken by muffled sound of that musical chant which the police officers had heard din before. The chief inspector frowned ritably. Fay shuddered, turning away a clasping her hands. Firth looked at rather forlorn figure, and his frown mel into a smile. This smile revealed a n no criminal had ever met.

"I am more than sorry to have to a Miss Perigal, but"— He nodded tow the couch—"does it happen ye are quainted wi' this man?"

Fay Perigal breathed deeply; she obviously exercising an effort of self-c trol. She remained very pale. She nodd

"Yes." Her frank eyes were cloud and one would have said that either condition or the identity of the man lay there had taxed her endurance clos the breaking point. "Sir Giles Loeder."

(To be continued next week)

Jupiter

Continued from page 30

thickening, his great long jaws becoming more massive.

I admit that he was a most handsome animal, sleek, groomed, combed. And at first he was a good-natured one. But this began to change. Imperceptibly, then more and more quickly. He was intelligent and observant, and it was not difficult for him to perceive that his master—his slave, rather—adored him, overlooked any misdemeanor. The result was inevitable.

Disobedient? Jupiter was far more than disobedient. He became tyrannical. He would not tolerate anything in the house centering around anyone else. If there were visitors and he was outside, he would hurl himself against the door, shaking it under his great weight, confident that Sturgis would leap up to open it. Then he would enter without so much as a glance at the guests, jump on the sofa, the best piece of furniture, and lie there, aloof, bored, proud.

Whenever he was called, he would make Sturgis wait. He would not feed himself if Sturgis was there; Sturgis had to coax him into it. And although during the days he would behave more or less as any normal dog—running in the meadows, chasing chickens, digging, exploring—as soon as the time came for Sturgis' return from the city his attitude changed completely. He would lie back lazily on the sofa, not glancing at Sturgis as he came in, not responding with so much as a wag of his tail to the man's hearty, "Hello there, Jupe! Good old Jupe!"

He was the despot, more and more confident of his power.

He discovered an amusing and perverse new game. It was the habit of some poor people in a little settlement not far a to bring their clothes in baskets to w them in the canal. Jupiter knew the when they came. He would steal dow them and, at the proper moment, ch at the baskets and with a butt of his g head send them flying into the canal; then off he would go, his jaws open as laughter, his little pinkish eyes flashing fying the washerwomen to catch him if, even if they had caught him, they c do anything, for he was as powerful horse. In the end, they went elsewhere, Jupiter had one more proof of his nipotence.

A YEAR went by. Jupiter was in prime, a huge beast, impudent overbearing, cunning in his special a for art it was—of humiliating his sl master.

Then the new day came.

For the past week or so Mrs. St had given us the impression that she avoiding anything worthy of being c a conversation. Betty and I could not noticing this sudden diffidence, and afternoon she made up her mind to fa

"Judith," she said, "I'm much older you and I haven't any reason to feel so I'm going to break the ice. If we've anything to offend you, I do wish you me what it is."

Mrs. Sturgis stammered, hesitated, then came out with it: After nine yea married life, she had thought she w never be a mother, but now—well, sh gone to the doctor and he had confi it: yes, she was to have a child. Im her joy!—but somehow she couldn't herself to tell her husband; she was a

afraid of the violence of his reaction! We knew what he was like. So she had been wondering—would it be possible—would we mind very much if we had a talk with him and prepared the ground?

Of course we were delighted. I left a note for Sturgis asking him to come over the moment he returned from town. And at six-thirty that afternoon, there he was, brimful of that extraordinary vitality.

"Roger," I said, "I'm going to ask you a funny question. If you had one wish, for anything in the world, what would you want?"

Half-serious, half-laughing, Sturgis took his head.

"What would I wish for? Why—"

"Surely there's something!"

"What's the joke?"

"I'm serious. Come on, what do you want above all else?"

He grinned. "Why," he said, "I'm blessed if I know what I'd wish for! After all I've got everything I want—my wife, my house, my job, my—" He was going to say "my dog," but thought better of it; he knew how we felt about that infernal pest.

"Then how about Mrs. Sturgis?" I said. "What do you think she'd want?"

He looked at me in bewilderment "What could she possibly want?"

"Perhaps something more than a dog."

AT LAST he understood. His eyes opened so wide that we saw the whites. With one bound he was out of his chair, through the door and scrambling over the lawn and the garden fence, and we heard the door of his house slam.

We both laughed We weren't surprised at his reaction.

But someone else was surprised—someone who, lying lazily on the sofa, with half-closed eyes, was waiting for the evening homage that he had come to think was his due. Someone who was waiting for the man to enter, to kneel beside him, to eat him. Someone who was waiting to adore that homage.

But what was this? Without a word of greeting, the man rushed past into the bedroom, and Jupiter heard the talking and laughing and crying that went on and on and on. Jupiter, the tyrant, the smug, the proud—ignored!

An hour passed. The maid brought him food. Contemptuously, he turned aside and growled at the maid. They would see that he was not going to be snubbed! But that evening, no one seemed to realize that he had refused his food. There was Sturgis talking to his wife without interruption, overwhelming her with anxious advice and direction Jupiter was too proud to force his way to his master's attention Curled up in a corner, he waited

He waited in vain

The next morning Sturgis rushed by him with without a look. And he had the same experience that night, the following morning, the following night. Day after day.

He was intelligent, but this was beyond him. He became nervous and irritable. He could not approach Sturgis; not he. It was Sturgis who must return to his senses, he must come to him.

By the third week, Jupiter went lame. In normal circumstances Sturgis would have called for the vet, but now neither he nor anyone else noticed the limp, and Jupiter, in exasperation, had to give it up. A few days later he attempted a hunger strike—he was his intelligence, his subtlety. But no one worried. For two full days he refused his meals heroically. For all anyone cared to care, he might starve himself to death.

Finally his animal hunger was stronger than his will power—yes, I say his will power, and I mean it, for I knew that dog and he ate again, but, I am sure, without enjoyment.

He grew thinner. He walked in a different way. Instead of swaggering around silently, he half crawled. His coat, formerly brushed lovingly every day, lost its silky shine. His pinkish little eyes were puzzled. When you met him, he actually lowered his head so that you would not see his eyes and hurried by.

All his tricks, his fasting, his limping, were to no avail. Something was, and remained, changed in this house that he had ruled. What distinguishes the animal mind from the human is that the former is limited to past and present; it cannot imagine the future. And so Jupiter, with all his intelligence, could do no more than sense with agony and despair that something was growing and preparing itself in the house, something invisible, something that was against him—this enemy, this fiend, this thief!

Months later, he reached the end—or if not exactly the end, something like it. If he had been a human, I think he would have committed suicide. He vanished. He was gone for three full days. Not until the evening of the third did he turn up once more—dirty, hungry, looking as though he had been in a fight. In his raging, impotent fury he must have attacked every strange dog he had come across. But he came back, as a man would come back after touching the bottom depths. Perhaps, perhaps by now—

But new humiliations awaited him. No one to greet him. No one to welcome him home The maid would not even let him in the house!

Actually, this was more than justified, for Mrs. Sturgis' time had come, and the house was full of busy people. Sturgis had an intense sentimental desire to have the baby born in their home, and since the local hospital was crowded then anyway, the doctor had consented. So the doctor was there, and a nurse, and Mrs. Sturgis' mother, and my wife and I.

And Roger Sturgis. Face flushed, trembling with excitement. getting in everyone's way, he waited.

Outside the front door, Jupiter waited too.

What were they doing in there? He heard voices, the splashing of water, the tinkling of glass and metal. What was happening was beyond his comprehension, but instinctively he felt that it was *It*—It, the thing that had caused his downfall, his humiliation. It, the invisible, the infamous, cowardly enemy. It was now going to appear, and as soon as that door was opened, It would not escape!

His powerful muscles were tensed He crouched, waiting

OF ALL this, we in the house of course had no idea. Betty and I were delegated by the doctor to keep Sturgis in the living room Because of his enormous capacity for emotion, it was a harrowing job. But at last the good news came—a girl—and some time later the bedroom door opened and the nurse appeared with the little bundle.

The doctor followed, smiling.

"Well, Mr. Sturgis!" he said. "Go ahead! Hold her in your arms for a minute and tell us how it feels to be a father!"

Trembling, the big man reached out his arms and the nurse put the baby in them and he looked down at her with tears on his cheeks.

The doctor was putting on his gloves. "Everything's all right," he said. "Nothing to worry about, so I'll be getting along."

Bidding us goodby, he opened the front door.

In that split second, something shot past between his legs Jupiter was there in the room.

His eyes were on Sturgis; his little pinkish eyes were on the bundle in his master's arms, and he knew, I know he knew, that this was It. With a raging cry, he charged.

So sudden and fierce was the attack that the great strapping man staggered under the violence of it and fell against the wall. At the last moment he tried instinctively to save the child by raising it above his head. Betty was nearest him. She seized the bun-

Here's a surprisingly simple way to avoid the usual harsh laxatives.

Most people find the juice of 1 lemon in a glass of water, taken *first thing on arising*, is all they need to insure prompt, normal elimination—*gently*. And lemon and water is *good* for you.

Lemons Build Health! Lemons are among the richest sources of vitamin C, which restores energy, helps you resist colds and infection. They're the only known source of vitamin P (*citrin*) and supply valuable amounts of B_1. They alkalinize—aid digestion. Millions *not* troubled with constipation take lemon and water daily just as a *health builder*.

Why not keep regular with this refreshing morning drink that builds health too? Try it ten days, first thing on arising—see if you don't benefit!

P. S.—LEMON & SODA • Some prefer juice of 1 lemon in half glass water with ¼ to ½ teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate) added. Drink as the foaming quiets.

California Sunkist

Keep regular the Healthful way!

LEMON and WATER

...first thing on arising

"Today at the Duncans'"—CBS, 6:15 P. M., E. T.—Mon., Wed., Fri.

Painful

TOE NAIL GROOVE

Inflamed, Irritated, Sore or Calloused Here?

Pressure of the great toe nail into the sensitive nail groove causes this painful foot trouble. A few drops of soothing Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL quickly relieves soreness, pain; helps prevent infection; aids healing. Only 50c at Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores.

Dr Scholl's ONIXOL

Keep Chap Stick handy for quick relief when your lips get painfully sun-burned. Gently medicated, it soothes the smarting—helps heal blisters and cracked skin — makes lips smooth and comfortable again. Be sure it's *Fleet's* to get the one and only Chap Stick. 25 cents at all drug stores. Chap Stick Co., Lynchburg, Va.

Fleet's Chap Stick

On duty with U. S. Forces from Alaska (40° below) to Africa (140° above)

Hot Meals . . EVEN in a "FOX HOLE" with HEATABS and VEST POCKET "STOVE"

Food calls for HEAT, wherever you are! HEATABS (Tablets of Concentrated Heat) will light instantly, and will burn long, with intense heat . . . outdoors or indoors. Campers, picnic-ers, hunters, fishermen can cook, fry, boil food, start fires under any circumstances with HEATABS. Many uses for Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, housewives, doctors, nurses, Red Cross and Civilian Defense workers, dentists, chemists, industrial workers, etc. Important in First Aid and Emergency Kits. Carried by armed forces to heat combat rations. Solid, compact, non-poisonous . . . NO SMOKE, SOOT, FUMES or ASH!

SPECIAL OFFER (limited): COLLAPSIBLE "STOVE" (Vest pocket size) with TWO LARGE CARTONS of HEATABS, only $1.00. Postpaid. ORDER BY MAIL TODAY!

J. W. SPEAKER CORP., 1657 N. Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.

HEATABS TABLETS OF *concentrated* HEAT

dle and thrust it at the nurse, who was in the bedroom door. She pushed the nurse into the bedroom and swung the door shut with all her might.

Now Sturgis had recovered his balance, and with a fury as savage as the dog's he threw himself on Jupiter. Chairs and tables crashed to the floor. The doctor and I at last came to our senses, and picking up anything we could lay our hands on we battered the animal into unconsciousness. We bound him with rope and dragged him from the room to the lawn outside.

Sturgis was swaying like a drunken man. His coat had been ripped and we noticed now—what he was not even aware of, himself—that blood was dripping down his right arm. The doctor got him into the other bedroom, undressed him and attended to the gash Jupiter's teeth had left. Then, exhausted physically and emotionally, Sturgis fell asleep.

But what was to be done with Jupiter?

"Shoot him," I said, but the doctor objected. The dog must be put under observation; he might be hydrophobic, in which case Sturgis would require treatment. And so Jupiter, tightly bound, still only half conscious, was driven off in the doctor's car.

We heard later that the Pasteur test showed no signs of hydrophobia and that the dog seemed to be quiet and well behaved. Sturgis, once his adoring master, of course never wished to see him again. The doctor happened to learn that a hardware man in town was looking for a watchdog; he was told about Jupiter and offered to take him.

So he vanished from our horizon. Before long, none of us, even Sturgis, ever thought of him.

For now, needless to say, Sturgis had a new idol, infinitely more precious, on which he lavished all his passion and tenderness. Every day, every hour, every minute, he discovered new delights in his beautiful little baby. He could hardly stand to tear himself away in the morning to go to his office, and half a dozen times each day he would call up to see how she was. Every night when he returned he brought some new toy—a rattle, a teething ring, a thousand and one gadgets. His adoration was complete.

AS I have said, none of us thought of Jupiter, a bad dream forgotten—until one night I was forcibly reminded of his existence.

For some reason I could not get to sleep. At last I got up, put on my robe, went into the kitchen and warmed some milk and drank it. Passing through the living room on my way back to bed, I saw through the window how lovely the night was, and for a while I stood there looking out. Behind a veil of thin silvery clouds the moon sailed high, and each time the clouds fell from its face the whole garden shimmered as though beneath a blanket of driven snow. There was not a sound. I felt that if a leaf had dropped from a tree I would have heard it fall. . . .

It gave me a start when in this great milky silence I noticed something moving along the hedge that separated our property from the Sturgises'.

It was Jupiter.

He crept forward slowly, his belly almost touching the ground. It was as if he had come to reconnoiter, to spy out the land, very cautiously, very stealthily, moving with none of that brash swaggering self-assurance that had been his. Instinctively I leaned out the window to see him better. My elbow brushed against a flower pot on the sill and knocked it to the ground. With one noiseless bound the huge dog leaped into the darkness. There was the garden again, empty, shimmering.

I closed and barred the window.

Yet the next morning, it seemed silly. He was only a dog, not a rational thing, a thinking being; not a wolf, a tiger, a beast of prey! So I did not mention what I had seen to the Sturgises. But when a few days later I was working in the garden and saw their maid hanging out the baby's clothes on the line, I went over and asked her if she had seen Jupiter lately.

She said she had not told Mrs. Sturgis, not wanting to upset her, but a week ago she had had a strange experience. She had taken the baby out in its carriage when a car had passed them on the road. The moment the car went by, she heard an angry barking. Looking up, she had caught a glimpse of a big white dog sitting beside the driver. It was a commercial car, a delivery truck— "Hardware," it said on the side.

Who else but Jupiter? What other explanation than that he had seen the carriage, the maid, the baby, recognized them and barked his hatred?

Now I did feel afraid. The dog had not forgotten. I had happened to see him one night. How many other nights had he returned and crept spying around the house?

"If you ever see him," I said to the maid, "you must tell Mr. Sturgis at once, or if he isn't home, tell me. The next time I'm in town I'll warn the hardware man that he must keep the dog leashed."

But I asked myself: Is it possible for a dog to remember so bitterly, so vividly? Human rivalry is one thing, but this was a dumb animal, with a new master, new surroundings, and he had been there for months now. Could a dog remember so long?

Perhaps not the ordinary domestic pet, good old Rover or Jack or Sport. But this was not an ordinary dog. This dog had been spoiled. He had been given a ridiculous amount of attention and worship, and suddenly it had all been taken away. This dog was intelligent, with a warped, bitter intelligence. I hated him, but the fact that I thought of him in that way—a way in which I would never expect to think of an animal—showed that I respected his intelligence, that I admitted it.

What should I have done? Told the police my fears? Asked to have the dog put out of the way? Perhaps so; perhaps I was to blame; but at times it did seem absurd, and I could fancy the police laughing at me—"What is this, a dog, or a master criminal?"—and the hardware man saying, "Why, he's a good dog, a fine watchdog; he's valuable; he was given to me and I don't want to give him up."

So I did nothing. I worried about it and thought this way and that way and in the end did nothing, and the days passed, and we came to that Sunday, the final unforgettable day.

WE HAD gone over to the Sturgises' that beautiful Sunday afternoon. We were sitting talking on the lower terrace, from which the slope of the hill descends to the canal. Near by, on this level ground, stood the baby carriage, and, needless to say, Sturgis kept interrupting our conversation to call attention to the baby, to go over and wiggle his fingers at her and smile and talk.

By and by Mrs. Sturgis called to us from the house, a hundred feet or so above the lower terrace. "Come on," she said, "the tea's on the table. Hurry, or the toast will get cold." We went first; Sturgis lingered. We were in the house and sitting down by the time he came in. Mrs. Sturgis poured and we talked of the weather and the roses and so on until, as always, Sturgis retu to his favorite subject.

"The baby's asleep. You know, it's derful how well behaved she is. N wakes us at night, none of this crying

"Is she in the sun?" Mrs. Sturgis a

"Just a little; it's good for her. I w have brought her up here but I though movement might wake her."

"You left her on the terrace?" I a I had assumed that he had wheele carriage up.

"Yes. Why? She's sleeping, you k and I thought—"

I was uneasy. He sensed it. He rose, looking at me. It was as if tha mendous all-devoted love of his fo child gave him the power to rea thought that was not even fully form my mind.

"Oh, Roger, sit down and finish tea," Mrs. Sturgis said. "Really, y worse than an old woman, the way worry!"

She was smiling. He was not. looking at him and he at me, and alt I tried to dismiss the thought fro mind, I couldn't. He did not sit Something, I do not know what, pe some slight sound, even from tha away, drew him to the door. An heard his awful, anguished exclamati

It was not loud but it was, I thin most horrible noise I have ever he choking convulsive sound, the last a man might make dying in agony.

"For God's sake, what is it?" I cr

It was as if, from the horror of w saw, Sturgis could not move. We s back our chairs, rushed to his side. movement released him from the He tore the door open and leaped the veranda.

The baby carriage was no longer terrace.

Then I saw it. It was in the canal. rolled down the slope and into the It was still upright and floating, by miracle, but as we looked—and thi pened only in seconds, even as w tried to comprehend what we s slowly began to turn on its side, t

And Jupiter stood on the bank.

He, Jupiter, the great white bea who, in the days when he ruled this had amused himself by dashing d the canal and butting the baskets o dry into it, pushing them down th with his powerful muscles. He sto watched the carriage sinking, he the he who had triumphed at last.

THE carriage turned over. Ther flutter of white sheets, of arms a waving, and the child rolled out carriage into the water.

Then I saw the dog's great mus tense. I saw him throw himself i canal. It was only a few feet out fr bank. His tremendous jaws open the child lay in his grasp. The jav gentle. Jupiter thrust himself ba dragged the baby up on the ban now Sturgis reached it. He grab child in his arms and hugged her. that she breathed, that she was saf

The dog stood looking at them master who had worshiped him enemy who had destroyed that the enemy in his master's loving a enemy that he had restored to his o master's arms.

Sturgis knelt. I saw his face He knelt, hugging the baby, but he now not at her but at the dog. I stretch a hand toward the dog. what he said:

"Jupiter."

The hand was reached out to st dog. The dog stood still.

"Come here—old Jupiter."

Jupiter turned and went aw Roger Sturgis was left alone with

I know now who was the victor.

THE END

COLLIER'S "Isn't it a little early to start saying goodby? You still have two days left of your furlough!" JARO FABRY

at day she saw her first-born march away . . . r made his deadliest enemy.

e's still the same sweet-faced mother her son d goodbye . . . but now there's *steel in her heart* a fierce determination to back up her boy with ounce of strength and courage she's got!

he letters she writes are like a drink of fresh g water to a homesick lad . . . thirsty for all the details, the homey, newsy details that link him dear familiar life.

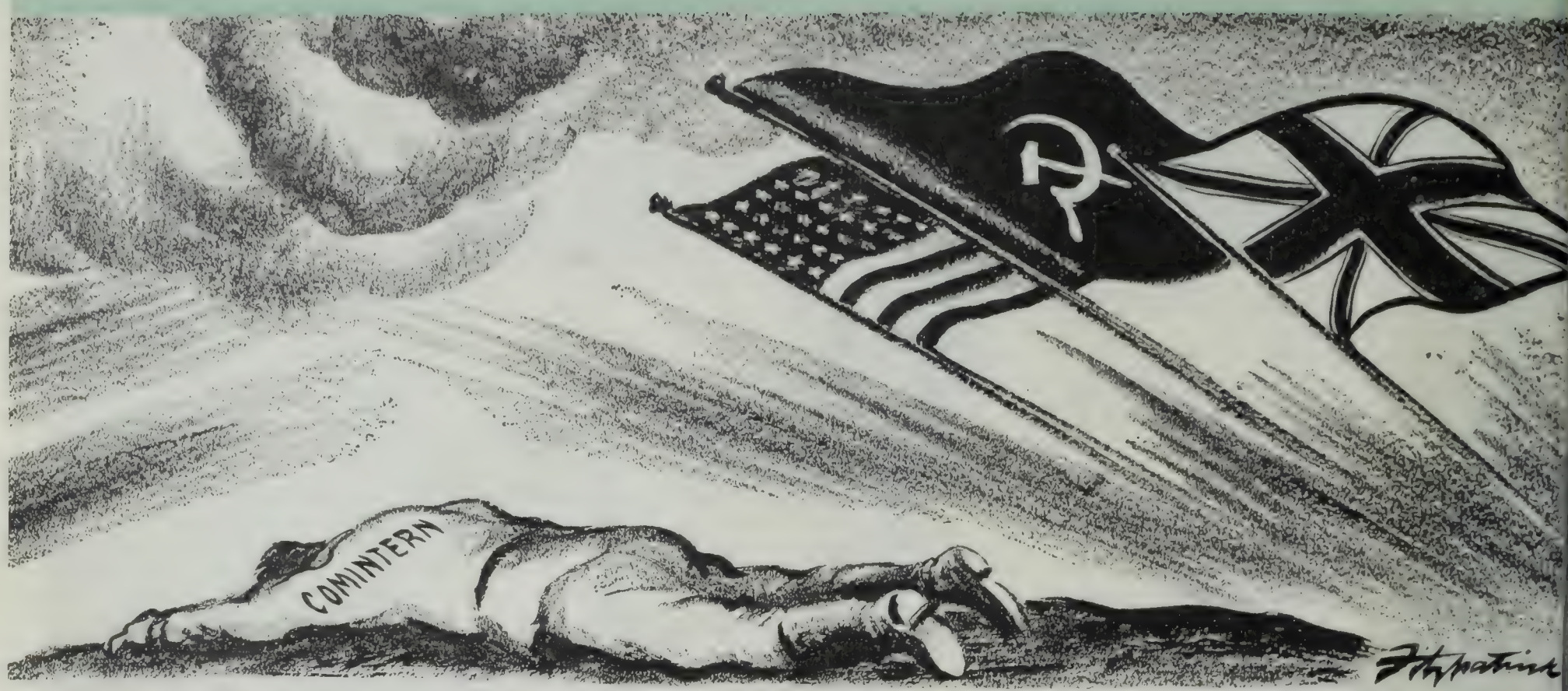
d if she's cut expenses to the bone to buy Bonds, if she's put up the car, if meat is scarce, e's taxing her strength to the utmost at the Red s . . . no hint of it creeps through to him. He s only that she's backing him to the limit, and ing in her own quiet way to bring him home , and soon!

e's somebody Hitler didn't reckon with when ld his people, "Americans are too soft to fight." idn't know our women. He couldn't guess that someday most of the employees on Eureka's own war production front would be women. Women who love their homes and children . . . love them well enough to leave them for a little while to make sure they'll never have to leave them again. They're fighting for freedom, each in the way that she knows best, and until victory is theirs, they'll never rest.

Today, Eureka is devoted 100% to making gas masks . . . signal pistols . . . and precision electric motors (scarcely larger than the one in your vacuum cleaner) to operate the landing gear and bomb-bay doors of Flying Fortresses. Yet we are already looking forward to tomorrow when, out of new techniques and new facilities developed in war, we can put into your hands new, work-saving household tools of such precision as you have never even dreamed of before.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER CO., DETROIT

Collier's WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher • CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor • JEROME ELLISON Managing Editor



STALIN'S RETREAT TO MOSCOW

EASTON DR. BR.
BURLINGAME
PUBLIC
LIB.

JOSEPH STALIN has liquidated the Communist Third International (Comintern), which since 1919 had been in the business of trying to foment Red revolutions in the world outside Russia. As he closed out the Comintern, Stalin told the Communist parties in non-Russian countries that henceforth they would have to figure out their own ways and means of bringing on their respective revolutions.

The Soviet dictator's move, we think, was a good thing for the solidarity of the Allies, at least until the defeat of Germany. After that, we shall see what we shall see.

For the purpose of the war against Hitler, Stalin's decision was cut from the same piece of boldly realistic cloth as Winston Churchill's announcement, the day after Hitler attacked Russia in June, 1941, that any enemy of Hitler's was a friend of Britain's, regardless of politics. It took Stalin a great deal longer to come to a similar decision than it took Churchill. Stalin finally made it, however, and the Allies are the stronger for it.

How about the Communist party in the United States and its numerous fellow travelers?

As we see it, nothing has changed with reference to these gentry. The American Communist party always has attracted nuts, screwballs, malconten capists and ineffectuals of other kinds, plus thugs who went into it for what they could out of it. These groups have given honest radi and liberalism (there are such things) black ey black eye in this country, by their offensive ma their cheap duplicity and low cunning, and th casional hysterical violence. They have all but some labor unions.

The Communist party in this country lo came to the point of being held in bored co by its own masters in Moscow. Bored pity is it now deserves from Americans.

How About These War Profits?

ASSORTED demagogues are fond of shouting that American industry is making huge profits out of the war. The demagogues offer this bleat as an argument for boosting wages beyond reason, piling up taxes beyond bearing, or doing anything else that will swell the costs of the war or speed inflation.

The flat truth of the matter is that American industry, by and large, simply is not making big money out of the war.

Even the occasional windfalls showering down on specially situated firms are vulnerable in many cases to the contract renegotiation snickersnees wielded by the price-adjustment boards of the Army, Navy, Maritime Commission and Treasury Department.

A recent analysis of the 1942 earnings reports of 40 leading companies now engaged mainly in war production shows that their 1942 profits on sales, after taxes, averaged a little over 4 per cent—a modest margin in either peace or war. Among these concerns were Allied Chemical, American Locomotive, American Woolen, Armstrong Cork, Bendix Aviation, Bethlehem Steel, Bridgeport Brass, Caterpillar Tractor, General Electric, General Motors, International Harvester, Johns-Manville, Jones & Laughlin Steel, Pullman, RCA, Republic Steel, United States Rubber, United States Steel, Western Electric, Westinghouse Electric, Willys-Overland, and Youn Sheet & Tube.

A lot of money is in circulation, true; and can war industries are circulating a lot of that But because wages, material costs and taxes h shot skyward since Pearl Harbor and haven't off yet, the great bulk of that money sails through industry's bank accounts after the of pauses for identification.

This is the true picture of the current alleg boom. Anyone who has some other picture situation has a distorted picture, and his or guments therefrom are bound to be equally di

Give the Kid a Good Name

BUENOS AIRES, capital of the Argentine, rejoices in a judge who is evidently one of the wise men of today's world.

This judge's name is Tobal (we haven't come by his first name); he sits in a Buenos Aires criminal court; and recently he slapped a fine on a pair of parents who had named two of their children Jupiter and Zoroaster.

What Argentine law Judge Tobal invoked, we don't know. But the reason he gave for imposing the fine was that parents had no right to give their children names considered ridiculous in the community where the children might reasonably be expected to grow amid the gibes of their fellows.

Check. An excellent subject for psychiatric research, we think, would be the question: What percentage of Americans have had their egos twisted or their inhibitions stepped up because their fond parents gave them outlandish or funny or outmoded names when the victims were too young to know what was being done to them? Our guess is that the percentage would turn out to be high.

We're well aware that parents seldom name their children with any deliberate intent to cause them later embarrassment or unhappiness. Names like Hephzibah, Lobelia, Abigail, Ermintrude, Hiram, Rufus, Reuben or Knatchbull almost always some defenseless youngster's head in wel honor of a beloved, respected or well-heel tive or family friend. But that doesn't miti damage.

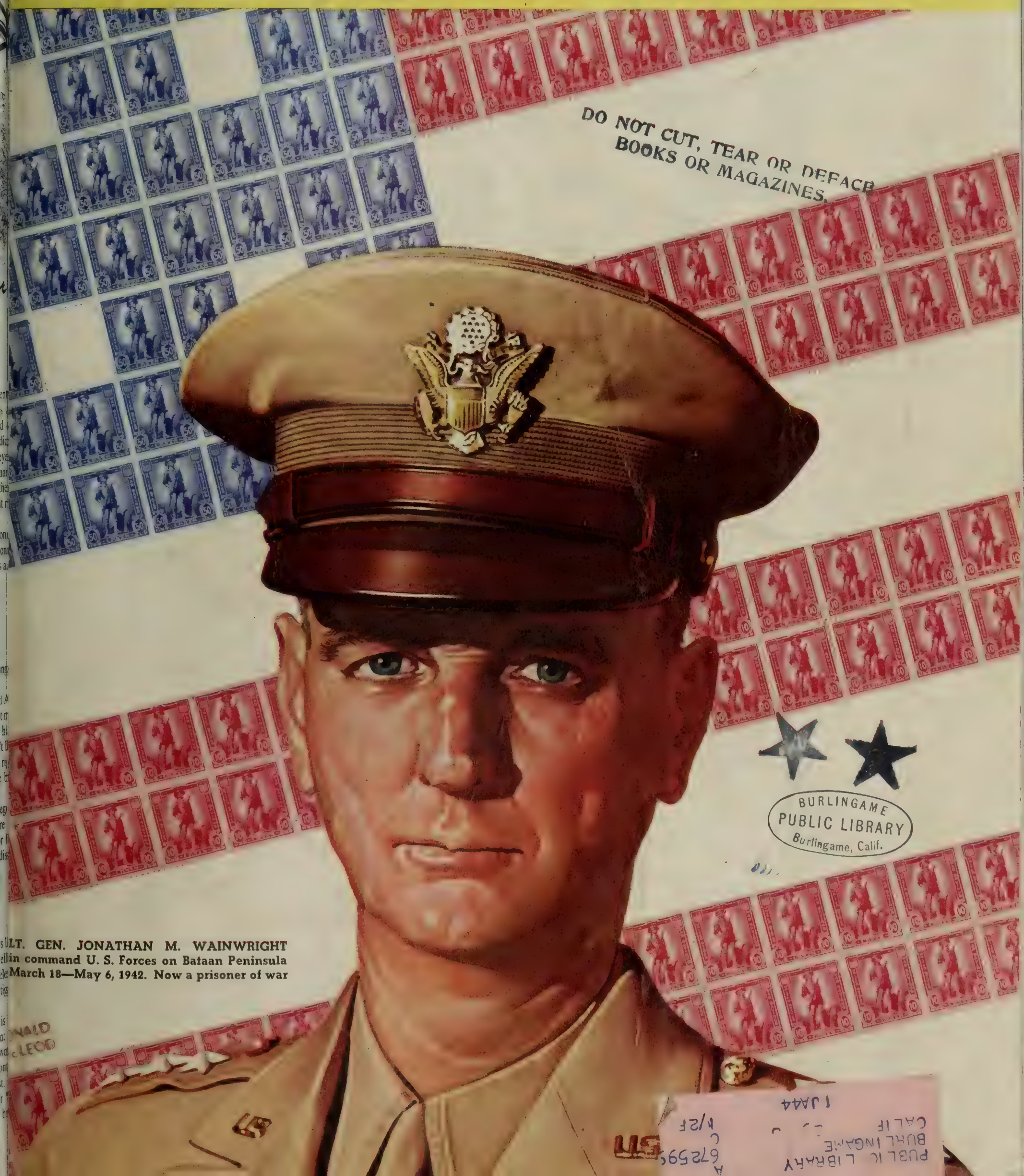
Here's our suggestion, and we think it is sible in its way as Judge Tobal's decision: feel you must give the child a fearful and w name, go ahead and do it . . . but also, so ahead of the surname, dub in a good, honest, able Mary or Jean or Josephine, James or or George. Give the kid that much of a least.

Collier's

LY 10, 1943 TEN CENTS

LL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

PRESIDENTIAL PREDICTIONS FOR '44 • BY GEORGE CREEL



LT. GEN. JONATHAN M. WAINWRIGHT
in command U. S. Forces on Bataan Peninsula
March 18—May 6, 1942. Now a prisoner of war

DO NOT CUT, TEAR OR DEFACE BOOKS OR MAGAZINES.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

PUBLIC LIBRARY BURLINGAME CALIF 67259 C 1JA44

"YES, SIR! THESE SYNTHETIC TIRES TOOK PART IN AN 80,000,000-MILE ROAD TEST"

"B. F. Goodrich beat 'em all to the draw on this one," said the man standing by the Brink's convoy car to the driver of the armored truck. "Before most folks had even heard of synthetic rubber, they were selling tires made with it to see how much mileage they'd give. See this one. It's more than 50% synthetic. And I got 26,892 miles. Imagine." Reports from Brink's and other companies show that these Ameripol tires rolled more than 80,000,000 miles. The world's greatest tire test proved that synthetic rubber could take it.

On the world's fighting fronts synthetic rubber is battling for America. Jeep tires are made from it by B. F. Goodrich. So are airplane De-Icers, fuel tanks and fuel lines, just to name a few things. And even though you can't buy synthetic rubber tires today, you can some day!

Your War Bonds may buy a new car after the war. The car's design will be different, and its tires may be partially or wholly synthetic rubber. So please keep in mind the tire that's backed by an 80,000,000-mile road test—Silvertown, made by B. F. Goodrich, first in rubber.

LISTEN TO JOSEPH C. HARSCH

in "THE MEANING OF THE NEWS"

OVER THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM
EVERY NIGHT, MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY

Inside information by a man who has lived where the news is being made

In war or peace

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

To those thousands who have written in appreciation of "The Human Comedy" we send a lion-hearted thank you.

★ ★ ★ ★

To-day the movies are playing to longer runs than ever. As a result M-G-M has had a chance to plan its production sufficiently far ahead to make some positive assertions.

★ ★ ★ ★

In the pictures to come from M-G-M, you will find every type of entertainment conveyed by the word. Patriotic pictures, exciting adventure narratives, romantic stories, youthful musicals.

★ ★ ★ ★

The latter category is enriched by the number of big name bands under exclusive contract to the most important and progressive studio in motion pictures. Need we mention the name?

In "Cabin in The Sky" you have already heard and seen "Duke" Ellington and his Orchestra. In "Presenting Lily Mars" you have had two bands—Bob Crosby's and Tommy Dorsey's.

Tommy Dorsey and his Band will also be featured in the forthcoming "Du Barry Was a Lady" and in "Girl Crazy."

★ ★ ★ ★

His brother, Jimmy Dorsey, will lead his melodic cohorts in "I Dood It." Looks like a Dorsey season.

★ ★ ★

Harry James and Orchestra will hold forth in both "Tale of Two Sisters" and "Best Foot Forward."

★ ★ ★

Incidentally "Best Foot Forward" (which is in the home stretch stage) is considered the honey of honies. It will be beeg.

★ ★ ★ ★

Kay Kyser and Band is finishing "Right About Face." Vaughn Monroe—the handsome divvil—and his Band are doing "Meet The People."

★ ★ ★

We forgot to mention—and how could we?—that the Good Neighbor artist, Xavier Cugat, also does his stuff for Uncle Samba in "Tale of Two Sisters."

★ ★ ★

Last but not least come the ladies headed by a gentleman with a stick to make them behave. Our cryptic way of announcing Phil Spitalny and his All-Girl-Band in "Mr. Co-ed."

★ ★ ★ ★

So you see, whenever you're thinking of facing the music, go to an M-G-M picture.

★ ★ ★

And the Maestro of them all is

—Leo

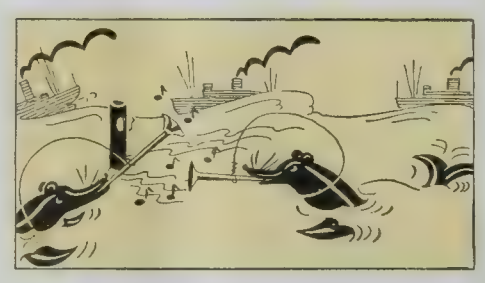
WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
W. B. COURTNEY	European War Theater
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Russia and Far East
KYLE CRICHTON	Articles
HERBERT ASBURY	Articles
DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
ALLEN MARPLE	Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Articles
HENRY L. JACKSON	Wearables
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art
CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AMY PORTER	Articles
GEORGE CREEL	Washington
WILLIAM HILLMAN	Washington
FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
FRANK GERVASI	Middle East War Theater
JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
U. L. CALVOSA	Photographs
GEORGE DE ZAYAS	Hollywood
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor
JEROME ELLISON Managing Edito

ANY WEEK

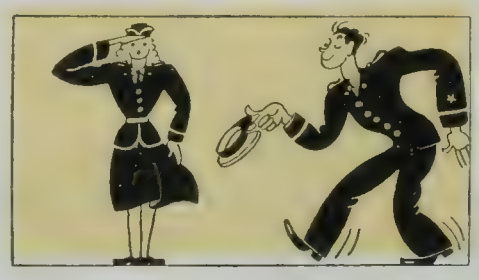
IN THESE days of busted budgets, schoolteachers are not outspoken people. And yet we have the word of an educator of Chicago's young that she had quite a talk with her pupils recently about the war's aftermath—the personal and governmental problems which will have to be solved by someone of such superior wisdom that the very thought of such omniscience leaves you shaking your head. After her little lecture, this teacher asked her children what they thought the feeding, clothing, housing and warming future of Europe was likely to be. There was quite a silence until a little girl came out with, "Why, my father says that Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt have invited them all to come and live with us."



WE SHALL say no more about children after reporting that Mr. Sam Steinhauer of St. Louis, Missouri, took his seven-year-old son to the circus. Steinhauer, Jr., was deeply impressed with the seals. And no wonder. The seals played basketball, football and enough of The Star-Spangled Banner to be identifiable. On the way home, the lad was silent. But once there, he came through with his idea. Why not train these intelligent creatures for convoy duty, to fight the Nazi submarines? Why shouldn't they be trained to swim in wide circles around the troop and cargo ships and either play Sailor, Beware, or release flares when they sighted U-boats? And Steinhauer, Sr., asks us: "Why, indeed?" For Colonel Knox's information, we are delegated to say that Steinhauer, Jr., is willing and ready to travel to Washington at the government's expense and become the administrator of a brand-new trained seals' bureau.

AT LAST, we've heard from Sergeant Charles D. Pearson. The sergeant used to draw cartoons for this resourceful magazine. At present he is in the South Pacific, defending his right to draw cartoons. He sends us a pretty bit about laundering as it is done on or from a troopship. One ties one's soiled clothing to a rope and hurls it overboard, towing it in the wake of the ship until done. And yet it is not always so simple. While thus washing his clothes, one of Sergeant Pearson's fellow warriors fell asleep. Another soldier hauled in his laundry, threw it at the sleeper's feet, cut the rope in half. Awaking, the owner of the clothes cursed the unknown meddler, picked up the briny bundle, heaved it overboard without noticing the severed rope. He beheld his laundry sail through the air with twenty feet of rope following it, cursed expertly, and wandered off to see what he could do about getting himself some new clothes.

IN THE meantime, we hasten to assure Miss Clothilde Madrass that we're not in the market for a "little leading lady for the patriotic movie that I am told by a friend you are going to get out to honor welders of the fair sex." How these rumors get around is beyond us. We are getting out no movie of any kind and we'd appreciate it if Miss Clothilde Madrass' friends would mind their own business. However, if anybody else wants to take a whirl at it here are Miss Clothilde Madrass' specifications: "I am blond, and my friends say I'm ravishing, although I maybe should not mention it. I am five feet ten but have a way of walking which makes me seem shorter if the script calls for it. I weigh 112 pounds but am very deceptive especially from the waist up. My eyes are blue and my complexion beautiful—or at least so my friends say. I have taken a three months' course with the MISTTHW and have a certificate. I live in Pasadena, so would not have far to go."



SO MANY people have written in about the brand-new lieutenant, junior grade, U. S. N. and the equally new Wave that we'd like to put a stop to it. The lieutenant, fresh out of an advertising agency, was met by a Wave who, but a little while before had been a stenographer. She saluted so violently that he was thrown into a panic and tipped his hat. And now we'd prefer to hear no more about that. And thanks. . . .

W. D.

Vol. 112, No. 2. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1943, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

THIS WE

JULY 10, 19

SHORT STORIES

IRA WOLFERT
The Winners. Two people grope t French underground to fight on fo

ALBERT HALPER
Fate, or Destiny, or Something. The get, the smaller they print the new

BETTY DE SHERBININ
The Silver Cross. There are some mother can't refuse.

MICHAEL DRURY
Long Arm of the Law. An F.B.I. his man—and almost loses his girl.

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Present for Peggy, by Czenzi Orm

SERIAL STORIES

SAX ROHMER
Seven Sins. The second of eight p

FAITH BALDWIN
You Can't Escape. The fifth of eigh

ARTICLES

GEORGE CREEL
Presidential Predictions for '44. Prev men who would rather be President.

KYLE CRICHTON
Horses Don't Stay Home. Prioritie sport of kings don't mix.

DAN PARKER
Stutterin' Sam. Mary Dowell, the s show girl who couldn't talk straight

HANNAH LEES
The Telltale Eye. The R.C.A.F. tries new for optical fatigue in its fliers.

ROBERT BELLAIRE
Opium Boat. Dope—Japan's deadlie of subjugation.

FRANK DUFRESNE
Uncle's Icebox. Nature's cold-sto serves Alaska's fish and game foods

WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT
Out of Darkness. Miracle of sight c new world for LaDean Sage.

HARRISON FORMAN
Flight from Famine. An eyewitness the starving millions of China's He ince.

JIM MARSHALL
Behind the Barbed Wire. Why p war are handled with care.

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World.

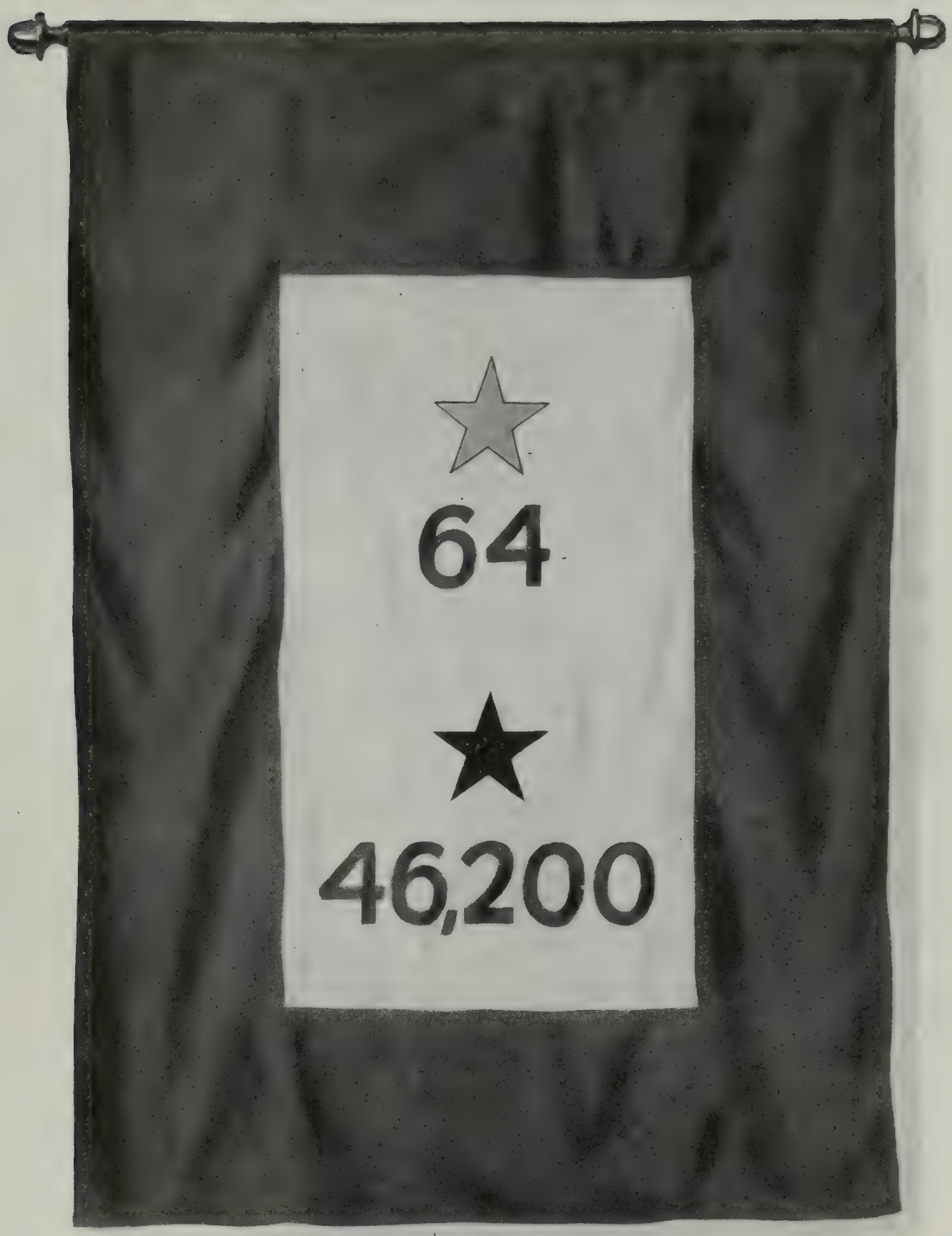
WING TALK.

"BUT NOT FORGOTTEN."

THE SUB THAT SANK SIX

EDITORIAL
1776—1943.

COVER RONALD



A Flag with 46,200 Stars

The service flag of the Bell System had 46,200 stars on May 1. It has a lot more now. Telephone men and women are serving with the armed forces everywhere.

Those who are right in the middle of the fighting realize especially the importance of the telephone job back home.

"Tell the gang," their letters say, "to keep on plugging.

"We wouldn't have the stuff for fighting if the rest of the Bell System wasn't sticking to the job and pushing through the calls that get things done.

"Takes team-work to win a war — especially a big one like this."

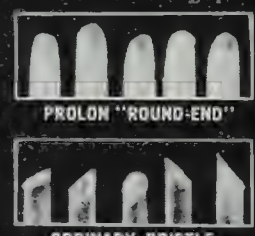
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

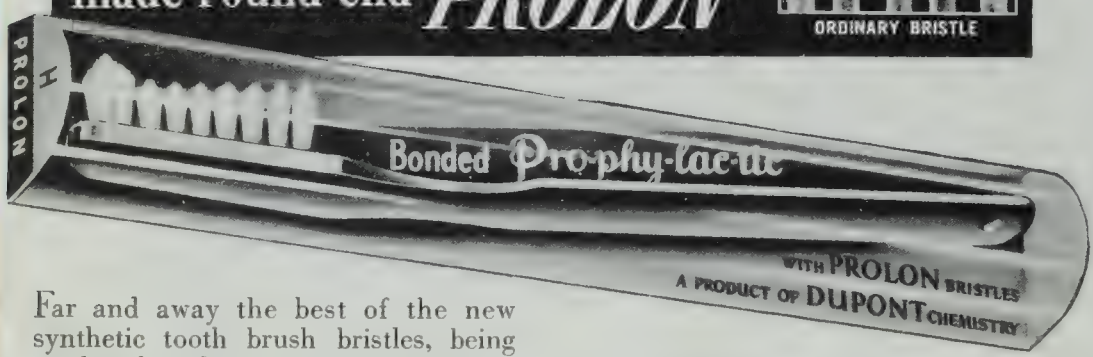
★ *Your continued help in making only vital calls to war-busy centers is more and more essential every day.*

Still jabbering about the days when PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC USED TO BUY HER BRISTLE!

For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end *PROLON*

Actual Photo-Micrographs





Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by du Pont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this du Pont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same du Pont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

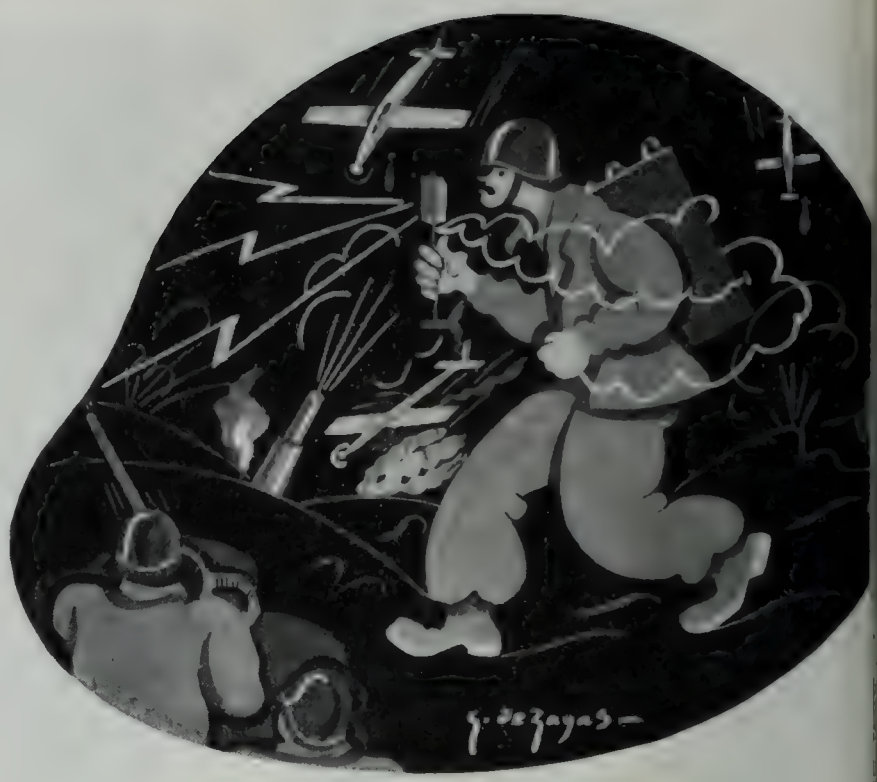
In addition to Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to insure thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** A *written* guarantee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

. . . and the Roll Wave hair brush in our famous Jewelite line

The popular Roll Wave hair brush in crystal-clear Jewelite plastic! Choice of four jewel colors. Snow-white Prolon bristles set fan-wise and trimmed to fit the curve of the head for improved brushing results. At most brush-goods counters . . . with comb . . . $4.50

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORL

By Freling Foster

Real battle noises will soon be transcribed by American radio stations through a new sound recorder about to be used on many fronts. Operating on batteries and recording magnetically on a thin wire that runs for four hours without a reload, the machine registers the sounds of battle and a running description made on the spot by the news commentator who carries the device on his back.

Canada's 1943 Victory five-cent piece has on its reverse side a border of dots and dashes of the Morse code, spelling the motto: "We win when we work willingly." It is a compromise between those who wanted a decorative design and those who wanted a lettered message.—*By Arnof G. Carlson, Stoughton, Mass.*

Chocolate may now be "stretched" considerably by the use of a new concentrate, a 25 per cent addition of which doubles the flavoring strength of chocolate powder, liquor and sirup.

Some 1,300-odd honorary degrees are presented each year by about 700 American colleges and universities. Among the institutions that do not give such honors are Cornell, Stanford and Vassar; and the few that present these degrees exclusively to persons of intellectual eminence include the universities of Illinois, Minnesota, South Dakota and Texas.

The alphabetical cipher system invented in 1586 by Blaise de Vigenere is still among the best methods of writing secret messages in cryptograph. Few experts can decipher it unless they know the specific arrangement of the letters used in every communication. For example, the letter "A" may be employed 26 times in a single message and represented each time by a different letter.

Since the passage of the renegotiation statute on April 28, 1942, the Army and Navy together have saved well over $2,500,000,000 through the rewriting of war contracts and the refunding of excess profits.

A Newark department store operates a number of small bra in war plants in near-by localiti pay days, thus helping to reduc senteeism among both the men women workers by enabling the purchase articles of clothing an cessories easily and on company

The U. S. Department of Ag ture has just taken aerial photog of 2,000,000 square miles or 9 cent of the farm acreage of this try, in order to help determin sirable changes in land use for va kinds of crops. The work, produced 1,300,000 air photos, $8,000,000, or only a fraction sum of producing the informati ground surveys.

A new photoelectric spectr tometer, now used by the Arm standardize camouflage colors, sensitive that it can detect and the differences in 2,000,000 colo will also respond to a change of equal to that which would fall human face from a candle a away.—*By Jack Geller, Clev Ohio.*

A recent study of the inhalatio elimination of ether and alcoh low concentrations shows that ether odor is excreted entirely lungs, alcohol odor is metab and excreted by the kidneys as w the lungs.

The Italian navy has two su rines that are named for priest Nineteen states in this country a without approved medical schoo Forty-eight per cent of the m the United States Navy are un years of age. . . . A recent stu federal entomologists shows mosquitoes, when given a choic fer the blood of cattle, horses, and dogs to that of human bein

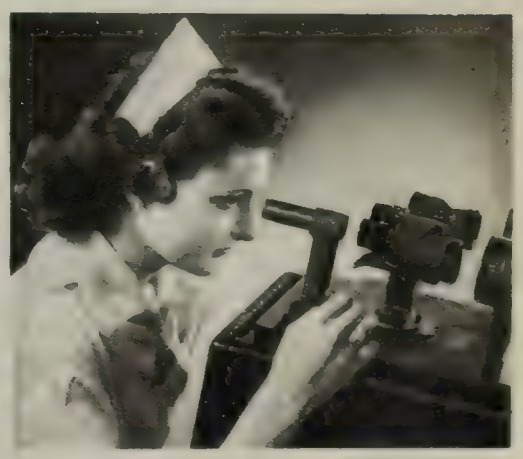
Five dollars will be paid for each int or unusual fact accepted for this Contributions must be accompanied b factory proof. Address Keep Up w World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, N (17), N. Y. This column is copyrig Collier's, The National Weekly. None items may be reproduced without expr mission of the publisher

Westinghouse provides vision to pierce the darkness . . .

Amazing electronic "eyes" for a Navy skipper, searching the surface of the sea . . . eyes for the pilot of a night-flying bomber . . . eyes for an anti-aircraft battery, seeing far beyond the range of human sight.

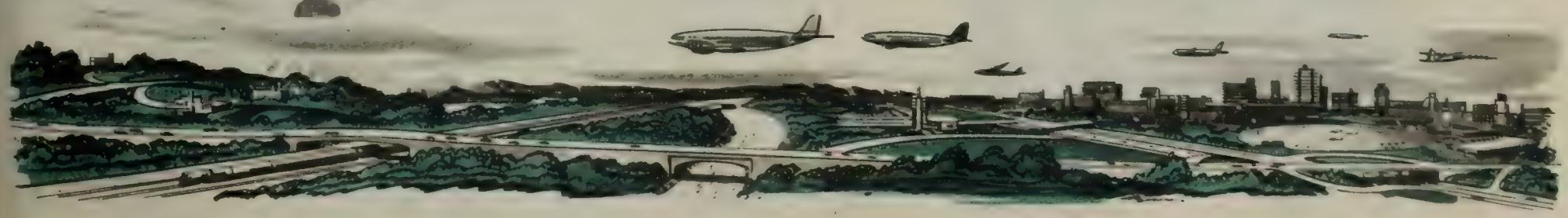
Westinghouse sees with the sharp vision of trained inspectors . . .

Critical, probing vision inspects Westinghouse products at every step . . . enforces high standards of accuracy and precision to the 1/10,000th of an inch, to the 1/1,000,000th of a pound. On Westinghouse inspectors like this alert girl, the 57-year Westinghouse creed of *quality* depends.



Westinghouse opens up the vision of a brave new day . . .

In Westinghouse laboratories today, electronics and electricity are giving up their secrets . . . bringing the promise of immeasurably better, happier living in the new world of peace that lies ahead. Those secrets are working today for Victory. When the war is ended, they will work for human happiness—in new electrical products and appliances far beyond your dreams. Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Plants in 25 cities—offices everywhere.



Desert bound radios built by Admiral wear 'em . . . here's why. Heat generated by the tubes of a radio makes ventilation imperative. With the average home radio the problem is comparatively simple . . . but radios serving in tanks, jeeps and scout cars are exposed to clouds of dust, sand storms on the desert . . . all sorts of abrasive particles that can ruin a set within a very few minutes. Admiral engineers solved the problem with bricks of spun glass . . . a "gas mask" that assures adequate ventilation yet keeps all damaging particles out. Because of the knowledge that Admiral engineers are gaining now in solving the problems of war, the Admiral of the future will be a better radio than ever.

Continental Radio and Television Corporation, Chicago, U.S.A.

TUNE IN . . . 2:30-2:55 p.m. New York time, Sunday afternoon. Admiral Radio brings you "World News Today" over C. B. S., with direct short wave reports from world news centers.

Admiral
RADIO
AMERICA'S SMART SET

BRITISH COMBINE

Just how damaging are these "near-misses" you read about? Here a flying-boat (wing showing in foreground) drops one near an Axis cargo ship in the Mediterranean

FOR you who groan and lament when you read about near-misses dropped by American bombers in combat with surface craft: Greeting, and some reassuring information.

You may have the idea that a near-miss is a failure—a dead loss—but frequently it is surprisingly effective. With a surface vessel for a target, and particularly when it is a cargo or transport ship, a near-miss sometimes does as well or better than a direct hit.

A bomb which explodes on the deck can toss plenty of wreckage around, which is good, substantial offense. But the hull may be left undamaged. A blast in the near-by water may fling no debris into the air, but it can wreck a rudder, twist propeller blades under the stern, rip plates or stave in part of the hull, either sinking the vessel or leaving it helpless and unable to get away, an easy target to finish up then or later.

Thus a near-miss can be the next best thing to a torpedo hit, the type of below-the-water blow which has sunk every type of warcraft up to and including carriers and battlewagons.

The value of this type of "miss" has been known to military airmen for some time, if not to the public generally. It was first effectively demonstrated back in 1921 when General William Mitchell proved to all the world that bombs could sink battleships even if compartments were closed and there were no munitions or steam pressure aboard to furnish additional blasts.

The near-miss, exploding near by, sets up what is known as water hammer—in other words it transmits the blast through slow, yielding water.

Mitchell once theorized: "The use of the water hammer, or water impelled with great force by an explosion under the bottom of a vessel, would certainly cave in the bottom, spring the seams, and cause the vessel to sink. Most of us remember how, as boys, we knocked two stones together while diving under water and what an effect this had on our ears.

"It is this force that we utilize in attacking ships in the water. Explosions deep in the water at a distance from the ship would break the condenser system, and this damage would stop the vessel from steaming. In fact, one of the most vulnerable points in a battleship is the condenser system. The propellers and their shafts could be bent, the rudder damaged, and the whole underwater integrity of the vessel would be deranged."

The flying general and his bombers sank the battleship Ostfriedland in Chesapeake Bay tests in 1921 without having exploded a single bomb on board it. The explosives—one-ton bombs and far less potent than today's block-busters—were all near-misses.

THE old "military mustache" is coming back, reports from North Africa indicate. Time was when any Army officer worthy of the name wore a magnificent appendage on his upper lip. That on a subaltern's was not so much, but by the time a man got to the rank of major, his mustache usually was a beautiful thing. Long, neatly trimmed and waxed, its ends pointed militantly upward. Few such, however, have been seen in recent years.

A movement was begun in Tunisia which promises to restore the bristling lip whisker to its former glory. Army airmen of a medium bombardment group organized a society known as the "Point Snorkers." It is open only to those "who are men enough to grow a rated thatch on the upper physiognomy."

Rules of the organization require that a candidate's "spinach patch," as the members term it, must be of such dimensions that it can be seen clearly from a distance of 100 feet. When waxed, it must bristle nicely and point "toward the candidate's ears."

Once formally inducted into the society a member cannot remove his qualifying mustache except upon order of the high command of the body, or upon return to the United States.

Major Charles R. Greening, of Hoquiam, Washington, was elected "Chief Doozer" of the society.

The Snorker's membership card is a suitably inscribed Algerian five-franc note. If caught without his card, a member must stand treat or fork up five francs for every member present. ★★

I "GREW UP" IN A FOXHOLE

I didn't think it was going to be like this the day we all marched down to the station. The band was playing and Mom and Dad and Dot were waving goodbye. And even though there were tears in Mom's eyes, I felt great.

I remember Bob Allen slapped me on the back and said, "You'll be a hero, chum." And we waved some more and the train pulled out.

I didn't know what I was fighting for then . . . but I know now.

I'm not kidding myself.

'm not fighting for glory or medals r big parades with ticker tape and aper coming down like a snow-orm.

n not fighting to cram my religion or my ideas down somebody else's throat.

I'm not trying to create a new world order or a dream state.

Out here you catch on quick. In a foxhole you strip things down . . .

And what I'm fighting for is home!

For the right to come home again to the town, the folks, the girl, the job I had before I went to war. Home to America where freedom of speech means a man can grouse or praise as he sees fit . . . where freedom of worship and freedom from fear aren't just talk but are taken for granted. America, where I can live like my folks lived . . . where our way of living has always brought us new and better things . . . and where there's freedom of opportunity for every man to plan and build and grow to the top of his ability!

That's home . . . that's America to me.

Keep it that way until I come back.

. . .

Here at Nash-Kelvinator, we're building giant 2,000 horsepower engines for the Navy's Vought Corsair fighters . . . propellers for United Nations' bombers . . . working to hurry the day when our boys will come home and we can turn again to peaceful things, to the building of an even finer Kelvinator, an even greater Nash!

. . .

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT

Dedicated to America's Fighting Men, who are once again writing the Declaration of Independence with bayonet steel and smoking guns!
THEY GIVE THEIR LIVES, WE LEND OUR MONEY. BUY WAR BONDS.

NASH KELVINATOR

In War, Builders of Pratt & Whitney Engines and Hamilton Standard Propellers.
In Peace, Nash Automobiles, Kelvinator Refrigerators and Appliances.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

Can you build the U. S. S. Texas?

To build a perfect scale model of the U.S.S. Texas, as any model boatbuilder will tell you, is not an easy job.

In fact, unless you had the proper tools, and plenty of help and advice from someone experienced in this hobby, you would probably bungle the job pretty badly.

So, before you tried to build a model boat, the first thing to do would be to seek the advice of an expert. From him you would learn about all the many specialized tools which are used by model builders. Among these tools are tiny ¾ inch planes for shaping the hull, jig saws driven by $^1/_{16}$ horsepower motors, small molds in which to cast guns and anchors, special sanding blocks to enable you to smooth delicate curves and corners, and many other special tools.

Moreover, this man would show you the many ingenious ways model builders have of using these tools to make the finished job perfect. For instance, how to use your fingers to twist the tiny drills when boring holes. After this expert had given you his guidance and advice, you would probably be able to build a model of the U. S. S. Texas of which you would be proud.

Now, just as a man needs the help of a person who has special knowledge and can show him how to use the special tools in the building of a model boat, so does he need similar help in many other lines of endeavor. Especially is this true when he comes to building one of the most important things in his life: the solid, protecting structure of insurance that will guard his family, his possessions, and himself against the accidents and misfortunes life sometimes has in store for us.

In building this important and necessary structure of insurance, the wise man does not trust to luck or random advice, but takes his problem to a man who has had long experience in building these structures for others, a man who knows the tools of his profession and how to use them.

Such a man, you will find, is the Travelers agent. His tools are the various types of insurance policies with which your insurance structure can be built. And his long experience working and building for others has taught him how to use the right tool at the right time; how to provide you with the right amounts of insurance and the right kinds so that your family, your home, and you may have a strong, workman-like protective structure about you. His services are at your disposal and his experience can help you.

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance and fidelity and surety bonds. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JULY 10, 1943

Presidential Predictions for '44

By George Creel
DRAWINGS BY SAM BERMAN

Many Democrats in the West and the South are embittered and openly rebellious, but they know that, no matter what they want or what he wants, the President will be renominated. Just now, Thomas E. Dewey seems to have the best chance of opposing him

ACCORDING to the masterminds of both parties, Franklin D. Roosevelt will be the Democratic candidate once again in 1944. Backed into dark corners, one and all agree that his renomination is a foregone conclusion. Whether himself wants a fourth term or prefers to turn to private life after twelve arduous years is dismissed from consideration. Forces are already in motion, resistless as the law of gravity, that take no account of personal desires, whatever they may be. Not that the assembled delegates, sobbing with delight, will name him by acclamation. Far from it. A "Stop Roosevelt" move will be attempted and pressed vigorously for, with the possible exception of Cleveland and Taft, no President has ever had to deal with a party more thoroughly disorganized and embittered.

The Solid South and the Forgotten West are in open revolt; even New Deal senators and representatives are loudly resentful of White House efforts to by-pass Congress by legislating through executive orders; state and city leaders, whose business it is to get out the vote, complain that patronage has been dispensed on the basis of personal friendship rather than party service and they grow apoplectic at mention of Harry Hopkins. As if all this were not enough, the "purges" of 1938, when the President appealed personally for the defeat of Millard Tydings, Walter George, "Cotton Ed" Smith and many others, are festering sores that refuse to heal.

Governor Frank M. Dixon of Alabama,

and Governor Sam Houston Jones of Louisiana, frankly anti-Roosevelt, have declared for delegations either unpledged or instructed for some "favorite son." Harry Byrd, for example, in Virginia, Walter George in Georgia, Bennett Clark in Missouri, Farley in New York, Tydings in Maryland and Wheeler in Montana. Assuming that this can be done, and that a first roll call finds the Roosevelt forces far short of a majority, what then? Where is the "favorite son," or any other for that matter, who can be nominated with any chance of victory at the polls in November?

Right-wing Democrats, of course, would like to name either Byrd or George, but even Southerners admit that the time has not yet come when the party dares to pick a standard bearer from below the Mason and Dixon's line. Millard Tydings? No man can hope to win without the full-throated support of Mr. Roosevelt, and there is no evidence that the President has undergone a change of mind since he tried to defeat the Maryland senator for re-election in 1938.

The same objection applies to Paul McNutt, for it was a White House order that took the Vice-Presidential nomination away from Indiana's pictorial ex-governor in 1940 (over the angry protests of the convention) and handed it to Henry Wallace. True, Mr. McNutt has since been honored by appointment to high place, but the Manpower Commission job is a "popularity killer" that would have been refused by a man less bold, resourceful and ambitious.

James Aloysius Farley? There is no question that the ex-Postmaster General is by far and away the best-liked man in the party. No other public figure is more loved for his personal qualities or more respected for his honesty and very real abilities.

Here again the President's enmity is a decisive factor, for the break between the two men has widened to a point beyond all hope of bridging. Moreover, there is the matter of Jim Farley's religion. Although intelligent analysis proves that other causes were responsible for Al Smith's defeat, the average politician still holds firmly to the superstition that a Catholic can never be elected to the Presidency.

Granted that the convention could agree on one of these men or some other, and granted that the President and his New Deal following would support him, there is not a Democratic leader who believes that the nominee would have more than the ghost of a chance. As they see it, there is only one possible campaign issue, only one possible hope of party victory in 1944, and that is the catastrophic result if the people decide to "change horses in midstream." Keep Roosevelt in or invite demoralization!

An All-Purpose Battle Cry

Here, quite obviously, is a battle cry that cannot be affected by any change in situation. If the war is still on, it will be pleaded that a continuity of administration is essential to its successful prosecution.

To put in a new Commander in Chief will be accepted as an evidence of disunity by both allies and enemies. If hostilities have ceased, it can be argued that only Franklin D. Roosevelt, the real author of the Atlantic Charter, will have the knowledge and the authority to contend successfully for America's objectives at the peace table.

With Roosevelt as the candidate, the campaign can be made on this single issue, powerful in its appeal, to the exclusion of every domestic issue, particularly the unhappy results of Administration policies in connection with labor, food, manpower, and the charges of waste, extravagance and bureaucratic asininities. Without Roosevelt as a candidate, these domestic issues are bound to be emphasized, and the party will be forced into a defensive rather than an offensive position.

Henry Wallace, to be sure, figures largely in any discussion of 1944, for he has been given a build-up that is almost without parallel in political history. As head of the Board of Economic Warfare, he has been permitted to filch powers from both Cordell Hull and Jesse Jones. Speeches on foreign policy that should be made only by the President or the Secretary of State are delivered by Mr. Wallace, and he is kept continually in the public eye by ambassadorial trips to Mexico, Central America and South America.

There are two points of view as to the reasons for this build-up. New Dealers insist that the President longs for the sylvan hush of Hyde Park and counts the days until he can put by the cares of office. Wallace, they say, was picked as Vice-President over Paul McNutt because F.D.R. wanted a successor who could be depended on to defend and even advance every Roosevelt policy, particularly those that have to do with social reforms.

The anti-Rooseveltians pooh-pooh this explanation. According to their theory, the President picked Henry Wallace as his running mate out of his own certainty that the Corn Belt mystic was the one man in public life who could *not* be built up to a point where he would be accepted either by the party or by the people. Therefore, in the hour when this stood out clearly, he would be able to say that he had done his best to develop a successor, and that, having failed, there was nothing else for him to do but take up the burden again—all with the weary sigh of a man cheated of his fondest hopes.

Whatever the true explanation, the fact stands crystal-clear that Henry Wallace has about as much chance of getting the Democratic nomination in 1944 as Leon Henderson. For one thing, the party has never accepted him as a Democrat, looking on him as a sort of queer hybrid, talking another language entirely. It is also the case that even those who admire the man and give him credit for nobility of thought and purpose regard the Vice-President as an impractical idealist who has both feet in the clouds as well as his tousled head.

To others, less generous in their estimate, he is a dope, a dreamer, a nut. In a campaign, his "quart of milk a day" for the peoples of the world would be as open to derisive attack as Herbert Hoover's "a chicken in every pot."

Even if it were possible to get Henry Wallace accepted by the convention, the politicians hasten to point out that it would be a change of horses in midstream, thereby robbing the Democrats of their one big issue and opening the gate wide for the Republicans.

Remembering the recent elections and the tidal wave of protest that swept New Deal senators and governors out of office, not a Democratic leader but shudders at the thought of another campaign on purely domestic issues. And with F lin D. Roosevelt's candidacy—the h midstream—as the only chance of ing it, they are for Roosevelt no how much it stretches the gullet.

Assuming his nomination, can the dent win again? A different questi tirely and one opening up a bran field of inquiry. The fact that it is a term does not worry the politician they figure it, the third term was t hurdle and, that tradition having smashed, the objection is no longer What does worry them is the bittern feeling in the Solid South and the si growing revolt in the Grain Belt a the Far West.

Southern governors, organized f bellious action, have revived the o that differential freight rates favo East at Dixie's expense and insist th Administration has discriminated a the South in the location of war indu

Governor Dixon of Alabama is o ord with the direct charge that the attempt to repeal poll-tax laws in Southern states is plain proof of int destroy the last vestige of States' Going further, he sees it as a move part of the White House to bring "an organic change in the relationsh tween the two races in the South."

The Old Racial Bugaboo

There, brought out into the open, real reason for the rumbles of revo low the Mason and Dixon's line. R or wrongly, it is believed that the Pre challenges Southern handling of the problem, and the challenge has bee cepted.

"The social structure of the S thunders Governor Dixon, "has been and can endure only on the princi segregation."

Mark Etheridge, a member o Fair Employment Practices Commit Southerner noted for his liberal poi view, is also on record with the flat ment that "there is no power in the not even all the mechanized armies earth, Allied and Axis, which could the Southern white people to the aba ment of the principle of social se tion."

(Continued on page 57)

THE WINNERS

BY IRA WOLFERT

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

A man is blown straight to hell—where he belonged—and two young people grope through the terror-filled shadows of the French underground to fight on for freedom

UP TO the moment of starting out, everything went simply and rapidly. But leaving the apartment was difficult. Then, although Bernard opened the door quietly, it seemed to him that he tore it open and he felt as if he were tearing himself from the air of the room. It was past three in the morning. There were three high-explosive hand bombs of English make in his pockets and a pistol in his belt under a sweater. The curfew had to be got by first, but that was the easiest of the tasks facing him. If he went into the Gestapo they'd just light a match to him and blow him up.

His apartment was three flights up. He went along a corridor and started down the stairs moving soundlessly on rubber-soled canvas shoes. He did not look back. He had nothing to look back to. He fled alone.

At the second landing, near the door behind which Emilie slept, he stopped and listened. He heard his own breathing. There was so much silence that sound seemed not merely still but asleep, as if it would take something remarkable to waken a noise. Then he thought suddenly that he should have made a will. He had nothing to leave. But his ration cards—he could have left them to Emilie. She would have been surprised.

He stood still and listened, wondering why he had grown so conscious of the girl. She was pleasant, certainly, even now that she had grown pale and fine-drawn from poor food and worry about her father, but that was not it. He looked carefully inside himself and decided after a moment that it was fear.

Of late Emilie had taken a great interest in him. When he went out, when he came in, almost always she was there to meet him, and if he did not meet her, he felt somehow that her eyes were upon him. They were handsome eyes, too, except that recently they seemed to have grown full of questions. Her father was held as a hostage—that he knew from her mother's wailing. Perhaps if the girl found the answer to her questions, her father's life might be saved and Bernard's forfeit. An old man in exchange for one of the underground—the Gestapo would be happy to make such a bargain.

Bernard moved silently toward the stairs again. All right, Emilie was a danger, and he was afraid. Well, he had been afraid before.

Dawn was showing faintly by the time he had made his way to Choux-Choux's, and he found a shadow in the fog in the restaurant's back court and stood there soundlessly. In a moment the porter-watchman would remove the garbage. When the cellar door opened and the man came out, Bernard slipped behind him into the cellar. At the top floor of the restaurant he found a small iron door which led to the electric sign in front. The key was hanging on a nail where he had been told he would find it.

The sign was four stories high and covered the whole front of the building above the ground floor. When Bernard saw a narrow board catwalk behind it, placed there for the convenience of the maintenance men, he pressed it with his feet, as if patting it approvingly, and grinned. He had been worried about shielding his presence from the roof. The walk would do it. He could insert most of himself under it, and the part of him that remained uncovered would look like rags that had blown and caught there. A catch-all at the bottom of the sign shielded him from the street. If he lay quiet through the hours of daylight, then he was safe. No one came behind the sign any longer, not since the war had blacked it out.

At the edge of the sign, two girders crisscrossed to form a triangle. By standing in the triangle when the time came, he would command the street. The catwalk itself was connected to the roof with an iron ladder, and he would escape over that. The others, those responsible for disposing of the roof guards, would show him the rest of the way to safety.

Once he got away from the building his chances would be good. He was an experienced violator of the curfew. Only the worst kind of bad luck could enable the police to lay hands on him as he was going through the streets. And if in some way he left a trail behind him that the police could follow, if somebody had seen him leave home, or became suspicious of his absence through the day, or saw him return, he would have to face that when it came up.

The sky began to lighten and Bernard crawled under the catwalk. He wore no hat. Dust caught in his dark, curly hair, and he grimaced violently and shuddered when a spider web broke and clung to his face.

He made quite a nest for himself. Light housekeeping, he thought, all improvements. He took his pistol out of his belt so that he could lie more comfortably.

Now at last Bernard felt really safe, and he sipped some of the soup he had brought. It was still warm, and in a little while he was asleep, his nose buried in his sleeve to muffle any snores he might make.

IN THE evening of that day, two guards arrived to patrol the block of flat roofs, one on each side of the street in order to oversee the windows opposite. Eight members of the underground were waiting for them with knives. One of the guards groaned loud enough to knock down a door, but it was not heard from the street, and not even Bernard, lying close to the roof under the catwalk, caught the sound.

Bernard lay straining to hear, but he heard nothing. He did not even hear the body fall. It had been caught and held on the attacker's knees and stabbed there several times and then lowered softly. He was not aware even of the underground's arrival or of the guards' until he heard the heavy steps of a man on patrol. He could not be sure whose footsteps they were—the enemy's or a friend's. He tried to detect something recognizable in the footsteps, a quality of shoes, an inability to place the whole weight upon the feet, anything, however slight. He tried with rigid patience, but he couldn't. They were just

(Continued on page 45)

The bomb went off with a noise like the whole world tearing open. The Marshal's car was on its side and there was smoke and a man crawling out of it on his hands and knees

How they finagled the old man into wearing glasses makes a fine comedy of life in Chicago

FATE, OR DESTINY, OR SOMETHIN

BY ALBERT HALPER

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

ONE summer day, when the sun went temporarily behind a cloud while Nick Pisano and I were doing acrobatic tricks on the sidewalk in front of my father's grocery on Lake Street, we heard some strange sounds coming suddenly from the store. Nick looked at me and I looked at Nick.

"It's your old man," Nick finally said. "He sounds sore at something."

Nick came down off my shoulders, landing lightly on his feet. We stared toward the windows but couldn't see inside because the sun had gone behind a cloud. We could hear my old man still shouting, however.

"I guess I'd better go," said Nick. "I think my old lady wants me to do an errand."

"No, don't go," I told Nick. "He doesn't mean anything by it. He must be going over some bills or something."

"Nope," said Nick. "Your pa sure's got a temper. I don't want to be around." Just the same, he stayed. We crept close to a corner of one of the windows and peered inside. There, behind the counter, was my angry father blinking at the front page of the Daily Gazette as he tried to read the fine print of the newspaper in the cloudy light. Though there was no one in the store for an audience, he was cursing.

"Why doesn't he turn on the light if he can't see?" Nick whispered.

"I don't know," I said. "Maybe because it's not night yet; it's only three o'clock in the afternoon."

"Yes, but it's getting dark. It's gonna rain. I guess I got to do an errand for my old lady. S'long." Nick ran up the street. I watched him go, then, screwing up my nerve, hesitantly entered the store.

My father turned to me. "Can you read the print on the first page of the Daily Gazette?" he shouted. "Are they making the type smaller or what?" He shoved the paper into my hands.

"It says here on the first page," I began, "that the king of Montenegro is contemplating divorce, and in the next column there's a report that a woman out in Oregan gave birth to quadruplets yesterday."

"You mean to say you can read that smaller print without putting on the light?" my father yelled in amazement.

"Sure. On the bottom, over on the right-hand side, it says that the batteries for this afternoon's baseball game between the White Sox and the Boston Braves will be—"

"Enough! That's enough! Who about baseball? Shut up! Do the p have to make their type smaller once!"

That night, after he had closed his cery, my father came home from the still puzzled. "It seems that the nev pers are making their paper cheaper their type smaller," he complained t mother. "It's getting so a man can't the news any more!" He took off his lar and tie, put on his house slippers began reading the evening paper. H under the table lamp with the fancy glass shade and turned to the first We could tell that he was having going. He was blinking. Finally crushed the paper, his face red.

"What! Is the Evening Sentine poor it has to change over to cheape per and smaller type, too?" he sho "Can't a poor man get his news any without owning a long-distance wire Washington?" His eyes, which had come small and red, were blinking a My mother grew worried. She hesit moistening her lips.

"Maybe you need glasses. A man age should—"

(Continued on page 61)

My old man held the front page before his eyes. "Why, it's wonderful! They fit. The type isn't small at all!"

Mamá's voice rose. "Go—you and your uniform and your ideas for idiots." Pepe made for the path as she hurled the rock after him

THE SILVER CROSS

By Betty de Sherbinin

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

y a plane flies through the and why a girl loves—these miracles Mamá could not prehend. But in the end learned to accept them

WHEN Mamá Diaz had her thirteenth the whole hillside was impressed. Thirteen and all living, as something to consider. But Mamá z accepted felicitations as a matter of rse. "We are still missing one more," said. "A girl now . . . to make it seven ach."

ven the American artist, a quiet man lived to himself and his paintings, e down the hill to say a word. He ght canned milk with him. Mamá z accepted it, but without enthusiasm. vas a half day's work to get at the stuff, and then small reward. Still the empty tins had some value as cups. She thanked the American, but she did not raise her hands or eyes to emphasize it. She asked him how it went with him—and when he volunteered nothing she could repeat, she flattered him a little. "You have more than a simple man could want in heaven," Mamá told him, "with your white house, and the garden you have . . ."

"It won't be easy with the garden," the American said. "Now that Pepe has left."

"What are you telling me?" Mamá led him to an explanation. Pepe had worked so hard for the artist that her boys used to say he'd bend like an arch before his time, doubling over the plants as he did.

"I am glad he went," the American said. "He wanted to join the army."

"What craziness . . ." Mamá's laugh was short and raucous. "The ideas they take out of the air . . . the young ones . . ."

But the American was unsmiling. "We are in danger," he told her. "We need an army. An army needs men."

"Men perhaps"—Mamá stuck out her lip—"but a piece of a boy cluttered with boots and uniform . . ."

"It will make a man out of him." The American looked straight at her. "And of others."

She had boys, too; perhaps the words and the look were for them. Like a flash she was on him. "My children are for me," she said swiftly. "And not for wars. They don't leave me. That is how it is in a family. Together."

The American shrugged his shoulders and was ready to go. "Everyone makes his own decision," he said. "Even in a family." And something in the tone of that made Mamá doubtful.

She sat back to compose herself when he had gone. She looked over the green edge of the hill. The sky was one blue and the water another, the two met in a straight line without the hint of a cloud or a whitecap. Mamá sighed deeply.

A gentle hum caught her ears. She sat forward, her eyes excitedly examining the sky. She looked to the north, and there, catching the glow of the sun, she saw it coming. The others had heard it too . . . They came into the clearing, raising their heads, shielding their eyes. She pointed repeatedly. "There . . . there . . ."

One of the boys called out from the path. Rosa—carrying the little one—had seen it too. "There it comes."

"Where?" Only the littlest could not see, stood pulling at one another, twisting their faces. "Where?"

A roar sounded overhead; they could see it clearly: Silver wings, silver tail, impersonal, magnificent, as it crossed over them. They stood with their heads bent back watching.

Mamá sank back, overcome. "What

ACME

--But Not Forgotten

In the Formosan jungle, behind barbed wire, the hero of Wainwright's Rock awaits the day his boys will fight through to restore him to freedom

General Wainwright in a prison camp. This photograph, which was made by Jap cameramen, reached the United States via neutral sources

IN THE tropical hills of Formosa, a tall skinny guy strides along jungle paths, swishing at weeds with a carved bamboo cane. At the end of the path, the cane sings against taut barbed wire, and the man, halting suddenly, swears softly under his breath. He flicks the dust from his faded old American Army uniform, with three silver stars on the shoulder, and strides back along the path.

Not so long ago, his name was headline-famous all over the world. It was in the Emporia Gazette, the Berliner Tageblatt and the Sydney Bulletin; in Nichi Nichi and the London Express and Pravda and Il Popolo d'Italia. The headlines called him a hero and a first-class fighting man—even the enemy headlines did that. But there on the jungle path, caged behind the wire, he might have wondered a little wryly if people had forgotten. There had been so many names in the headlines since May, 1942.

When he first was brought to the hills more than a year ago, he raged bitterly against the little yellow men who held him captive—and who had to tilt back their heads to look up into his craggy sunburned face. They respected him, these cocky little yellow men, as a man and a soldier. But as the days passed, he fought himself to a calmer frame of mind; he was too old a warrior to waste his strength, sapped by hardship and too little food, in vain anger and regret.

Often, in the cool of the evening when the sun set redly over the North China Sea and a little wind stirred the jungle, he would sit in front of his living place and sing tunelessly the old songs he'd sung long years ago at dusty cavalry posts in Texas and Wyoming, in Kansas and Idaho, and the Army ballads he'd roared out with his fellow Yanks at Saint-Mihiel and in the Rhineland with the Army of Occupation.

That would be Lieutenant General Jonathan Mayhew Wainwright, hero of Bataan—the fighter who so inspired his men that they changed the name of Corregidor to Wainwright's Rock. That would be "Skinny"—the boy from Walla Walla, who refused to escape from the battered, bloodstained fortress at the entrance to Manila Bay. That would be the weary, sweat-soaked soldier who told his curious Japanese captors on May 6, 1942, "I'm here with my men because my conscience would not let me leave them."

They stood stiffly at attention and saluted him for that—this exhausted, defeated-but-not-beaten battler who had, for months, fought their overwhelmingly superior forces to a standstill. They broadcast his words in their own chant of victory, paying tribute to his fortitude. He was so weak that he hobbled around on two sticks, but his blue eyes still blazed defiance—save for a minute when they separated him from his men and led him away to a ship that took him across the sea to a camp for officer prisoners high in the steamy Formosa hills.

"I'd rather have stayed with my boys," he said.

That was because Skinny Wainwright is a soldier's soldier, and always was. He never asked his men to do anything he wouldn't do himself. He waded rivers with them, tented with them, hunted and fished with them. He'd argue amiably with a rear-rank private over a glass of beer in a bar. On the Rock, he lived those last days of the siege, not in the commanding general's residence, but in a tattered, shrapnel-torn tent outside Malinta Tunnel—laughing at the people who got "tunnelitis" when the bombs came thundering down and the shells screamed by.

"There can be no question of surrendering this fortress," he quietly told the seven thousand defenders. "It will be defended with all the resources at our command."

It was, to the end—and then some.

Setting a Standard of Duty

They fought their hearts out for the tall quiet-mannered general who had stayed with them on the bloody front on Bataan, just as he did later in the last desperate fight on his Rock.

President Roosevelt summed up the hopeless situation they faced from December 7, 1941 until May 6, 1942 in his last message to Wainwright:

"In spite of all the handicaps of complete isolation, lack of food and ammunition, you have given the world a shining example of patriotic fortitude and self-sacrifice. The calm determination of your personal leadership in a desperate situation sets a standard of duty for our soldiers throughout the world."

Wainwright was born in Walla Walla when that frontier town was in Washington Territory and the Indians still went on the warpath; he'll be sixty years of age come August 23d.

He grew up a tall, skinny kid and went to West Point when he was nineteen. He was always softhearted about animals, and so he went into the old First Cavalry, at hard-bitten, sand-swept Texas posts. Three years later, he was shipped out to the Philippines and fought the Moros on Jolo and learned to sing raucously that the monkeys have no tails on Zamboanga.

He served all over the place after that, going steadily upward in the dull peace years. Temporarily he was a major and a lieutenant colonel in France, reverting to captain after the show was over. But he soon climbed back, and when the Japs struck in the Philippines, he was over there as a temporary major general in command of the division. When MacArthur went to Australia, Wainwright took command of the whole Philippine theater and won the Distinguished Service Cross for bravery and warlike skill. Months after his capture, he was awarded an oakleaf cluster in addition.

All over the world on American battlefronts today, are men who served with him and sang with him at parties and soldiered with him, and who tell stories about him.

A few friends recall that last evening ashore in 1940, just as Wainwright was setting out for the Philippines on an Army transport. That was the time he talked about war and remarked, "I think I'm going the wrong way." He thought the war would break on us from Europe—and feared he'd miss it "stuck away out in the islands."

A nurse who served with his men on the Rock says that the explosions gradually deafened him, so that people had to shout to make him hear. Under the terrific responsibility he grew emaciated, but he always smiled—even when he was offered a chance to leave and refused it.

"If he'd been ordered to leave," the nurse thinks, "he'd have refused."

People who were guests at a luncheon in Manila remember how Wainwright and a visiting British general from Hong Kong talked about retirement ages. The American general, who was fifty-eight, thought the retirement age might well be lowered.

"We old boys are no good in the field," he argued. "We can't take it."

A few weeks later, events proved how wrong he was.

Some day before too long, there will be consternation among the little men guarding the barbed wire high in the Formosa hills. There'll be shots and shouting and to Skinny's ears will come the cheering of American soldiers, charging in to set him free.

That'll be a great day for Skinny—and for America, too. ★★★

magnificence," she said slowly. "Bi
house, moving like a cloud . . . a
cross in the sky . . ."

"It comes from America," said (
the boy on the path. "It carries
than twenty men."

"More the wonder," said Mam
erently.

From where he stood Cacho had a
view of the red path that cut int
green of the hill. "The boys are co
he said. "And the old man—"

José, Ino and Negro had gone
to the port with Diaz. With the ne
the thirteenth about, it was not likel
people would spoil their day by ig
them.

"And Consuelo?" Mamá's voice
out the question. The girl had w
the day in the store as she wanted
yards of cotton.

"She doesn't come . . ." said Cach

"Not with whips could they kee
working until now," said Mamá
ingly.

Ino was the first to get to the cle
"Consuelo works until later," he
They looked to see if she would
this.

"Lies . . ." she snapped.

"That's what she said . . ."

"And not one of you was b
enough to call her a liar."

They were tall fellows with rough
even teeth, tawny skins and good-hu
eyes. They shrugged their shoulder
avoided Mamá's look. "If she d
come in a little while, I'll go after her
said indefinitely.

"I'll send you down the hill
stone if you don't." Mamá voic
rough.

NO ONE bothered Diaz with que
He sat down as soon as he re
the clearing and let the exhaustion r
of him.

"There are soldiers in the port,'
José conversationally. "They come
the capital to make more."

"Pepe's in a week," Negro said.
although the boys had never held m
Pepe, there were no smiles about it.

"Well, he'll be the only soldier
get from the hill," Mamá said.
if they judge by him, they won't be s

"He's not big . . ." Ino said of
"but he's lively."

"He'll learn in the army," José
"He'll be with machinery . . . They
all kinds . . . They brought it with t

"Autos, camions," said Negro,
port's full."

So that was it—give a man a rusty
of wheel and iron and he was happie
a woman with gold. "Fools," mu
Mamá.

Ino looked to José, José look
Negro. They shrugged their shou
Mamá raised her voice to settle it. "
everything to stop a son of mine j
the soldiers—everything—right to
point of a knife."

They were moving away then, mut
something about looking for their

A sudden burst of laughter t
Mamá's thoughts back to Consuelo.
laughter came from the path; it was
and prolonged. Mamá recognize
sound.

It came from dark corners, it
after a kiss, it came when a man l
at a girl and there were no words,
the laughter. "Consuelo . . ." M
called.

The girl stood in the clearing now
was a pretty girl with a glow on he
and a warm light in her eyes. Her
was petulant: "I come . . ." Bu
turned back to the path.

Mamá sat forward in her chair, p
round the edge of the house. A
could see was a uniform. "Consuelo
Mamá shouted.

(Continued on page 51)

HORSES DON'T STAY HOME

By Kyle Crichton

America's No. 1 gambling industry rolls merrily along, oblivious of war, adding its senseless burden to our overtaxed transportation systems. See if you can figure it out

TWO thousand horses are now stabled at the various race tracks in the Chicago area. They have been rought there from the ends of the country—from Florida, California, New Orleans, Arkansas, New York, New England. At a time when manufacturers are scrambling desperately for every foot of freight and express space on the railroads, the horses have been transported from one place to another in ample time to make their next racing dates.

Take a look at another picture: It is Friday in Louisville, the day after Count Fleet won the Kentucky Derby. It is also the day of the coal-mining crisis. The Government has taken over the mines, and Secretary Ickes has asked that railroad traffic be drastically cut. At that moment, Count Fleet and Blue Swords are being loaded in a special express car for the trip to Pimlico race track at Baltimore. Other horses are being shipped in similar special cars either to Pimlico or back to New York.

Although the Office of Defense Transportation had ruled that no railroad accommodations would be afforded racetrack travelers en route to Louisville in the week before the Derby, trainers, jockeys and owners seemed to have no difficulty getting to Louisville. They were now having no trouble getting away again tonight.

When racing opened this spring at Jamaica track in New York City, the weather was the worst in many years. And in a meeting lasting twenty-seven days, there was total betting of $33,434,081, for a daily average of $1,238,299; and a total attendance of 500,210, for a daily average of 18,526.

When gasoline rationing went into effect last winter, racing was killed at Hialeah and Tropical Park in Florida. Overnight, the horses were shipped to the Fair Grounds in New Orleans. When the season ended at New Orleans, approximately 1,000 horses were transported to New England tracks, 250 to Kentucky, 200 to Chicago and 200 to New York. At the same time the horses that had been wintering in Florida were shipped north. It required 180 cars to move the New Orleans horses, and 201 cars to handle the Florida exodus.

At the Soldiers' Zero Hour

This was at a time when our troops in Africa were tensing themselves for the greatest battle any American force has had to face in this war. Our men were spread over the earth and, according to rumor, at least, our railroad lines were strained to the breaking point. The pressure on the Western lines has been particularly hard because of the many Army camps in that section. And yet 180 cars could be spared at the moment for transporting race horses. Did freight had to wait while those cars made the trip north and returned?

The Office of Defense Transportation reports that there are 341 express cars available for race-horse shippers. These cars are hitched onto fast passenger trains, and it is lucrative business for the railroads. Trains are jammed and passengers stand for hours in the aisles, but no case has been recorded where a horse failed to make an engagement at a track because transportation wasn't available.

These special cars seem to be kept ready for any emergency. When Count Fleet was injured prior to going to Louisville, there was some doubt that he would travel on a certain day, but none at all that he would be hauled when he was ready. To explain, the transportation of horses is privileged. Members of soldiers' families are requested to stop visiting Army camps because of the scarcity of railroad accommodations, but jockeys and trainers commute between various tracks at will.

Here is a sample of news notes taken from a single issue of a racing paper: "With Regards wintered in Grimes' Los Angeles back yard, his long vacation effecting a therapy that found him in superb fettle for his New York debut . . . Burgoo Miss, a recent arrival from Bay Meadows (California), raced to a front-running victory in the Rumford Claiming stakes at Narragansett Park (Rhode Island) . . . Flying Silver, showing the benefit of a layoff in Florida, had little trouble scampering home in the first race at Narragansett . . . Spartiate will likely be shipped from Narragansett to Pimlico (Maryland) for the Pimlico Oaks . . . Manamid, unable to win a race during her winter campaign at New Orleans and outrun in her race on opening day at Jamaica (New York City), found Narragansett to her liking. . . ."

There are at least 2,000 horses now stabled in the New York area; another thousand are in New England; Chicago had

(Continued on page 44)

Special cars like this are available for race horses and their attendants, while needed war materials are held up for lack of shipping space

PIX

LONG ARM OF THE LAW

By Michael Drury

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

G-men go around catching people, but how does a gal catch a G-man? In this gay and giddy comedy Susan shows how it can be done

SUSAN said, "Hot damn!" elegantly. It was something she had learned from the plumber and it wasn't very ladylike, but Susan Kent was no lady. She was a tomboy. Even at twenty-seven she was a tomboy, she decided, and the long mirror inside the closet door plainly agreed with her. She wore a boy's faded shirt with the tails out and the sleeves rolled up, dingy dark green slacks, filthy tennis shoes and—Susan stuffed her hands in her pockets and hoisted the tired pants—lurid socks that did not match. From the neck down, she looked exactly like the Scarecrow in The Wizard of Oz.

From the neck up, she looked like Susan Kent, which was a little breath-taking to most people but was old stuff to her. Her eyes were a green that met chartreuse halfway in coming, with black lashes and brows, and her hair was the tawny shade of bleached maple, although at the moment it looked like a brush heap somebody had forgotten to burn. Obviously Susan thought grooming was something you did only to a horse.

And eleven hours from now, at 8 P. M., she had to be a gilded lily.

Susan shrugged. She reached on a chest inside the closet for a brush and began attacking her hair with a view to mastering it. She had given all her curlers to the scrap drive for strictly selfish reasons. She could never sleep with her hair up in anything, and also, she was getting in practice for when she had a husband—if any. Anyway, if she ever *got* a husband, she wasn't going to scare him to death with masks and chin lifters and curlers.

She put down the brush and began resignedly rolling up her hair, strand by strand, in strips of white cloth. It was all in a good cause, she reminded herself. She had to make some concessions to society if she wanted any friends, and Libby Foster practically demanded that Susan come to her birthday party tonight. In a loose way, Libby was Susan's best friend, in spite of a mutual lack of understanding.

Libby pointed out that any girl with a face and figure like Susan's ought to be interested solely in clothes and men. And why, for heaven's sake, didn't Susan have the least bit of sense about either? Susan didn't bother to point out anything. Susan was an artist and she ate paint and charcoal the way newspapermen eat linotype slugs and ink. She was on fire inside with pictures she wanted to paint and draw, and even if she worked twenty-four hours a day, there would not be time enough in her life to do them all.

She wouldn't actually have minded the right clothes if someone would pick them out for her and see that they were pressed and cleaned at intervals, but men were impossible. Susan was frosty about love. The only man she could ever love would be one who loved her—paint and all—and since no such man would ever exist, Susan saw her future self being the kind of person other people said let's leave the kids with.

That, however, would have to be worried about later. If love and paint didn't mix, love could go fly a kite, for Susan could no more help painting than she could help getting hungry occasionally.

Now she yanked a knot into the last cloth curler and surveyed herself from all possible angles. "How horticultural!" she said aloud. "I look like a chrysanthemum."

She picked up three brushes and a can of turpentine from a flat-topped desk and shut the closet door with her foot. En route to the kitchen, which was the only other room the apartment had, the doorbell stopped her.

Faintly annoyed, Susan shifted the turpentine over on top of the brushes and opened the door to a homely

Susan yanked a knot into the last curler and surveyed herself. "How horticultural!" she said

Kit pointed to her signature, Kent, at the bottom of the drawing. "Do you have a front name to go with that, or shall I yell 'Hey, Kent' all evening?"

While Kit kissed her, Susan forgot who she was. "You can paint and live, Susan," he said. "Now will you come and look at New York?" She nodded

young man in a blue suit and no hat. He was bl
disgustingly clean, and there was a great deal of
looked at her skeptically as if she might not be r

"I want to rent it," he announced bluntly in
voice. "The apartment."

Susan blinked. "What apartment?" she de

"Uh—" the man paused. "Par'n me."

"I said," Susan repeated impatiently, "wh
ment?"

For a minute the man with no hat just look
out of slightly sardonic eyes. Susan on a Saturd
ing was something to be taken by degrees.
started over.

"Look," he said with slow patience, "
Carson."

Susan's eyes glittered. "Well, Annie Oakley
flights up!" she retorted and slammed the door.

The man put his thumb on the bell at once
it there.

Susan flung the door open. "I don't care fo
just had any!" she shouted too rapidly above t
and started to shut it again.

The man got off the bell.

"Hey!" he yelled. Susan hesitated, and he
his voice. "You can't do this, you know. It's ill
cut and tied his sentences like a wheat thrasher.

"What's illegal?"

The man took a folded newspaper out of
somewhere behind. He shoved it under Susa
and pointed to a circled ad, but Susan didn't lo
She was busy noticing his brown, well-shaped ha
ing an artist, she knew about such things, and t
stock jumped twenty-five points very fast. A n
hands like that had all his marbles. He played
games with them, perhaps, but they were all th

Susan actually smiled at him. "I'm sorry,"
"I guess there is an apartment, but the landlady
the top floor."

"That's better," the man said loftily. He r
eyebrows and squinted at her. "You know," h
huskily, "you want to be more careful with guy
Kit Carson. They shoot."

Susan regarded him with wide eyes. "India
asked sarcastically.

"Indians," he whispered. "And"—he poked
at her—"green-eyed girls with bad manners."
disappeared up the stairs.

SUSAN kicked the front door shut and backed
kitchen, smiling reluctantly. Weird chara
mused, putting the brushes in a baking-powder
wondered if he always talked like that or if h
was sore. She poured turpentine over the bru
went back to the living room, and for a minute s
looking down at her drawing board, chewing
thoughtfully over a half-finished charcoal sket
doorbell cut a groove across her brain.

Susan bottled up all the evil words she had
from the plumber and went to the door. The n
no hat was leaning against the jamb. Susan fo
arms.

"She—uh—she's not there," Kit Carson said
were Susan's fault. "The landlady."

Susan's mercury was climbing. "What an
posed to do?" she asked. "Adopt you?"

Kit Carson grinned at her. He gave the mat
serious thought. "Uh—no," he said at last. "T
mother. But," he paused, "you could invite me

Susan gave him a look that had frost on it.
invite strange men into my apartment," she said

"I'm not strange," he told her quickly. "I
that way, *ipso facto*."

"Ips—what?"

"*Ipso facto*. That's Latin. It means, 'it's th
of the beast.' Anyway, roughly."

Susan was startled. "Are you a lawyer?" sh

Kit Carson looked up and down the stairs.
G-man," he whispered confidentially.

"You're balmy," Susan said. "Go away."

The man sighed. "All right. But I'll keep a
you. In case you're a jewel thief."

Pinching the creases in his pants to give h
room, he dropped down on the floor and flipped
newspaper. Puzzled, Susan pushed the door gen
Almost at once a piece of paper was slipped
and Susan reached down and picked it up. It wa
sheet, torn from a small, looseleaf notebook.

"Under separate cover," it read, "I am send
my credentials." Something else was coming
Amused, Susan turned it over—and almost dro
It was a small folder with a picture of Christop
son on it and F.B.I. in big letters. Also it said
Hoover.

"Hot damn!" Susan breathed. This Carso
real live G-man, and she had *(Continued on*

STUTTERIN' SAM

BY DAN PARKER

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY TONI FRISSELL

r Dowell's stuttering string-bean ughter Mary had so many flaws and ishes that she was bound to wind s the toast of Fort Worth and the npion of show girls everywhere

BIGGER eight balls were made, Mary Dowell Fort Worth, whom Broadway knows better "Stutterin' Sam," would have wound up be- one of them. But since Mary stands six feet in her tootsies, the eight ball doesn't exist that eclipse her effulgence. For she has parlayed nusual height, one of the worst vocal im- ents on record and an unsuspected talent iting, to win undisputed recognition as Queen Chorus and a summons to Hollywood as a ical adviser and script writer.

dly enough, it took the smallest showman on —Billy Rose—to discover the biggest show It was a passing whim, inspired by the sight many tall girls on the streets of Fort Worth nduced Rose to organize a skyscraping en- e for the spectacle he staged in that city in n celebration of the Texas Centennial.

re were more things wrong with Mary's life the moment Billy Rose entered it than there h Mussolini's landlocked navy. Youngest of laughters of kindly, understanding Arthur ll, Fort Worth's chief of police who died a go, Mary was the ugly duckling of the fam- Double-jointed, uncommonly tall even in a y that ran above average height, skinny as and a hopeless stutterer, she was a sort of sky- ng Cinderella who meekly inherited her older ' clothing after each had worn it in turn. they entertained their beaux on the old front of the Dowell home, twelve miles out of Fort , Mary did the chores, climbed trees, broke mbs imitating movie stunt men and envied ore fortunate sisters.

the time Mary reached high school, she was d with one of the worst inferiority com- possible.

ry's lot didn't improve when she enrolled as hman at Northern Texas Agricultural College 35. Walking across the campus with the foot- captain—over whom she towered head and ders—she had but to look down at him with e devotion in her luminous brown eyes to the whole student body into gales of laugh- Romance didn't have a chance even to kindle.

e of the compensations nature made for the she had played on Mary was to equip her with liant mind. But it was like gold locked up in a f quartz. When the poor girl would arise in to answer a question, she would make a noise balky outboard motor, then sit down, hu- ed and frustrated.

ry, the only brunette among the five Dowell sat down one day to try to figure out what her ar sisters had that she lacked. Suddenly, the born of desperation, came to her that they blondes, which gentlemen were supposed to r. Mary dashed off to the nearest drugstore, t some peroxide and ammonia, and became nde.

s. Dowell, a devout Christian Scientist, was ed when her youngest born who had been nette at dinnertime showed up for supper as a wy platinum blonde. Her shock changed to y a few days later when Mary's hair started g out. It seems Mary didn't know that hair hing is a job that can't be rushed without dis- us consequences.

hair specialist took charge of the situation in to save Mary's crowning glory, but at the f a San Quentin bob. One despairing look at ead, shaved down to the skull, convinced Mrs. ell's string bean that the only hope left for her was to get a job as a model in a comic-valen- tudio. However, hoping to keep her secret in mily, she swathed her bald pate in a brightly colored bandanna and returned to college. To prevent discipline from collapsing utterly, the women's dean sent the unhappy freshman home with a note requesting her parents to keep her out of college until her hair had grown back.

Miserable over this latest turn of events, Mary made up her mind to run away from home. She was all packed and ready to take the train for Chicago, when she decided to stop off at the police station and let her father know what she was doing. The kindly old chief put his arms around his sorely troubled child, let her cry her big brown eyes out on his shoulder. Then sat down and talked her out of leaving home.

At a family conference that night, it was decided that Mary should study piano to take her mind off herself. So, for the rest of that college term, she pounded away at Beethoven, Bach and Schubert, between spells of milking the cows, calling the hogs, feeding the chickens and attending to other chores around the farm.

One day she saw a headline reading: "Broadway Producer Wants Six-Foot Chorus Girls." Billy Rose had arrived in Fort Worth to recruit the cast for the Texas Centennial show and, impressed with the extraordinary number of tall girls he had encountered, had decided to organize a chorus of six-foot Amazons. No experience was necessary. When Mary got to that line, she was on her way.

Dressed only in a gingham house frock and sandals, her boyish bob wrapped up in the ill-fated bandanna, Mary barged in on Rose while he was interviewing girls for his pony ballet in a Fort Worth theater. Awed by the great man, who was busy on the stage, Mary stood about fifteen rows back in the orchestra, waiting for him to take notice. When Billy finally got around to looking her way, he thought she was a flippant pony standing on a seat, so he ordered: "Get down off that seat, you!"

When Seeing Wasn't Believing

Frozen with fright, Mary couldn't move from her tracks, whereupon Rose, interpreting it as a case of *lèse majesté*, stormed down from the stage. When he drew up alongside the girl and saw that her feet were firmly planted on the floor, he emitted a whistle of amazement. "Ye gods," he cried, "I don't believe it! What do you want?"

Mary tried to talk but could only utter a series of gasps.

"What's this, a gag?" demanded Rose suspiciously. But when he saw that Mary's frantic efforts to say something weren't an act, he handed her a pad and pencil and said, "Write it."

Grabbing them as she would a life line, Mary wrote: "Please, sir, if there's any kindness in your heart, give me a job in your six-foot chorus."

On the stage were two newspaper photographers, and Rose, wise in the angles of publicity, called out to them. "Here you are, boys. Come down here and snap me with the first member of my new giraffe chorus."

Mary Dowell finally had got a break!

Rose introduced her to John Murray Anderson, his dance director. As Mary stammered out an acknowledgment of the introduction, Anderson clamped a languid hand dramatically to his brow and exclaimed, "My word, if it isn't Stutterin' Sam herself!"

Since then, Mary Dowell has been Stutterin' Sam to the profession, and a devoted friend to John Murray Anderson. In turn, the director has saved her job a score of times and will not sign his annual contract with Rose until Billy includes a stipulation that Stutterin' Sammy Dowell is to be a member of the chorus for the duration of the document.

Only once has the platonic friendship betweeen the young show girl and the old bachelor been threatened. That was on the first day of rehearsals when she asked to be excused at 4 P. M. in order to cycle home to the farm to milk the cows.

"My smelling salts, someone!" moaned Anderson. "I thought I had heard all (*Continued on page* 54)

Peggy put the coat on. She looked up at her husband of three weeks. "Jim, isn't it perfect? I've wanted it so long—more than anything on earth, except you, of course"

PRESENT FOR PEGGY

By Czenzi Ormonde

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

HE WAS a short, dark man whose thick-lensed glasses seemed to insulate him from the other workers in Weyburn's fur shop. The models, who occasionally wandered back to the workrooms from the gray velvet hush of the main salon, discussed their most intimate problems as though he were part of the furniture.

The forelady, the operators and the finishers by unspoken agreement gave Jago a wide berth. This consideration was due to three things: his breath (heavily fortified with ripe cheese), his temper, and above all, the genius that animated his stubby little hands the moment they touched a mink skin.

Mr. Weyburn himself often said, "Jago's the best cutter in the country. He's got mink blood in his veins."

But this morning Mr. Weyburn, immaculate and vexed, stood stiffly away from Jago's potent breath and his pale eyes glared.

"Look here, Jago," he said. "You can't throw your knife at Louie just because he borrowed it. You might have killed him."

Jago's eyes narrowed behind the glasses.

"He cut fox pelts with it!" Jago gestured angrily toward Louie's bench where the foxes, leather side out, were nailed on stretching boards. "I have told him. Once before he took it for ermines." Jago spat the word with contempt. "Cut ermines with my knife!"

That was a long speech for Jago. Mr. Weyburn considered. "All right. But keep away from the bottle. Next time you let go, you're fired." He turned on his heel and at the doorway announced sternly: "This time I mean it."

He'd been saying that for years, but something in his tone lodged firmly in Jago's angry brain. "He really means it this time," he told himself. "Where else could I get a job? The best mink cutter in the business means nothing if they think you're unreliable."

Jago didn't ask much of life. A cheap room, a couple of drinks when he wasn't on a mink job, and a good north light where he could match the delicate shadings of skins. He loved to feel the soft fur under his fingers. Once started on a job, he was like a painter who forgets everything but the image of beauty in his soul.

His cutting knife expertly flipped back and forth slashing minute, mathematical strips in the leather. Never a false move, never a moment's hesitation. Deft, quick strokes. This was a remodel job. The name on the tag said "Mrs. James Faring." Names meant nothing to Jago. He called this the Coat of the Black Devils but not entirely because of the skins' unusual darkness.

IT WAS a gorgeous coat and as unlucky as the day it had first come into the shop three years ago, a mass of heavy silky skins which Jago transformed into an evening wrap for a gambler's wife. Black devils they were. Jago had felt it the moment he touched their dark soft backs. He knew they were evil. Bred in Jago's bones were the dark superstitions of an ancient race.

The gambler's wife committed suicide. And the gambler brought the coat in to have it remodeled for a blond night-club singer. She saved the coat the night the club burned. Mr. Weyburn, contrary to his business policy, bought back the scarcely damaged coat, so the girl could get her scarred face repaired. He resold it to Gloria Conroy, the aging movie actress who was trying to make a comeback. It was while the coat was being remade for La Conroy that the new model, size fourteen and fresh from school, slipped it on and admired herself.

"Oh, Mr. Jago," she whispered rapturously, "it's the most beautiful coat in the world!"

Jago batted his eyes. He wasn't used to being called mister or treated as a human being.

"It ain't a healthy coat," he said gruffly.

The girl laughed and caressed the skins. Her cheeks grew warm with pleasure. She looked into Jago's eyes and asked fervently, "Do you think I'll ever own a coat like this? I'm going to pray, Mr. Jago. I always get things I pray for. . . ."

That's the way she carried on, this green little kid with the nice legs and the pretty smile. Her name was Peggy, and she got into the habit of hanging around Jago's bench just to watch him work.

"You've got beautiful hands," she said once, and Jago had stared at his fingers in astonishment.

One afternoon after the coat had delivered to Gloria Conroy, Jago w grossed in nailing the seams of a mink masterpiece into geometric on the drying board. He looked up rily. Peggy handed him a cheese wich and a can of beer. He wa surprised to say thank you.

Peggy just smiled and said, "You to go out for lunch."

She did lots of things like that— as if she liked him; let her eyes shi as if she saw something other didn't see. She had been a sweet kid missed her.

NOW the coat of the evil black skins was once more on Jago's bench.

He bent over to examine the sta the inside, up high on the left, ne heart. A bloodstain. One of the fin had had hysterics when she was ri out the blood-stiffened lining.

"Fool!" Jago had thought. should she be surprised?"

Some said it was a love affair, hinted that Gloria Conroy had da in blackmail. It was three months and her murder was still unsolved.

When the coat was stayed and Mr. Weyburn came back to look at

"Beautiful, isn't it?" asked the fin

Mr. Weyburn studied it soberly hope I never lay eyes on it again."

Jago chuckled to himself. "But will, my friend," he prophesied sil

He took the coat and laid it acros bench. With a long thin stick in hand, he whipped the fur smartly, ing it to even a deeper sheen. The cato rhythm of the beating sticks at drowned out the sound of Peggy's v When he heard it, he turned to see standing between Mr. Weyburn a man in officer's uniform. Mr. Wey brought Peggy and the soldier ove Jago's bench.

"Well, here it is, Peggy," he said. " I might add, Lieutenant, that she dri hard bargain."

"Hello, Mr. Jago," said Peggy. held out her hand, and Jago slowly it. Then the young officer's hand cl around his. Little Peggy was Mrs. J Faring. . . .

Peggy slipped the coat on. Her was radiant. She looked with shining up at her husband of three weeks.

"Darling, oh, Jim, isn't it perfect? wanted it so long—more than anyt on earth, except you, of course."

Jago stared dazedly at the eager ha ness of the two young people. Sl fear awakened within him. Somet gripped his throat and he growled: "It it's not finished yet."

Mr. Weyburn lifted his eyebrows.

"It needs a touch of the iron," said sternly.

Reluctantly Peggy handed it back. never argue with you, Mr. Jago. I'll it tomorrow." She went out holding husband's hand. Like kids, Jago thou Trusting and confident.

NEXT morning Jago didn't show u was Mr. Weyburn who discove the coat—slashed into a thousand i arable pieces as only an expert co have mutilated it. The black devils finished—forever.

Mr. Weyburn stared at the ruined for a long time, his thin face tight. T he sighed, drew on his gloves and reac for his hat and stick.

The silence of the people in the wo room was broken by a timid whisper fr his assistant.

"Where are you going, Mr. Weybur

"I'm going to find that fool Jag snapped Mr. Weyburn. "He proba thinks he's been fired."

W. EUGENE SMITH

Because eyes react to intense light, good eye photography was almost impossible until R.C.A.F. Wing Commander Harold Pearce devised the special camera with which he is photographing a flier's eyes. It utilizes a 2,000,000-watt flash of 1/30,000 second duration

THE TELLTALE EYE

BY HANNAH LEES

finding out why Canada's fliers had arting eyes, medical researchers covered that big doses of a common amin had startling effect, not only eyestrain, but on general health

AFTER the war, millions of people may lead pleasanter and more healthful lives because some of the young pilots of the Royal Canadian Air ce found their eyes itching, watering and unable to nd bright light. This is just another example of the t that good often comes out of evil and that when we ted to make things tough for our enemies we also ted to make life better for ourselves.

The stuff that's going to do the trick for us is a yellow der called riboflavin. That's another name for Vitamin B_2. If you put a rat on a diet from which all riboin has been taken away it will die in about three nths, after having led a mean, scrawny and probably erable existence. If you took away a human being's he'd probably die, too, but no one has yet volunteered rove this.

However, if you get only half the riboflavin you need, 'll soon be only half alive—tired, weary-eyed, pep-s. That's the way a lot of us are now—but until the came along there was no simple test to find out ther half-living was due to lack of riboflavin or some anic defect. The doctors could take a drop of blood m your ear lobe and scare the pants off you by telling what they found out. They could X-ray you in one t and prove you had something wrong three feet y in some other part of your body. But there was no lproof way to tell whether a person was getting ugh riboflavin or not.

Now there is, and here's the story: Up in Canada the .A.F. boys who fly the long, sub-hunting Atlantic patrols were having eye trouble, especially those based in Nova Scotia, Labrador, Newfoundland; the boys in the Far Northwest had the same trouble. Couldn't look at the sun glare reflected from the sea or the land when covered with snow. Eyes watered so they had trouble judging distance; itched so that the boys knuckled them and made them worse.

Because the safety of scores of ships and war cargoes depends on airmen's eyes, the men in the medical department of the air force set out to find as fast as possible where the trouble lay.

They knew that researchers had a theory that bad eyesight often was due to a lack of riboflavin in diet. Every move we make uses up oxygen and makes carbon dioxide, which is a poison. Part of our blood's job is to flush the poison out of our cells and pump in more oxygen. Something like scouring out the burned gases from a motor cylinder and pumping in a fresh charge of gasoline and air.

Now, in the cornea of your eye—which is the window in front of the pupil and iris—there aren't any blood pipes to do this depoisoning job. So nature has developed some mysterious chemical system for getting out the carbon dioxide and getting in the fresh oxygen. No one knows how this system works, but it seems to depend on riboflavin—probably other chemicals, too.

All right: If you don't take in enough riboflavin to keep your eyes working efficiently, nature tries something else. She sends scores of tiny blood pipes twisting through your cornea, to pump out the poison and pump in the oxygen. Your eyes get "bloodshot." But this is a compromise: It keeps your eyes working, but very inefficiently; it's like trying to take a clear photograph through a dirty lens.

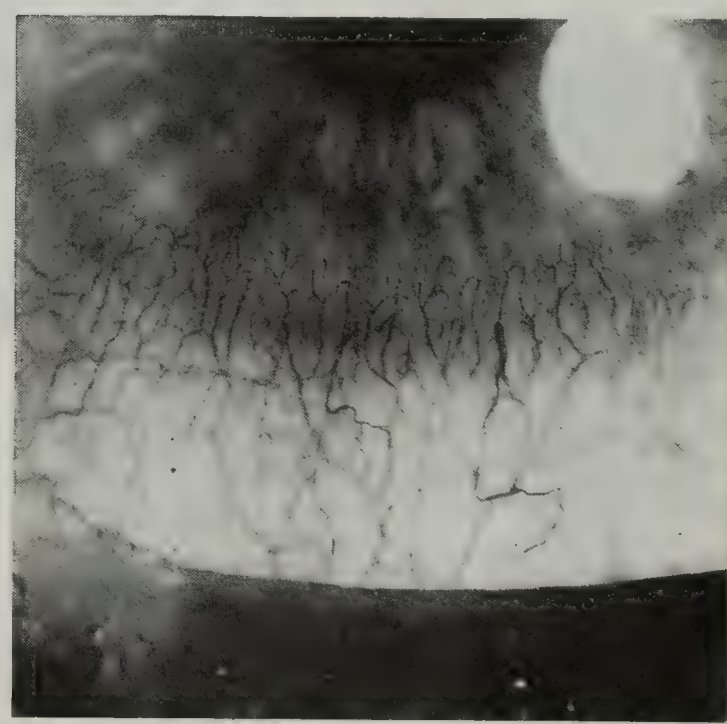
When the Canadian fliers started having eye trouble their medical men looked into their eyes through magnifying gadgets, but this wasn't satisfactory, because it was almost impossible to hold the eye motionless and in focus long enough for study—and there was no permanent record of what was seen. What was needed was a camera, so that each flier's eyes could be studied at leisure, and betterment or deterioration recorded by a series of pictures at weekly or monthly intervals.

Trouble with the camera idea was the difficulty of one's eyes standing the intense light needed to make the picture. This stopped everyone for some time. Then Wing Commander Harold Pearce, Director of Photography of the R.C.A.F., got in touch with Professor Harold Edgerton, head of the electrical engineering department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Edgerton knows more than anyone else about using huge amounts of light for extremely short periods. When you use a camera you may work with a very little light for a long time, or a great deal of light for a short time. Edgerton had a light that would use a two million watt flash—for one thirty thousandth of a second.

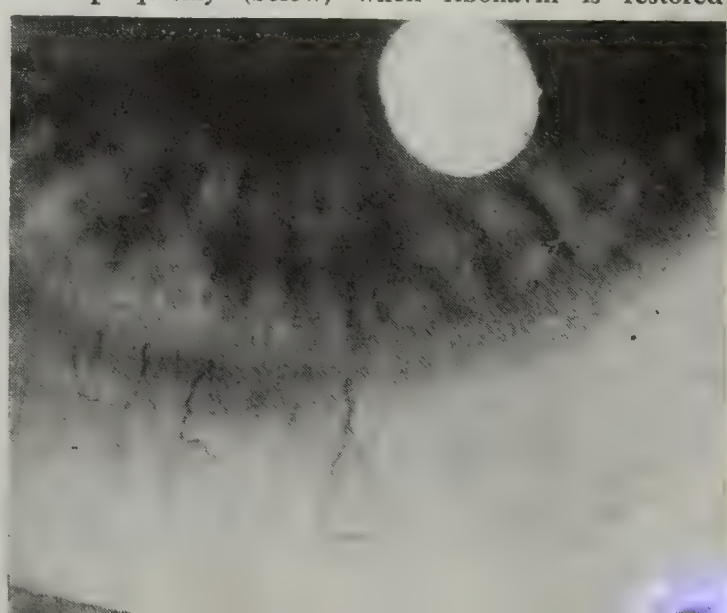
The Camera That Detected the Trouble

With this light source, Pearce developed a camera—with which clear photographs of the eye could be taken, because the flash was so fast the eye didn't have time to become annoyed. Pearce and the medical people soon had hundreds of eye pictures of their fliers. On many of these, the telltale little blood veins creeping over the cornea showed up plainly.

So far, so good. The medical experts now knew scientifically just which fliers suffered from affected eyes and which didn't. Out of two hundred picked men at one Nova Scotia station about half were victims, and nearly all had some trouble focusing their eyes or standing sea glare. To cure this—or rather to find out, first, if riboflavin would cure it—the medical men took sixty-six fliers, the worst cases, and *(Continued on page 61)*

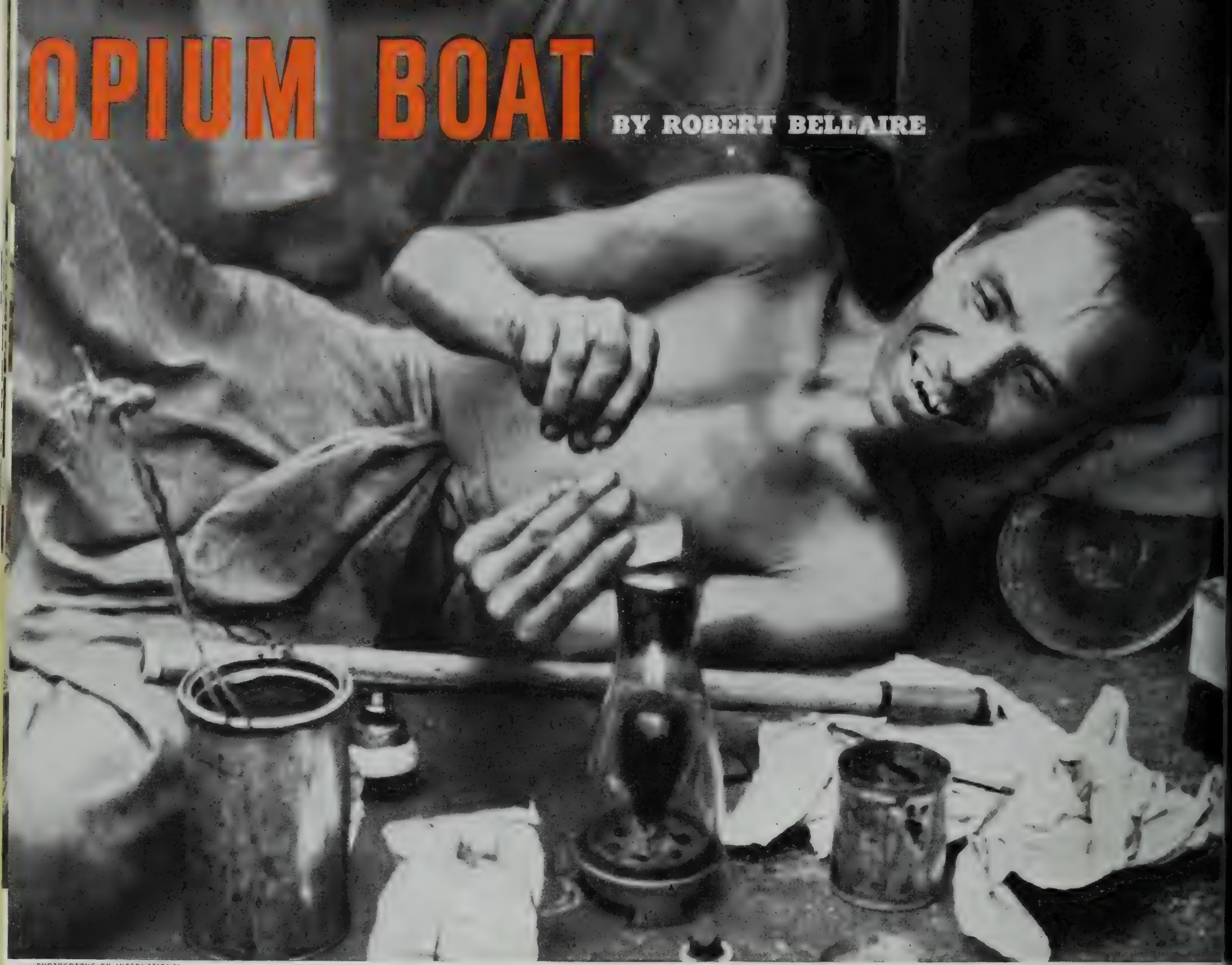


The Pearce camera shows clearly how riboflavin deficiency impairs vision: the tiny blood vessels creeping over the cornea are working overtime to re-oxygenate the eye and carry off its waste products. Result, irritation and bloodshot eyes, which clear up quickly (below) when riboflavin is restored



OPIUM BOAT

BY ROBERT BELLAIRE



PHOTOGRAPHS BY INTERNATIONAL

Photographs taken aboard the sinister "pleasure ships" that sailed from Hong Kong in pre-Jap days reveal Japan's "silent weapon" at work

THESE are the first pictures ever published showing the type of entertainment provided aboard a Japanese "opium boat." Before Pearl Harbor, these boats sailed from Hong Kong several times a day, carrying hundreds of Chinese drug addicts. The boats were part of a calculated Japanese plan to make human wrecks of the enemies of Nippon and thus lull them into submission. It is estimated that in fifteen years the Japs raised the number of dope addicts in China from 20,000,000 to 70,000,000.

In Manchuria and China, the Japs carried on their dope peddling openly and without opposition. The Chinese could use violence against the Jap dope runners only at the risk of immediate war, for which they were unprepared. But in Hong Kong, which was still a British crown colony, the Japs had no extraterritorial rights. When arrested for dope peddling, they were brought before British courts and punished severely. However, the Japs were not to be stopped so easily. If they could not take the dope to the addicts, they would take the addicts to the dope. So the opium boats went into operation.

I used to watch these dirty little coastal steamers as they set sail. At the last minute, a few emaciated coolies would dash madly onto the pier and frantically clutch the ship's rail just before it moved out of reach. Scrawny arms, festering with hypodermic-needle sores, would help to pull the late-comers aboard. Then, with a few short blasts of her whistle, the ship would pull away with its cargo of human derelicts.

Once outside of British territorial waters, the ship cast anchor. A Japanese supply ship soon drew up, threw over the packets of dope, and the opium boat was ready for business. Jap destroyers patrolling the China coast saw to it that there was no interference.

The scenes aboard ship were like those I have witnessed ashore in every Chinese city I ever visited. The addicts, desperately awaiting the dope, would select a spot where they could smoke themselves into the land of dreams and ecstasies. Attendants then distributed the opium-smoking paraphernalia. Each passenger received a pipe, a lamp, a piece of wire and a tin can. Opium was prepared in the can.

The addict dipped the wire into the sticky prepared opium, removed a drop and immediately held it over the flaming lamp. He repeated this delicate maneuver until considerable opium was roasted on the end of the wire. Finally, he thrust the roasted opium into the bowl of the pipe and began smoking.

In the next few hours, he inhaled about twenty pipefuls of mild, licorice-tasting smoke. At first, the opium gave him a feeling of strength and confidence. The haunted look of the addict disappeared. But only for a few minutes. Soon a dazed look of stupor came into his eyes. The pipe dropped from his limp hand onto the deck.

One of the most sinister aspects of this performance was that almost half of the deck smokers were Chinese women. New addicts can be made by prenatal absorption of morphine, the alkaloid by-product of opium. So in many cases, the Jap yoke was being imposed on the Chinese months before they were born.

Outside of Hong Kong, Jap dope peddlers operated freely, although in Japan, the crime was punishable by death. To make narcotics easily available, the Japs copied a popular California merchandising technique—curb service. Every Chinese city I visited had scores of these curb-service shops. Cigarettes were for sale—filled with dope. Or one could walk up, stick his bare forearm through the window, drop a few coins and get a quick shot with the needle.

I have seen hundreds of narcotic addicts in front of these shops, their sleeves rolled up, their forearms a mass of festering sores. The dope-shop operators used the same needle on everyone. Healthy customers got their shots with the same needle used on syphilitics and lepers.

Curb-service shops will give "dry jabs" to those who do not have the price of a real injection.

Japanese candy, containing dope, is widely distributed to Chinese child Victims don't know they're taking c until it's too late; all they know is they want more and more Japanese ca Several of my Chinese friends were h broken when they discovered that six- and eight-year-old children were h less addicts.

Millions of other Chinese have un tingly become addicts through the us Japanese patent medicines. These m cines are the most widely advertised therefore the most widely used. claim to cure everything. True enough dope in them does relieve pain.

The absence of a wide newspaper radio audience in China made it im sible for the Chinese government to the people before the Jap invasion. even the press and radio are in Japa hands. The huge profits from the nar trade have virtually supported Jap armies of occupation.

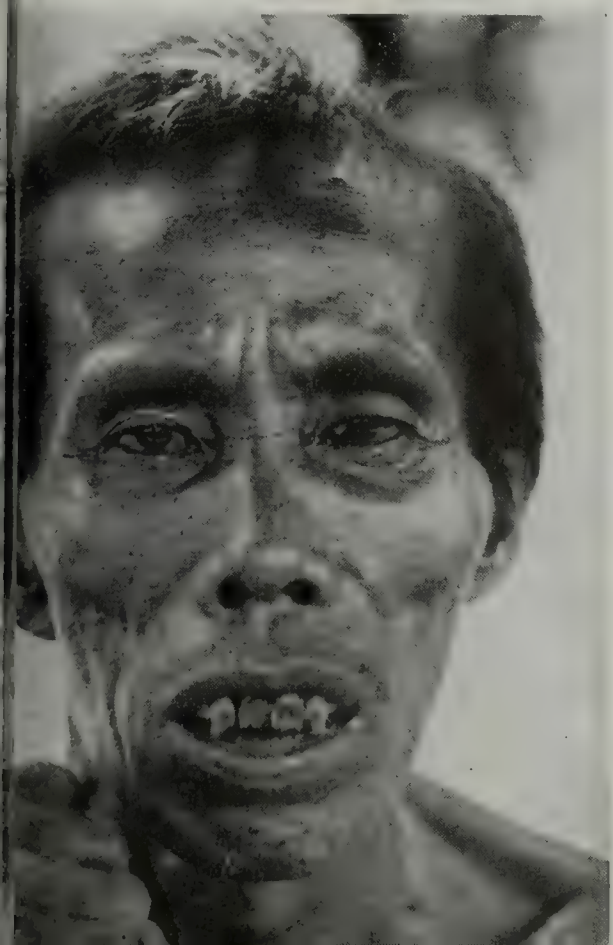
Peace-conference delegates will no able to make quick riddance of this ister weapon. To deprive the addict denly of his dope is to give him the that kills.

This man with an anticipatory is preparing a pill for his op pipe. The opium is taken from tin can to the right of the l in the form of a blob of gummy stance. He forms a pill on a by spinning the blob over the l

ugh his face brands him as an opium ad- this man is reputed to be the possessor huge fortune built through the opium , pirating and white slaving on the a coast. The dead codfish eyes and drug- ed face mark him as a hopeless addict

The opium pill has been placed in the bowl of the long bamboo pipe and the pipe is inverted over the lamp while the smoker begins to puff. First smoke for the novice usually ends in violent nausea, but this rarely stops him

Ready to dream, smoker begins to inhale the fumes of the drug, still holding the bowl of the pipe over the lamp. Necessary tools of the opium smoker may be seen clearly beside him. They include the wire for spinning the pill, the can of opium "gum," a knife for scraping the bowl of the pipe



Seven Sins

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

BY SAX ROHMER

The Story Thus Far:

IN HIS office, late one night, Chief Inspector Firth of Scotland Yard receives orders to go to the home of Lord Marcus Amberdale—one of the strangest of London's many homes of wealth—and there investigate what appears to be a murder.

Accompanied by Detective Sergeant Bluett and a physician (Dr. Fawcett), Firth drives to the house. As they approach it, they hear the sound of chanting; then a number of cats scamper past them.

His lordship answers the bell, ushers the visitors into the house. The perfume of burning incense is everywhere; and relics of the long-gone past—mostly Egyptian—fill the place. In one wall, there is a statue of Isis. Facing the statue, on a Roman couch, is the body of a man in evening clothes. The man is Sir Giles Loeder, a popular radio broadcaster. His neck has been broken—he is dead!

Firth interrogates Amberdale, who says that, while engaged in an experiment of the greatest importance, he heard a noise in the lobby—and, later, the ringing of the doorbell. He had dropped the experiment, to investigate. He insists that he knows nothing of the murder (if it is that); that he had never before seen Sir Giles.

Having been informed by his superior, Assistant Commissioner O'Halloran, that it was Amberdale himself who had reported the tragedy, Firth is puzzled. He asks the titled man many questions; after which Amberdale leads them into another room and shows them a beautiful woman—who is, obviously, in a deep trance.

The woman is a "Mrs. Vane," a notorious adventuress. Amberdale says that he is making use of her in some experiments that may mean the end of the "evil that oppresses the world."

As the four men converse, the street door opens and a girl—Fay Perigal, Amberdale's pretty young cousin—comes in. She says that, having gone to a party that had ended late, she had been unable to get back to the R.A.F. hospital where she is employed as a nurse. So she had decided to spend the night at her cousin's.

Amberdale leaves the room. Firth asks the girl if she recognizes the dead man. The girl takes a deep breath. "Yes," she says quietly.

II

H'MM!" muttered Dr. Fawcett.

"Would ye be knowing Sir Giles well?" Firth asked.

"No; scarcely at all," Fay Perigal said. "He came down to Otterly a month or so ago to interview some of the patients. He had official permission to introduce their experiences into his broadcasts. You know he used to broadcast. That was where I met him. I was detailed to take him round. I never saw him again until . . . tonight."

"I see," murmured Firth. "That doesn't help us a great deal. He had the reputation of being a man o' great charm. Did ye find it so?"

"Frankly"—she forced a smile, but it was a wry and tremulous smile—"it sounds a dreadful thing to say, perhaps, in the circumstances, but I am afraid I didn't like him at all."

"Aye! is that so? And about Mrs. Vane, now? Ye'll be knowing her, I doubt not."

"Yes—I know her."

"Is she a friend of yours?"

"No—I'm afraid she isn't. You see"—she brushed back a ringlet of damp hair—"my cousin Marcus believes that he can rediscover all sorts of lost secrets in some way that, I'm sorry to say, I don't altogether understand—"

"And of which you don't altogether approve?"

"Well, perhaps I don't. I mean, if it calls for his association with"— she hesitated—"queer people."

"Such as Mrs. Vane?"

"All kinds of queer people. Unfortunately, he is quite indifferent to public opinion."

"So I gather." Firth smiled reassuringly. "Weel—I don't believe there is any further evidence I want just now, Miss Perigal. And as you probably know the way to the guest room—nae doubt ye [illegible] my advice is to turn in."

"Thank you; I will. Good night." [illegible] included all three men in the w[illegible] crossed the lobby to the foot of the m[illegible] stair, and went up.

"IT WILL be necessary," said the [illegible] inspector, a faintly defeatist note i[illegible] voice, "to check up on Miss Perigal's [illegible] dence in the morning. But I am no[illegible] ticipating that there will be anything w[illegible] about it."

"Funny thing, all the same," murm[illegible] Bluett.

"Speaking personally," said Dr. [illegible] cett, "the more I learn about this [illegible] singular family, the more I incline t[illegible] idea of some hereditary taint. Lord [illegible] cus I regard as definitely suspect."

"So do I," said Bluett.

"I don't mean of the crime," the su[illegible] added severely, "but of mental aliena[illegible] His custom, which I suppose you hav[illegible] cepted, Inspector, of leaving the key [illegible] in the street, for example, quite apart [illegible] his somewhat unusual studies, would [illegible] to indicate a lack of what is usuall[illegible] scribed as common sense. Then, [illegible] Perigal's failure to make sure of he[illegible] commodation tonight, in these da[illegible] blackout and overcrowded hotel[illegible] rather irresponsible, if I may say so." [illegible] shook his head reflectively, glancing [illegible] at the dead man. "The whole thi[illegible] bizarre to a degree."

"Aye! that's a fact," Firth conc[illegible] "Now, let's get down to routine bus[illegible] I greatly regret, Doctor, the necessi[illegible] detaining you longer. But I wish to [illegible] view Mrs. Vane, if it is possible, and [illegible] yoursel' can tell me if it is possible."

(Continued on page 64)

The pilot took such a big mouthful of hot coffee he almost choked. The effect of the news he had just heard was marked

They've Got What it Takes!

Blitz in Oil!

It's one of the toughest battles on the home front—the laying of the giant pipe-lines that are hurrying precious oil from well to seaboard ...and beyond

THEY CALL IT THE "BIG INCH," this 24-inch life-line to the front line. And all along the line—with Odis Hare *(at the controls of the giant ditcher, left)* ...with pipe spacer Earl Baker and welder "Abe" Willis *(below)...the* cigarette is Camel.

• When Foreman A. G. Hobson *(left, circle)* talks about "taste" and "throat" —and when the man in uniform with him says: "Camels suit me to a 'T'"—there's a tip in their words for you. Try Camels yourself—let your own throat and taste decide for themselves.

First IN THE SERVICE

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel

(Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)

The "T Zone"

How long since you've smoked a Camel? Give them a try today. Compare them critically... for taste... for your throat ... for your "T-Zone." That's the proving ground of any cigarette.

On the basis of the experience of millions of steady Camel smokers, we believe you will like the extra flavor that only Camel's blend of costlier tobaccos can give. We believe your throat will confirm the findings of other Camel smokers. So try Camels and see if they don't suit *your* "T-Zone" to a "T."

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

BUY WAR BONDS STAMPS

Camel—*COSTLIER TOBACCOS*

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

"Gangway, please... we've got a war to win"

AMERICANS are still the best nourished people on Earth—and there's a reason. Our food may be stretched out these days to share with the peoples of the United Nations, but thanks to new scientific developments in animal feeding, our feathered and four-legged armies are being greatly improved in quality and propagation.

To tiny yeast cells goes much of the credit for the improved quality of America's Meat, because brewer's yeast is the source of the vitamins used to fortify feed mixtures. Now, when you eat meat raised on vitamin-fortified feeds, you're getting nutrition plus.

* * *

Anheuser-Busch is America's biggest supplier of yeast vitamins for cattle and poultry feeds. Our large-scale production of natural vitamins is another achievement that resulted from years of research and laboratory work in producing the world's most popular beer.

Budweiser TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

In addition to supplying the armed forces with glider parts, gun turret parts and foodstuffs, Anheuser-Busch produces materials which go into the manufacture of: B Complex Vitamins Rubber • Aluminum • Munitions • Medicines • Hospital Diets • Baby Foods • Bread and Other Bakery Products • Batteries • Paper • Soap and Textiles—to name a few.

© 1943

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • • • • SAINT LOUIS

UNCLE'S CEBOX

BY FRANK DUFRESNE

ode, seal, caribou and frozen n are in favor, as Alaskans again to live on the coun- when the war limits imports

E CALLED the place "Igluruk— ice cellar; cave where food is stored."

mbled in his wake through deep down into a black tunnel to the round chamber carved out of solid eeth chattering after two days in cold, I clung grimly to Pursuk's parka and hoped his subway pantry ll filled. Nothing fancy, of course n that bleak stretch of Arctic coast; mething to fight off that creeping

uk's broad, bronzed Eskimo face ed into a huge, toothy grin as he wooden plug from a sealskin poke ured out a ram's-horn ladle of fluid over which hung an odor etida and long-dead cats.

ak it," he said; "*pukmummy* you od."

bfaned the palate. It kept climbing bouncing around until I could peg n with a hastily chewed chunk of whale skin—the Eskimo's highly *muktuk*. In a few moments, with tickling sensations in my stomach veren't funny, I began to thaw from ter out—and fast. Drops of sweat d on my forehead. The stupor that anies near-freezing left me; inter- fe returned.

unded by walls of ice and gro- y frozen objects dimly outlined in king rays of a seal-oil lamp, I took look at an Eskimo's icebox. Like aturally refrigerated caves in north- laska, it was made by tearing away n matting of vegetation and chip- it a storage room in permanently ground. Like the others, it was ith slabs of whale, seal, walrus and ear meat; mounds of eider ducks, Dolly Varden trout, all frozen hard. the seal oil refused to freeze. This elling stuff is the staff of life to an . It is made by filling a sealskin ll of blubber, then letting nature course. It is concentrated vita- swig of it will start a fire in the system quicker than a drink of n.

that these cold-weather citizens are self-sustaining. Even the most Bering Sea Eskimo has come to to some extent on certain "white- rub"—flour, sugar, milk, tea, to few items. But today, when every und steamer is needed to provision med Forces in lonely Arctic out- he Eskimo is doing his part to re- e white man's burden. The ice that meant the difference between d death to his ancestors have sud- become vitally important again.

ave the high-pole caches of the in- ndians and white settlers. You see ds of these toy log cabins—raised feet off the ground to keep out ding bears and wolverines—all the Yukon and Tanana valleys. eep things cold and dry.

e wild headwaters of the Kusko- River, Old-timer Andy Berg's cache ked high with bone-hard cuts of frozen moose and caribou, bales of dried salmon and sacks of frozen whitefish. His wife Sarah has filled her preciously guarded preserving jars with wild blueberries, cranberries and produce from the garden patch.

Downriver sixty miles is the trading post where Andy picks up a few pounds of staples, mostly dried stuff. He's buying fewer pounds than ever from the "Outside." In his own little way he's doing what he can to make space on the boats.

DALE, OFFICE INDIAN AFFAIRS

From a cache of frozen fish and meats, the Aleut girl above displays a dried salmon. The ptarmigan at right is a rarity (at six dollars a brace) in New York, but is a familiar part of the game animal and bird supply of Alaska's 72,000 self-sustaining citizens

ALASKA GAME COMMISSION

Wild Game in Abundance

Alaskans have always lived off the country, more or less. Now, when cold-storage shipping is under heavy strain to sustain a military force, they realize it is more important than ever that they gather and store some of their own meat and fish. In the past year, the eighteen thousand families that make up Alaska's normal population each harvested an average of 136 pounds of game animals and birds.

Among them, they shared 876,000 pounds of moose meat, 554,000 pounds of caribou, 535,000 pounds of venison, and 83,000 pounds of mountain sheep and goats. They did all right on poultry, too: 252,000 pounds of wild ducks and geese, 65,000 pounds of ptarmigan (a similar bird, Scotch grouse, has brought six dollars a brace on the New York market), and 35,000 pounds of ruffed, sharp-tailed and spruce grouse—all dressed-for-the-table weights—a total of about two and a half million pounds of wild-game meats.

But the Eskimos and sourdoughs back in the bush aren't the only ones who are taking care of their meat supply during the emergency. The dozen smallish cities between Ketchikan on the southeast coast and Fairbanks in the center of the Territory account for more than half of Alaska's seventy-two thousand population. All these towns are within easy reach of hunting grounds, as you'll realize if you take a look at the private lockers in the popular community iceboxes.

And there's more to the story. The weights of wild meats are more than doubled if you delve into the less tasty but fully as nourishing cuts of walrus, whale, seal, bear, beaver and muskrat. The native folk don't mind sinking their teeth into these odd critters. Neither do the old sourdoughs when the going is lean. They'll tell you that lynx tastes like veal—well, almost; that there are tougher substances than boiled owls—polar-bear tongues, for instance. Why, you can slice that stuff into strips with a razor blade—if the blade is sharp—and use it for bootlaces. But unless you're desperately hungry, you won't try to eat it.

Fishes—both salt- and fresh-water varieties—supply an even greater tonnage of food. The Territory's leading industry is the packing and exporting of millions of cans of salmon, millions of pounds of halibut, shiploads of crabs, clams and shrimp, sent annually to all parts of the Allied and neutral world; and still there is plenty for the home folks.

Alaska plans to maintain this valuable food supply, too. The cropping of Alaska's fish and wild life is being held safely within the expected natural increase. Contrary to general opinion the Territory is not overrun with big game. Herds are widely scattered over vast areas; predators plague them; the rate of increase is slower than in more temperate climates, and the winter death rate is higher.

Real Alaskans want their game laws strict—and strictly enforced. They know that the after-the-war population is going to be larger. They know that as newcomers spread through the country their own take of wild life will fall. So they want to hold onto their breeding stock as long as possible.

So-called "sport hunting" is out for the duration. No killing just to hang a pair of horns over the fireplace; no shooting down of big game for a momentary thrill. Members of the Armed Forces generally appreciate the situation. They realize they are serving on one of the few fronts where the inhabitants are furnishing a good part of their protein rations.

It's not big. The figures are modest enough. It's more the principle of the thing—that there is a little corner of the earth where local folks are helping themselves out of what could be a bad spot. They're not self-supporting by long odds. They still need help from the "Outside," and they're getting it. ★★★

OUT OF Darkness

By William F. McDermott

A Kansas girl steps out of a lifetime of blindness and tells you of the endless surprise and the breathless beauty of your commonplace world of sight

THE blind are happy people. If you have ever mixed with them, you have noticed that. Yet they know there is a world they are missing.

You may have wondered what it would be like to be blind and then suddenly to discover the world of light and color and motion that sighted people take for granted.

I recently spent some days with an attractive and mentally alert college girl who was blind for the first 21 years of her life but who, since Christmas, has been able to see. She is LaDean Sage, a junior at Kansas State College at Manhattan. She is an official college radio broadcaster, a B-plus student, and belongs to an honor society whose membership is based on scholarship, ability and initiative.

She told me about her childhood as we sat in a dormitory reception room.

"I never had the slightest conception of what it meant to see," she said, "but I did have fun! I became a good rope jumper by the time I was six. I could play hide-and-seek with the best of the kids. I located them by their breathing; and I was rated a whiz at roller skating. I could even ride a bike."

When LaDean was old enough to start her education, she was sent away to the Kansas School for the Blind, only a few miles from her home. Here she plunged into everything they had to offer—reading and writing in Braille, even learning to pen ordinary script and operate a typewriter.

She also got a substantial dose of domestic training. She could cut and fit her own clothes so well that her outfits looked custom-tailored. The kitchen drew her like a magnet, and she became adept at making biscuits and pies and at roasting meat. She also learned to dance.

"How old were you," I asked her, "before you really comprehended that you were blind?"

"Well, I was twelve or thirteen before I fully realized I was different from most other people," she said. "I didn't know what they meant when they talked about blindness, but I did understand that out there somewhere was a mysterious, indefinable something called a world of vision.

"I heard people talk about lights and colors, about shades and tints; I hadn't the faintest conception of what they were discussing, but I thought it was something mighty nice. Although I often speculated what sight could be like, the fact that I didn't have any didn't worry me."

About a year ago, LaDean told me, she had a strange sensation of something she

Blind from birth for twenty-one year now able to see, LaDean Sage smil surprise as her sensitive hands tell that the object she failed to ide visually is her familiar old Braille w

could not describe floating before he was ghostly and unreal. She couldn it in with any of her faculties. She tho at first that wishful thinking was givin a new mental concept of sight. But it recurring, and she noticed that whe turned her face toward the sun, an u foreign impression registered in her r

Her doctors in Kansas City ascrib blindness from birth to a completel rested development of the retinas of eyes. No congenital element appar was involved, because there is no fa record of blindness. There was no dent at birth.

I have talked to specialists who sa it is not uncommon for the retina o eye to be so affected, at least partially for both retinas to be 100 per cen rested is extremely rare. A prom ophthalmologist said he had never k of a similar case.

The Miracle of Sight

The exact cause is not clear; nor i reason for the belated development. S times adolescence activates it, but i Dean's case, it is a mystery. How the authorities expect her recovery of to be permanent.

When, around last Christmas, it was for a periodic checkup, one of K City's best specialists examined her —a man who turned out to be a pr as well. He had examined her eyes she was four and had remarked, "C back and see me when you are gr He fitted her with heavy lenses kind that look to a layman to be a quarter of an inch thick. The d then put up a card with a large "A."

"Why—why—" the girl a shouted. "It must be I'm seein "How did you feel when you re you could see?" I asked LaDe "I was terribly excited, and I als afraid. I had suddenly ente strange world, and a sort of he feeling came over me, that I had had before. I wouldn't started for home wearing glasses for anything in the w "What did you do?"

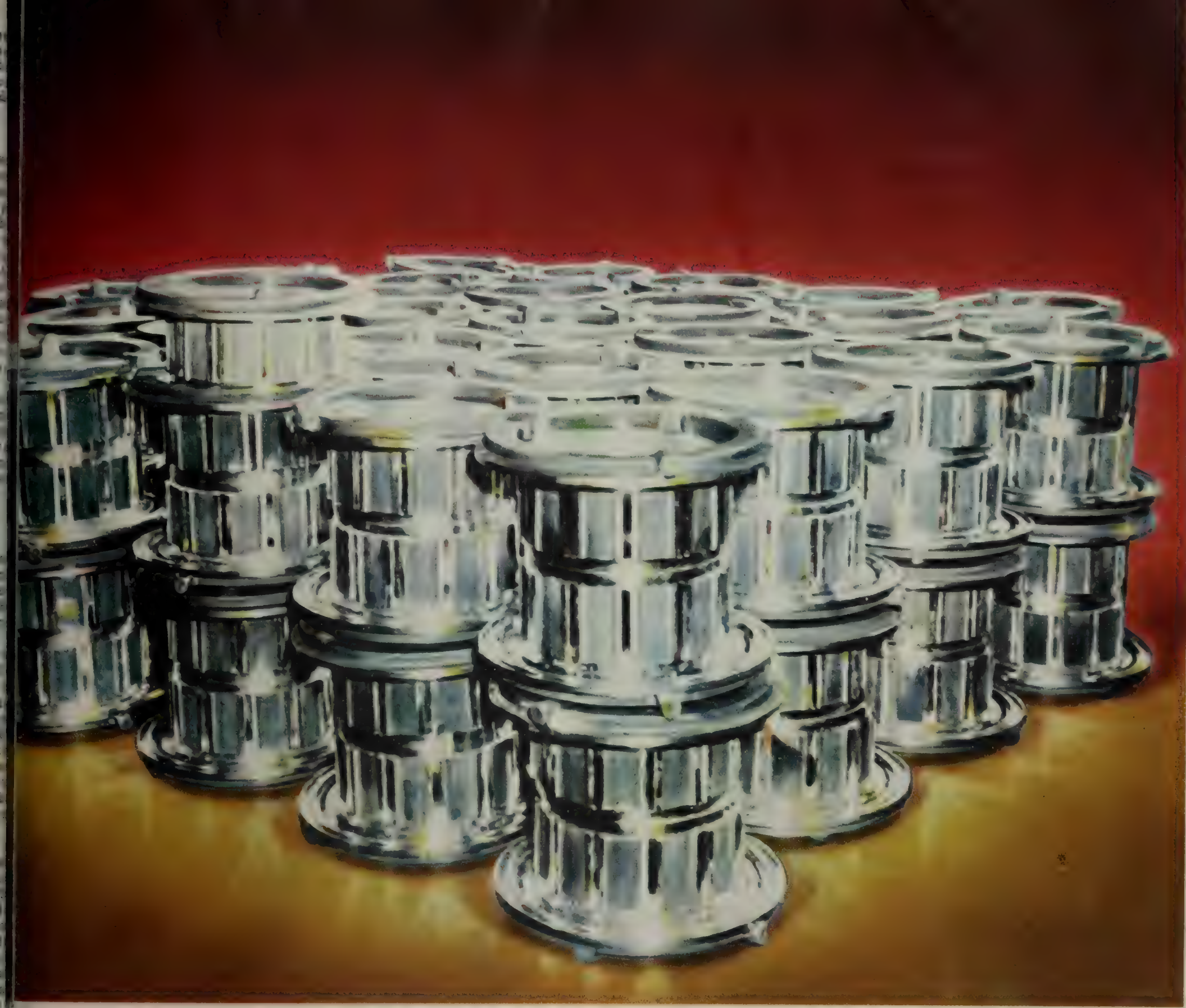
"I took them off and trusted t blindness to get back home safely. T I put them on again and turned my toward my mother. I didn't know w went to the clinic that I was going to the miracle of sight; neither, of c did Mother. But I decided to su her—and I sure did, as well as su myself. A strange, Gargantuan, terr figure loomed before me.

"I sort of jumped when I looked mother. I took off the glasses, moved to her and rapidly ran my hand ove face. Then I stepped back, put o glasses again, and half shouted a 'Yes, it's you, Mother! You're bea but you're as big as a barn.'

"I really hadn't the slightest noti that measurement," LaDean told "never having seen or felt the side barn, but I did know that the coeds the expression to indicate some supercolossal—and Mother really di big to me."

The enormity of everything was ably the greatest surprise of all t girl. She is unable to explain ho concept of size was entirely out o with actuality. The same general id bigness applied to everything. Fo stance:

(Continued on page 69)



They say "Whoa!" to 25 tons of flying dynamite

IOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

HEN you're landing a heavy bomber at hundred miles an hour . . . and have *fifteen seconds* from the moment your eels first touch the ground until you reach far end of the field (and trouble) . . . like to know that your plane is equipped h brakes that will HOLD.

Especially if you're making an emergency ding, and your plane is loaded with a full go of fidgety "block busters."

• • •

igning brakes for one of today's high-ed, four-engined bombers is, as you ght imagine, quite a problem.

For one thing, there's the matter of absorbing some millions of foot-pounds of energy practically instantaneously. Then there's the job of keeping the brake metals from tearing themselves to pieces under the terrific temperatures which are generated.

This tough problem was placed before Goodyear engineers — and the Hydraulic Disc type of brake resulted. Wholly original in concept, and providing maximum braking efficiency, this Goodyear brake is now standard equipment on many of the heavy bombers which are carrying destruction to America's enemies all over the world.

A pioneer in rubber, Goodyear spans the field of transportation — from rubber heels and tires to brakes and aircraft. Working for America-at-war today will mean better products for America-at-peace tomorrow.

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUB

OUT OF Darkness

By William F. McDermott

Blind from birth for twenty-one year now able to see, LaDean Sage smil surprise as her sensitive hands tell that the object she failed to ide visually is her familiar old Braille w

A Kansas girl steps out of a lifetime of blindness and tells you of the endless surprise and the breathless beauty of your commonplace world of sight

THE blind are happy people. If you have ever mixed with them, you have noticed that. Yet they know there is a world they are missing.

You may have wondered what it would be like to be blind and then suddenly to discover the world of light and color and motion that sighted people take for granted.

I recently spent some days with an attractive and mentally alert college girl who was blind for the first 21 years of her life but who, since Christmas, has been able to see. She is LaDean Sage, a junior at Kansas State College at Manhattan. She is an official college radio broadcaster, a B-plus student, and belongs to an honor society whose membership is based on scholarship, ability and initiative.

She told me about her childhood as we sat in a dormitory reception room.

"I never had the slightest conception of what it meant to see," she said, "but I did have fun! I became a good rope jumper by the time I was six. I could play hide-and-seek with the best of the kids. I located them by their breathing; and I was rated a whiz at roller skating. I could even ride a bike."

When LaDean was old enough to start her education, she was sent away to the Kansas School for the Blind, only a few miles from her home. Here she plunged into everything they had to offer—reading and writing in Braille, even learning to pen ordinary script and operate a typewriter.

She also got a substantial dose of domestic training. She could cut and fit her own clothes so well that her outfits looked custom-tailored. The kitchen drew her like a magnet, and she became adept at making biscuits and pies and at roasting meat. She also learned to dance.

"How old were you," I asked her, "before you really comprehended that you were blind?"

"Well, I was twelve or thirteen before I fully realized I was different from most other people," she said. "I didn't know what they meant when they talked about blindness, but I did understand that out there somewhere was a mysterious, indefinable something called a world of vision.

"I heard people talk about lights and colors, about shades and tints; I hadn't the faintest conception of what they were discussing, but I thought it was something mighty nice. Although I often speculated what sight could be like, the fact that I didn't have any didn't worry me."

About a year ago, LaDean told me, she had a strange sensation of something she could not describe floating before he was ghostly and unreal. She couldn it in with any of her faculties. She tho at first that wishful thinking was givin a new mental concept of sight. But it recurring, and she noticed that whe turned her face toward the sun, an u foreign impression registered in her

Her doctors in Kansas City ascrib blindness from birth to a completel rested development of the retinas of eyes. No congenital element appa was involved, because there is no f record of blindness. There was no dent at birth.

I have talked to specialists who sa it is not uncommon for the retina o eye to be so affected, at least partially for both retinas to be 100 per cen rested is extremely rare. A pron ophthalmologist said he had never k of a similar case.

The Miracle of Sight

The exact cause is not clear; nor reason for the belated development. S times adolescence activates it, but i Dean's case, it is a mystery. Hov the authorities expect her recovery of to be permanent.

When, around last Christmas, it was for a periodic checkup, one of K City's best specialists examined he —a man who turned out to be a pr as well. He had examined her eyes she was four and had remarked, " back and see me when you are gr He fitted her with heavy lenses kind that look to a layman to be a quarter of an inch thick. The d then put up a card with a large "A."

"Why—why—" the girl a shouted. "It must be I'm seein "How did you feel when you re you could see?" I asked LaDe "I was terribly excited, and I al afraid. I had suddenly ente strange world, and a sort of he feeling came over me, that I had had before. I wouldn't started for home wearing glasses for anything in the w "What did you do?"

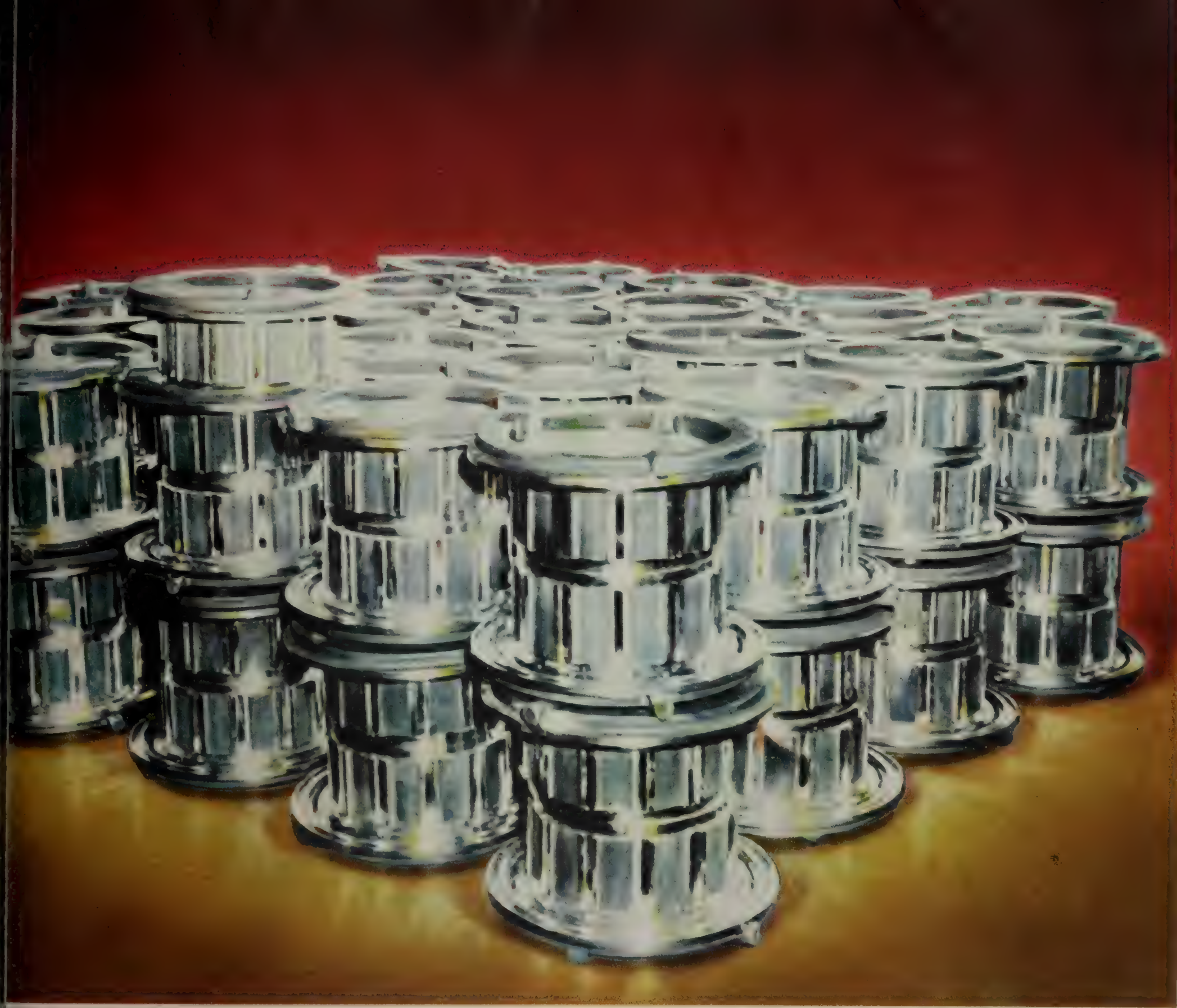
"I took them off and trusted t blindness to get back home safely. I put them on again and turned m toward my mother. I didn't know w went to the clinic that I was going to the miracle of sight; neither, of c did Mother. But I decided to su her—and I sure did, as well as su myself. A strange, Gargantuan, terr figure loomed before me.

"I sort of jumped when I looked mother. I took off the glasses, move to her and rapidly ran my hand ov face. Then I stepped back, put o glasses again, and half shouted a 'Yes, it's you, Mother! You're bea but you're as big as a barn.'

"I really hadn't the slightest noti that measurement," LaDean tolc "never having seen or felt the side barn, but I did know that the coed the expression to indicate som supercolossal—and Mother really di big to me."

The enormity of everything was ably the greatest surprise of all t girl. She is unable to explain ho concept of size was entirely out o with actuality. The same general i bigness applied to everything. F stance:

(Continued on page 69)



They say "Whoa!" to 25 tons of flying dynamite

IOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

HEN you're landing a heavy bomber at undred miles an hour . . . and have t *fifteen seconds* from the moment your eels first touch the ground until you reach far end of the field (and trouble) . . . like to know that your plane is equipped h brakes that will HOLD.

Especially if you're making an emergency ding, and your plane is loaded with a full go of fidgety "block busters."

• • •

igning brakes for one of today's high- ed, four-engined bombers is, as you ght imagine, quite a problem.

For one thing, there's the matter of absorbing some millions of foot-pounds of energy practically instantaneously. Then there's the job of keeping the brake metals from tearing themselves to pieces under the terrific temperatures which are generated.

This tough problem was placed before Goodyear engineers — and the Hydraulic Disc type of brake resulted. Wholly original in concept, and providing maximum braking efficiency, this Goodyear brake is now standard equipment on many of the heavy bombers which are carrying destruction to America's enemies all over the world.

A pioneer in rubber, Goodyear spans the field of transportation — from rubber heels and tires to brakes and aircraft. Working for America-at-war today will mean better products for America-at-peace tomorrow.

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

A familiar sight in the Honan famine area—two of the millions of starving refugees who crowd the roads in a mass flight from death

A war correspondent witnesses the tragic picture of millions in flight from Honan province—where one of the worst famines in China's recorded history is raging

BY HARRISON FORMAN
RADIOED FROM CHUNGKING

FLIGHT · FROM · FAMINE

RADIOPHOTOS FROM CHUNGKING

"From the cowcatcher to the last car, the train was literally encrusted with humanity. People overflowed its sides, huddled together on the slippery roofs, lined the catwalk of the engine, rode the rods, sat on couplings"

AFTER a month's trip through the Honan famine area, what I saw there now seems appallingly unbelievable—like some fantastic nightmare from which I've not yet fully awakened.

I saw roads and trains packed with half-clothed, half-starved refugees in a mass exodus already numbering over three million. I saw the staring, deep-sunk eyes and shriveled skins of the dead and dying who had fallen by the wayside. I saw abandoned babies, deserted villages and miles on end of trees which had been stripped of their bark. The bark had been eaten by those too weak to join the trek for food and who were now silently dying in their beds or sitting on doorsteps gazing vacantly and waiting for their hopeless, inevitable end.

It was a stark tragic picture of perhaps the worst famine in China's recorded history, affecting more than twenty millions. Of these, according to Provincial Governor Li, "Millions are absolutely indigent and will die unless adequate and speedy help arrives."

This famine of Honan, which is geographically China's Ohio, isn't a new story. It's something that has been snowballing since Honan's wheat crop was scourged last fall by locusts and rabbits which ate the stunted shoots struggling through the parched, cracked loess soil of the otherwise fertile Yellow River valley. The blighted area was approximately 20,000 square miles, covering 68 hsiens (counties) in unoccupied Honan, with the worst afflicted districts those that border on the Yellow River in the vicinity of Chengchow. Only fragmentary information is obtainable from 45 hsiens in occupied Honan across the river, where conditions are reportedly even worse.

To reach the famine area necessitated a thousand-odd miles of travel by plane, bus, truck, train, handcar and horseback. From Chungking I flew to Parchi, the western terminus of the Lunghai railroad. From Parchi, the Lunghai railroad maintains regular service to Lo-yang, Honan, except for a 75-mile section running along the south bank of the Yellow River, which is within rifle and artillery range of the Japs entrenched just across.

At early dawn, I arrived at the tiny station of Tungchuatien where a handcar with a four-man crew provided by the Lunghai railroad met me to take me across the break. We had to wait for a fre train from the east, one of those w regularly run the gantlet of the guns. Presently I heard a whistle, and freight train puffed up to a screeching s

Speechless, I stared at it. From its catcher to the last of a long line of it was literally encrusted with huma They huddled together on slippery roofs—men, women, children, boxes, dles, pots, pans, plows, wheelbarrows ajumble. They overflowed its sides, h ing on precariously. They were jam in between cars, sitting on coupling underneath, riding the rods. They the catwalk of the engine, leaning as to the hot boiler as they dared, wit actually touching it.

It was cold, and few dared to shut eyes lest they freeze in their sleep or numbed hands loosen their grips. I told that during the cold winter mo not a single train ended its westward without at least a dozen or more Ch being frozen to death, and while the v of the winter weather was already ov was still bitter cold at night riding i open on top of a speeding train.

I marveled at how quiet the Ch were, though there must have been to 2,000 of them. I walked slowly c the line of cars and looked at blank, st fied faces, quivering lips and shiv bodies until I too began to shiver, th I was warmly clad.

The whistle screamed, and cars j forward on the journey to promised and warmth—to life itself.

When the line eastward cleare boarded the handcar. We'd gone o few miles when we saw a man dra himself from the tracks. As he got saw a trail of blood from the track t mangled flesh and bones of his right He had fallen from the train that hac passed, and his left leg was almost pletely severed at the hip. He was alive, though bleeding badly.

He told us he had been hanging o side of the train and fell off when his began to freeze. We gave him some to deaden the pain, then rushed ahe the next station to send back aid, h he'd live until they could get him ba Sian for proper surgical attention.

Some miles farther on, we came a another man who had lived throug years of unceasing bombardment Jap artillery, which had been firi point-blank range from positions o hilltops just across the river. I n felt like a sitting duck, brazenly jo

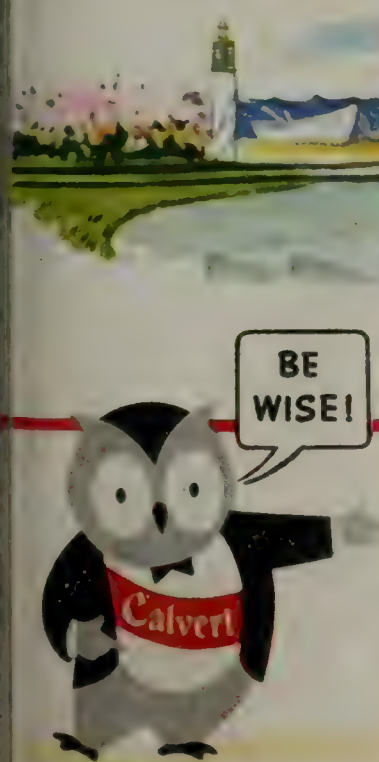
Wise Rhymes for These Times

Here's Douglaston Drake,
Who had saved for the sake
Of a boat that had taken his eye.
But his old one (with mending)
Has saved him that spending—
So he buys all the *Bonds* he can buy!

2.

And his "ducky" young wife,
Every day of her life,
Makes her housekeeping money do more.
By stretching each penny
She saves a great many
For *Stamps* that help pay for the war.

By sensible saving
They know they are paving
The way to a swell buy-and-buy.
Give your nation your best
While you feather your nest
With more *Stamps* and more *Bonds* in July!



A SUGGESTION FROM

Calvert

Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City

When she's got you cutting up like this...

When you're really cut out for this...

TRY THIS

Everybody's breath offends sometimes—after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours. Only 5¢.

If your dealer doesn't have your favorite LIFE SAVERS flavor, please be patient . . . it is because the shipment he would have received has gone to the Army and Navy.

along in plain view of the enemy, an easy target for any expert rifleman.

Soon, however, I forgot my own exposure as I watched a stream of refugees plodding along the tracks as far as the eye could see. Only a comparative few could crowd aboard trains, and most of the others just walked. Some pushed wheelbarrows piled high with bedding, an iron kettle, perhaps a plow, on one side, and a baby strapped on the other side for balance. The wife and other children strained at the lead ropes. Others carried burdens suspended from the ends of bamboo shoulder poles, with beads of perspiration dropping down their faces despite the morning's chill.

Old women with bound feet hobbled along in the yellow dust, carrying a walking staff in one hand and their most precious family heirloom, such as an alarm clock or teapot, in the other. Few even bothered to turn their eyes toward us as we sped along. Haggard, gaunt faces, set features and staring eyes bespoke the one thought in their minds: that their strength might last until they reached the blessed land of food.

Two more trainloads of refugees passed as we waited on sidings. I estimated that between ten and fifteen thousand refugees were passing this point daily. How many more were fleeing southward into Hupeh, I had no way of telling.

Refugee Trains as Targets

Approaching Linpao at the eastern end of the break, I saw hundreds of coolies building a twenty-foot embankment along the tracks to shield them from gunfire from the Jap fort, which was on a hilltop promontory barely four hundred yards across the river. Jap artillerymen sadistically used the refugee trains for daily target practice. According to railway officials, however, their aim was notoriously bad, though they had occasionally hit a train, causing scores of casualties.

I entrained again at Linpao and rode all night and half the next day before I arrived at Lo-yang, the former provincial capital and once the ancient capital of imperial China.

Here I met Monsignor Thomas Megan, from Eldora, Iowa. He gave me the background of the famine. Bad crops in 1940 and 1941 were followed by a worse crop in the first half of 1942, when barely one third of normal was harvested. Peasants hopefully looked forward to the fall crop and meanwhile consumed the surpluses usually carried from year to year. When no rain fell in June, July, August or September, it was already clear that the province faced a famine of the utmost severity unless grain was brought in to feed the people.

With the Japs entrenched on the northern, eastern and southern borders of the province, relief could be expected principally from the west, where the crops had been fair but insufficient to feed both that section and Honan. Moreover, transportation presented a considerable problem, owing to the proximity of the war front.

Lo-yang is a funnel for the main stream of Honan's exodus. Here refugees register for transportation by rail to the west. Only those with certificates issued by their own village elders or local magistrates are eligible for transportation.

These refugees are given twenty ounces of millet plus five Chinese dollars (five cents in American money) for the journey. But with flour selling around twenty dollars per pound, five dollars obviously won't buy much food. Before they left their farms, they slaughtered their animals and sold their implements and the land itself, which brought little more than two hundred dollars per mu (Chinese acre)—enough to buy ten pounds of flour whereas the land normally raised as much as two hundred pounds per mu.

I watched them at the station boardi boxcars and flatcars and scrambling o sacks of grain piled on the station pl form. But this grain was for the soldie one million of whom were quartered Honan.

Without waiting for relief funds fr the central government, Lo-yang had up a soup kitchen serving millet gruel ery other day to a selected five thousa Escorted by Lo-yang's police chief, I ited the kitchen and watched the line p by a huge steaming tub, each person ceiving a ladleful which was poured i an outstretched kettle or cracked jug. E one had to supply his own receptacle, a as each moved away, he carefully lick or scooped with his finger any bit t slopped over the side or oozed from crack.

From Lo-yang, I began a horseba tour through the worst affected area, m ing a circle east to Chengchow, then so through Hsinchang, Hsuchang, and provincial capital of Lushan in cent Honan, then back to Lo-yang. I p suaded Monsignor Megan to join me. perfect command of the language and past experience made him invaluable as interpreter in talking to the refugees fr the villages, the farmers and coolies, well as to officials along the route.

I left Lo-yang in a swirling dust sto Again we bucked a stream of refug pushing wheelbarrows whose woo wheels screeched like protesting pigs they ground into ankle-deep dust. Th wheelbarrows were still more heavily den with belongings which their own would be forced to sell piecemeal along way for subsistence or to discard a gether as they weakened on the westw trek.

Soon we came upon the first of peasants who were actually debark trees. Only elm bark, which is powde then baked, is edible. "But it gives us rible bellyaches," one man said. T also ate millet husks, straw, sweet-pot vines, and green slimy weeds raked from stagnant waters. To these, they ad ground-up soapstone to give the prepa tions body.

At the army camp where we spent night, an officer said that his company taking care of thirty abandoned bab hiring one wet nurse for every five, cause it was cheaper to feed the nurse t to buy milk for the babies."

Starvation's Unburied Dead

As we approached Chengchow, co tions steadily grew worse. Soon, we pas through village after village that was c pletely deserted, ghostly in silence. D trenchlike roads, flanked by towering foot loess walls, we rode, and the ho shied from stinking unburied bodies w increased in number by the wayside.

Rounding one bend, we saw a eight-year-old girl sprawled in the dus the middle of the road. She must have lapsed and died only a matter of h before. The streams of refugees me detoured around her; none had yet t bled to push her body to the roads Overhead, carrion birds circled la while wild-eyed dogs ghoulishly prov the countryside.

We detoured slightly and visited f lines which, barely fifteen miles nort Chengchow, weaved their way throug intricate trench system. We peered thro a loophole in an advance machine- post at Jappoe, separated from us b little gully forty yards wide. We lucky, for hardly had we gone a mil so back from the front lines when regular daily skirmish began, and th was filled with the sound of sputte machine guns and occasional cannon

In the gathering dusk on the outs of Chengchow, two old people lay in dust moaning, their overturned wheel

ov with a few scattered belongings tell-
ng story of violence and robbery.
"ly orders are to shoot robbers," an
rm officer told us; "yet I hate to do it,
nowing that most of them are not in-
erently bad, but are merely driven by
ecessity."

Chengchow, once a thriving junction of
he Lunghai, Peiping and Hankow roads,
s now only a shadow of its prewar self. I
av seen it when more than 180,000 peo-
le lived there, when it was a bustling, busy
rail center. But war came and the city
as mercilessly bombed, then captured
nd held by the Japs for the month of
ctober, 1941. Now that the famine has
ore, only a comparative handful of peo-
le are left.

I stayed with Father Henry Frassinetti
ne of the leading figures in the relief
ob. I saw the distribution of one
ipment of bran purchased with Ameri-
and Canadian relief funds. I inter-
ed Chengchow's mandarin, or district
agistrate, who said that unless immediate
el was forthcoming, nine tenths of the
ple of Chengchow county would die
in a few weeks, although he curi-
us insisted that only eight people at
ent were dying daily in Chengchow
nd vicinity. Yet the chief of police offi-
al announced that 180 had died on the
hinese New Year's Day.

Horror at the Mission Gate

We ourselves saw three or four people
ad or dying in the snow every time we
ok out into the street. Just outside of
ur mission gate, I saw a man sprawled
the slush of the gutter. Weakly, his wife
ied to lift him. A skeleton of a child who
as propped up against the curb started
ing, then keeled over and plunged its
ce on the stone pavement sickeningly.
A woman dropped her husband and
ped up the child again, but hardly had
one back to lifting her husband when
e child slid down again, banging its
head.

The Chengchow relief committee, com-
sed of foreign and Chinese mission peo-
e, complained about the difficulty of
ing United China Relief money go
far owing to the low rate of exchange
ty Chinese for one American dollar),
e food prices continued to rise daily.
938, one refugee could be fed for three
rs a month; today it requires a mini-
m of five hundred dollars a month.

From Chengchow we proceeded south-
d, paralleling the new course of the
ow River, which forms the border of
pied Honan. The snow of the past
days had melted and was packed
down, and the struggling wheat looked green and promising. At random we stopped and talked to people on the road.

To a farmer sitting on his doorstep we remarked, "This snow will insure a good crop, won't it?"

Listlessly, he replied, "Perhaps so. But will we live to eat it?"

"And how will those of us who survive harvest our crop," said another farmer, "with ourselves so weak, our young ones gone we know not where, our animals all slaughtered and our implements sold or burnt for firewood?"

Gloomily, one concluded, "Before this is over, two out of three of us will die."

At Hsinchang we were met outside the city by local notables. Dismounting, we marched along and reviewed a thousand more of the city's poorest people lined up for our inspection. The city was plastered with red banners heralding the coming of war and calling us, The Star of Hope. Some, thinking we were bringing moneybags and food, dropped in the dust before us, kowtowing, groveling, begging. Our police escort cleared them away while we choked inwardly with a feeling of helplessness.

The special commissioner for a political area comprising ten counties with two million population said that more than half of these had received practically no aid and were absolutely indigent.

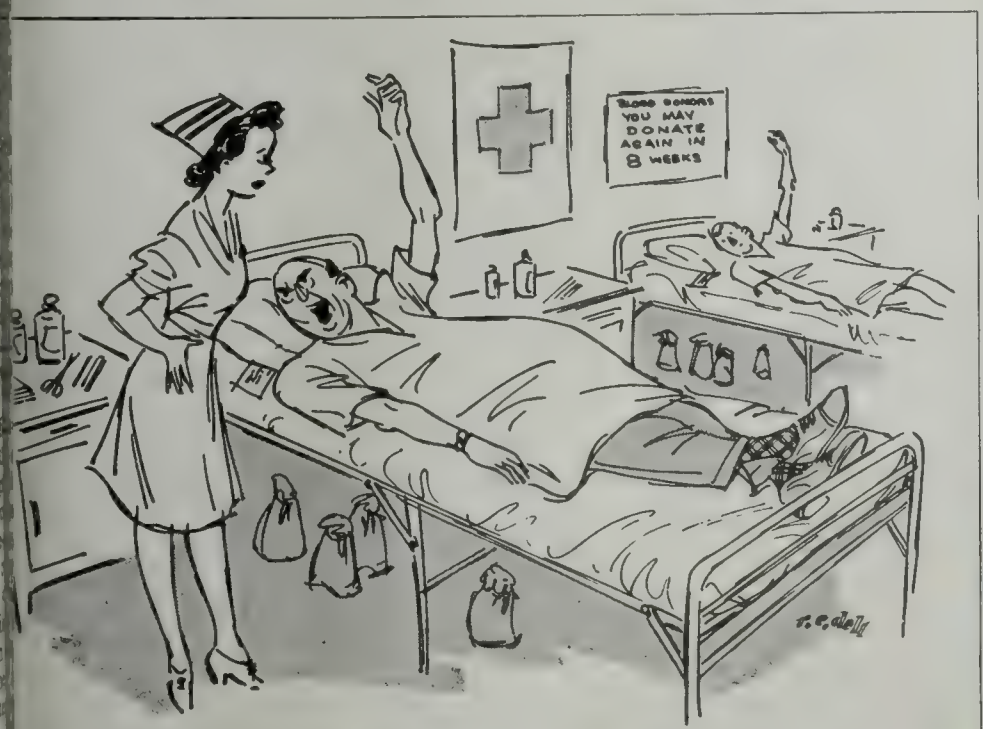
"They face certain starvation," he added, with tears in his eyes. "We need help urgently and speedily for people who are hungry and at the end of their wits and resources."

Everywhere it was the same story, as I continued southward. One official said that he hoped to get enough relief at least to save youngsters thirteen to fifteen, adding that he had little or no hope of saving the old people. Another hoped that something could be done to reduce taxes. A third feared that every grain of wheat from the coming harvest would be stolen and eaten long before it ripened.

From Hsuchang, I swung southwest to Yeh-sien, following a destroyed highway. For miles on end, I saw elm trees, spaced ten feet apart along the road, stripped of their bark. In one day I saw three babies abandoned by the roadside. What could we do? We could only hope that their mothers were somewhere about, watching until they were sure that the babies were picked up.

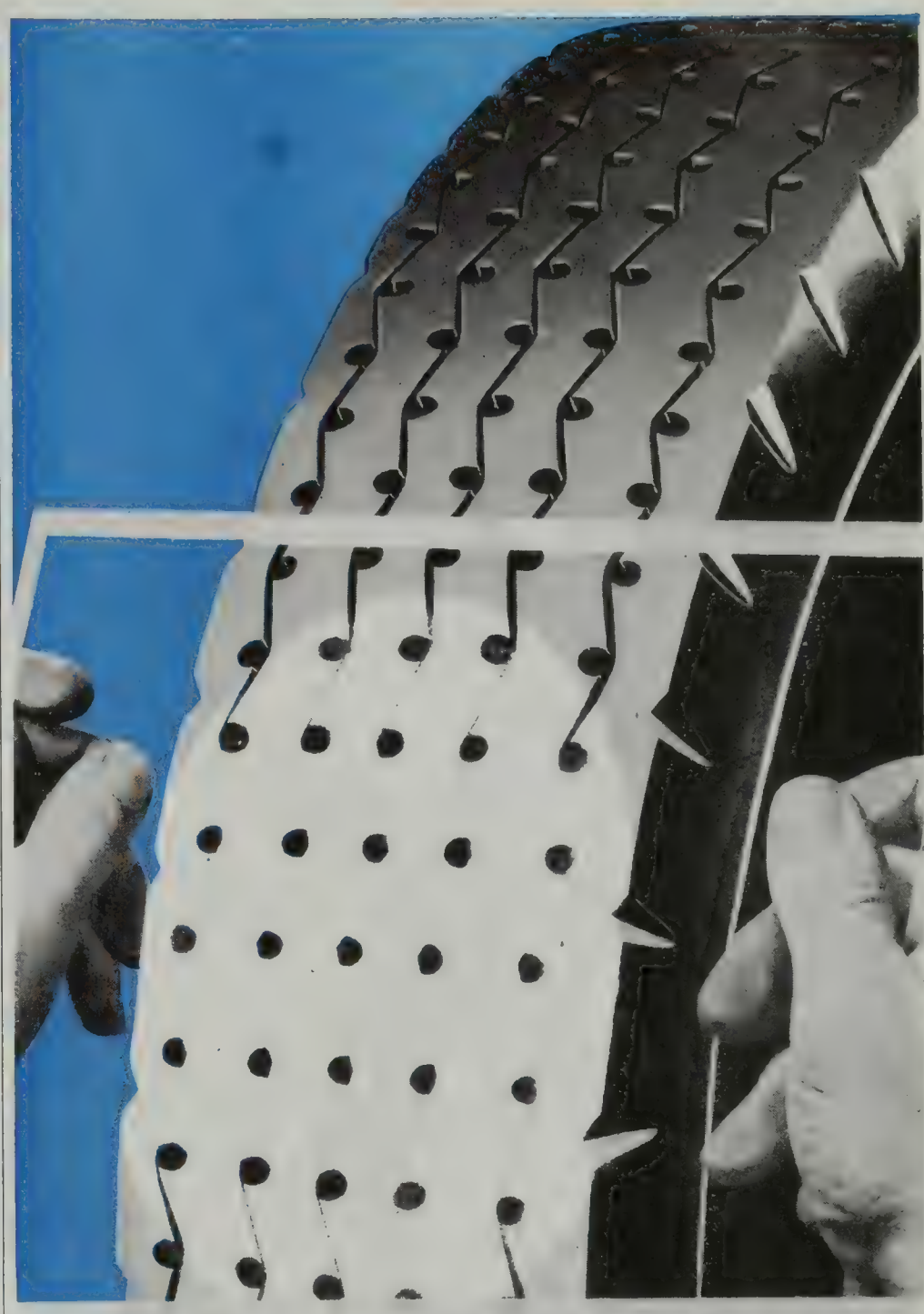
Eventually I arrived at Lushan, the provincial capital, where I dined with the governor. He summed up the famine thus: "China is at war. This is a time of emergency and the army must come first."

THE END



"This is partly to settle a score with the darned mosquitoes in my Victory garden!"

R. C. DELL



AFTER VICTORY

You'll ride Safely on Silent Vacuum Cups!

When Victory permits, your Pennsylvania dealer will have for you the safest and greatest tire the world has ever known . . . the first really different tire in a generation . . . the new Pennsylvania Silent Vacuum Cup Tire.

Pennsylvania will always be known for applying the vacuum principle in the tire field—to insure safety.

The quietest, easiest-running tire is a smooth-tread tire—but of course, such a tire is dangerous. Most tire treads are compromise designs. The more ridges and cleats, for *safety*, the more noise; the fewer ridges and cleats, for *silence*, the less protection against skidding.

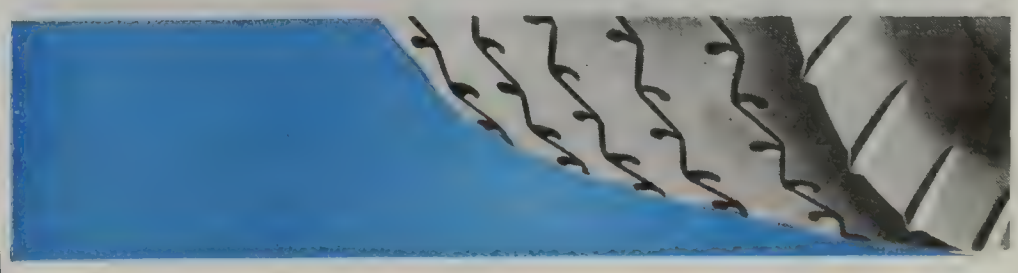
Pennsylvania engineers upset the entire current principle of tread design. The tread they invented r-o-l-l-s like a smooth tire but "stops on a dime." Look through the glass. See how vacuum cups are formed to assure positive anti-skid protection by holding the car safely and surely in its tracks.

A plus value of this new tire design is greatly increased mileage from every pound of material in the tire.

But don't wait until Victory to get acquainted with your Pennsylvania dealer—he's a good man to know *now!* Pennsylvania Rubber Company, Jeannette, Pennsylvania.

PENNSYLVANIA TIRES

MANUFACTURED BY THE ORIGINATORS OF THE *Silent Vacuum Cup Tire*



The Story Thus Far:

JILTED by handsome, attractive Rix Anderson—who runs away with her best friend, "Peg" Reynolds, and marries her—Linda Wheaton leaves Benfield, her home town in New England, and goes to New York City.

Assisted by Tony Dennison, a young lawyer whom she knows slightly, she gets a job with a law firm—the one for which Tony works—and soon she is the secretary to an important executive: Andrew Powell.

Tony is in love with Nelda Heron, daughter of a wealthy client of the firm. He takes Linda to Connecticut, for a week end with the Herons. And there, among the guests, she meets—*Rix and Peg!* To her amazement, she sees (it is obvious) that Rix and Nelda are interested, deeply interested, in each other!

A few weeks later, in New York, Peg calls on Linda and, in the course of a long talk, makes an ugly prediction. She says that Nelda, a schemer, will marry Tony and, later, plunge into an affair with Rix. Of her husband, she says: "He's weak and treacherous, he's a complete egotist . . . selfish . . . unkind. But I keep on loving him. I suppose," she adds, "that that's my punishment."

Alone, after Peg leaves, Linda wonders if Nelda is really as bad as Peg thinks she is. She wonders if she can, somehow, save Tony—*if* Peg is right. . . .

Tom Yorke, another junior member of the firm, is in love with Linda. But he does not attract Linda very much. As a matter of fact, Linda is not—or *thinks* she is not—especially interested in anyone.

Nelda tells Tony that she will marry him. The Herons give a party, at a prominent New York hotel, to announce the engagement. Rix, Peg, Linda, and Tom Yorke are among the guests. Peg keeps an eye on Rix and Nelda; she sees that something, she doesn't know just what, is going on between them.

In need of someone on whom to lean, someone to whom she can talk freely, Peg tells Linda that she has overheard words of a conversation between her husband and Nelda—words that frighten her

Linda tries to reassure her. At last she speaks of Be She mentions Rix's mother. "If you were wise, Peg," she "you'd be friends with her." "Benfield isn't in my blood. retorts. Linda smiles. "No," she agrees, "that's been ap all the time, hasn't it?"

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE

BY FAITH BALDWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

V

THE Andersons came to New York and Linda her promise. It seemed fantastic to be he Peg's apartment, which was very smart, very ern, with a costly address and view of the East R But stranger still to sit at Peg's table and eat a pas dinner, passably served, and see beside her the fan faces of Rix's mother and father.

She regarded the scene and listened to the ge conversation with a curious detachment. Because i incredible that, less than a year ago, she herself planned just such a dinner with herself at the head o table, in her own small, pretty house, the wedding ents shining new and bright, with Rix's parents to l upon her and Rix in approval and Peg there, too, beloved guest and friend. But now Linda was the —hardly friend, and certainly not beloved.

Rix was too gay, and Peg too talkative. Aunt tried too hard to make things seem natural, and and Mr Anderson, who didn't try at all, made then cidedly uncomfortable.

Linda escaped early. She made an engageme dine with the Andersons alone, at their hotel, and pleaded work. "After all, I have a job," she said brig "and I've been keeping horrible hours."

"You look peaked," said Horace Anderson.

Rix insisted upon taking her home. It was ab and put her in an unenviable position. If she sh protest too much, she would leave an impression his parents—if not with Peg, as well—that she afraid. But she was quite capable of taking a bus a own and seeing herself safely to the club door.

IN THE end she had to permit the unwelcome a tion and they went downstairs and the doorman c a taxi. In the cab, Rix broke the silence. He said, were swell to come; it certainly helped matters. I that Peg quiets down . . I mean, the way she rattles

"She was nervous," said Linda flatly.

"I suppose so, yet it's pretty silly. We're married there's nothing anyone can do about it," he said, and silent, throwing his cigarette to the taxi floor, step on it carefully

Linda said, "Your mother is more than anxio be friendly if Peg will just meet her halfway."

"Oh, she will," said Rix easily. "Linda, when yo the folks again, will you try to persuade them that e thing's all right and that it's a case of forgive and for

"It should be simple," she said coolly, "as it hap to be perfectly true "

"Oh, sure," he said gloomily. "You never had use for heels."

Linda drew a deep breath. She said, "I'd have more use for you, Rix, if you'd settle down and be yourself."

"What does that mean, exactly?"

She said, "It hasn't escaped me that you and N Heron are—well, let's say, entertaining yourselves, at Peg's expense; to say nothing of Tony's."

"Peg's been complaining, I suppose?" he said. "' she's nuts."

"You can't dismiss it like that, and she hasn't plained," answered Linda, wondering why she both to lie for Peg. She didn't owe her that. "No, but I eyes in my head "

"Very pretty ones," he said mechanically. you're crazy, too."

"I hope so," Linda told him. "Not that I whether Peg's hurt or not," she said calmly. " should I? But I happen to like and admire Tony D son. Nelda's nothing to me and he's about a thou times too good for her, as this little flutter proves. Tony doesn't deserve to—"

"You're barking up the wrong tree," he interru "Nelda's a very attractive girl, and I like her. But merely good friends. She has a line, and it's amu She knows all the answers. And I didn't forget either just because I ceased to be a bachelor. We derstand each other perfectly. There's nothing to nothing at all. . ."

"I don't believe it," said Linda hotly, "and I'm b

Nelda was close in Rix's arms. Linda heard one thing and that was enough. "I won't give up, no matter what happens," he whispered. don't have to," Nelda said. They kissed

DODGE DEPENDABILITY on the battlefronts...

ONCE again Dodge dependability is being proven on the battlefronts of the world. Again, Dodge is demonstrating its fundamental strength, resourcefulness and dependability.

Dodge owners throughout America take personal pride in the striking facts — that Dodge Trucks were the first combat vehicles ashore with American soldiers when the invasion of Africa took place. They were also the first military vehicles to penetrate the wilderness road to Alaska.

The twenty-eight year history of Dodge is one of precision craftsmanship applied to automotive vehicles in time of peace, and then re-applied to the arms and munitions of war whenever America's need requires.

The Dodge record of today is a greatly enlarged repetition of its outstanding performance three decades ago when General Pershing himself gave commands from a Dodge vehicle, and when basic parts of the famous French 75 cannon had their American production in the original Dodge plants.

Today finds Dodge factories and Dodge dealers again intimately joined in the total effort of the war. Again the factories are producing, in whole or in part, arms, munitions, instruments and many varieties of combat vehicles for war. The Dodge dealers, at the same time, are everywhere helping to maintain, with factory engineered parts and approved service, Dodge cars and trucks in essential use.

On almost every battlefield the Red Cross on thousands of Dodge vehicles tells its own moving story. These vehicles of mercy are almost beloved by medical staffs, nurses and patients for their unfailing dependability.

[WAR BONDS ARE YOUR PERSONAL INVESTMENT IN VICTORY]

DODGE

DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Dodge again fulfills an historic role with its sturdy vehicles of war. Dodge trucks were the first ashore with American troops when the invasion of Africa occurred and first, also, to penetrate the wilderness road to Alaska.

Twenty-eight years of dependability has qualified Dodge to do intricate and delicate manufacturing jobs. There is no better war example than the fabrication of vital parts for the famous Bofors anti-aircraft gun.

Dodge ability to handle precision manufacturing is exemplified by the Gyro-Compass. Mass production of this dependable instrument helps fighting and cargo ships navigate more safely. *Gyro-Compass shown during test in Dodge Plant.*

Famous before the war

... we mean the Civil War

THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

OLD CROW

BOTTLED-IN-BOND

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Enhanced by each passing year is the fame of this distinguished Kentucky whiskey, a greater favorite today than ever before in its long history.

WAR NOTE:

Our distilleries are engaged in the production of alcohol for war purposes. This whiskey is 4 years old—made years before America entered the war.

BUY WAR BONDS!

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • 100 Proof • National Distillers Products Corporation, N. Y.

ning to understand you. Nelda's attractive, yes. Also, she has just slightly less than the gold at Fort Knox. So, if you hadn't been already married—"

"That's a different story," he retorted. "I was married, as it happened." He said something under his breath.

"To fall heir to the Heron heiress," commented Linda, "would have been very comfortable. But as you say, you were married. And now Nelda's to be married. It's a pity that her parents are prejudiced against divorce; also they don't much like scandal, from what I hear. I'm warning you, Rix. If Mr. Heron has the least grounds for suspicion, he can make things unpleasant for you . . . in your job and otherwise and then where will you be?"

"There's always Benfield," he answered, and laughed.

"I wonder," said Linda. "Back to the bank? Even if your father were willing, it might not be as easy for you, or for Peg, as you think. People have long memories in New England; and they are loyal."

He said, sharply, "Linda, we were once in love with each other. As you say, you've recovered and so have I. I hoped we could be friends. We were once, you know. But this little conversation isn't proving very helpful—or friendly."

"In other words," she asked, "I'm to mind my own business?"

"If you want to put it that way," Rix agreed. "I'm no longer any concern of yours; nor is Peg. You've as much as said so. And Nelda isn't, by your own admission. Also, I doubt if Dennison would thank you for interfering, although he's the one of us all who seems to cause you anxiety. He's in love with Nelda and he wouldn't be grateful if you tried to make trouble between him and Nelda."

"I . . . ? Make trouble?" Linda laughed. She said, "You're impossible, Rix—and I should have known it."

"Naturally," he agreed, "by now."

THE cab stopped, they had reached the club.

"Thank you," said Linda getting out, "for a most enlightening evening."

Enlightening it was. His denial had carried no weight. His counterwarning was clear enough. Stay out of this. I'll do as I please, without regard for Dennison *or* my wife.

Cynthia came out of the lounge as Linda entered the club. "You look plenty abstracted. And you're home early," she remarked.

"That sounds as if I staggered in every morning at six," said Linda, smiling. was abstracted. I was pondering on t vagaries of human nature."

"Which will get you nowhere," s Cynthia, "as none of us is competent judge, being prone to vagaries ourselve

Linda said good night and went on stairs. She thought: Cynthia's sensi and sound. I'd like to talk to her. Bu can't. I don't want intimacies. Whate I do from now on is my own affair.

SHE had dined with the Andersons the dining room of their big hotel later went back to their rooms with th to talk of her mother and father, and B field in general. Horace Anderson excu himself after a while. He was tired, said. New York had worn him to a fr zle, he was going to bed.

"You see," said Alice Anderson, r ning her hands through her thick wh hair, "he's so afraid one of us will something. He won't discuss the situati He has accepted it, because he has to. I he hasn't forgiven Rix—"

Linda said, "I wish he would. I hav She smiled at the older woman. "Darli don't look so bothered. It's really all ri and quite all over. I'm fine."

"I wish I could believe that, Lin You're such a strong little thing. A you hate hurting people."

There must be some way to convi her, to send her back to Benfield easier mind, lighter in heart.

"I've a confession to make. You wo tell anyone? Not even Mother and I ther?" Linda asked.

"Of course not. What is it, Linda?"

"Just that—there's someone else—"

Alice looked incredulous and agh She said, "There—couldn't be . . . soon."

What a reputation I have, thou Linda, for bulldog tenacity. Old last di Wheaton, that's me. Tony thinks so; a now, Aunt Alice. I believe, she thou further, both irritated and amused, sh disappointed in me. No matter what I has done, she can't understand anyo who'd once been in love with him getti over it.

She shook her head at Alice, smili "But there is," she said. "So you see, as as last winter is concerned, you need worry."

Alice said, "Linda dear, I'm so gla She was, her face showed it, the bro eyes luminous. And yet, Linda thoug Poor darling, she'll always be a little hu She does want me to be happy, but s wants almost as much to believe in t legend of Rix the irresistible, the un-g

COLLIER'S "You old wolf, you!" GEORGE SHELLHASE

erable. . . . "Is—is he anyone I know?" ice asked.

"I can't tell you," said Linda, "because isn't aware of it yet, although I'm work- g on him," she added, smiling. "And u'll have to let it go at that. But, please lieve me."

You, my girl, she told herself, slightly palled, are becoming an accomplished r.

"May I tell Horace?"

"If you wish. But no one else. You ow," said Linda coaxingly, "it would set mother and father dreadfully if they und out I'd told anyone—even you— st. I wouldn't have said a word," she ded veraciously, "if I hadn't known you re still worried about me. . . ."

ALICE'S eyes rested on the small cluster of tiny yellow orchids which deco- ted the shoulder of Linda's blue linen it. She asked slowly, "Didn't Rix tease u at dinner the other night about some- e named Yorke . . . ?"

"Check," said Linda, "and the orchids e from him, Philo Vance." She laughed. ut don't go getting any ideas," she rned. Still, this was as good an idea as y, she thought.

"Linda," asked Mrs. Anderson, "do u think Rix and Peg are happy?"

"Of course," said Linda, a little too iftly.

"I'm not at all sure," began Alice, "and an't explain why, but there's something ong . . . I can't put my finger on it."

"Nonsense," said Linda briskly. "It was e situation, that's all. Rix knows how s father feels and he's ashamed at hav- g hurt him and you. Peg feels that way, o, so it's natural that things should be a tle strained at first."

"I asked them to come home this sum- er if Rix took a vacation," said Alice wly, "but they didn't promise."

"Well," said Linda lightly, "it's better let a little more water run under the ain Street bridge, don't you think? I've fused to go home too. Maybe in the tumn, but I don't know. Mother and ther said they'd come down here, and e might take a little trip together, not at I rate a vacation but Mr. Powell is ry good to me. We'll see." She leaned rward to put her hand on Mrs. Ander- n's. She said, "Cross me off your list of orries, Aunt Alice. I've never felt better all my life."

"You're too thin," said Mrs. Anderson sently. And there was something else— asion, wariness, under a brittle manner, t exactly hard but certainly entirely new Linda, and it disturbed her, although e could not put it into words. She said, ghing, "It's—I just want you to be happy, nda. And Rix." She added with an ob- ous effort, "And, of course, Peg."

The summer days went past, flawless blue skies, brazen sun, the asphalt soft under feet loath to hurry. The law offices were air-conditioned. When she was working there Linda forgot the heat and when she left in the afternoon and reached the crowded streets the temperature struck her like a blow, the humidity left her dripping. She joined the Y.W.C.A. and, with Cynthia and others, went swimming evenings in the big pool. She did not see Rix or Peg, and Tony Dennison was often out of town.

Tom Yorke took her often to a cool rooftop for dinner and dancing, and on several Sundays she drove out of town with him to Westchester or Connecticut to some inn by a pond or on a lake or on the island by the sea. He spent most of his week ends in Southampton, however, and more than once suggested that she accept the formal and open invitation of his mother to accompany him. But Linda refused. She had met Tom's family by now, including his formidable great-aunt, and liked them well enough, but it was obvious that they were regarding her in the light of a possible prospective daughter-in-law and, as such, she would be more or less on trial. As she had no intention of filling this difficult bill she was not anxious to be put in a position of accepting their on-approval hospitality.

Toward the end of August, however, she went to the Herons'. Nelda had written her several times, asking her to come down for this week end or that, but Linda had always managed to get out of it. Occasionally, Nelda came to town and picked up Tony at the office for luncheon and each time she had invaded Linda's anteroom she filled her with the despair natural to the woman who feels herself at a disadvantage. Linda always felt as if her hair were in strings, her powder sticky and her face smudged with carbon and probably bright red when Nelda strolled in, dressed for town in something dark and sheer, devastatingly becoming, cooler than a frozen daiquiri.

FINALLY, there was no getting out of it. Tony argued with her for an entire week "If you don't," he said, "I'll begin to think you don't like us. Honestly, Linda, it will do you good, sun and air and the sea. You won't be run ragged, I promise you that. We'll let you rest." He grinned at her and added, "Although I don't know about Tom. He'll be around, you know. As a favor to me, come on, Linda. Give."

So, late on one Friday afternoon, Linda drove down with Tony to the house set back from the dunes and ocean, a gray structure, with two big wings, and walled gardens, and land which ran to the sea. She was, she admitted, breathing the salt air, more tired than she had thought, with

COLLIER'S "What was I in civilian life, madam? A baby!" GARDNER REA

How to Make a Bed for a Railroad

YOU are looking at a "mechanical mole" regularly used to clean the ballast on the Erie roadbed.

This ingenious machine forces a cutting plate into the stone ballast to a depth of 8 inches or more. Up comes the dirty ballast, a rotary screen sifts out dirt and cinders, and a conveyor carries this dirt to the outside embankment. Then clean stone goes into place to give good support for ties and track—open channels for drainage.

Cleaning the roadbed is another step in Erie's program of efficient operation to insure fast, safe, dependable transportation. For a clean, well-kept roadbed means less vibration—smooth, easy riding. It is essential these days when America's railroads are doing their utmost in doing the world's greatest transportation job . . . and it's essential, too, in the peacetime job of tomorrow.

ERIE

23,578 FREIGHT TRAINS DAILY

1,408,964 FREIGHT CARS DAILY

25,000,000 NET TONS DAILY

AMERICAN RAILROADS AT WAR

THE RAILROAD OF HELPFUL SERVICE

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

the heat of town. It was good to be out of it, away from the noise and traffic, the dispirited papers whirling in dusty gutters, the sound of radios and the ceaseless tension of a big city under humid, blanketing heat.

Nelda seemed glad to see her. The Prestons were there and Mr. and Mrs. Heron. The house ran smoothly, and house guests did as they pleased. Breakfast in bed, a swim before, if you liked, golf or tennis for anyone who wished, or simply lying on the terrace or under the umbrellas on the private beach. For fun, and people, if you wanted them, you went to the club, and you went other places for cocktails or dinner or dancing.

TOM turned up the following morning and spent it on the Heron beach under a striped umbrella, arguing with Linda that the Yorkes were as good as the Herons, any day in the week, not to mention the week end, so what was the idea of turning down their invitations?

Linda, observing Tony and Nelda, became gradually aware that things were not running too smoothly. She couldn't say why she knew this. . . . Nelda's treatment of her fiancé was a little casual, perhaps, but then Nelda was always casual. But Tony had lost the crazy, don't-care-who-knows-it happiness of the early days of their engagement and more than once Linda came upon them, if not quarreling, then, at least, in a deep, not too pleasant discussion. She believed she knew what was back of the change when, on Saturday afternoon, Rix Anderson arrived alone, and prepared to spend the night.

That he was not particularly pleased to see Linda was obvious when she came downstairs, after a nap, at cocktail time and found him there. But his first, disconcerted expression quickly altered to the easy warmth of pleasure. "Swell seeing you," he said. "Nelda didn't tell me when I phoned her and asked if I might barge in." He explained further, "Peg's in Westchester with some old California friends and I had to see a man about a million dollars in East Hampton. I spent last night there and today, but couldn't contemplate the apartment tonight, hot and empty. I don't happen to like Peg's native-son pals, so here I am, intruding as usual."

Nelda, Linda perceived at once, had come to life since Rix's arrival. Oh, not too obviously of course, but if you were looking for a sign, there it was. It was also evident, at least to Linda, that Tony had as yet no suspicion. He was cordial to Rix, and Tony was no hypocrite, it wasn't in him to be cordial to anyone he disliked or suspected . . . courteous, yes, but not cordial. Whatever had happened between himself and Nelda, he hadn't the remotest idea that Rix was connected with it, if, indeed, he was, Linda thought, wondering if much of this was not her unbridled imagination

On Saturday evening they all went over to Canoe Place to dance and have supper. Tom Yorke was with them, Rix was the extra man, so Nelda had enlisted a small, provocative blonde in the cause.

Driving back, Linda was with Tom, alone in his car and they reached the Heron house after the others because he pulled off the road and parked, in order to give her, he said, a view of the bay, and despite her protests they remained there for some time.

"It's no use, Linda," he said. "I'm a gone gander. The game's up. For you, I will become a benedict, much as it terrifies me. I think," he added, more seriously than she had ever heard him speak, "that we could make a good life together. We laugh at the same things, we have fun, and despite income taxes and such mundane considerations I could buy jam for your *croissants*. I'm a pretty good lawyer, I expect to be a better one, and as a member of the firm I draw more than I earn. In addition—"

"Tom—"

"Oh, don't say it," he begged her. "Give a guy a chance. I'm very much in love with you, Linda." He pulled her toward him, kissed her squarely on the mouth. "There," he said, releasing her. "Was it so dreadful?"

"No," she told him, "it was rather nice." It was. She had had a number of opportunities to be kissed since her arrival in New York but had until now evaded them all, including Tom's tentative attempts. She thought: It is pleasant, I like him, he's attractive, it would be awfully easy to drift into this sort of thing, with no chart, no compass to tell you where you're heading.

"Then," he asked happily, "I don't exactly revolt you?"

"Not exactly," she admitted, laughing.

He took her in his arms again. "Then," he demanded, "what are we waiting for? Let's go back and break the news. Me, an engaged man!" he added in astonishment. "I can't believe it."

"You needn't," she said, "because you aren't, and if this is an oblique way of asking my hand in marriage, Mr. Yorke, the answer is No."

"But why?" he asked, plaintively.

"Silly of me, isn't it?" Linda said lightly. "But I'm not in love with you."

He said, in relief, "Is that all? You will be. Can't we announce it first and fall in love after? You, I mean."

"Benfield," she said, "never puts the cart before the horse. Let's go back now, Tom."

"Mad?"

"No," she answered. "Flattered. And I do like you very much. You are a nice person and fun. But—"

He said hopefully, "It's a step in the right direction. Mind if I kiss you again?"

"Not at all," said Linda, "but it mustn't become a habit. Just on very special occasions, like this one."

THIS time she drew away from his embrace, more shaken than she cared to admit to herself. It's loneliness, she decided, and a sort of salve to hurt pride. It was like that night at home, coming back from the movies with Fred. Well, not quite.

She said, "I'm sorry, Tom. . . . There mustn't be any more special occasions. I've changed my mind."

"Why?" he asked. "You're the funniest girl!"

"I was trying to be honest with you," Linda said. "I liked that, rather a lot. I don't want to. I don't want to be kissed just because I can enjoy having a personable man kiss me. It isn't good enough, Tom."

"Okay," he said, "I see your point. But I shan't give up trying. Perhaps if you are exposed enough to being loved, you'll catch the disease."

They drove back in silence, and he left her at the Heron house, where a sleepy but resigned butler let her in. Miss Nelda and the others, he told her with veiled reproach, had reached home some time ago and gone up to their rooms.

Linda went to hers, which overlooked the gardens. There was moonlight on white flowers, on the sand beyond and the stretch of sea visible from her windows, open to the coolness and quiet of the night, to the restless sighing of the sea and the scent of flowers growing. She undressed, turned out the lights, belted a thin silk robe about her and went out on the little balcony which ran outside her windows. She sat down in a low chair to smoke a cigarette and think. She was sorry about tonight. She wished it had not happened. It had taught her a little too much about herself and frightened her. She thought: I mustn't see so much of Tom. . . . It isn't fair to him and it would be downright stupid of me

After a time she heard a murmur of voices under the windows and rose to look over the balcony railing. There was a faint light from somewhere—the hall perhaps—and she could see Nelda, as there was no mistaking her height and carriage, and also the man with her. Rix, of course. Tony and Tom were both taller.

Nelda and Rix stopped directly beneath her. If she moved now they would know she was there, and she had no wish to be found, an unwilling eavesdropper. She had put out the cigarette a moment before, so the smoke did not betray her. She wanted to put her fingers in her ears and close her eyes but she couldn't. She thought, *I have to know. . . .*

She heard Nelda speak in a voice she had not heard her use before, yet the word she uttered was often on her lips, but this time with a difference. "Darling," she said.

She was close in Rix's arms. Linda heard only one thing that he said, and it was enough He said, "I won't give you up, no matter what happens. You're crazy to go through with this, Nelda, but I won't give you up—"

"You don't have to." Nelda said.

They kissed again for a long, mindless moment and then moved away. Linda went back to her room, after a while. She took off the robe and threw herself acro the bed. She thought: It isn't fair, it's ho rible. She thought of Tony, and her hea was wrung for him. If Nelda broke it o so much the better for him in the lor run. It would be the clean, the dece way. But Nelda wouldn't, nor would R try to force her to. That wasn't his wa History could, obliquely, repeat itself.

Linda thought: Someone has to something about this. Someone has to a her if she intends to marry Tony and car on this affair with Rix. And there's no o but me, she thought, frightened and sic

After a while she rose, put her robe again, found her slippers in the dark ar went softly out of the room to Nelda

The wide corridor was silent. A shad light shone softly. The heels of Linda mules ticktacked along the polished floo She held her breath lest a door open ar someone—Mrs. Heron perhaps, or wors Tony—look out to see who crept along t hall at this hour of the night. She kne which was Nelda's room, as she had be in and out of it several times since ye terday, but was afraid that, in her nervou ness, she might mistake the door. All the doors looked alike, the shining white pa els closed against intrusion. Why am I d ing this? she asked herself, halting before door. It's none of my business what Nel does . . . or what happens to Tony, becau she does it. I must be out of my mind.

HER heart beat quickly, the bloc pounded in her temples, the palms her hands were cold and wet, and litt shivers of apprehension ran along h spine. She hesitated, her hand upraised knock, and then, half turned away. It w not too late, she had not committed he self, she could go back as silently as s had come. If anyone chanced to see he she could say she had a headache and h gone to Nelda's room to beg an aspiri and had then changed her mind, dislikin to awaken her hostess.

No, Tony was too decent, she remind herself fiercely, to have a thing like t happen to him. When he found out and he was bound to find out, for you h been taught, in Benfield, that people a always found out . . . he was certain to badly hurt. And, if he didn't find out u til after he and Nelda were married, h immeasurably, irrevocably worse . . .

She drew a deep breath, steadied t shaking of her hands and knees, a knocked. She knocked twice, softly, b fore she heard someone stirring inside a Nelda's voice asking, "Who is it?"

"Linda

Nelda opened the door and regard her with smiling inquiry. She was not y ready for bed. She wore a wisp of bla chiffon and lace, and her heavy, dull go hair streamed over her shoulders. H eyes were bright and drowsy, and h mouth wore the soft, vulnerable look o woman who has recently been kissed a not against her will. Her lipstick had be wiped off and her lips were pink. She h a jar of cold cream in her hand.

"Linda . . . is anything the matter?" s asked, astonished.

There was one way out. Take it. Sa I had such a crashing headache that couldn't sleep. I'm so sorry to distu you . . . but have you aspirin?—easy, d arming. A way she couldn't take.

Linda said, "No . . . that is . . . ma come in and talk to you, Nelda?"

"Why, of course." Nelda smiled b her eyes were startled and curious. "As y see, I hadn't gone to bed. I was readin Now the door closed behind Linda a she was in the room which had been dec ated to hold Nelda's beauty—a room li a jewel box, all pastel pinks and blu muted greens. It was large. There wa four-poster, canopied bed, a chaise long a French powder table glistening with cr tal, silver, and enamel.

"Sit down," said Nelda. "Mind if I

"The boys are going into the drawing room to have their chocolate cigars"

COLLIER'S JACK MARKOW

Invisible G-MAN

The Story of Super-Sleuths of War Production

WHEN the FBI gets on the trail of a potential saboteur, tracks him down, and catches him before he can do any damage—that's front-page news! Yet there are a few score unsung sleuths doing this kind of work—all day and every day—in America's war factories. This is their story.

They are the million-volt X-ray units developed by G-E scientists just in time to go to work, all-out, in war production.

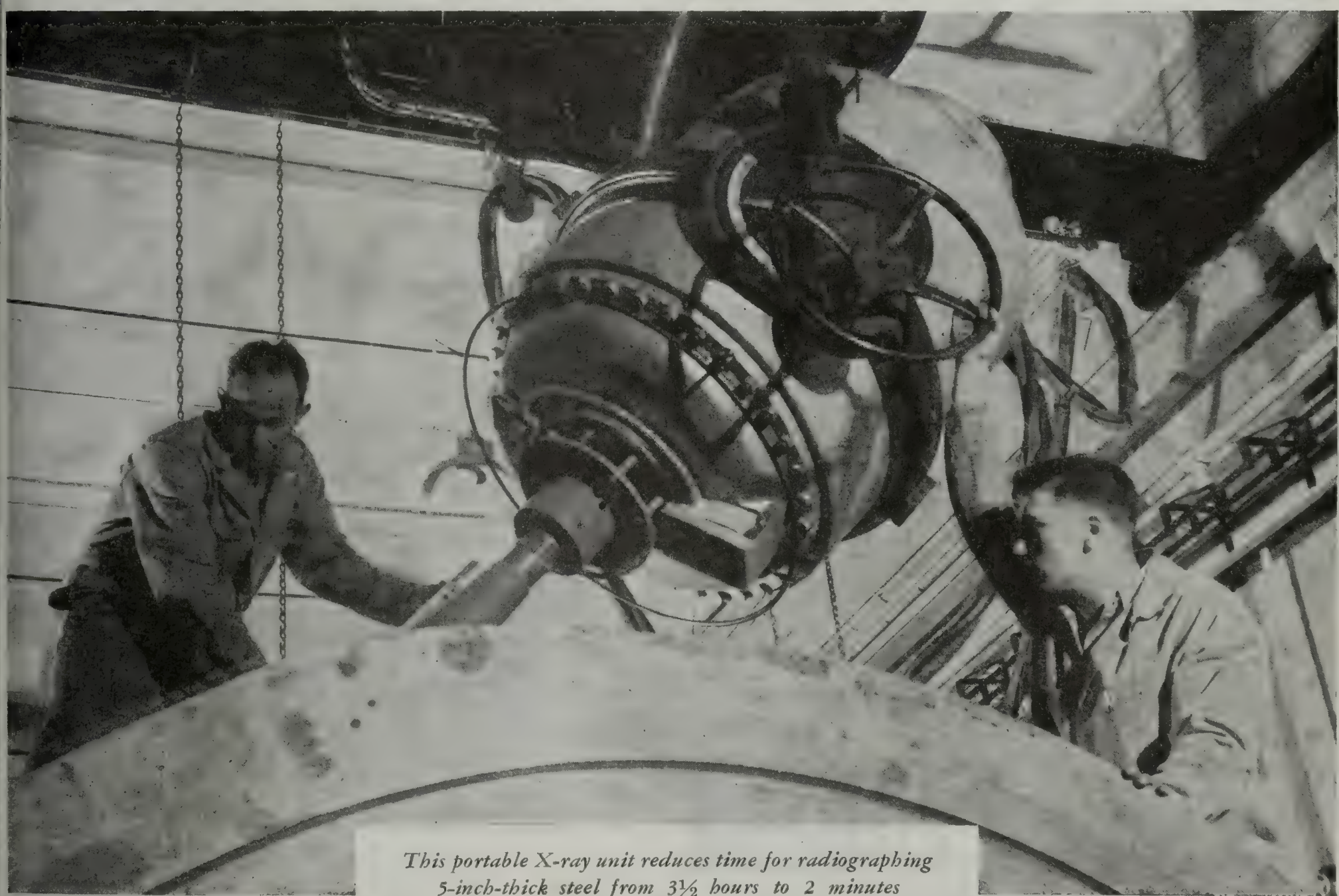
The saboteurs they catch are flaws and blow-holes—unintentional, of course—in big castings for war machinery. The kind of mistakes that *will* turn up occasionally, no matter *how* careful and skillful the foundry worker. But serious all the same.

The worst of it is, they usually don't turn up soon enough. Buried in the middle of six or eight inches of hard steel—it's tough luck when they're discovered only after priceless hours of expert machining have gone into the job. And if the part is almost ready to ship, and the last cut of the tool runs into a flaw—then it's tougher!

That's just one calamity the million-volt X-ray keeps from happening. It pours out rays like those from radium, and a lot more plentiful. They pass right through the thick metal; in minutes they show up defects before a stroke of work has been done. Anything that isn't perfect goes back to be melted over—literally liquidated!

It would take a catalog to list all the other war jobs these X-ray units are doing, and violate the rules of military secrecy as well. But we have them because G-E scientists and engineers have been exercising their ingenuity and perseverance on the subject of electronics for years. And they've only scratched the surface.

After the war this same ingenuity and perseverance will bear fruit in things to make peacetime living better. Which is why this promising field of electronics will bear watching!
General Electric Co., Schenectady, N. Y.



This portable X-ray unit reduces time for radiographing 5-inch-thick steel from 3½ hours to 2 minutes

GENERAL ELECTRIC

952-459K-211

TUNE IN GENERAL ELECTRIC MAZDA LAMP RADIO PROGRAM—10:00 P.M. EWT, SUNDAY EVENING—NBC

WALK HERE, WALK THERE, stand all day long. Wartime activities keep you on your feet, invite a siege of Athlete's Foot that can keep you off your job!

That's because tiny plants called fungi, which cause Athlete's Foot, *breed* and *multiply* fastest in the presence of excessive perspiration, so common on hot, steaming feet. Then, when this perspiration cracks the tender skin between your toes the protective barriers are down. The Athlete's Foot fungi attack the open flesh through the cracks and spread rapidly. It hurts to take a step, your toes smart and itch, skin flakes off in patches. You've got Athlete's Foot!

Cracks warn you first—soak them TONIGHT!

Examine the skin between your toes. Is it cracked, raw? Then, drench the toes with Absorbine Jr., full strength. Repeat night and morning.

1. **Absorbine Jr. is an effective fungicide. It *kills* the Athlete's Foot fungi *on contact*.**
2. **It dissolves the perspiration products on which the Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.**
3. **It dries the skin between the toes.**
4. **It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.**
5. **It eases itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.**

Don't take chances. Always keep Absorbine Jr. handy. $1.25 a bottle. For sale at your drugstore. For free sample, address W. F. Young, Inc., 201 L Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

Guard against reinfection! Boil socks at least 15 minutes to kill the fungi. Do not share towels or bath mats. Disinfect your shoes.

In advanced cases, consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.

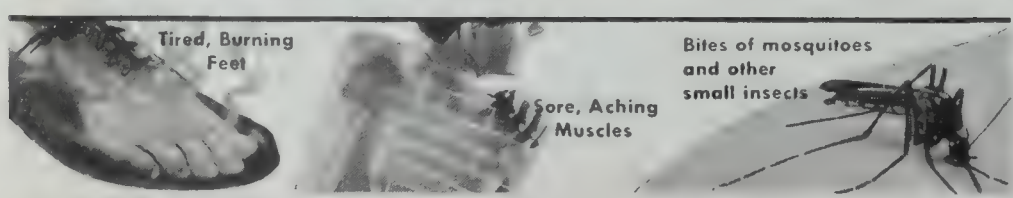
Proof that Athlete's Foot fungi *die at touch* of Absorbine Jr.

Fungi growing fast—Photomicrograph of Athlete's Foot fungi. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, irritates delicate nerve endings. No wonder Athlete's Foot causes severe pain!

Fungi dead—Photomicrograph shows Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot fungi as they are reached. No longer can they grow and cause you pain and misery.

ABSORBINE Jr. KILLS ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGI ON CONTACT

Also brings QUICK RELIEF to these summer troubles



on with the usual nonsense? Cigarettes there at your elbow. What happened to you and Tom, tonight?"

Linda sat down in a low chair. She did not want to smoke. Nelda sat at the dressing table, her back to Linda. She pinned her heavy hair back, bound a white towel about her head and was instantly transformed. Her face had a classic loveliness, the cheekbones prominent, the chin pointed, the eyebrows like brown satin wings. She dipped her long red-tipped fingers into the squat jar, and slowly creamed her face with long, upward movements. She moistened a pad of cotton in a clear liquid from a crystal bottle.

Linda could see Nelda's face in the mirror. She could watch it. She waited, weighing her words and Nelda laughed. She asked, "Is your New England conscience bothering you? Tony was as fretful as a cat. 'What, in heaven's name, has happened to Linda and Tom?' he kept asking. 'Do you suppose there's been an accident?' I told him you'd probably taken the long way home." She smiled at Linda and even the shining cream could not disfigure her. She washed it off with the lotion and dipped her fingers into another jar and dotted more cream over her face. She picked up a little rubber patter from the dressing table and holding it by the plastic handle, began to drum it lightly along her jaw line, over cheekbones, under eyes. . . .

She said, "Blondes sag, you know," in an explanatory fashion.

LINDA found her voice and words. She said, "Tom and I parked a while and watched the bay."

"A perfectly reasonable explanation," said Nelda calmly. The corners of her mouth twitched with amusement. "You're doing pretty well for yourself, unless signs fail," she said, "and if you believe in signs."

Linda ignored that. She said, slowly, "You and Tony came home before us, with the Prestons and Rix."

"Of course. We dropped Nancy at her house first," Nelda said.

"You went out again," said Linda.

Nelda's reflected face was expressionless. The soft drumming went on. She asked after a moment, "What do you mean, I went out?"

Linda spoke evenly. Her heart had quieted. She had made up her mind. She would go through with this, however distasteful. She answered:

"You, and Rix, forgot when you came back from the—beach, perhaps, or the garden, that my windows were directly . . ." She paused and added, "I happened to be on the balcony."

"Oh," said Nelda. She put down the patter and swung around on the dressing-table bench. Her clean, shining face had great purity of line under the severe headdress of the towel. She asked, "And what do you intend to do about it?"

Her long, slender body shone, ivory white, through the inadequate veiling of black chiffon. Her eyes were wary but untroubled, her face imperturbable, but Linda could see the long breath she drew, flattening her ribs, held a moment and then expelled.

She said quietly, "I don't think that's the point. I think the point is: What do *you* intend to do?"

"I?" asked Nelda. "I intend to do as I please."

"Which means both Rix and Tony please you?"

Nelda smiled. She said gently, "I don't know why you take such an interest in my affairs, Linda. It's flattering, but incomprehensible."

Linda said sturdily, "Tony's my friend."

"He happens to be engaged to me," Nelda reminded her.

"And Rix—who isn't . . . ?"

"I find Rix very amusing."

"Was tonight—under my window—your idea of amusement? It wouldn't be Tony's," said Linda. Anger was hot in her veins, contempt cooled it.

Nelda looked directly into the blazing blue eyes. She said, "It seems to me that you are going to a good deal of trouble for—a friend, however devoted. And putting yourself at the same time in a questionable position."

"In other words I'm to mind my own business?"

"That sounds very rude," said Nelda, as if considering. "But, well, yes. Definitely."

"Suppose I make it my business?" asked Linda.

"What, exactly, can you do?" Nelda inquired. "Go to Tony, tell him that you were present, as an invisible audience, shall we say, tonight when Rix and I played out our little scene under your windows? And what will that amount to? Your word against mine. I can deny it. Which of us is Tony apt to believe? I'm sure he'd rather believe me."

Linda said, "He's in love with you, Nelda. He would want to believe you with all his heart and soul. But he knows that I don't lie."

"How quaint," commented Nelda. "Never? You should be in a museum. But I still don't see what you gain or why you—"

Linda interrupted, with slow fury. "I won't have Tony hurt," she said.

"So that's it," said Nelda. "Sacrificial and noble. You won't have Tony hurt! You must be very fond of him, Linda. A

eautiful friendship." She looked at her nd laughed. "Are you by any chance trying to throw a monkey wrench," she inquired, "for purposes of your own?"

For a moment Linda said nothing. She eturned Nelda's regard steadily. Then she aid, "Suppose we don't talk about Tony, Nelda. Suppose, instead, we talk about Rix?"

"Don't tell me," said Nelda, "that just ecause you were brought up together you ave constituted yourself Rix's guardian, oo? You do carry friendship to remarkble lengths."

"Is that all Rix told you about me?" said inda. "That we were brought up together?"

Nelda stirred, uneasily. "My dear girl, hat else is there to tell?" she answered.

"Rix and I," said Linda, quietly, "were o be married. We'd been engaged a long me. We were to have been married last anuary. Our plans were made, our ouse—" She stopped. She had done no arder thing than this. She went on, "My ousseau was ready. He and Peg eloped nortly before what was to have been my edding day."

Nelda's fair skin darkened with a suden rush of blood. She said flatly, "I don't elieve it."

"I doubt if Rix would deny it," said inda steadily, "as Peg wouldn't. Peg, you now, hasn't been blind to your interest in im, or to his in you. And if you don't are to ask her—or him, why not ask ony? He knew. He was in Benfield last ctober. He met me then, and Rix, and new of our engagement. He met Peg, too. Ie sent me, by the way, a very attractive edding present which, naturally, I reurned. . . ."

"So that accounts for it," Nelda said owly.

"For what?"

"For Tony's attitude when he met the ndersons at my house, and also for the ery strange atmosphere which didn't eape me when you met them. But I don't nderstand why Tony didn't tell me."

"Why should he?" inquired Linda. "You eren't engaged to him at the time. He n't a gossip. My position was sufficiently ncomfortable, as it was, without having it roadcast."

"It must have been very embarrassing to ncounter the man who jilted you, Linda," Nelda said.

"Yes," Linda agreed evenly, "it was. nd for him, too, and Peg."

"Peg," said Nelda astonishingly, "can ardly complain about me!"

"That's an odd viewpoint," Linda told er. "But as far as that goes, I am not inerested in Peg's reactions."

NELDA said, "My dear, there's no point in this conversation, interesting ough it may be. Because your motive is o very clear."

"Just what," asked Linda, "is my move?"

"You," said Nelda, "are jealous. Of Rix, erhaps. . . . Perhaps you're still in love ith him. Or is it because of Tony? I ouldn't know."

Linda said, "I don't care what you know r what you think. I am merely warning ou."

"Warning me?" Nelda repeated, and aised an eyebrow.

"Yes. Peg isn't a complacent wife. She very much in love with Rix. If she cretes a scandal—and she is perfectly capble of it—your parents won't like it. Tony on't, either. And you won't be able to alk yourself out of it."

"Peg," said Nelda disdainfully, and dismissed Rix's wife with a shrug. "Just what as she to go on, unless, of course, you inend to tell her what you imagine you saw? or naturally both Rix and I will deny that ou saw anything."

She was right, of course. Peg had very ttle evidence upon which to convict her husband or Nelda Heron. Suspicion, yes . . . and an insane jealousy which could magnify a word, a look. Linda shook her head. She said, "I have no intention of going to Peg—or to anyone, but you. Nelda, I don't know what you intend to do but—"

"I intend," interrupted Nelda, "to do just as I said, which is as I please. I intend to marry Tony. I'm fond of him; it will be a much better marriage than most."

"You'll have your cake and eat it too?"

"An absurd saying," Nelda commented. "If you eat your cake, naturally you have it. If you have it, you don't put it on the mantelpiece as decoration, you eat it." She smiled again. "I don't want you to think I'm annoyed or angry," she said. "I understand perfectly. It's one of two things with you, Linda: You're still in love with Rix, or you want to get even with him, if you can, for what he did to you. Or else you've decided, just as I did, that Tony would make a good, settled sort of husband. He has position and, from your viewpoint, enough money. A good marriage would be nice for you, wouldn't it—? It would make the people back in—what's the name of the town?—forget. Or perhaps you have fallen in love with him on the rebound. That must be it," she concluded with decision, "otherwise you'd take Tom Yorke. *If* he's serious about you. Which somehow or other, I doubt."

LINDA asked, "Nelda, haven't you any decency?"

"Our ideas on decency may differ."

"I'm sure they do," said Linda. "You're only laying up trouble for yourself and hurt for Tony . . . and trying to break up a marriage as well. Why? You don't want to marry Rix, do you?"

"Certainly not," said Nelda. "I'm not a fool."

"Then what *do* you want?"

"Suppose I say I'm in love with him," Nelda said, "in a way you could not understand? I'll get over it. But I'm in no hurry. And, until I do—"

"Rix isn't in love with you," said Linda, "nor with anyone except himself. He always thinks he is . . . at the time. He thought he was, with me. He thought he was, with Peg . . . and now, with you. But you are bigger game than I was, or Peg. I was just a girl he'd always known, and Peg was someone new, and exciting and exotic. But you are Nelda Heron. Can't you see what he's trying to do? He's willing to let you break up his marriage, openly enough, hoping Peg will eventually divorce him, and that there will be sufficient scandal to force you to marry him, regardless of your own wishes or what your parents say. He'd never believe that they'd disinherit you . . . He'd believe that, in due time, their love for you and his own ingratiating charm would cause them to forgive and forget. Happy ending," said Linda, bitterly, "for Rix at least."

Nelda's ivory pallor was gray. She said, "I think you've said quite enough. You've warned me. Well, I'll warn you. If you say a word of this to Tony or to Peg Anderson, I'll swear it is not true, not a word of it. . . . I'll say you are jealous. I'll tell Tony that I forced you to admit you were in love with him and would stop at nothing to break our engagement."

Linda rose and went to the door. She said, "All right, Nelda. Play it your own way. I had no intention of going to Tony or Peg. I came to headquarters instead. To you. Because you're the only person who can remedy this. But you wouldn't, of course. You're completely egotistical and amoral. I'll leave," she went on quietly, "in the morning. I'll make some excuse. There must be a train I can take. It would be awkward for us both if I were to remain until evening, as we'd planned, and drove back with Tony."

"You can do as you please," Nelda flung at her.

(To be continued next week)

MORE POWER FOR TANKS TODAY—
CHEAPER POWER FOR AMERICA TOMORROW!

AMERICA'S tanks pack a powerful push as well as a powerful punch. And more times than most people know, this push comes from a General Motors Diesel Engine.

What's more, you'll also find these rugged, hard-working power plants in landing barges, patrol vessels, military trucks, construction tractors and many other wartime jobs where sturdy dependability is required.

They burn cheaper fuel and use less of it —operate with a minimum of attention.

Of course the needs of war are taking every engine that even our expanded production can make, but when peace comes America will profit—through low-cost power for many new applications.

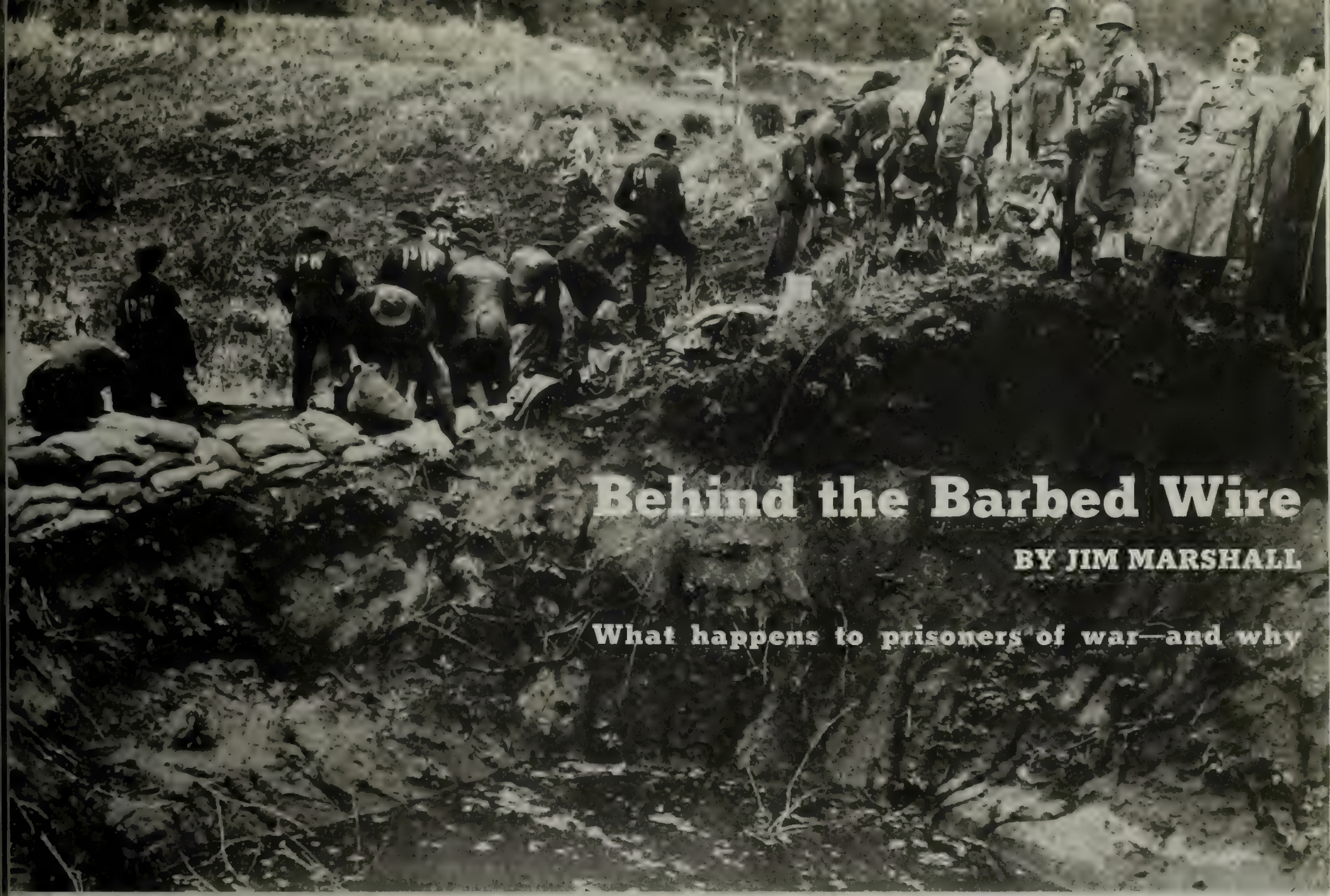
So while now GM Diesels are adding strength to America's fighting arm, they will be one of the important contributions to better days after victory is ours.

With each war there seems to develop a new era in transportation. And in this one there is the epoch-making General Motors Diesel Locomotive, tried, proved and providing a new pattern of transportation, keyed to the greater days ahead.

ENGINES.....15 to 250 H.P.....DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Detroit, Mich.

ENGINES..150 to 2000 H.P...CLEVELAND DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Cleveland, Ohio

LOCOMOTIVES.....ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION, La Grange, Ill.



Behind the Barbed Wire

BY JIM MARSHALL

What happens to prisoners of war—and why

INTERNATIONAL

Axis captives are shown here voluntarily battling a flood on the Mississippi River at eighty cents a day. Painted-out face of sixth man from left is to save him from embarrassment

LTHOUGH we have thousands of Axis prisoners in America—including a few Japs—few people r have seen one, with the big "P.W." his back. Fewer still know how we ıdle our captives after we've got them, ıt sort of lives they lead in prison ıps, or why they are treated as well hey are—by us, anyway.

ince history started to record them, re have been almost five thousand wars, it is only in the most recent score or hat prisoners have had any rights. It k an almost forgotten battle—Solferino o start the idea that prisoners, especially ınded ones, are human beings. Solno was fought in Italy in 1859 between French and Sardinians on one side the Austrians on the other, and one product was the kingdom of Italy. ɔther was the Geneva Convention.

he tortures and hardships of wounded oners after this fight touched the heart Jean Henri Dunant, a Swiss philanɔpist living in Geneva. He wrote a ching pamphlet about it. The upshot that, five years later, about ten nais got together in Geneva and formed Red Cross. In America during our r between the States, we had a sani- commission which had much the ıe purpose. Out of this grew our own l Cross, which later affiliated with the rnational organization.

or his work, Dunant won the first No- prize, and out of his sympathy for 's victims came the first basic rules for treatment of prisoners, wounded or ɔle.

ractically all nations are in agreement espect these rules and, in regard to our n country, it may be said we are pretty ıpulous about it, and hope the Japs, mans and Italians are, too. Most nas, as a matter of fact, take pains to t their captives humanely because, if don't, it means reprisals. Such reprisals are sternly forbidden by the agreement, but in wartime, agreements often don't mean much. How much they mean sometimes is witnessed by the "chaining" of both German and British prisoners over some fancied indignity visited by the British upon some German prisoners taken in a Channel raid.

The minute a prisoner lands in this country he comes under the supervision of the Provost Marshal General's office which supervises the Military Police, who, as every veteran knows, won the last war practically single-handed. Today's MPs, however, under the supervision of Major General Allen W. Gullion, the Provost Marshal General, are different. They aren't so tough; they're better trained; more intelligent. They use psychology instead of brawn and, from being the black sheep of the Army, they have come to be pretty well respected.

Prisoners Are Treated with Care

After we capture an enemy soldier, we're under obligation to get him out of harm's way as fast as possible and thereafter to be father and mother, guide, philosopher and friend to him until he's sent back home after the war stops. Every once in a while, indignant taxpayers here complain that our prisoners are getting supertreatment, and letters to the editor demand that we stop feeding them meat and potatoes and treat them harshly. When the Provost Marshal General's men read these letters and hear these complaints, they shudder briefly—because a little of that sort of thing might make it pretty tough for our own boys held in enemy prison camps. The enemy has ways of finding out how we're treating his men.

It may be tough for the mother of an American boy, held prisoner in Germany, to know that German prisoners here have better quarters, food and treatment than her boy. But we have to lean over backward in order to give the Germans no excuse for harsh treatment; and, anyway, we don't carry our national hates over far enough to be cruel to helpless prisoners.

You don't hear much about our war prisoners, because we are pledged to protect them from "acts of violence, insults and public curiosity." This means we can't march them in parades or exhibit them in prison camps and that if some patriot thumbs his nose at a P.W. and gives him a Bronx cheer, it's up to our MPs to calm the patriot down. And they'd do it, too.

We also respect the "natural rights and personal honor" of our captives, look after their physical, spiritual and mental health, and pay them wages every month. We can make common soldiers work, but we have to pay them extra, and they musn't be employed at anything connected with our own war effort. Officers may work if they want to, but we can't make them.

Prisoners of war, except officers, whether or not employed for pay, receive an allowance of three dollars a month in canteen coupons.

The monthly allowance of an officer prisoner of war accrues from the date of capture. This allowance is determined by his grade in the armed forces of the nation which he has served, subject to special agreements between the powers, and is also paid in canteen coupons.

The purpose of these coupons is to enable prisoners to make purchases without necessitating the quartermaster stocking up with such small personal items as razor blades, combs, and so forth.

At the end of the war, there's supposed to be a general accounting; we collect from the other side; they collect from us. In effect, this means that each side pays its own warriors in the long run, whether they're fighting or just sticking around in a prison camp.

We already have thousands of Axis prisoners here, and more are coming all the time. They are held in fairly well isolated camps for a variety of reasons: It is harder to escape from a camp out in the country; it is easier for the MPs to control that "public curiosity" and to stop contraband getting in or out. After he's taken, all sorts of international agreements wrap themselves around a prisoner like a protective cloak.

On a battlefield, enemy wounded get exactly the same treatment as our own. The retreating enemy is supposed to leave behind some medical personnel and supplies to look after his abandoned wounded, but this isn't always done in the heat of battle. After we gather up our prisoners, we must not only hustle them out of the danger zone, but we can't march them more than twelve miles a day, except in emergency. In practice, we usually truck them to the temporary wire corrals in the rear.

Prisoners keep their uniforms, their insignia, their medals and decorations and their rank. They also keep steel helmets and gas masks, for protection, although camps are usually located in safe zones, and no nation deliberately drops bombs into a camp occupied by its own men.

Soon after he's captured, we tell our prisoner's home government we've got him, and we give him a chance to write to his folks and tell them that Yank chow and cigarettes aren't so bad, and love to Aunt Mary. If he's been captured in hot, damp, unhealthful country, we have to get him out of it into pleasanter surroundings. We have to feed him the same ration

(Continued on page 54)

Have you heard the story of Sandy Macleod
A man with the habit of thinking out loud?

Now it happened that Sandy, one hot summer day,
Went out for his lunch to a local café!
And, after some fruit, he had baked macaroni,
Then ordered iced coffee and bisquit tortoni.

Said the waiter: "No coffee, sir. Much to our sorrow
We have used every bit we could buy, beg, or borrow.
So may I suggest, as an excellent drink,
A glass of iced Postum, sir. What do you think?"
"Iced Postum? No, thank you," said Sandy Macleod,
Then started—as usual—thinking out loud.

"This Postum, I gather, is something you take
If you're one of the people caffein keeps awake.
And its taste, I would wager my good reputation,
Is coffee-ish, rather, but quite imitation . . . . . ."

Thus thought our Macleod as he nibbled tortoni,
When—"Pardon *me*, sir, but your reasoning's phoney!"
The voice was a youngish voice, pleasant and gay,
And it came from a girl just one table away.
"My boldness," she chuckled, "may not be quite laudable
But, *really*, the thought that you just made so audible
Is as far from the truth as from Maine to Tacoma
For Postum's *distinctive* in taste and aroma!

"Just try it, my good sir, I'm sure you'll agree
It's no more like coffee than coffee's like tea,
But a wonderful drink in its very own right.
I know 'cause I drink it each morning and night.
Very rich and robust is the flavor it's got
And it's just as good *iced* as it is steaming hot.
So if you'll try Postum—I say in conclusion—
I'm sure you'll forgive my unwanted intrusion."

Well (possibly 'cause the intruder was nice)
He *did* order Postum, with plenty of ice.
The first sip or two he approached rather warily,
Then he drained the whole glassful, and, smiling, said: *"Verily,*
'Tis a good thing for you, Mr. Sandy Macleod
That you got in the habit of thinking out loud!"

ANOTHER WORTHWHILE THOUGHT: Postum comes in two forms: Postum, which you boil, percolate, or drip; and ***Instant*** Postum, made instantly in the cup by adding hot water.

POSTUM—ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT MEALTIME DRINKS

Horses Don't Stay Home

Continued from page 17

2,000 at the height of the season in late June; there were a thousand at Pimlico and 1,200 at Churchill Downs (Kentucky) during the meeting there. Shipments were made during the winter to the new track in Mexico City, and no difficulty was found in transporting horses between Bay Meadows (California) and points in Florida and Arkansas.

Nothing has been more laughable than the ease with which the railroads and the race-track people have evaded the ODT ruling that no special means of transportation may be afforded for sporting crowds. The Kentucky Derby came off on schedule despite the obvious displeasure on the part of the Office of Defense Transportation. There was a delightful fiasco when William Jeffers, czar of the rubber program, sought to curb racing at Bay Meadows near San Francisco. There has been a meeting at Charles Town, West Virginia, despite the fact that it can *only* be reached by motorists who come a considerable distance.

The crowds at Jamaica in New York City were handled by the Long Island railroad with "relief" trains. The ODT had set down strict rules against "special" trains and trains in extra sections. Just what constituted the difference between a relief train and a special train was not immediately apparent, despite the unblushing suggestion that the relief applied to commuters who might get shoved aside by hordes of horse players.

President James E. Dooley of the Narragansett Park track defied the OPA ruling that its motor parking lot be closed to the public. The lot was kept open and the best the OPA could do was check the motorists for violations of gasoline-rationing laws.

"Most of the fans," said the Journal, "got to the track by private car, more than 5,000 automobiles being parked in the spacious lots inside and outside the track gates. At least one out of every three cars was from Massachusetts, and at least one out of five cars had either a 'B' or a 'C' ration sticker."

The Journal added that the arrival of two "regular" trains from Boston produced "something akin to chaos." It continued: "Every Columbus Avenue bus—and Williams (Alonzo R., general manager of the United Electric Railways) reported it took seventy extra trips to haul 3,259 race fans—was jammed to the doors. Many persons living along the route waited more than an hour for a bus to get them home."

An Alice-in-Wonderland Ruling

As an indication of the nonsense engaged in by government officials in the matter of the races, the Associated Press reports that the OPA has ruled that private automobiles may be driven to the tracks but only on gasoline obtained on an "A" card. Whereupon, Stanley Woodward of the New York Herald Tribune comments acidly: "This will lead to the introduction of the straited or pousse-café type of gasoline tank. Fuel obtained on an 'A' card, and therefore, legal for transportation to the race track, will be kept separate from that obtained on a 'B,' 'C,' 'S,' or 'T' card. The honest motorist will install a glass tank with definite lines of demarcation."

The race-track people ask why they should be singled out for attack when other sports such as baseball, football and tennis are allowed to continue. The simple answer is that horse racing is not a sport; it is an excuse for gambling. Gamblers will gamble on anything, but if by some miracle all gambling were stopped, baseball, football and tennis would continue just the same. Horse racing wouldn't.

If you ask why, we'll tell you that it *didn't* when gambling was prohibited. When Governor Hughes clamped down on race-track gambling in New York years ago, all the delightful individuals who blather endlessly about "improving the breed" and "the sport of kings" practically broke their legs getting away from the tracks. The great sporting owners soon found there was little excitement in watching their thoroughbreds run around the oval if there was no money on the outcome. Without betting, the tracks closed.

They have other alibis now, to wit: (a) improving the breed, and (b) the taxes that come to the interested states as a result of legalized betting are vitally necessary for the state's budget.

Opponents of racing answer: (a) this is a mechanized war, and the horse is virtually lost in it; (b) if legalized betting is the only way of keeping a state solvent, why not a state lottery, why not a heavy tax on marijuana and a campaign to foster its use?

It's Not So in England

There is the further suggestion that it is ingenuous of us to be worried about horse racing, when England, which is in far greater peril from the war, continues it. Dan Parker of the New York Mirror has gathered information which proves that no race horse in England may be transported either by railroad or motor van. If it must be transferred from one track to another, it can get there on its own legs. Furthermore, there are no special trains or relief trains or extra sections of trains of any sort for English bettors. Getting back to London from the race tracks before midnight is considered a feat.

The ODT reports that 1,450 one-way race-horse movements took place in 1942. In addition, there was the annual yearling sale at Saratoga (New York) where 291 colts and 189 fillies were disposed of. These horses were brought from breeding farms (most of them in Kentucky, Virginia and Maryland), sold at auction on the block at Saratoga, and then distributed over the nation. As an emergency measure, the sale will probably be held in Kentucky this year, but although many of the yearlings will not have to be transported long distances *to* the sale, they may be shipped to stables as far separated as California and Florida afterward.

There can be no doubt of the power of the racing people. Their only real defeats have been in Florida and at Saratoga Springs. The California tracks at Santa Anita and Hollywood Park were taken over by the Army immediately after Pearl Harbor and are now used for military purposes. In view of what happened at Bay Meadows in the same state, it is interesting to reflect upon what might have happened at Santa Anita but for the military usurpation that cannot now easily be overturned.

Whether the Florida tracks will defy gasoline rationing, as has been done elsewhere, is a matter for the future. Saratoga has tried desperately to get permission to operate its season. It has taken the sternest measures by the New York State Racing Commission and a direct order from Governor Dewey to stop the local enthusiasts.

In brief, it doesn't seem to matter what the government wants or what the war effort calls for. The influence of racing reaches into the highest business and governmental circles, and nothing seems able to stand before it. In their view, it may be necessary to win a war, but it certainly isn't possible to let the horses stay in their stables.

THE END

The Winners

Continued from page 13

footsteps of a man walking patrol on a red roof.

Then it was night again and there was sound of automobiles below, of motorcycles swarming in the street, and Bernard knew the time had come to slide out from under the catwalk. This was the delicate moment. His flesh seemed to stand erect on his bones, and when he saw the silhouette of the roof guard crouching toward him in a peering attitude he opened his mouth and felt himself scream. He did not utter a sound, but he felt the scream in his body, even in his ears. However, the guard made no move against him and Bernard realized the man was one of the underground looking to make sure nothing had gone wrong with their bombardier or, as they called him in the English fashion, bomb-aimer.

"It's a regular comedy," thought Bernard. He forced his shaken body to crawl mindlessly along the catwalk to the edge of the sign. "There's too much Charlie Chaplin in this to suit me," he thought, and slipped himself onto the girders where he could look around the sign and down into the street.

THERE was moon enough to make out shapes distinctly. The Marshal's car was a limousine with a roof that stretched to the windshield. There were two army scout motorcycles in front of the car and a Gestapo staff car. Behind this cluster of honor were several autos, perhaps three or four, even six. Bernard gave them only a hasty glance. Guards were standing at each end of the street to block off traffic, though there was no traffic. Motors were running and several men in uniform were standing at attention while others were facing up and down the street, guns ready. The two underground men patrolling the rooftops in their enemy uniforms had moved forward to make themselves visible, and just as Bernard stuck his head out from behind the sign an officer below was actually looking up to make certain they had nothing to report. Bernard froze cold, almost to his heart, and remained unnoticed.

The Marshal went rapidly across the sidewalk to his car. Bernard waited. He counted as many of the enemy as he could see in a group around the Marshal. Someone followed the Marshal and got into the car with him. Another officer, thought Bernard. His excitement was so great his eyes seemed to see too much for him to take in. Then he realized it was a woman. She was sitting on the side of the car nearer the sign and she made a kind of little light with her white evening clothes and bare shoulders.

The army chauffeur was standing alongside the car, holding a lap robe. Still Bernard waited. He was pressing the bomb to his lips with his two hands. He had taken out the pin and was holding the detonating lever down with his thumb. The chauffeur leaned well into the car to tuck the robe around the Marshal's legs and Bernard threw the bomb, aiming at the chauffeur's back.

The bomb fell on the sidewalk with a hard click and rolled under the car and was silent there. The whole street seemed silent to Bernard. He did not hear the motors or anything except a vast kind of humming echo of a sound that had fallen silent. The men in the street were galvanized, but Bernard had counted "One" while holding the bomb in his hand with lever released and now they had little more than a second left to them and they did not know what had made the click or where to look or what to do. They just stood like men made electric and searched one another's faces and the walls for a hint of what had happened. The Marshal snatched open the door nearest him and then the bomb went off with a noise like the whole world tearing open.

Bernard threw himself behind the sign. Something went past him, a man or something, and there was a white glare, blinding and thrusting as if a sheet were being stuffed into his head through his eyes. He got out a second bomb and stepped on the girder again. The Marshal's car was on its side. There was smoke and a man was crawling out of it on his hands and knees.

This time Bernard held the bomb in his hand until he counted two. It worked perfectly that way, exploding exactly as it landed. The crawling man was picked up and thrown out of sight. Then Bernard took his last bomb and threw it as far up the street as he could, where the other cars were, and as it flew through the air he heard rifle fire and realized he had been hearing it for some time.

The climb up the ladder to the roof was difficult. The underground men were sweeping the street with their rifles, but one of them put down his gun and helped Bernard up. Sounds were coming in a babble from the man's lips without his being conscious of them, and Bernard stared at him before turning away slowly to look at the street. The smoke now had cleared. The Marshal's car, lying on its side, was like a dead horse with its legs sticking out. Nothing moved. All the hurt sounds had ended. No wounded were left. Anything that had made a sound had been shot at until it was silent.

"They're afraid," Bernard cried. He was breathing so heavily his voice sounded hoarse. The street looked sweet to him. The conquerors were dead and those who were not dead were quaking in hiding. "The Huns are afraid even to come see what's happened," he said. He stood straining on the edge of the roof. He was trying to shout, but his breathing filled his throat. "Their own Marshal," he said, "and not one comes to help him." He felt as though he were drinking down fire. "Come on," he shouted, "come on, come on!"

The underground men started to run from the roof. They thought he was calling to them to escape. Bernard did not notice their running. The body of the Gestapo guard was at his feet and he picked it up and threw it clear of the sign to the street below. He had the strength of a lunatic and did not even feel the corpse's weight or hear the crash it made in landing. Not a light went on. Not a window opened. Not a footstep could be heard. And, for a single bursting instant, Bernard was wild with the joy of living a moment that did not seem to belong in his life. He felt he had blown up time with his bombs. Time was raining down all around him like debris from an explosion and he felt as if he had grabbed up for himself a moment out of the future.

Then he ran with the others. His mission was fulfilled.

IN THE downstairs doorway of the building in which he lived, Bernard began to feel safe again. The whole thing had gone like clockwork. When they had run, nobody had seen them and, after they had separated, nobody had seen him. It was blackout dark in the doorway and he had only three flights to go.

A whole symphony of tiredness swept up in him and played over him. It started with his muscles. They began to jitter on his body. After a moment, his body took up their discordant rhythm and began to shake up and down on his knees. This is a mistake, he thought. But he could not help himself. His legs stood like wood,

Cool as a cucumber

Squeeze the tube or dip into the jar for your morning pick-up! A special cooling agent in Mennen Menthol-iced Lather Shave does the trick. Makes your face feel like a million—while doing a super job of softening the stubble. Then your razor glides through in a waltz. A refreshing morning lift!

lifeless and unmoving below his shaking knees.

The stairs! he thought clamorously, but he was afraid of the noise he knew he would make going up them. He stood silently with mouth open like a man who knows he will cry out but is not sure yet whether he will wail or laugh. Then his breath came noisily and he grasped the banister.

There was a light on each landing. He had got a few steps past the second, when he looked back slowly, without knowing why. Emilie's door was open a crack. His breathing stopped. He could see a small figure stooped over inside the door and peering at him. She appeared to be an edge to the gloom. The noise he was making had frightened her and she had come to see in her nightgown. He stood looking at her and she closed the door. He turned and went up the stairs to his apartment and stood in the darkness.

The muscles of his body were all pulled together now, but it was too late. Yes, he thought, too late. He walked slowly toward his bed. He did not want to hurry himself or his thoughts. She was the only one in the house to have been awakened. Why? Naturally, because she had been watching and waiting for him. Her father was held as a hostage. When the luck went bad, it went completely bad.

Bernard, Bernard, he thought, you are cooked. The gravy is running out of your ears. She will turn you in, and her father will go free. You will be killed, Bernard—for Heydrich they wiped out a whole town.

He did not know what to do. Sleep. He needed sleep. Every inch of him ached separately with trembling for sleep. He'd think better in the morning. But by morning it might all be over. He'd have to do something now—this minute, before she had time to dress and go to the police.

HE FOUND himself feeling alone in the world again and realized he had been holding his breath and making his mind blank again for listening. He felt hysterical. "I'm getting silly," he told himself and his lips moved hysterically with the words of his thoughts. He was too much held by fear to wonder at the unreasonableness of his panic. He had lived with fear of the police so long he could control it. But fear that Emilie would betray him left his mind blank.

Then abruptly reason returned to him. She knows nothing yet, he thought, except that I came home late, long past the curfew, and walked like an ox with my brains knocked out. It is only when news of the assassination comes out that her mind will become busy, and I will be in danger.

He changed into his good suit. Then he took off his coat. It would be better to seem to come to her as an afterthought, in his shirt sleeves, after he had started to go to bed. He rinsed his mouth with wine and rubbed some on his upper lip. He realized he needed a shave badly. But it was too late now, and anyway he would not come home late from a party freshly shaved. He sat a moment on his bed with head between his knees to flush his face and take the look of fatigue from it. The rush of blood drowned his thoughts, and he went downstairs quickly without thinking at all of what he was going to say.

There were two voices coming through Emilie's door, one straining to be quiet, the other placating. The luck, Bernard thought grimly, the grisly luck! Now her mother was up, too. He knocked on the door more loudly than he had intended. The voices fell silent.

"It's me," he called softly, "from upstairs."

Emilie opened the door. Her mother was standing behind her, rigid with fear.

"I thought I'd like to apologize." He could not take his eyes off Emilie's mother. She was wearing a dull green woolen kimono and was holding it closed with one hand while with the other she steadied herself against a table. He did not hear Emilie ask him to enter, but he went into the room slowly, his gaze fastened on her mother's face. She was a chubby, dumpling-faced woman, and even now with her skin turned to clay the rosiness of her complexion struggled to prevail. Little, straggling veins, each a fine, thin red, streaked her cheeks.

"We thought the Gestapo . . . maybe . . ." said Emilie. She was still in her nightgown and the supple softness of her body outlined it.

"I'm sorry," said Bernard, "I should never . . ." But he did not look at Emilie long. He could not take in any thought of her. He felt it was in her mother that he could read his fate. The woman stared at him with a hatred so intense that he felt shaken. "We had a party," he said. "Some of us, a few of us, fellows from the university . . . the old days there."

He could not face the baleful hatred in the woman's face and looked at Emilie. He said: "I guess we forgot the time . . . what we were drinking wasn't water."

"See, Mother," cried Emilie, "I told you it was nothing."

"Nothing? Yes, nothing to them."

"Please, Mother, don't. People have to live, young people."

"Your father has to die so that drunken loafers can stir the Germans up and get them more down on us! Is that what your father lived for and taught school for, for loafers to get drunk?"

BERNARD waited braced for the woman's fury to burst into screaming. Then he realized she would never scream. The Gestapo had so cowed her that she was afraid to raise her voice even in her own home.

"I'm sorry," he said sullenly.

"And if my husband is killed for you? Will you be sorry then?"

He looked at Emilie. Her side was to him. She had turned her face away helplessly both from him and her mother. Bernard, your goose is cooked, he thought, and left without a word. When the Gestapo got hold of the old woman she would tell everything she knew, and by morning the Gestapo would be everywhere.

Hide! he thought as he hurried down the stairs. I must find a place to hide.

EMILIE learned of the Marshal's death next morning when the German patrol began mauling the city, snatching up people and probing them and looking under and behind and around them. She heard that high Gestapo officials were being flown in from Berlin to goad their men to even greater activity. Before the day was out the least suburb of the city would feel the weight of their angry search.

Emilie could not say when first she sensed that Bernard was missing from his apartment. The fool, she thought with a strange glitter of emotion. He had run away because he believed she would betray him. The suicidal fool. For a man to disappear the night the Marshal had been slain would amount to proof of guilt. Somehow Emilie was sure Bernard had killed him.

But perhaps he had not run away. Perhaps he merely had business to attend to and would return soon. So Emilie waited. She waited all that day and all that night and in the morning she could not wait any longer. Why the police had not yet visited this building she did not know, but she knew she could not count on the luck holding. Bernard must be here when the police came. She must see to it. It was her responsibility.

She did not ask herself why she accepted the responsibility so determinedly and made no effort to avoid it. It was just that he had run away on her account and it was up to her to bring him back.

The tailor shop! she thought. That was where she would begin. They would know where Bernard was. Once, by accident, she had seen Bernard enter this place downtown and had known instinctively it was no ordinary shop. Something in his manner had given it away, an extra casualness that might have seemed natural enough to anyone else, but not to Emilie. Not to a girl who had watched him so long, who had spent so much time wondering who he was and what he did. She would begin there.

It looked as she remembered it—an ordinary tailor shop. She entered quietly, and the tailor raised his face from some bills on the counter to stare at her. She said, "I am looking for Bernard L'Houalheure," and saw that the words shocked him.

He was a small round man with a lumpy face. "Who is he?" he asked. "A customer here of mine?"

Then Emilie noticed that the work sounds in back of the shop had ceased and knew that Bernard's name had silenced them. She felt the silence listening to her and peering at her. She did not answer the tailor. Who was Bernard? She did not know exactly herself. She stared steadily at the man and she felt the sweat come out on the palms, under her gloves.

"I have to find him," she said, "you mustn't waste time."

"Waste time!" the tailor cried angrily. "I don't know him. I never heard of him. Is he a customer or what? You're the one who's wasting my time."

Work resumed in the back of the shop as if on signal.

"You must know him," said Emilie. "Please don't lie. This is really desperate."

A LARGE, solid, peasant-looking man came hulking through the back curtain. He was holding a pair of partly pressed trousers and there was an air of steam about his face as if he had been working a pressing machine. He gave a small start of confusion as he saw Emilie and began backing away, and Emilie was unshakably sure then that she had come to the right place. It was plain to her this man had come out to see who she was.

"You'll have to help me," she cried quickly. "He's in danger, Bernard L'Houalheure. I have to help him."

"Who?" The man looked at her a moment stupidly and then looked at the tailor. "Who is all that with all that name?"

A look passed between the two men, and then the tailor, as if on order from the other man, came out from behind the counter. "You can't stay here with your riddles," he said. "This is a place of business." He took her elbow and his fingers were trembling.

She tore her arm away. "I'll scream and the police will come," she cried. She was trembling, too, with rage. "Why are you so stubborn when I want to help?"

The tailor glanced past her to the other man who was standing silent, still holding the partly pressed trousers. Emilie whirled to face this one, but his countenance told her nothing. "I won't leave till you tell me where I can find him," she said, head high.

There was silence for a moment. Then the older man shrugged.

"Stay, go ahead stay," the tailor muttered. "I'll charge you rent."

The man who looked like a peasant pushed his way back through the curtains and after a bit the tailor went to join him. Emilie could hear them talking, their voices low and muffled. She knew they were talking about her and she had a sudden terror-stricken feeling that they had judged her hopelessly mad.

WHEN the messenger came, Bernard was lying deep in the sleep of exhaustion, fully dressed except for his shoes. Sleep was like smoke in his head, and even the man's fingers shaking him roughly did not bring him fully awake. But at the mention of a girl he sat up and shook his head. It must be Emilie. It could be no one else but Emilie.

The messenger's description was as precise as if he had taken Emilie's Bertillon measurements. The catalogue of her bone and features continued ploddingly, an

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER

"I occasionally find myself indulging in overoptimism"

COLLIER'S

When Lightning Strikes a Messerschmitt

When the Army's P 38—the Lockheed "Lightning"—streaks down on an Axis plane, a famous fighter rides in its crankcase.

It's the aviation lubricating oil America has perfected . . . oil that has no equal for fighting heat and wear . . . oil that stands up as stubbornly in a sub-stratosphere dogfight as in a low-level bombing attack.

No Allied pilot will ever lose his battle because an "ersatz" oil failed him. America's petroleum industry is providing the tens of thousands of freedom's warplanes with the world's best lubricants—and neither too little nor too late.

For the oil companies of America are ceaselessly in war production. They are giving the fighting forces and the home front many other tools essential to Victory . . .

—like 100-octane gasoline, the super-fuel that gives our planes their tremendous power . . .

—like toluol, basic material for TNT, now extracted from oil . . .

—like butadiene, the petroleum product used in making synthetic rubber, now yielded in large scale production. Like many other things—some of them war secrets now—that will better our lives when a victorious peace is won.

To speed that peace, America's great oil refiners have joined forces to do war jobs. Tide Water Associated merges its efforts with those of the other oil companies. Business rivalry is forgotten for the duration, to concentrate on war.

And to you on the home front, Tide Water Associated still devotes as much service as overburdened facilities and wartime limitations will allow. It is *important* that you be provided with high-quality petroleum products, such as world-famous Veedol Motor Oil.

For wars are won at home, too. On that day when Allied planes fly unchallenged over Berlin and Tokyo, you and your contribution will share the glory with the fighting men. And America's petroleum industry will be proud of having helped you both.

TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY
New York • Tulsa • San Francisco

WORLD'S LARGEST REFINERS OF PENNSYLVANIA OILS

TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED

VEEDOL MOTOR OIL

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

OIL IS AMMUNITION • USE IT WISELY

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

PONTIAC

BUILDING FAST AND BUILDING WELL . . . *FOR LIBERTY*

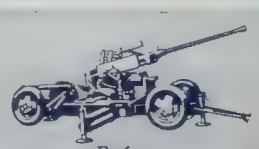
LARGEST AUTOMATIC WEAPON used by the Allied Nations, the Bofors automatic field gun is one of the most versatile—and practical—developments in the whole history of the armorer's art: It fires two rounds a second—fragmentation, armor-piercing or tracer shells. It may be aimed either visually or by remote control. It is effective against dive-bombers and other low-flying aircraft. Many a tank has been knocked out by its high-velocity, flat trajectory fire. It was on landing barges in North Africa. Its mobility is limited only by the speed of its tractor vehicle. *It can be set up and actually firing in 25 seconds—disemplaced and on its way to another position in precisely the same time!* Building the Bofors in volume by mass-production metho is one of our six Army and Navy assignme To the combined task is being devoted the skill, energy and experience we here Pontiac possess. The Army and Navy tell we have done well. We hope to do even bet

PONTIAC DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTOR

Now at work on six different war assignments

Oerlikon 20-mm. Anti-Aircraft Cannon

Aircraft Torpedoes for the Navy


Bofors 40-mm. Field Guns

Diesel Engine Units

Axles for M-5 Tanks

Engine Parts for Army Trucks

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS—
KEEP AMERICA FREE!

ard sat listening on the edge of the while sleepiness lifted briefly in him curled down, clotting and lifting and ing like a pall in which flames strug-

e banged his temples with the heel of ands to clear his head. He rubbed his so violently it became red.

ou know her?" asked the messenger.

es," said Bernard.

s she the one?"

Vhat one?"

Vhose father is a hostage?"

I say yes, thought Bernard, they'll kill they'll do something—and if I say no, l kill me and everybody, the whole , bang! down! out! He stood up im- ntly. The floor was cold against his feet and he stamped several times.

he messenger shook his head gravely. ought so," he said in a worried voice. e Gestapo sent her. She is trying to her father."

don't know. Who knows what she's ?" Bernard cried violently. The mes- er rose and Bernard took his arm dingly. "I don't know her at all, that's ruth. She's a girl I say hello to when s her in the hall."

Vell . . ." The messenger started to . "I guess they'll decide what to do send me back to let you know."

rnard was in bed before the messen- closed the door. "Now I'll never ," he told himself. He turned and d his face in the pillow.

O CHAIR was offered Emilie. She stood and waited, knowing they d to discourage her and make her quietly. All certainty had gone out of nd her chin trembled with her effort e firm. After a moment she moved and leaned one shoulder against the trying to appear implacable. The seemed to her to be exactly like a tai- The noises coming from the back unmistakably the hiss of steam and lack and whirr of pressing and sewing hines. The customers who came in ed nothing more than customers.

ost of them stared at Emilie curiously. came one who looked her up and n with something more than curiosity. heart started with hope, but it sank ogled her.

ou're new to me," he said. "How n are you?" She looked despairingly e tailor who rejected her look and ed deliberately toward the back of the . The man came closer. "I'll buy h for you, too, with wine," he said.

herever she moved he followed her ng persistently. "If you don't leave lone," she said at last, "I will kill you."

man laughed and she turned and ed quickly toward the curtain sepa- g her from the back of the shop.

fore she could reach it the tailor ed hastily in front of her. "Where ou going?" he cried.

et this man out of here," she said. re contemptible the way you fight."

Vho's fighting?" the tailor smirked at "The fighting is by you. You are so y perhaps all my customers will fall in with you."

ou mean you are going to send e?"

Vho's sending? They'll come running. n there's a pretty woman waiting, ev- ody thinks he must be the one she's ng for."

hen I'll call the police."

o ahead, call them." The tailor sud- y was like an animal. "Who are you g to frighten?" he screamed. "I've nothing to hide." In his soft, furlike it face was the anger and fear of an al.

will," said Emilie uncertainly. The who had been annoying her had dis- ared. She did not notice. She took a steps toward the door and then broke n. "What can I do to knock some sense into you?" she stammered, struggling to hold back the tears. "You're killing him and I'm trying to help him."

The tailor thrust his clenched fists over his head in a gesture of exasperation and defeat. Then he turned abruptly away from her and walked into the back. Emilie stood there alone. A minute went by, and another, and a third and nothing happened. She walked to the wall and took up again the place she had been occupying all the morning. She felt someone was watching her through the back curtain and she turned and glared at the curtain and more minutes went by. The machines were working busily. Then the machines stopped and, as they stopped, twelve o'clock began to sound through the city.

Suddenly a man came out of the rear of the shop, a man she had not seen before, a lumpy-muscled man with the stooped shoulders of a miner and a skin pitted with soot and large hands. He wore a derby hat and a sweater over his collarless shirt.

COLLIER'S "Yeah—and there's going to be a scarcity of bats too" VIRGIL PARTCH

"I'm going to eat," he said to her unexpectedly and tried to smile.

His smile was nervous. She nodded her head as if he had said something she had been waiting to hear. He went out of the store without looking to see if she followed. She followed.

Without understanding her own certainty, Emilie knew the man was taking her to Bernard. They must have decided that they had no other choice. Probably, if they had been able to discourage her into leaving, they would have emptied the shop and sought a new headquarters for the underground. But since she had not become discouraged, they could not escape her without doing her some violence.

And there was still time for violence, Emilie thought, and looked quickly back over her shoulder. Somewhere a man would be trailing her, to make sure that she wasn't leading the police to Bernard, or leaving a track for future use by someone else.

She looked closely at the miner who was escorting her. He must have a gun or a knife, or perhaps he had been picked for this task because his long work with a shovel had shaped his hands into strangler's hands. Emilie shivered. If she satisfied Bernard, she was safe. If she did not, she was dead. In either case, she knew, the underground would not be hurt by her.

Emilie caught up with the man. He did not say anything to her and she walked trembling, as if on air, silent and like a bride going to her wedding.

The pillow did not smother what Bernard was feeling. It merely muffled his breathing. The air became bad in his nose, but he did not lift his face from the pillow. Who was dead now? he thought. The Marshal was dead, deservedly. But was Emilie dead too by this time? Were both dead, each killed by him? Yes, each killed by him. And would he be next?

He turned over on his back and stared bleakly at the ceiling. Go back to sleep! he told himself fiercely. Sleep makes hiding go fast. There was a clock ticking in the room. He looked at it. It was nearly noon.

Only a little luck, thought Bernard, that's all I need—an inch of the luck I was born with. He closed his eyes as if in prayer.

Then suddenly his eyes flew open. Somebody was coming in the kitchen. There had been no knock. Somebody was letting himself in with a key. Bernard tried to spring out of bed. The bedclothes were tangled around his feet. One leg pulled against the other and imprisoned him in bed. He struggled a moment desperately, perspiration bursting out all over him. Then he saw the man from the underground and, behind him, Emilie.

WHEN she saw Bernard's haggard, resentful-seeming face staring at her, Emilie realized for the first time the danger through which she had been moving and was not yet safe from. But her pulse did not quicken. The sense of danger was a fact she accepted calmly, perhaps because Bernard—who had got free of his bed—could look at her only a moment before giving way to embarrassment and turning away and glancing unhappily about the cell-like room.

There was just space to stand between the bed and wall. There was not even room for a chair. Bernard tried furtively to pull the blanket smooth over the soiled sheets and Emilie followed his movements and noticed that the bedclothes were tangled and twisted as if thrashed by a body that was powerful even in sleep. The sight thrilled her almost unendurably. She felt her body stretch and tighten as if stroked. She knew now that this was what she had come to Bernard for—vitality, an end to the whole smother of fear laid upon her life by her father's fate and her mother's reaction to it. Without thinking, she began to pull off her gloves. Here was where she wanted to be.

"So it was really you," Bernard said.

She stared at him closely. His face was haggard, but it was beginning to fill into a smile. He was standing with feet slightly apart and body thrust forward, fluffing himself like a bull bird to impress her. Even now, she thought delightedly, even at such a moment as this, he thinks of me as a female. It did not occur to her to wonder that her vitality was suddenly great enough to have made her think of him as male.

The miner stood silent and awkward behind her, but now she forgot him entirely. She felt that she and Bernard were alone. The silence between them was thick. It was thrust high by vitality and steamed and sparked with it. Then at last the hot fullness of the moment passed and began to subside.

"You're funny," said Emilie and laughed.

"You too," replied Bernard, smiling broadly now.

"Only yesterday, a little while ago, I wanted to kill myself."

"Really?" he still smiled. "It would have been a waste."

"It wouldn't have been—yesterday."

"It would have been a waste any day. You don't see pretty sights nowadays, not often."

"No, everything was so terrible, deadlike, smothered up, and I just didn't know why anybody should go on living. Because they were animals, that's all, and their flesh had to go on living until the butcher came with his ax."

"Well, why not go on living when the flesh is pretty?"

"No. Not for Nazis. They don't do even what the butcher does. They don't feed us. Why should we be their animals? That's the way I felt, but not any longer."

THEY hardly heard each other. They both spoke out of something unknown in themselves and without thought and without realizing very clearly what they were saying. When the man behind Emilie cleared his throat, Bernard turned and motioned him away.

"There's something to eat in the kitchen," he said. "On the shelf over the sink."

The man went out and Emilie and Bernard watched him in silence, almost placidly. When he closed the door behind him, Emilie turned again to face Bernard and realized suddenly that she had passed through a supreme moment of her life. She had risen to the moment like a boat to a wave, with strength and a strange kind of beauty and with a feeling not merely of having risen far above her ordinary self but of never having to go back to being ordinary again.

"Why did you run away from me?" she asked. "Did you understand so little about me?"

"What makes you think that I ran away?" Bernard asked.

"Oh, Bernard!" she cried. "Don't play with me."

He thought that if only he could believe in her there was nothing to fear. If only, if only! But how could he believe in one who was a stranger when so much was at stake? Because of words? Because he wanted to? He must beware of his mind tricking him into believing in her.

"I'm not playing," he said.

He sat helplessly on the edge of the bed and put on his shoes, overcome with the confusion of thoughts and doubts in him.

"Maybe you don't realize . . ." he said. "This is not an easy thing, a game of marbles, you're butting into. Why should I trust you? You come forcing your way in. Maybe you don't know it, but there have been times today when I didn't know if you were still alive."

"Well, that part is over with, isn't it?"

"Nothing is over with. What about your father?" His voice was rough with impatience to believe in her and with impatience of himself for wanting to believe in her. "I'm telling you things . . . if we find we can't trust you, that's all. Then it

What's MORE important than a toothbrush?

IN ADDITION TO THE FAMOUS REGULAR SHAPE, DR. WEST'S NOW OFFERS

Two Great 2-Row Brushes

"PROFESSIONAL" **A smaller brushhead in the famous Dr. West's double-convex design—a brush preferred by many.**

"ORO" **Designed at the request of dental specialists. The shape many dentists recommend for cleaning and massage.**

Choose this daily necessity extra wisely

Get the shape and size toothbrush your dentist recommends. And for added advantages in wartime health protection and brighter teeth, get it in a Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft—the only brush with "EXTON" brand bristling. It lasts longer, cleans more thoroughly—the finest brush money can buy.

50¢

Copr. 1943 by Weco Products Company

Temporary wartime package. No change in quality. Miracle-Tuft now also in cartons—50¢

Great numbers of our famous glass tubes are now carrying medicines and serums to our fighting men. That's why many Miracle-Tufts are now packed in cartons.

BUTCH by SGT. LARRY REYNOLDS

"I hate to bother you this way, but what was that combination again?"

COLLIER'S

will be over with. You won't get a chance to tell anything to anybody, that's all. But your father—everything we do is against him, puts his life in danger."

"I know."

"Yes, you know. What do you know? This is not marbles. This is life and death. You're doing something to help kill your father, that's what you're doing. Do you know that?"

Her face crumpled as if she were about to cry. "How could I help him?" she said in a low, shaking voice.

"Join the Nazis, that's how. Turn me in, that's how. They'll make you rich with their paper money and give you your father back with a medal on him."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"I can't, that's all."

"Why not? That's what I want to know. Why can't you?"

"Because . . . because . . ." She looked at him with imploring eyes. The blood swam into her face and covered it under the skin like water and she lowered her head again. She thought, she had to have life, that was why, and the Nazis could not give it to her. The clamor for life was stronger in her than anything else, that was why. She would die for her father gladly, in a rush, but not slowly, not over a period of years. No, she thought, she had to do what she was doing. But she could not find the words for her thought. She could not say what she was thinking about her father, not to a stranger. "Because," she mumbled, "I can't."

Bernard stared at her for a moment, and then abruptly said, "Good Lord!"

"What's the matter?" she asked.

HE STARED at her, overcome by the thought that she must be in love with him. Her manner of embarrassment made him think so, and he raged within himself. A romance! A child who ordered her life by Dumas! There was war, so it must be made romantic. There must be love to make war fit for the ladies. Then, as suddenly as it had come, the rage in him vanished and he sat stricken solemn as he realized that she could not love him. She hardly knew him.

"What about your mother?" he asked, suddenly cautious again. "She knows everything you know—that I broke the curfew, that I came home late the night the Marshal was blown up."

"You killed him, didn't you?" Emilie said quietly.

"That's what you think and that's wh your mother thinks. That's what she w tell the Gestapo."

Emilie shook her head and said, "No

"You'll tell her not to believe it and s won't. Is that what you mean?"

"I won't tell her anything. I'll tell h that you and I . . . I mean, I'll say . we're interested in each other."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"If she thinks I am interested in you . and if you, you know, just hang arou and be interested . . . seem that way . then she'll never believe for a minu whatever happens, that you're mixed in such a thing."

"I'll be a nice boy to her?"

"I suppose so. She's worried about r getting . . . falling in . . . meeting someo interesting. You know, with so ma young men in prison camps. If she se there's a chance, you'll seem nice to he

"But I'm not nice."

She saw he was grinning at her. "I do know what difference that makes," she sa primly. But there was no primness in h only a feeling of helplessness as she re ized that actually it didn't make any d ference to her what he was. She did know what he was and she couldn't care.

Her primness delighted Bernard. I leaned forward with boyish eagerness taunt her, but suddenly he checked hi self. Suddenly he was aware that he w accepting her. He did not mistrust her a longer. Why? Because he wanted to b lieve in her? Because he thought she lov him? Or was it because he had begun suspect that he might love her?

"She knows enough to hang me nov thought Bernard. A small note wailed his mind. It was as impatient as the b ginning of panic, panic for what mig happen to himself, for what might happ to her. Then he cried to himself, "Wha the difference if she knows a little more

She rose from the bed and took a st toward him and he was waiting for h his arms still at his sides, when the kitch door opened and the miner came in wipi his mouth with one of his strangler's han

"Well, Bernard . . ." he said.

Bernard met his eyes. He made hims smile. He said, "It's all right—we're goi home." He took Emilie's arm. "Co along."

"Hurry!" she said. "We must get th before the Gestapo."

Then the three of them went down t stairs.

THE END

The Silver Cross

Continued from page 16

That did it. The girl came slowly to-ard them and the soldier followed—at a stance.

"Nearly dark," yelled Mamá in terrific ger. "The brothers scattered over the ll looking for you . . . while you and ur weak head make the evening pleas-t for a soldier."

"He just walked up the hill with me."

Mamá looked at the man. He was not big fellow, but strong, yes, and quick. e looked again as surprise caught her. was Pepe . . . the American's Pepe . . . And as the others recognized him, Rosa me running from the house. Cacho was ere, Perla and Concepción. And the tle ones, jumping, looking at buttons, lling at his hands. Diaz rose from his x, pushed the children aside, shook pe's hand, called him "son."

"They've all turned crazy," mumbled amá. "He's the same one, isn't he?" he children were following him to the ge of the clearing, and Consuelo was the st to touch his hand.

"What do you want with Pepe?" Mamá mplained as the girl came back toward e house.

"He'll go away . . ." Consuelo took a d flower carefully from her hair. There's a war. Enemies come from the a and the air."

"Walking the hill with Pepe will change one of that," said Mamá sharply. But hen a girl had a piece of the moon in er eyes, words were wasted. Mamá's gh hurt, it was so deep.

THE next day brought no understanding. In the afternoon the boys went off gether. "Where do you take yourelves?" Mamá called after them. But it emed that the ears of all three were bad.

When they came back with the American, Mamá suspected what they were bout and knew real fury.

The artist walked into the clearing surounded by the boys. He greeted her, and is smile suggested he was a quiet man ho liked his painting and his peace and anted no part in the quarrels of his eighbors.

"Your boys tell me they want to join he army," he said.

"They have not told me anything," said Mamá harshly.

The American said evenly, "They were fraid you would not understand."

"They were afraid," said Mamá, letting her voice into it, "that I would take their kins and leave the rest to rot." The American's smile faded as the stench of er words hung between them.

"I thought . . ." he began.

"I am the one to think," she said. "Since hey were little I have been the one to think. When they wanted to climb a rotted palm or swim into the tide, I was the one to say no. And I am not so old yet that no sounds like yes."

Then as they stood there, waiting for someone to speak or smile or turn and walk away, a rush of sound echoed from the roots of the hill. Ino rushed for a sight of the port. His voice was quick with excitement. "It's the army," he called. "With the brown cars and the guns . . . coming up the hill!" The children were in the garden now, half frightened, half curious, the bigger ones alive with questions.

Mamá sat back. The wheels were churning up the red dust of the path, shaking the steadiness of the earth beneath her, breaking into the familiar silence. She listened stolidly to the commotion about her, saw the family scatter to points of vantage, felt the rumble of machinery grow stronger until it came roaring and rushing by, emitting bad smells and many noises. It rushed on up, higher still, followed by smaller detachments, until finally the whole lot disappeared up the hillside. And the boys and the children, the American himself, followed on, calling to one another, chattering like birds stirred from a bush.

She sat alone, choking the anger and the doubts, sat stolidly with the warm sun on her face. It was a gentle hum that brought her back. She opened her eyes. And there it was on the northern corner of the sky, a glitter of silver growing more brilliant with each moment, all beauty and all speed, the kind of miracle she could not explain in a million years. Awe passed over her like a cold breath. Who would they be in the plane? Where would they go, shooting through the skies in a silver cross, hanging in the air over deep waters, crossing the hill lands faster than a bird? But her eyes could not pierce the wonder, could only feast on the reality of it, and that only shortly for the plane was soon gone.

"It was only maneuvers." Diaz, returned, said the word proudly as if he had just learned it. "Just practicing with the machines. And in barbarous heat, too." He sank to rest.

"Did you see the plane?" she wanted to talk of that.

He shook his head. "I was preoccupied."

"It held the light like something in a church," she told him.

Then the children returned to the clearing. In their enthusiasm they had one disappointment. None of them had seen Pepe.

"He was not there," Ino was sure. "I asked a soldier. The new ones stayed in the port."

"Those machines are not for anyone," repeated Mamá. But her satisfaction died immediately. Consuelo, she realized, was not with the others. "Where's the girl?"

"Don't worry," said José. "It is early."

"She's with Pepe . . ." Anger inflamed Mamá. Ever since the American's boy changed his wooden soles and his faded shirt for a uniform there had been nothing but trouble. Too much had been said, too little accomplished.

Mamá got out of her rickety chair, put her feet into the strapped soles and started across the clearing. There was wonder in the looks that followed her, but no one dared to ask a question.

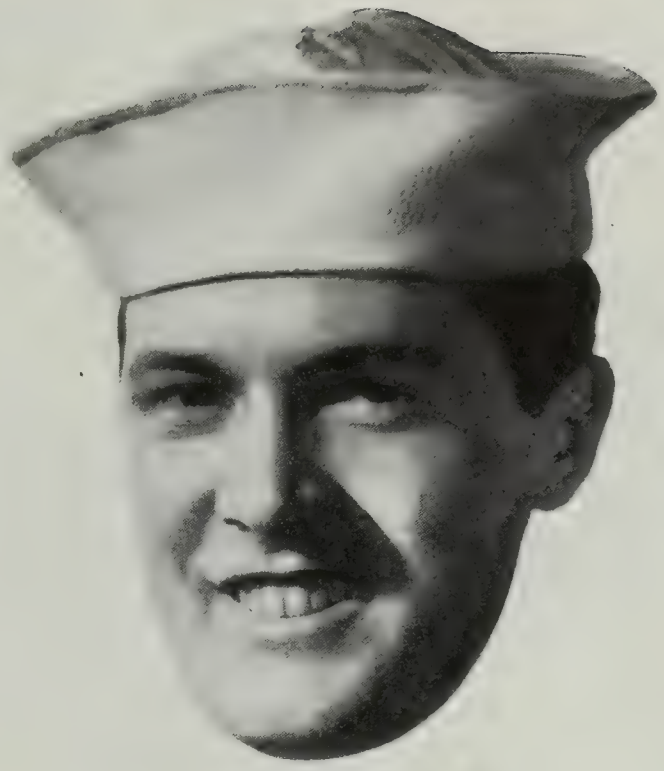
SHE knew where to look for lovers. She followed up the hill until she came to the wild oranges, where the wood was musky with blossom, and the undergrowth pushed angrily against the forgotten trees. Mamá found a new path and knew she was right. It was sweet along that path, vibrant with heaviness which was danger to lonely couples. Mamá hurried.

An old monastery was pale yellow in the long shadows. The new path ran about the building, toward a point that faced the sea. Mamá knew they were there. Breathless, she moved as fast as she could.

She could see them . . . the boy's uniform, the pale color of the girl's dress . . . as they sat on the marble blocks the monks had left. The two were a little apart, both very still as they gazed into the brilliance of the view. Softly Mamá approached. They did not hear her. She was almost upon them, when suddenly, as if the boy was with the girl's feelings and the girl was with the boy's heart, they turned to each other. Pepe reached for her, and Consuelo's mouth was ready for his.

"Consuelo . . ." At the sound of Mamá's voice they fell apart. *"Idiota!"* said Mamá in the same tone.

The young people stood, the boy coming a little forward to stand between the woman and the girl. "He's going," Con-



Joe owes his life to

a Kansas Housewife

a California Welder

a New York Stenographer

a Wisconsin Farmer

and 39 other folks!

THERE were twenty men in Joe's gun crew when the Jap bomber dived. Seventeen never knew what hit them. Only Joe and two other shattered men showed a faint, brief breath of life.

In any other war, Joe would have been the eighteenth telegram to next-of-kin. But there's a new medical miracle fighting death today! A miracle called "blood plasma."

Quick, skillful Navy doctors pumped liquid plasma into Joe's limp veins—and pulled him back from the shadows. 42 *more* infusions carried him through the long days of patching that followed.

Joe's nearly as good as new now —and deeply grateful to the 43 unknown people whose blood saved his life. He's paying his debt the practical way—by giving blood *back*, to be dried and stored for the future needs of other fighting men.

Will you give a *little* of yourself to help save *all* of a boy like Joe? Not just once, but *again* and *again*—remembering how many pints of plasma *he* had to have?

Healthy people can safely and comfortably donate blood every two months. The process takes only about an hour, including rest and refreshment. *Isn't that a small price to pay for a miracle?* . . . Call the nearest Blood Center for an appointment *now!* WARREN TELECHRON COMPANY, Ashland, Massachusetts.

Telechron
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF
ELECTRIC CLOCKS

• *Our business is time — and we're glad to devote this space so that plasma may always be ready for those who need it — on time. Today our manufacturing facilities are engaged entirely in war work. Guard well the Telechron Clocks you now have.*

suelo explained. "This will be the last time before he goes . . ."

"It will be the last time," said Mamá, "whether he goes tonight or remains until he is eighty . . ."

"I love him," said the girl.

"With a hundred men on the hill you have to pick one so filled with nonsense that he poisons your own brothers." She looked at Pepe with complete dislike. "Get away . . ." she said roughly.

The soldier hesitated.

"Go . . ." Her voice rose and she gesticulated vehemently. "You and your uniform and your ideas for idiots."

He turned then, made for the path. He looked back once, but Mamá was ready for him, she had a rock in her hand and hurled it with some accuracy. Pepe dodged and increased his speed.

"He's going . . ." whimpered the girl.

"The girl who turns crazy for the man who leaves her is like the child that eats green fruit. They both deserve the pain." Mamá sank to the marble. "Wait," she said. "I have no breath, what with the walk and the anger and the words." She was quiet for a moment, breathing heavily.

As they sat without talking, an echo sounded in the silence. Mamá looked up. But no—it was impossible. Automatically she looked to the north . . . but that was foolish, the time for the avión was past.

"Look," said Consuelo. And there it was, lower than usual, the broad stretch of its wings catching the waning sunlight.

"It will fall," said Mamá, her breath a hard thing in her throat.

But no, curving in its flight, rolling gently on its side, it circled above them, the roar of its engines a heavy pounding in their ears. Lower still, it descended until there were windows and wings and men inside, all the new amazing detail that had been invisible before.

Mamá stood to be nearer, her heart pounding inside her. If it came lower it must surely fall and be destroyed. And yet nothing in its sure descent suggested that it was struggling to remain in the sky. As these conjectures tore at her, the plane completed the circle, slipped down like an arrow and slid on to the blue water of the harbor. Mamá's eyes did not flicker until it passed out of sight behind the docks. Then the engine died and there was only silence. "It's in the port," Mamá announced amazedly.

Yes, Consuelo had seen it too. "A big one," she said.

The brief twilight was upon them. But Mamá was still unwilling to leave the point lest the plane move again.

"Come," said Consuelo finally.

"No," insisted Mamá, "it might appear."

Not until the port disappeared into darkness would Mamá move.

THEN they went, Mamá turning back to the darkened outline of the port, Mamá putting her hand over her heart and then over her head, stumbling in the darkness, panting from excitement and exertion.

When she could reach the house with her voice, Mamá called out to the others: "The avión's in the port . . ."

The others had seen it, they buzzed with talk of it. Some said it was the army, some said it had been in distress and descended to rest in the port. And all counted the hours so that they might go into the town and see for themselves.

The excitement and the talk ebbed slowly. They ate . . . and finally they slept. All but Mamá. She sat up; on through the night she sat, looking into the blackness of the sky, examining the fixed glitter of the stars, breathing the coolness of the air from the sea. She listened, reaching into the silence lest the beat of the plane's engines sound up to announce its leaving. She listened, dreading to hear the sound.

She might have dozed a little, for suddenly she was aware that she was not alone in the clearing. She heard a sound. It was Consuelo weeping in her sleeplessness, reliving all she had felt and could imagine.

"Consuelo . . ." Mamá's voice made it a phrase from a song. "Come . . ." The girl walked over to Mamá, stood struggling with the next sob. Mamá did not ask why she cried, she knew very well. "Don't cry, girl," she said. "Nothing in the world is worth such distress."

Consuelo let go of the sob and the tears ran down her face. Mamá reached out her arms and Consuelo accepted them. "Enough of tears . . ." said Mamá. "They are for death, not for love, for babies and for old women . . . enough of tears." . . .

The next morning it was dark when they went down to the port. Everyone went—Mamá and Diaz, the three oldest boys, Consuelo, the younger children, the eldest helping the youngest.

Mamá walked a little ahead of the others, silent and tense. "More nervous than if I were to see a fallen star . . ." In the palest of dawns they went through the port. There were soldiers about the docks, soldiers with guns, walking backward and forward. There was a rope drawn tight to keep those who came to look from crowding too near.

And then Mamá saw it. It was there, big as a house, sitting like a boat on the water. Its wings spread for flight, though the power in it was still, and the strange clock thing on the nose hung limp as the plane rode the stir in the water.

"There it is," they were jabbering.

"Like the airplane that passes . . ." someone explained for the little ones.

Mamá went on looking. The rising sun caught the brilliance in the pale silver, just as she had seen it in the sky. But still she found no explanation of the mystery that could lift the great thing.

There were men going through the guard ropes now, neat men—belted, booted, straight and determined. There were quick orders. A man opened the door of the avión. Mamá could see him a minute later sitting inside, sitting behind the nose. Other men, three of them, followed him.

"They were the men who brought the plane," said José, who had been questioning the crowd.

And then the roar of the engines broke from the plane, a dozen times louder than Mamá had thought possible. The little ones cried, the older ones put their hands over their ears, but Mamá watched, entranced.

There were other men now on the other side of the ropes. More soldiers . . . the door of the plane opened for them . . . so many . . .

José had his mouth almost over her ear and was shouting something that sounded like, "Transport . . ."

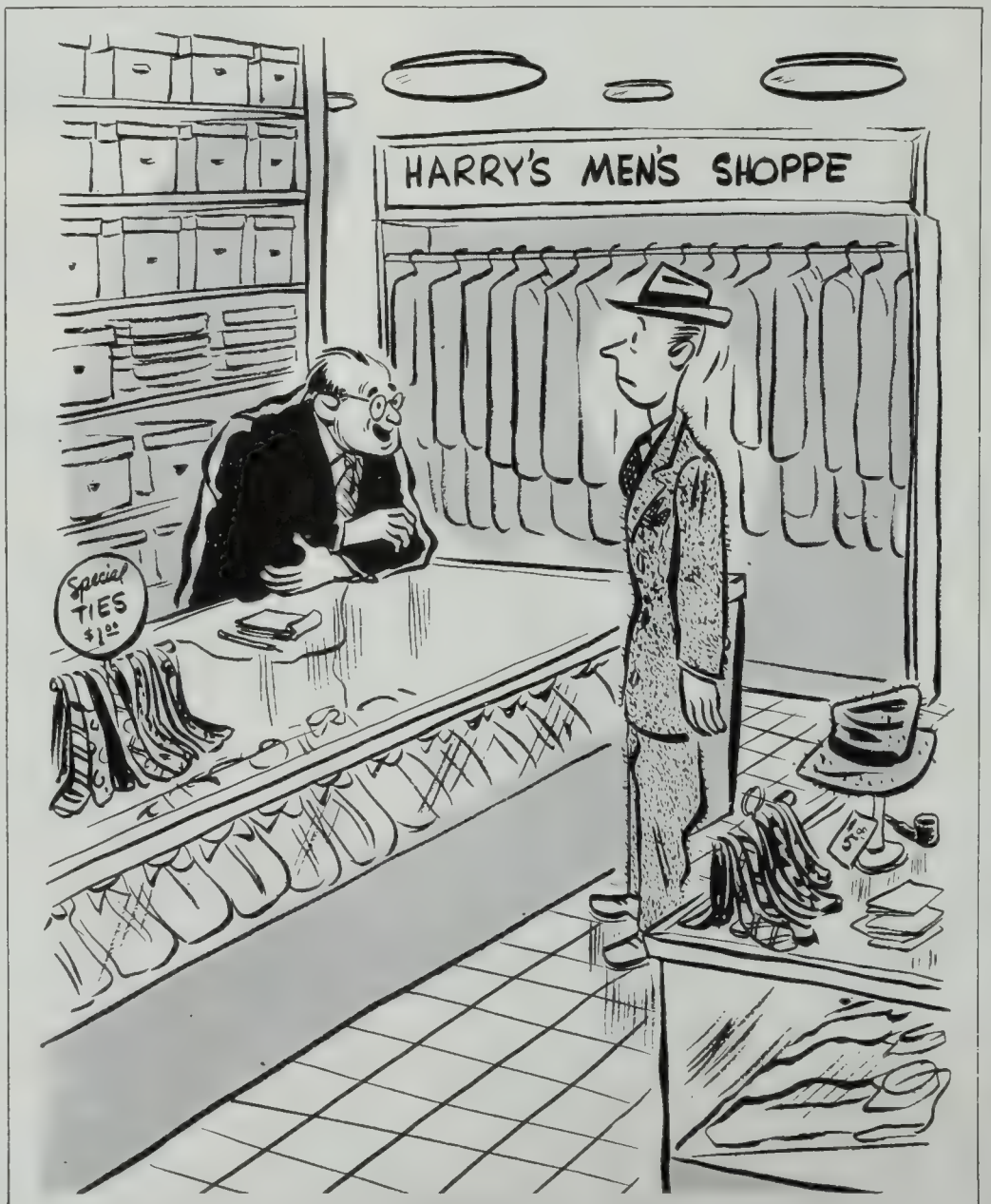
IN SINGLE file the men began to enter the plane. The soldier at the end of the line—a small man, but he walked lightly in spite of his shoes—turned to look in their direction. Mamá saw Consuelo pull against the rope as she tried to call out to him. It was Pepe . . . Pepe was going with the avión.

He was moving along the plank now . . . still turning for the last look . . . He was inside . . . The door closed behind him. And Mamá thought she could see his face through the window.

The plane moved from the dock . . . turned to the water of the harbor . . . It turned again . . . moved faster . . . raced . . .

You could hear words now. Ino said excitedly, "It's Pepe. He goes with the others . . . They train somewhere near the capital."

Diaz said: "He'll be there in an hour."



"Frankly, George, as a member of your draft board, I wouldn't advise you to spend too much on a new suit this summer"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

MEN OF LETTERS

A member of Congress w shocked to receive the followi telegram from the mayor of a lar city in his state: RE WORK REL PLANS STOP THIRTY PER CENT GRA INADEQUATE STOP

The original message read GRAN

A couple of song writers co posed a campaign anthem for a ca didate for senatorial office, extolli the "vices" of the party.

Supplementary cards had to passed out, explaining that the co rect reading was "voices."

An Ohio paper stated that a pro inent businessman entertained party of men at "crap-shooting."

It meant, of course, "trap-sho ing."

W. E. FARBSTEIN

The plane was leaving the water, r its weight slowly, lifting itself an cargo, rising until you could see the of sky between it and the sea. went Pepe who had worked as a gar for the American artist, there he we sailing through the air in a silver crossing lands, passing over water people like her, people on hills, their heads to look.

And suddenly Mamá looked to he sons. She had not expected it, but eyes, hungry, defiant eyes, were o It was Ino who said it: "We'll go, to was a statement.

Mamá put a hardness she did no into her voice. "It appears it woul three men to stop you," she said. " am only an old woman."

The three boys were smiling, pull one another, ready to go, already t from her. Mamá felt a hand on her der, and there was the American. are right," he said. "Let them do a feel they must."

"There are things a mother cann fuse," said Mamá obtusely. "She c stand between her sons and the sk

AND then Mamá saw Consuel watching, her face turned bac body tense against the rope. The had broken away, but the girl still s Soldiers on the dock watched her a ingly.

Mamá pulled at the girl's arm. " on," she said. "The plane is a spec sound of the motor is gone . . ."

Consuelo turned dazedly to the around her. A soldier came near, c her eye. "What a flower . . ." he said

Consuelo tossed her head. Mamá her from the rope. "Enough of fool!" she said roughly. "You hav soldier to think of. And one will do lifetime, girl, a lifetime . . ." Th looked to Mamá for her meaning, c it in the older woman's eyes, and happily.

They made for the path up th Mamá and the girl walking close i new understanding.

The girl looked rememberingly sky, and the mother stopped besid "He'll be back," Consuelo said.

"And the things he'll have seen Pepe; the things he'll have to tell u Mamá said.

Both women looked upward in unbroken blue, while a hundred away, the silver cross, propelled by they could never understand, c shadow over country they would see. But in a way both their heart with it.

THE END

PRODUCT IMPROVEMENT IS IN THE AIR

TODAY our strategically-located factories are 100% on war work.

But even as we fight, Houdaille* management and engineers are anticipating the demands of the post-war world.

Out of this high-pressure war experience we are evolving new engineering and metallurgical concepts and improved production techniques which, in days to come, are bound favorably to affect the things you buy and use.

We will continue increasingly to provide vital, precision parts to the automotive, aircraft, electrical refrigeration, radio, marine, railway equipment, and other important industries—but we will also make substantial contributions to industries yet unborn.

In every Houdaille division product improvement is in the air—we are doing our share of *forward thinking.*

In your home, on land, sea or in the air—after this war is over—you will enjoy, more and more, the benefits of Houdaille's highly-specialized skills.

BUY U.S. WAR BONDS

HOUDAILLE-HERSHEY CORPORATION

General Executive Offices—Detroit

Peacetime manufacturers of precision parts and mechanisms for the automotive, aircraft, railway, marine, electrical refrigeration, radio, and other industries.

PLANTS AT: Buffalo, N. Y. • Cheektowaga, N. Y. • Jackson, Mich. • Detroit, Mich. Chicago, Ill. • Decatur, Ill. • North Chicago. Ill. • Muskegon, Mich. • Oshawa, Ont., Canada

*Pronounced "HOO-DYE"

BERLIN-SAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

Behind the Barbed Wire

Continued from page 43

our own troops get—and no field ration, either—regular base chow. If he wants to buy extra food, we let him and we give him facilities for cooking it.

Since allies, like Germans and Italians, don't always get along and, indeed, often act like a couple of strange Airedales, we keep prisoners of different nationalities in camps far apart. Captivity, we think, is tough enough for an Italian, without making him look at Nazis all day.

Our prisoner can't be deprived of tobacco, and he and his comrades can't be deprived of a full ration as a collective punishment. There's a camp canteen, selling at regular prices, and if it makes a profit, the profit goes to the prisoners or is spent for their benfit on sports equipment or extra food—whatever they say.

Enlisted-men captives get board and room free, and so do officers. Officers are allowed to run their own messes and can even have orderlies assigned to them from among their own troops.

All nations realize that captive soldiers are honor bound to try to escape, and the penalties usually are not harsh. In fact, if a man escapes, gets back to his native land and fights, and is captured a second time, his escape can't be held against him. Soldier tradition holds that it is a soldier's duty to try to escape. We even restrict the punishment that can be meted out to captives who help a comrade break away.

Most people believe that civilians aren't allowed to fight an invader, and that if they're caught, they're shot out of hand. This isn't true. When we march into Germany or Italy or Japan, the inhabitants will have the right to engage in what is called the *levée en masse;* and if we capture any of them squibbing off firearms at us, they have to be treated as P.W.s, also.

After a country is formally occupied, though, it's different. Then civilians have no right to fight and are liable to be shot on sight for resisting. In practice, civilians seldom get very far defending their land against trained troops. If history tells the truth, they don't often get treated as prisoners of war, either; oftener, they're looked on as bandits and shot.

Once in a while, usually through his own carelessness, an American fighting man will get himself captured. Our Army, Navy and Marine Corps realize this (accidents happen in all trades) and so all our men are trained how to act in case the worst happens.

According to the rules, no prisoner is required to tell his captors more than his name, rank and serial number. Naturally, intelligence officers of all armies try to wheedle what information they can out of prisoners and use all the wiles of police detectives to make them talk.

Our boys, before they go into battle, are warned not to keep letters or papers that might reveal information, and they are given a pep talk about the importance of clamming up. They're told that the enemy officers probably will try to scare them into talking, with all sorts of fantastic threats—up to and including bringing on a fake firing squad—but that probably nothing will happen if they just keep their lips buttoned up.

It's Smart to Be Dumb

One veteran officer tells his men, "When they threaten you, just take it easy and think about some pleasant subject like baseball, blondes or T-bone steaks. Don't say *anything*. Enemy intelligence officers are smart, and don't try to outsmart them with wisecracks . . ."

Our men are warned, too, against the old cops-and-robbers routines, and they're told that, if any enemy questioner tells them, "Well, your pals have told us all we want to know, so you might as well come clean and join them at their st and-onions dinner," they're just to s knowingly and keep on saying noth

The Geneva Convention says in so n words that no prisoner may be puni tortured or even given "unpleasant t ment" for refusing to talk. It is suspe however, that this rule gets a broad i pretation in foreign parts. The Japs s times try the reverse and offer hot b and plenty of food in return for f This offer, our men are told, usually t out to be some cold water just use the Japs, and an alfalfa and radish

"I would like to tell you men," saic Navy commander to his crew, "of tactics used upon prisoners by the Ital but as far as is known, they have need for such tactics. Except for a g of half-clad Ethiopians armed with b guns and sticks, the Italians have able to take practically no prisoners shortly before the death of Julius Cae

Of course, human beings being hu beings, some men will always talk. get a certain amount of information our prisoners, but they're not obligat give it, and if they don't, nothing hap to them. In fact, a prisoner who tal usually despised even by the men to w he tells the secrets of his own army knows he doesn't have to talk, becaus only has he been instructed to keep s but the rules are plainly posted i prison camp, in his own language, fo to read.

The general idea behind all the ru to prevent a series of hardships from b ing up and inflicting pain on helpless Without the rules, Nation A might d to work its prisoners twelve hours a on half rations; then Nation B w retaliate with a fourteen-hour day quarter rations—and so on, until camps became as terrible as Germ concentration camps.

So, if you hear we are treating our oners as men, and not as slaves or ani don't grow indignant. We're doing save our own boys, held in foreign l from needless suffering.

THE END

"All right, all right! I admit I've never seen a cleaner floor"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

Stutterin' Sam

Continued from page 19

the excuses but this one takes the prize."

"Oh, b-but I-I-I-I'm n-n-not l-l-lying," protested Sam.

"We'll soon find out about that," Anderson said.

A half-hour later, with chickens running between his legs and pigs rubbing their itchy sides against his Savile Row tweeds, the distinguished stage director from London found himself in the Dowell barnyard, listening to Mary milk her father's cows to the rhythm of the song hit they had recently been rehearsing back in town.

When the Casa Mañana show opened in Fort Worth, Stutterin' Sam became the toast of the town overnight.

Sudden success, with its attendant flood of publicity, went to Mary's head like champagne. After a triumphant summer in Fort Worth, she decided to move on to bigger fields. Against the advice of Billy Rose, Stutterin' Sam made a flanking movement on New York, confident that the Big City would capitulate without a struggle. In the next two months, she really found out what heartaches were like. Casting directors took one long look at her and waved her aside. Too tall!

One booking agent, hearing her stutter, secured a tryout for her on Rudy Vallee's "new personality" program but forgot to tell her it was because of her vocal impediment that she was getting the chance. Mary doesn't stutter when she sings, becomes angry or reads lines. When she read the script Vallee gave her at rehearsal without making a single break, although in the singsong voice of a high-school elocutionist, Rudy bawled out the agent for wasting his time with stage-struck girls. The only kind word she had from anyone in New York in all this time came from Nicky Blair, the night-club manager, who, after turning her down for a chorus job because of her height, told her to come up and eat on the house whenever she was hungry.

She Goes Back to Her Old Job

After two months of heartbreaking disappointments, the thoroughly disillusioned show girl who had left Fort Worth in a blaze of glory stole back into town and asked Billy Rose for her old job back. Billy, seeing a chance for another publicity spread in the Fort Worth papers, hired Mary back and capitalized on the incident by pointing out the folly of anyone's quitting a Billy Rose production. Stutterin' Sam must have believed every word of Billy's yarn because, barring a short road tour with Sally Rand when the Rose show was closed down and a brief venture into commerce as a typist, she hadn't worked for anyone but Rose since then, until Warner Brothers called her to Hollywood in May.

When Mary returned to Broadway under the sponsorship of Billy Rose in 1938, it suddenly became the fad for newspapermen to discover her. The legend of Stutterin' Sam was launched.

Now beaux pursue her in such numbers that they are frequently mistaken for posses. Mary's speech is still halting, but her mind is trigger-quick and brilliant. George Jean Nathan after spending an evening in her company recently called her the most intelligent show girl he had ever met.

Next to working for Billy Rose, the thing Mary has enjoyed most is walking out on him—and being hired back. This has happened at least twenty-five times.

There isn't a show girl on Broadway who doesn't swear by Stutterin' Sam. They all look up to her as their champion. Whenever she was fired, they gave her a farewell party and even though she returned on the morrow, another celebration awaited. That's why Sam considers parting with Rose such sweet sorrow. Once supersensitive about her heigh her vocal impediment, she now treats as good selling points. Her height sh centuates by wearing wide-brimmed and dark, tight-fitting gowns. She singing lessons every afternoon, hopi cure her stuttering but is not in the worried because she is making no pro

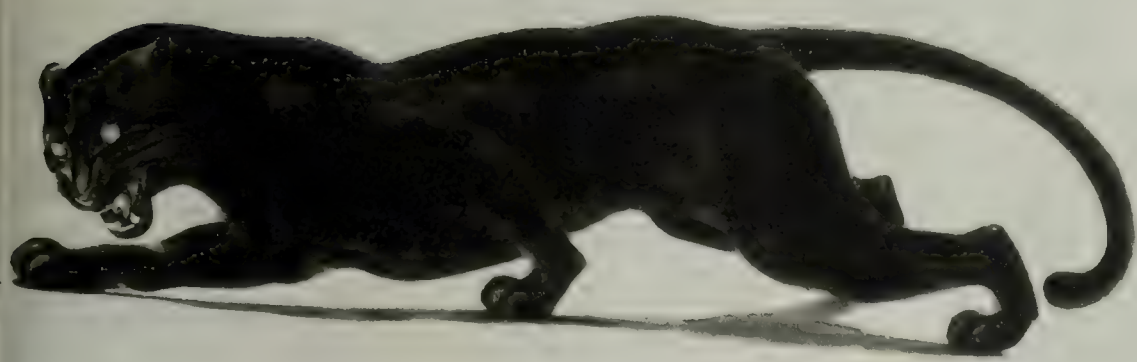
When Warner Brothers' agents hea Mary's writing talent, they decide chorus line would have to sag for a at least and maybe permanently, for had use for a gal of her special qua tions in Hollywood. She will act as te cal adviser on a picture featurin backstage life of a chorus girl in the Nineties. Her sharp wit is expected t liven the script with lines of the type really roll from chorus girls' lips whe curtain is down.

Going to Hollywood satisfied o Mary's pet ambitions. She has two which are yet to be fulfilled. One marry a Texas boy and settle down ranch back home to raise childrer cattle. The other is to write a book Broadway.

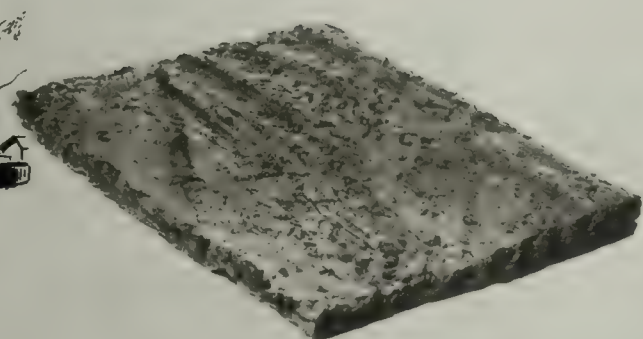
"And," she adds, "w-w-will a l-l-l ph-ph-phonies h-h-have to l-l-leave t-t wh-wh-when it's p-p-published!"

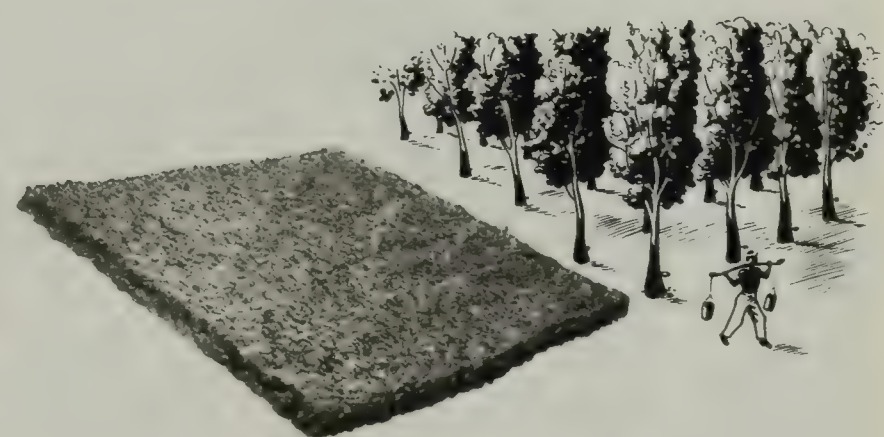
THE END

You can't treat a Panther like a Pussy-Cat



and you can't treat synthetic like natural rubber





If you want these... ...to wear like these

MADE WITH SYNTHETIC RUBBER

MADE WITH NATURAL CRUDE RUBBER

Synthetic rubber is different, that's why.

It's as different from natural rubber as a panther is different from a pussy-cat . . . and you can't make a panther purr just by petting him.

In order to use synthetic rubber and bring out its many superior qualities, it must be handled entirely differently from natural crude rubber. So we turned the problem over to the skilled chemists and technicians in our laboratories at Hood Rubber Company and B. F. Goodrich.

These men know the difference between synthetic and natural rubber and have spent many months in perfecting new methods of compounding, processing and manufacturing rubber footwear with synthetic. They have directed production of hundreds of pairs of synthetic rubber footwear, and today these products are standing up in actual wear tests under the most extreme conditions.

This research is your assurance that when synthetic rubber footwear comes to you bearing either one of these names—Hood or B. F. Goodrich—it will have behind it many months of successful experimenting and testing.

This is a Hood contribution to the effort and the vision of the B. F. Goodrich Company, and others in the rubber, petroleum and chemical industries, who have given America one of the most important developments of our time—synthetic rubber.

Hood Rubber Co.
A DIVISION OF
B.F.Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

FOOTWEAR LABORATORIES
AND FACTORY
WATERTOWN, MASS

In ten more minutes what will you be doing?

IN ten more minutes they'll be in action —American fighters risking life and limb to conquer one more bridgehead on the road to freedom.

And in ten more minutes—what will *you* be doing to help win this war?

Because it's up to you as much as it's up to them. Unless you—and all the rest of us at home—are devoting every spare minute of our time to fighting this war as civilians, *their* chances of victory are slim.

Next time you read of an American raid on enemy positions—with its tragic footnote of lost planes and ships and men—ask yourself:

"What more *can I do today for freedom? What* more *can I do tomorrow that will save the lives of men like this and help them win the war?"*

* * *

To help you find *your* place in America's War for Freedom, the Government has organized the Citizens Service Corps as part of local Defense Councils. Probably there is one of these Corps operating now in your community. Give it your full co-operation. If none exists, help organize one.

Write to this magazine for a free booklet, "You and the War," telling you what to do and how to do it. This is *your* war. Help win it. Choose what you will do now!

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

Contributed by the Magazine Publishers of America

Presidential Predictions for '44

Continued from page 12

Governor Jones of Louisiana carries his dination to the point of calling for the rmation of a Southern Democratic party e one protective course. Governor ixn, supporting the call, murmurs rly that "ways and means are being ssed daily to break our chains. We llind some way, and find it regardless te effect on national elections." Even ernor Ellis Arnall, of Georgia, a New er, is off the reservation. At the pres- writing, only effervescent Senator er of Florida has come out with a nd that the President run a fourth

volt in the West is due to vastly dif- reasons from those that embitter outh. The complaint is not inter- ce but neglect. The states west of the ies call themselves the Lost Prov- and never cease bemoaning the fact heir very existence is ignored except e matter of tax collections. A par- r grievance is the failure of the lent to give them any representa- whatsoever in the executive and judi- ranches of the federal government. ok over the Cabinet, the Supreme and the many war agencies sup- this contention.

the Cabinet, for example, Stimson, enthau, Perkins and Walker hail New York; Hull from Tennessee, and Knox from Illinois, Biddle from sylvania, Jones from Texas, and ard from Indiana. Of the men ap- ed to the Supreme Court, Jackson Douglas are from New York, Black Alabama, Reed from Kentucky, hy from Michigan, Frankfurter from achusetts. Not one from the Western re.

The West Sharpens Its Ax

e same failure to consider proper aphical distribution is found in the s of the various war agencies, for ins, Nelson, Byrnes, Prentiss Brown, s of the War Labor Board, Smith of Budget Bureau, Elmer Davis, Paul utt and Chester Davis all cast their in states east of the Mississippi.

llowing the South's example, the gov- s of the eleven Western states have ized into a compact group for con- ce and action. At recent meet- n Salt Lake City and San Francisco, es were made that federal war agen- deliberately by-pass state organiza- leaving governors to learn about the program from newspapers. Federal sition of state lands, "by a scratch of resident's pen," also came in for at- Governor Lester Hunt of Wyoming of a snatch of 220,000 acres in the on's Hole country, and others re- d similar raids that struck hard at income from taxes.

e West's principal bitterness, how- proceeds from the conviction that ington regards the war in the Pacific "side show," a minor affair that can tended to when the conflict in Europe een brought to a successful conclu-

t a man or woman on the whole ic Coast but remembers how Secre- Knox dismissed Japanese seizure of Aleutians as "a mere face-saving de- " and there is the same unanimity of g that General MacArthur has not given needed authority and needed ort.

lesser grievance, in that it has to do production rather than security, pro- from the manner in which federal als have handled the problem of the nese population. As much of Pacific t agriculture is "stoop labor," the in-

"She's homesick!"

ternment of every Japanese was a blow of magnitude. Even so, the necessity was admitted, but there was insistence that an early distinction be established between the native-born and foreign-born, between American citizens with records of loyalty and those who still gave allegiance to Japan, so that a certain portion could be returned to the land under proper supervision.

A full year passed without any such distinction being attempted, and then the order came out that while no Japanese could remain in a Pacific Coast state, the internees could and would be allocated to meet the agricultural needs of other sections of the country.

Unlike the South, the West has no fixed political tradition, blithely changing votes to meet changed conditions. In 1928, for example, California gave Hoover a huge majority, but went for Roosevelt with equal enthusiasm in 1932, 1936, and 1940. In 1938, an avalanche of votes swept a Democratic nominee into the governor's office, but in 1942, a Republican landslide gave victory to Earl Warren. In the opinion of politicians, the West will present even more of a problem than the South in event of President Roosevelt's renomination.

Other factors entering into the consideration of the President's chances for reelection are the attitude of labor and agriculture, popular resentment against bureaucratic blundering, waste and extravagance.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, more than any other President perhaps, has consistently favored the farmer and organized labor, but as politicians cynically observe, both groups define gratitude as a lively expectation of favors to come. To quote a certain senator:

"You can give them everything they want, day after day, year after year, but if the time comes when one demand has to be refused, they'll turn on you like so many wolves."

The President's executive order, laying down a denial of "future increases in prices affecting the cost of living, or further increases in general wage or salary rates," has not pleased either labor or agriculture. Spurred on by John L. Lewis' outcry against the order, both the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. are branding it as rigid and unfair, while the farm bloc still maintains that higher agricultural prices are necessary in the interests of a sustained farm production.

There is little question that a popular revolt against rationing stupidities figured largely in election results last year, and valiant corrective efforts are now being made by the Administration. Chester Davis, the new food czar, and Prentiss Brown, new head of OPA, are good men, but it remains to be seen whether they have the power and the courage to rid their organizations of the theorists and doctrinaires who worked the ruin of Henderson and Wickard. A suspension of judgment is also called for in connection with the Budget Bureau's efforts to reduce the size of Washington's pay rolls. A beginning has been made, but Senators Byrd and Tydings claim that a penknife is being used instead of an ax.

While Democrats fret and stew, forced to figure in terms of ifs, ands and buts, Republicans ooze complacence and confidence at every pore. They assume the renomination of the President as a certainty, and while conceding that the argument against changing horses in midstream has powerful appeal, they feel that it can be minimized.

A New War-Waging Policy

If the war is still on, they will pledge a more vigorous and effective prosecution by taking military decisions away from a White House coterie, putting entire control in the hands of a supreme war council. More than that, they will guarantee consideration of the war as a whole, emphasizing the Pacific area no less than Europe and North Africa.

If the last shot shall have been fired, their peace policy will repudiate any hint of isolationism, and at the same time reject Henry Wallace's dream of any world brotherhood to be financed by the United States; a policy that will accept every proper responsibility for the reconstruction of ravaged nations, while insisting that our aid will be in proportion to our own strength.

Having thus answered the argument against horse changing, all emphasis will be put on waste, extravagance, bureaucracy, and other purely domestic issues.

And their candidate? Why, none other than Thomas E. Dewey, the up-and-coming young governor of New York. Republican leaders make no secret of their preference for solid and conservative Governor Bricker of Ohio, but concede that he lacks color, zip and oomph. On the other hand, while Master Dewey has an independence that stirs forebodings, he is as full of beans as a New England pot on Saturday night and can be relied on to make a vigorous, picturesque campaign.

The strategy is simple. Governor Dewey's repeated and insistent statements that he is not a candidate and means to stay on his four-year job will be accepted without a word of dissent. His attitude will even be applauded as that of a faithful servant who places an obligation to his state above personal ambition. All emphasis will be placed on the candidacies of Bricker and Willkie. In the hour of decision, however, when these two gentlemen have obliged by cutting each other's throats, Governor Dewey will be drafted by a unanimous call from the party—a call that will not admit of refusal. And with Earl Warren, the hard-hitting, highly competent governor of California, as his running mate, what better combination could be desired?

Roosevelt vs. Dewey! Whatever the outcome, it will be a fight worth watching.

THE END

"Trevor! Quick! The blackout siren just sounded!"

PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

Long Arm of the Law

Continued from page 18

shut the door in his face. Twice! For an instant she stood quite still. Then she took the paper to her desk and wrote across it, "Sorry. *Persona non grata.*" She went cautiously to the door and tucked the paper under it with the little folder. "*Ipso facto* me, will be?" she muttered.

In a moment the paper came back. "Crime does not pay," it said in a bold scrawl. "Q.E.D. Give up?"

Susan laughed soundlessly. Again she went to her desk and wrote, "No. I have to work. *Tempus fugit.*" She slid it through the crack and waited. The paper returned.

"Yeah? Well Carson, fidget. Do something."

Susan took a pillow off the studio couch and opened and shut the door quickly, dropping the pillow on Kit Carson's head in between. Then she sat down on the floor but nothing happened. Stealthily she leaned her ear against the door. Silence.

"Typical male," she said to herself. "All he wants are creature comforts." She went back to her drawing board and picked up the charcoal.

An hour went by, during which Susan was deeply engrossed at her drawing board. Then the telephone rang. Susan answered it.

"Hullo?" she inquired.

"Susan!" Libby Foster shrieked on high C.

"Who were you expecting? Winston Churchill?" Susan asked.

LIBBY was in a frenzy. Her cousin Duncan wasn't able to get leave and he wouldn't be coming to the party. "Susan, you'll simply have to bring another man."

"Who shall I bring?" Susan demanded. "The garbage man?"

"Oh, Susan," Libby wailed. "Don't you know *some*body?"

Susan sighed. Libby babbled on and Susan, listening absently, saw another note under the door. She left the telephone and picked it up.

"If you're looking for me," it read, "I'm upstairs. The landlady came back. Now I'm you're neighbor and you know what it says in the Bible. *Ex animo.*" Susan laughed. Another bell rang and this time it was in her head.

"Lib," she cut in, "I've got an idea."

"Is he 4-F?" Libby asked.

"If he is, it doesn't show," Susan told her. "Now don't worry." She laid the receiver down and left Libby in the air, telling the room that Susan was absolutely an angel.

Stopping at the desk, Susan wrote on the paper: "*Persona* is suddenly *grata.* Could you possibly take me to a friend's birthday party tonight? She needs another man and it's a free meal for you and if you don't, I'll be a fifteenth wheel. *In dubio.*"

Then she tore upstairs and paused before the door to the second-floor apartment. She pushed the paper underneath and stood waiting for a reply. Her heart was thumping—from running upstairs, Susan thought.

Kit Carson yanked the door open and regarded Susan from great height and half-closed eyes. "I don't go out with strange girls," he said. "As a rule."

"Oh, but—" Susan began and then she smiled shyly. "I'm not strange," she said hauntingly. "I'm just *ipso facto.*"

Kit Carson roared. "What time do we eat?" he asked.

"Eight o'clock," Susan answered with relief. "You wear a dinner jacket."

"I do?"

"Haven't you got one?" Susan cried.

Kit Carson waved a hand. "I'll whip something up," he promised. "Would you like to come and look at the faucets?"

"No, thank you," Susan smiled sweetly. "I've got some of my own. They drip."

"Mine drizzle," Kit said.

"There's a plumber across the street," Susan said crisply.

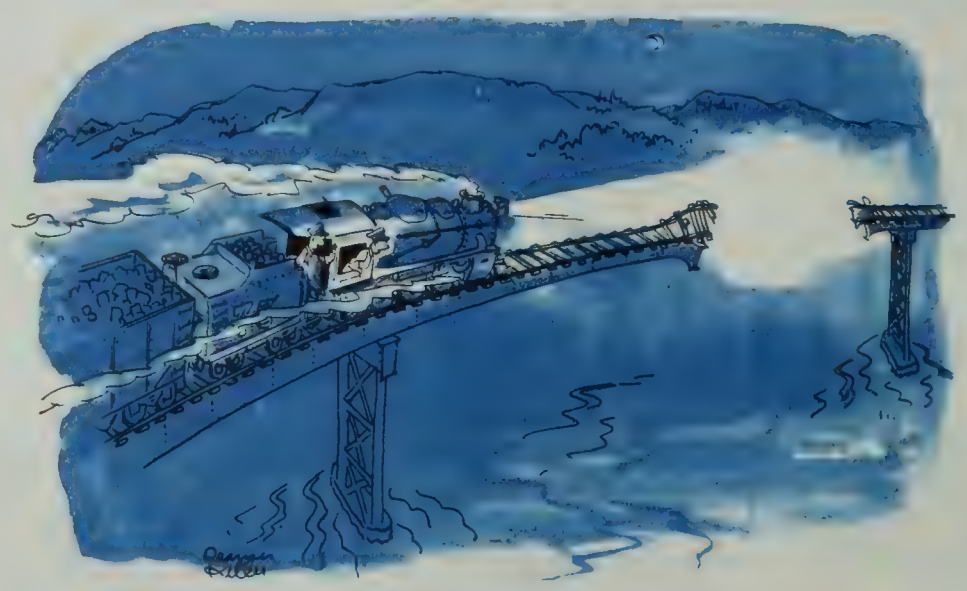
"Why didn't you say so?" he asked.

Susan went back downstairs and hung up the phone. She felt good. That night for the first time in her life she got into a long dress willingly. The feel of it swishing around her heels made Susan feel gay and mysterious.

When the doorbell rang around eight and she went to the door, Kit Carson stood there, scrutinizing her. "Strictly powerhouse," he observed. He was immaculate in a white dinner jacket and looked more sardonic than ever.

"You're no dim-out yourself," Susan replied. "Come in while I get my wrap." When she came out of the closet, Kit was absorbed in the drawing on her board.

"You're an artist, I take it?" he asked.



"Don't worry—I saw a movie like this once and everything turned out all right"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

"You take it," Susan said noncommittally.

He pointed to her signature, Kent, at the bottom. "Do you have a front name to go with that, or shall I yell 'Hey, Kent' all evening?"

"The front name is Susan," she told him, "but it doesn't go with being a painter. It sounds like crumpets and tea." She looked up at him. "You're nice to do this, you know. Thank you."

For a high-voltage minute, Kit looked at her as if he were doing sums, and Susan were a staggering grand total. Then he remembered something. "Oh," he said. "I brought you some weeds," and he handed her a white cardboard box.

"Golly," Susan exclaimed. "I've never had flowers before. Thank you twice."

Kit Carson gave her an unbelieving look and they went out the door and down the stairs.

"MY GOODNESS!" Libby Foster cried when Susan and Kit walked up to her table. "*Where* did you get him?"

"I came out of a lamp," Kit said easily. "I'm a genie. Happy birthday!"

Susan made introductions, and Libby showed them where to sit. All through dinner, Kit made remarkably accurate and faintly defamatory undercover remarks about people at the table, and Susan choked hilariously on everything from the lobster bisque right through the raspberry sherbet. When the sherbet was gone, everyone danced, and Susan found herself whirling from one pair of arms to another.

After a decent interval, Kit cut back. "Hello, Kent," he said softly. "For a fifteenth wheel, you get around." His tone had sarcastic overtones, and Susan was afraid he might think she had dragged him into this on false pretenses.

"Don't get any wrong ideas," she urged quickly. "I haven't been this clean in weeks; this is the first time in two years I've had a long dress on; and there's something screwy about men that makes them rush a girl just because she shows up with a good-looking man. It's never happened before."

KIT looked at her and said, "Oh, yeah!" Susan didn't know why, but she didn't ask him. They danced beautifully together and they moved in a contented silence.

On the way home in the taxi, Susan thought of something. "Oh, gosh," she said out loud.

"What's the matter?" Kit asked.

"Look—uh—Kit," she said a little painfully. She hadn't called him by name before. "I'm very grateful to you for taking me and everything—but please don't try to collect. I don't like being kissed."

"The F.B.I.," Kit told her, "does not do business on a cash and carry basis."

"Good," she answered, and Kit glanced at her sideways.

"You're crazy, Kent," he decided. "You're absolutely crazy."

"Why?" Susan asked mildly.

Kit measured off a slice of air with his hands. "Most women," he said, "don't go around saying things like you do."

"I'm not most women," Susan said simply.

"You can say that again," he breathed.

"And I've never learned to be subtle about these things," she continued, "because I've never had many dates. I was always too busy painting."

Kit yanked out a jump seat and propped his feet on it as if he were settling down for the night. "Susan," he said slowly, "let's don't go home."

"What?"

"Get in the night shift," he said. "This is a wonderful night. Let's go look at New York. Tomorrow they might bomb the pants off it."

Susan looked at him. "It's not likely," she said coolly. "And what's all this tourist talk? I've seen New York."

Kit's mind executed a right-angle turn. "How long have you been an artist?" he asked abruptly.

"About ten years," Susan replied.

"Who buys the stuff?"

Susan looked out the window. "Nobody much," she admitted. "But they will!" she added fiercely.

"Sure they will," Kit agreed, "provided," he went on, "you jack up that b yours and run a soul under it."

Susan gasped. "What?"

"You're top-heavy," Kit said. old are you?"

"Twenty-seven," Susan said hone

Kit tossed her a glance. "You'r derful, too," he put in parenthe "You are probably the only t woman in existence." Then he wer to his original theme. "Okay, you'r ty-seven, you're oozing talent, you' painting ten years, and nobody bu stuff. Why?"

"I don't know!" Susan cried sadl

"Because," Kit said, still sitting back of his neck, "you have no sou don't know what life is all ab there's no life in your paintings."

For a minute, Susan was silent. she said, very low, her head bent, " right. But I've never had time, do see? I have to paint and paint. I *ha*

Kit sat up and put his arms arou He pushed her head back and kiss and Susan forgot who she was. Fin let her go.

"You can paint *and* live, Susan," in his husky voice. "Now will yo and look at New York?"

Susan nodded dizzily and Kit th head back exultantly.

"The Heron Club," he said to t driver.

That night Susan saw New York never had before in three years o in it. Kit had an amazing collec friends, savory and otherwise, an called on them all. They wandered the third floor of a newspaper buildi watched them printing the Sunda nies in four colors of ink. They r Jersey City ferry three times, ov back. They followed two men fr narcotics squad around Chinatow they wound up at five A. M. in bro light, having spaghetti and char for breakfast.

"Now," Kit announced, "it's tim home."

Susan fell into bed at six, and th outside made insolent remarks abo ple who went to bed with the sun st across their pillows, but Susan didn She went to sleep.

IT SEEMED to Susan she was asl the next six weeks, asleep and dr about a lanky character named who lived upstairs. He couldn't b he was too fantastic.

But Kit was no dream. He w most wide-awake person she had e countered. His casual madness wa cover for an extremely aloof an powered interior. Once Susan ask what a G-man did.

Kit moaned. "Don't you go movies?" he asked.

"No," Susan said, so Kit took h G-man thriller four nights in a row

"Now do you know?" he asked.

"Yes," Susan replied. "Very mes ness, being a G-man."

They were having coffee in a ca Kit squinted at her.

"We do other things," he confid

"Like what?"

Kit finished his coffee in one gul we G around," he said into his c Susan let it go at that.

She knew (because she was inclin way herself) that Kit liked her b she didn't ask too many questions o own him. But sometimes she fou self yearning to know all about hi his parents were and where he g and what he planned to do with his

Kit spent more time in Susan's ment than he did in his own. It

A Name to Remember

FAMOUS NAMES

In all the history of the American Navy, no ship bears a prouder name or has a more glorious record than the U.S. Frigate Constitution—"Old Ironsides."

G & W Five Star Blended Whiskey has inherited a family name that has stood for quality for many generations. Back in 1832—in the early days of this Republic—began that tradition of excellence which has culminated today in the smooth perfection of this superlative blend. ☆ Rare base whiskeys and special "rounded" neutral spirits combine to give G & W Five Star a mellow fragrance and fineness of flavor not usually associated with such a modest price. ☆ Next time you seek something out of the ordinary in blended whiskey, the name to remember is G & W Five Star. Gooderham & Worts Ltd., Peoria, Ill.

86 proof, 75% grain neutral spirits

G&W *Five Star* Blended Whiskey

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED · · · · · FOUNDED IN CANADA 111 YEARS AGO

YELLO-BOLE

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Billiard Shape. $1

the honey-cured smoke

Surely, Yello-Bole is an old friend. Perhaps you first discovered this pipe with the golden lining in 1933. With what satisfaction you drew on it—when you were tired, you found rest with it. When you were perplexed, you consulted it. Through all, Yello-Bole provided a honey-blended flavor that always pleased, never bothered, you. Keep a Yello-Bole with you these days. It's good to have. Stays sweet continuously.

YELLO-BOLE STANDARD $1

YELLO-BOLE IMPERIAL $1.50

YELLO-BOLE PREMIER $2.50
to be introduced soon

YELLO-BOLE
630 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N.Y.

matter what they did as long as they did it together. They clicked beautifully and seldom clashed. Once Kit got mad at her, but not for long. That was the day the plumber came to Susan's place, and she sent him upstairs to see about Kit's drizzles. Kit threw the plumber out violently and stormed downstairs to pound on Susan's door.

"What's the idea, inviting that plumber over here?" he roared.

"I didn't invite him," Susan said smoothly. "He comes once a month, like a phone bill. This is such an ancient place, one faucet or another is always leaking."

Kit looked belligerent. "Yeah?" he said. Then he relaxed. "My mistake," he announced and started up the stairs. Halfway up, he turned around and grinned at her sheepishly. "The drizzles," he said huskily, "were to lure you into my den. I only like lady plumbers."

The day the art director of one of the big magazines looked at Susan's drawings and gave her an assignment, she raced back to tell Kit and found him draped over one of the chairs in her apartment. "Kit!" she exclaimed. "What are you doing here?"

Kit waved a hand. "I had to go someplace. My joint is dirty."

Susan was puzzled and mildly annoyed. "How did you get in?" she asked.

Kit stood up and stretched. "Very simple," he explained. "I told the landlady I was your brother."

"Oh!" Susan cried. She was shocked and mad and amused all at once, and she tore at Kit as if she could beat him, but he laughingly put both arms around her and kissed her for the second time.

EVERYTHING stopped. The whole city of New York was waiting for a green light. Susan stirred and Kit lifted his head. He looked down at her with a look as potent and disturbing as his kiss and Susan felt like dancing. I'm in love, she thought wildly. We're both in love!

She told Kit about the picture assignment then and, to celebrate, they tore the town apart that night and put it back together again to suit themselves.

The next day she worked steadily, forgetting everything, even Kit. When the light faded, she turned on the daylight lamp abstractedly and kept on working. Finally at midnight, she was dripping wet and happy. The picture was done. She felt glorious.

She had just climbed out of a shower and into cotton pajamas and a bathrobe when the doorbell rang in a whisper, as if it had been lightly touched. For an instant, Susan hesitated. Then she remembered there was a G-man upstairs if she needed protection, and she opened the door. Kit himself stood there in his shirt sleeves, with a flashlight in one hand and, in the other, a gleaming automatic!

Without a word, he came in and closed the door. Susan had never been that close to a gun before in her life.

"Do you have to play Humphrey B-Bogart in here?" she gulped.

Kit flicked her a glance as if he hadn't seen her before and grinned tiredly.

"I knew this was going to happen," he said, and his husky voice was low and measured, "but I didn't know it would be this pleasant."

The laughter went out of his eyes and he moved across the room as if he were walking on eggshells. He listened at the open windows, shuttered by Venetian blinds, and then went back to Susan who had suddenly grown long roots and could not move. She was scared and pale.

"K-Kit," she whispered. "What's the m-matter?"

Kit swore softly. "Don't go female on me at this point," he growled. "I've counted for six weeks on the fact that you were a tomboy. If you scream or something, I'll probably shoot you." There was no fun in his voice, and Susan looked at him for a long minute.

There was something wrong and it wasn't just the fact that Kit was pussyfooting around her apartment in the middle of the night with a gun in his hand. It was much more wrong than that, but Susan didn't have time to think, for Kit was giving her instructions.

"Do exactly as I tell you," he ordered. "Turn out the light. Then keep out of the way and *keep quiet.*"

Susan nodded and moved mechanically toward the lamp. She wasn't scared any more. She wasn't anything. She was a blank. She turned out the light and dropped into one of the big chairs, trying to think. Dimly she saw Kit raising the Venetian blind. Then he flattened himself against the wall and peered out cautiously. With the hem of a curtain, he made a sort of shade around the flashlight, pointed it down the street and flashed it twice, briefly. Then he moved to the other side of the window and flashed it again in the other direction.

He watched the street a moment and then turned toward Susan. In silhouette she could see him shaking hands with himself in mute congratulation, like a boxer.

"Trapped like a trap in a trap!" he whispered gleefully. "Thanks for the apartment, Kent. It's been a nice assignment," with which he disappeared out the door.

Susan sat still and tried to make herself little. So that was it! He'd been on a case from the beginning. No matter who she was, Kit would have been charming anyway because he needed her apartment for whatever was happening now. He had been expecting it, whatever it was, for six weeks. He said so. Naturally he couldn't have walked in there the way he had if he hadn't known the girl in the apartment pretty well. And that's what she was. Just the girl in the apartment. Just any old girl! Just . . .

A SHOT pricked the silence, and the silence collapsed like a balloon. People came running and shouting from everywhere, and police sirens began to wail. Susan ran to the window. The street was swarming with people and, by the light of the all-night sign in the plumber's place, Susan could see uniformed police herding some men into a patrol wagon. The landlady was creeping timidly down the front stairs in her bathrobe. Two reporters were talking under Susan's window.

"Nazi agents, Chuck," she heard one of them say. "Big game tonight."

"You said it," the other answered. "Better go with the wagon and see if you can grab a picture."

Susan was awed. Nazis! That justified anything Kit had done, she thought a little grimly, even making people fall in love with him. No wonder she had never learned anything about him. G-men didn't talk.

She went to bed feeling like a discarded old shoe. She thought of all the noons Kit had spent lying on the while she painted. All that time been lining up places for the other to hide, planning how to signal them the time came, and she cried softly she went to sleep.

Bright morning light brought Sus restoration of her ego and a viole dain for Kit Carson. She tried to h F.B.I. but her patriotism got in th She looked at the illustration sh made—only yesterday?—and the w had murmured, "You can paint *an* came back to her. Oh, he'd taug about living, all right. She knew all everything, even broken hearts. Pr Kit's F.B.I. intellect had figured th too, she thought bitterly. Very boy.

WHEN the doorbell rang, Sus swered it, fully expecting to s and there he stood, with no hat a

"Go away!" she cried and hurl door shut, but Kit put out his fo blocked it. He poked his head grinned.

"I can't go away," he said. "I p months' rent on that joint up Susan backed away as if he were p ous. He gave her a Sherlock Holme "Is something wrong?" he asked cently.

Susan couldn't stand it. "Oh, no cried. "Nothing's wrong. You around here pouring down charm it were concrete and you had to b road. Well, you built one all righ way, and you took me for a ride And now you ask what's wrong!"

Kit came in, closed the door and against it. "Hot damn," he said reve

Susan gasped. "What did you say

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," Kit exp "One of the men we caught was a of yours, the plumber."

"The plumber?"

Kit grinned ruefully. "Yeah, an day you sent him up to my apart could have throttled you. When I out you were such buddies, I wo who was taking whom for a ride. why I was sleuthing around in he other day. Only you caught me at added.

Susan's mercury boiled over remembered. "And you kissed m to shut me up!" she wailed unh "Thank you too much."

"No trouble at all," Kit beam needed your window. The next b obstructs my view upstairs."

"Oh, fine," Susan said brittlely. thing at all just to keep the F.B.I. ating."

Kit groaned. He waved his arms "Listen," he said fiercely. "I told y ought to have a soul, but don't ove Use your head! My orders were friendly with the neighbors in needed 'em, but they didn't say I kiss 'em. I didn't kiss the landlady,

"How would I know?" Susan sob

"You don't think I kissed you half of J. Edgar Hoover, do you roared. "Oh, Susan, Susan, don't you me better than that?"

"I don't know you better tha thing!" Susan cried. "I don't know all!" and she was sobbing wildly.

Kit stroked her hair. "You wi said gently. "And if you will get breast pocket, I'll give you my ha chief." He was holding her so tigh couldn't have got off his pocket i wanted to, and she didn't. "Yo strange guy, Susan," he laughed "But I love you, anyway."

Susan lifted a wet face. "I strange," she informed him shak just act that way, *ipso facto.*"

Kit bent his head. "Hot dam murmured.

THE END

ROCKS IN MY VICTORY GARDEN

If only I could grow the food
With which to feed my hungry brood
In this, our country's hour of need,
'Twould be a victory indeed.
I wouldn't mind the grubby toil,
I'd gladly till the patient soil,
Relieving it of weeds and rocks,
But I have found a window box
Augmented by a flowerpot
Upon the fire escape does not
Provide me with sufficient room
With which to make my menu bloom.
I might contrive to raise a sprig
Of broccoli, but not a pig!

MARGARET FISHBACK

"I See by the Papers..."

CHUCKLING over the funnies... disagreeing with an editorial... cheering the good news in a headline...

Don't think Ed doesn't look forward to settling down with his favorite paper. It's a little privilege, sure—but it means a lot to Ed.

The way so many little things mean a lot to all of us Americans... fixing a bike for the kid next door ... the first puff on a fresh-filled pipe... an unexpected call from an old friend...

They give you a lift over the rough spots...help you take the bad news with the good...they build morale!

☆ ☆ ☆

It happens that there are millions of Americans who attach a special value to their right to enjoy a refreshing glass of beer... in the company of good friends ... with wholesome American food ... as a beverage of moderation after a good day's work.

A glass of beer—a small thing, surely, not of crucial importance to any of us. And yet—morale *is* a lot of little things like this. Little things that help to lift the spirit, keep up the courage. Little things that are part and parcel of our own American way of life.

And, after all, aren't they among the things we fight for?

A refreshing glass of beer or ale—a moment of relaxation . . . in trying times like these they too help to keep morale up.

MORALE IS A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS

BREWING INDUSTRY FOUNDATION

JIM KELLY

The Hundley drove her torpedo square against the hull of the U.S.S. Housatonic

THE SUB THAT SANK SIX TIMES

BY ROBERT S. HENRY

IF YOU think there is something peculiarly, fatalistically Japanese about "suicide" submarine crews, consider the six crews of Americans who, in succession, volunteered to man the world's first war submarine.

This submersible coffin was built in 1863 at Mobile for the Confederate States Navy by her inventor, H. L. Hundley, for whom she was named. She was thirty-five feet long and shaped like a cigar with fins along the sides which could be tilted to make her sink or rise.

When the Hundley submerged she couldn't stay long, because there was no way to store air for the eight men who were both crew and "engine," sitting face to face in pairs along the sides, turning cranks on her propeller shaft.

But men, most of whose names aren't even recorded, volunteered to "take her down again" even after she sank in Mobile Bay on her trial trip and suffocated every member of her first crew. The Hundley was raised from the bottom of Mobile Bay with its burden of eight dead and shipped by rail to Charleston, South Carolina, to be used against the great Union blockading fleet standing watch outside the harbor.

When she started out to try her torpedo on the fleet, the wash of a passing steamer swamped her, and all hands except Lieutenant Payne, C.S.N., in command, were drowned. Eight more lives lost. She was raised again, towed to the Fort Sumter wharf, manned with another volunteer crew under the same Lieutenant Payne—and once more she sank, with the loss of six lives.

Then Hundley himself came on from Mobile to take command of his own invention. Another crew volunteered, and once more she was tried. This time she made several successful dives; then, going down in the Stono River one day, she stuck her nose into the mud. Before she could be got loose, the inventor and every man in the fourth volunteer crew were suffocated.

When the Hundley was raised once more, there they were, huddled together under the manhole of the submarine, but on hand, too, was a fifth volunteer crew, eager to take over and go out against the blockading vessels.

This time the submarine seemed to dive, travel and rise with success, if not with ease, until, trying a dive under a ship in Charleston harbor, she fouled an anchor cable. When the divers brought her up a week later, there was the same sad story to tell all over again.

First Ship Sunk by a Sub

However, a *sixth* crew came forward to volunteer. And this time, someone thought to put down their names: Lieutenant George E. Dixon of the 21st Alabama Infantry, in command; Arnold Becker, C. Simpkins, James A. Wicks, F. Collins, one Ridgway (first name not recorded) of the Confederate States Navy, and Captain J. F. Carlson of the artillery. That made six men to turn the propeller shaft and one to navigate and handle the torpedo, which was a case of powder fixed to a short spar projecting from the submarine's nose, to be exploded when one of its seven sensitive fuses made contact.

Silently the Hundley slipped out of the harbor on the evening of February 17, 1864, and, just before nine o'clock, drove her torpedo against the hull of the U.S.S. Housatonic. With the explosion of the charge, the Housatonic went down—the first ship to be sunk by a submarine—with the loss of five lives. With it—almost as a matter of course—went the Hundley and her gallant crew. The two hulls were found, after the war was over, lying together on the bottom, with the tiny Hundley's bow pointed straight for the 1240-ton Housatonic.

Seven Sins

Continued from page 24

Fawcett sighed wearily. "Regarding the dead man, nae doubt ye will be prepared to make out your report?"

"Certainly," said Dr. Fawcett. "There are several details to which I shall have to draw your attention, but the cause of death is unmistakable. It is for you," he added with a sly smile, "to explain how and where it took place."

"As to when," Firth challenged, "what are your findings, Doctor?"

"I should say that Sir Giles had been dead not more than twenty minutes when I arrived."

"In other words, he died at just about the time that Lord Marcus called up Scotland Yard?"

"Exactly. Such is my reading of the matter. And—"

Fawcett ceased speaking so suddenly that the effect was that of a disconnected telephone.

For the second time that night the three stood staring toward the silver-plated door; because, for the second time that night, someone had gently inserted a key in the lock.

THE door opened and a man came in, quickly closing it behind him as if to exclude some intruder. Then he turned and faced the lobby, and his dark brown eyes opened wider and wider until they seemed to become completely round.

He was a short, broad man, having a remarkable span of shoulder, clean-shaven, high-colored and with a good head of gray hair, meticulously groomed. But the high color was gradually filtering out of his face. He wore light suède gloves, a black morning coat and a wing collar with a black tie. His trousers were of a discreet gray, his shoes were black. An umbrella, which hung from his arm, allowed drops of rain to fall upon the mosaic pavement. Slowly, as he watched, he removed a soft black hat, as one grown conscious that he stands in the presence of death.

"Good evening," said the chief inspector ominously. "Who are *you?*"

The man swallowed. His gaze had sought, found, and was now focused upon the Roman couch. "My name is James Wake and I am Lord Marcus Amberdale's butler."

Firth was considering James Wake with frank interest. "You keep strange hours for a butler."

"It may certainly seem so, sir." The man had a punctilious accuracy of speech which the chief inspector found faintly irritating. "But in point of fact, my return at so late an hour is, if I may so describe it, the result of an afterthought."

"Indeed! Do I take you to mean that you had not intended to come back at all?"

"I had his lordship's permission to sleep out. And if I don't intrude in any way, perhaps you will be good enough to tell me who you are, sir, and what has occurred."

"I am Chief Inspector Firth, and what has happened is a murder. Just step across, Mr. Wake, and tell me if you know the dead man."

Wake crossed the lobby with short, sturdy steps, and looked down at Sir Giles Loeder. Then he turned and faced Firth.

"I recognize this unfortunate gentleman, Inspector. It is Sir Giles Loeder."

"Quite so. A friend of his lordship?"

"Not to my knowledge, Inspector."

"When did he arrive?"

"I have no idea. He was certainly not here when I left."

"At what time did you leave?"

"Immediately after dinner. Mrs. Vane dined with his lordship, and I understood that the evening was to be devoted to one of his lordship's occult exp

"Do you know where his lord his key?"

"Certainly, Inspector. It is alw left-hand flower box; but I use He held up a bunch of keys att chain. "I should not dream of his lordship's."

"Where have you been until th

"I have been balancing my accounts. My wife usually assi am responsible for his lordship hold. My wife is exceptionally figures."

"I see. Where does your wife

"At the town house of Sir Geor ing in Grosvenor Square: she merly Sir George's cook and no caretaker of the premises, which occupied."

"You have been there, then, si time?"

"Since a little before nine o'clo permission to remain the night, mentioned, but I recalled the fac lordship had an early-morning ment, and I thought it better that return."

The telephone rang in the stud moved in that direction, but:

"Sergeant Bluett," said Firth p rily, "take the call."

Bluett went out, and his muff might be heard speaking. The spector, watching Wake, seemed another idea.

"Do you keep a lot of cats b asked.

"No, Inspector." Wake shook "But his lordship's experiments a number from the neighborho attracted here." He sniffed. "I that it is the incense which is use séances."

"Thank you," said Firth; "a m exposition. Could I trouble ye to pot of coffee?"

Sergeant Bluett appeared in t ing which led to the study. " commissioner on the line, sir, ported. . . .

SOMEWHAT later the same m that is to say, not long after day—an incident occurred which apparent relation to the mystery Audley Street but which, in fact, into its place in the design of that A man named William Sawby h lished a highly lucrative busines the heavy London raids by servi to wardens, firemen, police an whose duties compelled them t out of doors. He operated in pa shell of a once popular West E house, which had fallen an ear to German bombs.

This astute caterer had fitted u in his stall, so that customers mi to the seven-o'clock news bulle refreshing themselves after their r bor. The enterprise had outlived William Sawby's coffee stall on t ing following those remarkabl rences at the house of Lord Amberdale was well filled at five to seven by workers of all ki sipped their tea or coffee whil to hear the early news.

Many of Sawby's patrons wer customers: Sergeant Roper fr Street, his bicycle resting against Tom Wilkins, the milkman, his w forefeet on the pavement, eatin out of his hand; Smith, the post ting forth on his round; a steel warden, who in private life was King's Counsel; and Mrs. Ryley, lady who "did for" the silversmit corner. One or two others stoo

were accredited members of this early-morning club, good com- s between whom no social barriers l.

ing to be a hot day, I think," said .C. in his cheery forensic voice.

certainly 'as the smell of one, Mr. ran, sir," Mrs. Ryley agreed.

ite so. Don't know what I shall do I have to give up my morning visits, . Always look forward to my spells y."

you always had to get up in the e of the night," the milkman ob- , "you'd leave off looking forward

THER customer appeared. He lanced in a doubtful way at the about the stall, and then diffidently it.

s was a young Royal Air Force , a tall slim fellow with the lines of lete. He had dark brown wavy hair very steadfast blue eyes, beneath t brows. But in the group about the there were two trained observers. air which showed beneath the new l's cap was slightly disheveled; his were dirty; and palpably he had not d that morning. This, in conjunction the type of man and the tradition Royal Air Force, gave rise to specu- in the mind of the officer from Vine and in that of Michael Corcoran, Charitably, they formed identical, accurate deductions; Corcoran fur- winked at the police sergeant, and rgeant winked back. They under- each other.

young flight lieutenant ordered cof- a nervous manner, glancing about almost apologetically. The learned el, who noted his accent, determined e officer was a man of culture and a of the United States. However, ch was the rule at the Sawby Club, e paid any further attention to him. vby turned on the radio. The young n, making an effort to set himself at took out his cigarette case, and as Ryley stood immediately beside him, d it to her.

ank you kindly, sir. But I don't 'old ladies smokin' in public."

at's too bad." He smiled again and d one himself, then returned the case pocket as the announcer began to the news bulletin.

s was commonplace enough, a brief inspiring report. Then, nearly at nd, the following item occurred:

steners who are familiar with his ar postscripts will regret to learn Sir Giles Loeder was killed in the End of London last night in mys- s circumstances."

e effect of this announcement on the in general was not marked by any und sympathy. Someone said, "Poor " and someone else said, "I 'eard roadcast only last night." Sergeant r shook his head. "Too many of thugs getting busy in the blackout," uttered. "No news of the case when ." But to this apathy the Air Force proved an exception.

took so large a mouthful of hot cof- hat he almost choked. As he had ed his cigarette, he took out and d another. Then, disposing of his y boiling coffee in huge gulps, with a red "Good morning" he walked off.

chael Corcoran, his distinguished res marked by a puzzled frown, ed the slim blue figure seemingly lve into the early-morning mist. At moment the man was there, then he n to fade; and before he had reached orner he was gone. . . .

ER still on this same morning, Fay erigal, having changed into uniform e nurses' room at Otterly Hospital, d up with a start, for she had been in a reverie, as the door opened and the matron came in.

"Good morning, dear," said Mrs. Maddison. "I expect you are rather tired."

"Yes, I am, Matron. In many ways I had a dreadful time."

"Was it such a wild party?"

Mrs. Maddison, her beautiful graying hair never disarranged, her poise unchangeably serene, permitted a worldly twinkle to animate her eyes, which few had seen there.

Fay shook her head. "No, it was gay enough, as wartime parties go."

And now, without warning, as Mrs. Maddison watched, tears welled up in Fay's eyes.

"My dear, what is it?" The matron stooped and clasped the girl's shoulders. "What is the matter? Can't you tell me?"

"It's sweet of you," said Fay, exercising a tremendous effort and conquering her weakness. "It is such an old story, and so silly. I haven't the courage to tell you."

"Knowing you, dear, I am sure it is no silly, although it may be old."

"Well, you see—there's someone I am very fond of."

"Do I know him?"

Fay shook her head sadly.

"No, I don't think so. I don't mean that there was any understanding between us; I just mean that I am in love with him. We are quite old friends. We have known each other—oh, for ever so long. Somehow, very stupidly, I sort of took it for granted that—"

"It isn't your special patient?"

Fay shook her head again. "No, it isn't Dan. Dan and I are old friends too, as you know. But ours isn't that kind of friendship. I can't imagine why I should bother you at all—but I just had to. You have always been so kind to me, Matron, always ready to help . . . No, this is someone you have never met, but someone I am desperately fond of. And at the party, without wanting to know at all, I was just forced to hear the story of his hopeless entanglement with a worthless girl."

"You mean she is not—"

"I believe you were going to say, 'a lady'. No, she is not. Worse than that, she is not even straight. But he . . . wants to marry her!"

"Oh, my dear! I think I understand. I am most terribly sorry. He must be mad, whoever he is."

Fay stood up resolutely, and faced the matron. "Thank you ever so much for listening," she said. "Now really I must hurry along. I am late already."

IN THE office of the assistant commissioner, Chief Detective Inspector Firth was making a report. The office of Colonel O'Halloran was a comfortably furnished apartment, offering a marked contrast to that of the chief inspector. It was more than half a library, having a thick carpet and rugs on the floor, and pictures (chiefly of horses) on the walls; a bright room on this sunny morning, its bay window commanding an extensive view of the Thames.

Colonel O'Halloran, a small, slightly built man, wiry and brown-faced, thinning hair crowning a high forehead, wore an unmistakably horsy suit. He stood beside a slightly untidy desk, tapping his fingers on the top, and shooting little interrogatory glances from deep-set gray eyes at the chief inspector.

"Cause of Sir Giles' death fully established; been confirmed by specialists." He spoke rapidly, in a high, staccato, abbreviated manner. "Personal possessions appear to be intact. Since they include wrist watch, nearly twenty pounds ready money, may dismiss robbery as motive."

Now, Firth was prepared to stand by his superior officer to the last trench and the last shot; but he was not prepared always to agree with him or even to pretend to do so. "In spite of which, sir," he said, "I

Rice Krispies brim with whole grain food values. So CRISP you'll hear them* **Snap! Crackle! Pop!**

Here's quick help for war-limited menus . . . crunchy, delicious Kellogg's Rice Krispies. Ready *instantly* to save time, work, fuel, other foods.

Their mellow flavor sets appetites tingling. Their crispness is famous. Just hear that snap! crackle! pop! Only Kellogg's exclusive recipe plus oven-popping and gentle toasting can achieve such delicious goodness.

Nourishment? Rice Krispies with milk supply lots of it! Every spoonful gives needed minerals and helps make up for today's scarcity of protein foods and their vitamins.

*Rice Krispies are restored to whole grain food values in thiamin (Vitamin B_1), niacin and iron. Use them often. They perk up *any* meal!

"Rice Krispies" is a trade mark (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) of Kellogg Company for its oven-popped rice.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

Copr. 1943 by Kellogg Company

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

That takes too much time!

Don't make toilet sanitation a chore. Why use a cleansing powder *plus a disinfectant?* Sani-Flush—made especially to do the whole job—cleans away the film, stains, and incrustations where toilet germs may lurk. Removes a cause of toilet odors. It's quick. It's easy. It's thorough.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically. *When used according to directions on the can, Sani-Flush cannot injure septic tanks or their action and is safe in toilet connections.* Use it at least twice a week. Sold everywhere in two handy sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out about two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

CLEANS RUST OUT OF RADIATORS

Dissolves rust and scale quickly, safely. Requires no reverse flushing. It stops overheating. Increases engine efficiency, also saves gas and oil.

DU PONT Cooling System CLEANSER

hold to the theory, wi' respect, that robbery *was* the motive."

"Oh," said the colonel, blinking rapidly, "do you? Well—we shall see. No discernible fingerprints on bell-push of Lord Marcus' house, or elsewhere. Inquiries to confirm stories of Miss Fay Perigal and James Wake, butler, already afoot. Regarding Lord Marcus, must confess my mind divided."

"So is mine, sir," said Firth.

"Formerly in same regiment in Egypt. We were both with Allenby. Up to time that he left the army, knew Amberdale well. Always eccentric. Too much money for a young man, as he was then. First-rate horseman, better than myself, and I was pretty hot. Won classic events on his own mounts. Then, suddenly, gave it all up—same time he gave up the army."

"If I don't interrupt you, sir, am I right in supposing that he was also a good boxer?"

"All-round athlete, Firth. All-round man. Oh! I see what you're driving at. Stupid of me. Thinking of the bruise, described by Fawcett as 'bluish contusion', which he found above Sir Giles' heart? Result of a powerful blow, he suggests. Don't believe Amberdale would deny it, if he'd done it. However—where was I? Oh, yes—Amberdale. Well, something overtook him. Went in for queer studies. Disappeared for years. Told he was living in solitude, somewhere up Nile Valley. Of one thing am sure: He's no liar—but he may be mad."

"That is what I was thinking, sir."

"Keep his address out of it if you can. Tell 'em the body was taken to house in West End and dumped there."

Firth frowned. "I'll do my best, sir. But you know what Fleet Street is like! Then there is this Mrs. Vane."

"Whatever his interest in Mrs. Vane, Firth, doubt if of amorous nature. Never was a skirt hunter, never. Women used to chase *him*. Astonishingly handsome man in young days. Not so bad now, I believe. But Mrs. Vane, well—"

"Sergeant Bluett has her record, sir," said Firth dourly.

"Yes, he would have. One doesn't want to be rude, but we are dealing with a murder charge, and—er—she is very little better than society courtesan, you know. Mixed up with all sorts of men, as well as poor Charlie Vane. Mug to marry her. You tell me her evidence was unsatisfactory?"

"Well, sir"—Firth leaned forward in his chair, resting long, sensitive hands upon bony knees—"strictly speaking, it wasna' evidence at all. She had joined Lord Marcus that night for the purpose of whatever mumbo jumbo they had in hand, and they had dined together. Wake left them, and according to Mrs. Vane's account, she then 'devoted herself to the Rites.' That's what she told me. They both talk verra freely about the Rites, whatever the Rites may be. She claims to remember nothing from the time these Rites began until she was awakened by Lord Marcus—that is, more than an hour after the crime was discovered."

THE assistant commissioner crossed and stared out of the window. When he spoke, he spoke over his shoulder: "Dr. Fawcett is quite satisfied this state of hypnosis or trance, or whatever it is, was authentic?"

"Quite so, sir. As far as that goes, speaking unprofessionally, Mrs. Vane was certainly in a verra queer state."

"Yes, yes. Just run through that part of your report again, Firth. Seem to recall something—"

The chief inspector opened a notebook, glancing across at the checked back of the speaker. "You mean, Mrs. Vane's reference to a limping man?"

"That's it." Colonel O'Halloran turned. "Limping man; that's what stuck in my mind."

"Aye, it was certainly queer," Firth admitted, studying his notes. "Weel, Mrs. Vane was presently produced by Lord Marcus, as I told ye. She came out wrapped in a fur coat of a verra costly character. Sergeant Bluett tells me it is chinchilla—"

"Poor old Amberdale," murmured the colonel.

"Dr. Fawcett assured me that she had been under the influence of drugs—"

"What drugs?"

"On that point he remained uncertain, sir. I questioned her closely, but her manner was vague to the point of imbecility. She was like a body talking in her sleep. She admitted, however, wi'out any pressure on my part, that she had known Sir Giles weel at one time. She stated that she had not seen him for six months or more. Then came her words to which you refer, sir. She seemed to come over whimsy—kind o' fey, and she exclaimed:

" 'He was there while I was in the shrine! He kept coming between me and the path. I see him now—there, outside the door!' " Firth was reading from notes. " 'The limping man, wi' blood on his hands . . .' "

The assistant commissioner nodded. "Well, case in your hands, Firth, and I wish you luck of it. Most mysterious. May be superstitious: Irish heritage; but can't help thinking about one thing."

"That being, sir?"

"Limping man, with blood on his hands . . . Look out for the fellow, Firth—look out for him."

ON REGAINING his own office, Firth found Sergeant Bluett there. Bluett was leaning on the mantelpiece, staring down at the empty grate. He turned as the chief inspector entered.

"Have ye got in touch with Gaston Max, Bluett, about that sma' matter?"

Sergeant Bluett took out a newspaper and rolled it very tightly: Gaston Max was a sore point with Sergeant Bluett. "Not in his office. Probably making inquiries at the Mansion House, disguised as the lord mayor," he said with heavy sarcasm.

Firth stared hard. "Your conception of humor is not mine," he replied dourly. "Any news from the taxi depots?"

"A taximan has come along," Bluett reported. "He is downstairs now. So I told them to ask him to wait till you came back. I think we had better have him up."

"Anything to help us?"

"So they say downstairs." Bluett crossed to the desk and indicated a slip of paper. "He says that he picked up a woman passenger near the scene of the crime, not long before it occurred. She was seen off by a man whose description seems to ta[illegible] that of Sir Giles."

Inspector Firth sat down and [illegible] the slip, then slowly nodded his he[illegible] picked up the telephone . . .

Less than two minutes later cam[illegible] at the door

"Come in," called Firth.

The door was opened by a co[illegible] "The taxi driver you asked to see,"

As the taxi driver entered, the co[illegible] went out, closing the door. Blue[illegible] had resumed his favorite pose by t[illegible] telpiece, turned, resting on his elb[illegible] contemplated the new arrival, who[illegible] also, was studying critically.

THE man wore a rusty blue sui[illegible] muffler in lieu of a collar. H[illegible] were exceptionally dirty. In one [illegible] he held a peaked cap. He had [illegible] shaven face, pouchy eyes, and a b[illegible] looking nose. His untidy hair mig[illegible] reminded a gardener of a dying d[illegible] was of reddish brown color an[illegible] uncombed.

"Good mornin', guv'nor," he sai[illegible] ily to the chief inspector, and [illegible] grinning, to Bluett. One saw that [illegible] brilliantly white teeth, apparently [illegible]

"I understand," Firth began, "th[illegible] name is Peter Finch, and that you [illegible] statement to make." He took up [illegible] from his desk. "You say that ab[illegible] minutes past one last night, you [illegible] up a lady at the Berkeley Square [illegible] Bruton Street?"

"That's right, guv'nor."

"She was accompanied by a m[illegible] saw her off. Now"—he laid down [illegible] —"describe to me verra carefull[illegible] the lady, then the man."

"Well, the girl was a peach, g[illegible] A bit of dark stuff, with lily-whi[illegible] She was in evenin' dress, so I had [illegible] dekko—see what I mean? 'Er [illegible] black and all beautiful waves, a[illegible] 'ad big dark eyes and a great bi[illegible] and the kind of legs what only g[illegible] 'Ollywood."

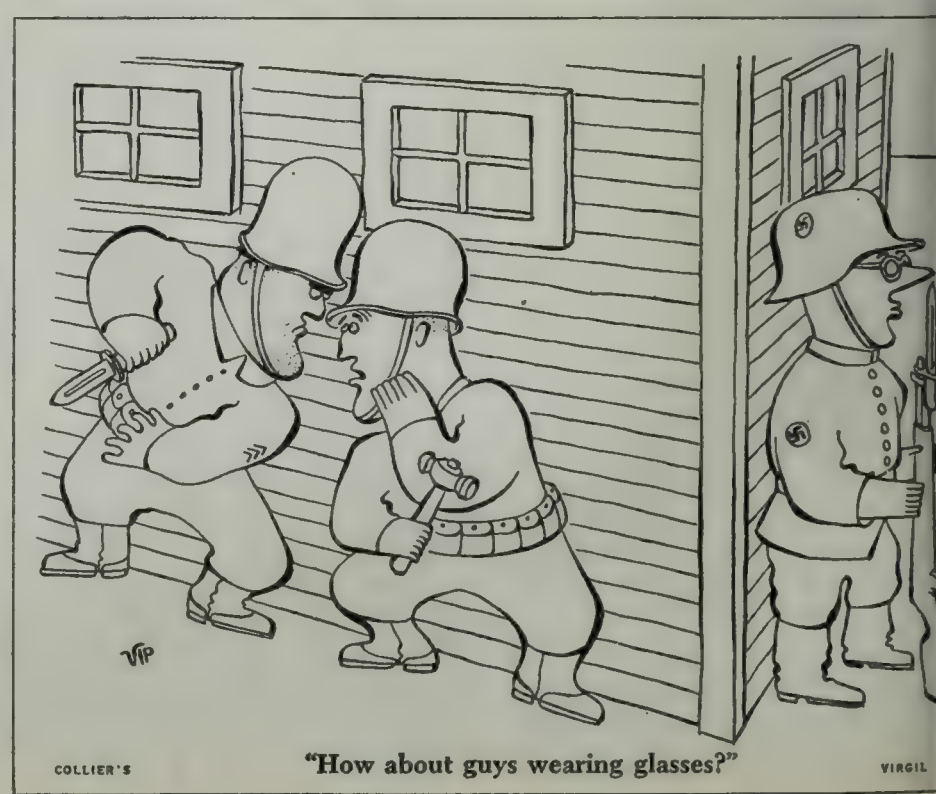
"Go ahead."

"The man wore evenin' cloth[illegible] one o' these 'ere button-over dinn[illegible] —Tuxedo. Smart 'e was, and [illegible] very posh, more posh than the [illegible] didn't seem to want to let 'er go. [illegible] wouldn't listen to no argument; a[illegible] kissin' 'er with great gusto, 'e sh[illegible] in me taxi and then kissed 'er ag[illegible] name was Darling Rita."

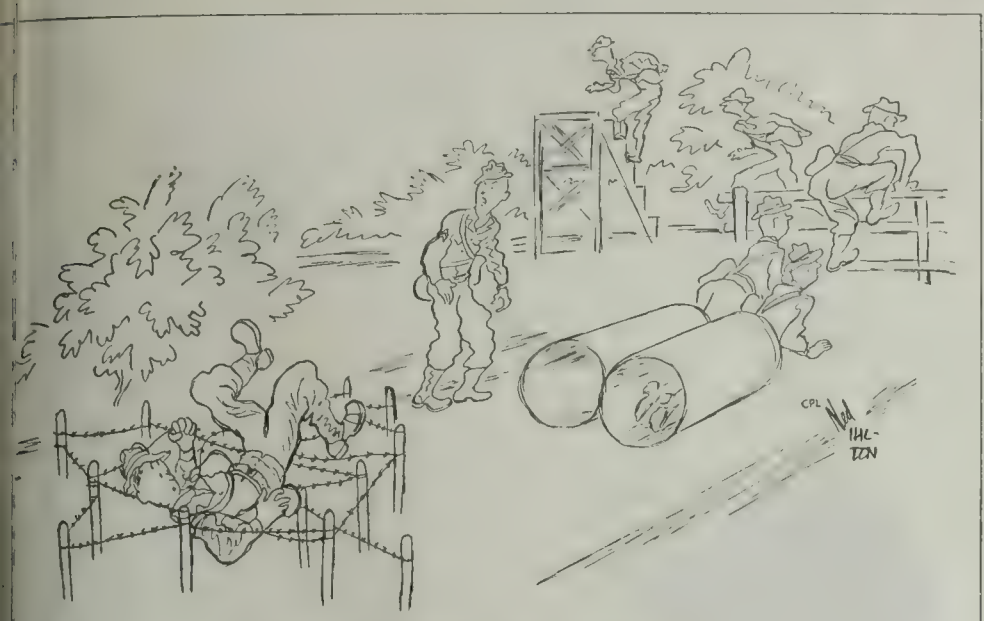
"I see. Where did you take h[illegible]

"I took 'er to a block o' flats i[illegible] Road, Chelsea, guv'nor. But 'av[illegible] me little lark, so to speak, I th[illegible] might as well discuss this 'ere ma[illegible] the level."

Whereupon, brushing back the [illegible]



"How about guys wearing glasses?"



"Come on, Hoskins, no dawdling!" CPL NED HILTON

le from his forehead, and apparently means of relaxing certain muscles and oving some substance from his jaws, her face, a totally different face, ed out through the bulbous mask of r Finch. This was a notably mobile and its present expression was imp- mischievous. Sergeant Bluett ran fingers through upstanding hair, and oyish eyes expressed an astonishment profound that it was comical. Chief ector Firth gave no sign. He sat there, re chin resting in upraised hands and ely watched.

Gaston Max!" muttered Bluett. "Well, be—"

But, Friar Tuck, my old friend! Surely knew me, eh?"

RGEANT BLUETT put his newspa- er in another pocket, drew out a large e handkerchief, and blew his nose. It true that he was known at Scotland d as Friar Tuck, although the origin of sobriquet had become lost in obscur- but its use by Gaston Max represented last straw.

There have been occasions, Mr. Max," Chief Inspector Firth, and the gth of his Scottish accent indicated depth of his resentment, "when I ha' called upon to point out to ye that if Paris Service is run on the lines of a ywood musical, Scotland Yard is e consairvative."

Ah! But Inspector Firth, my old, you both Paris and myself a grave in- ce."

rgeant Bluett put his newspaper on mantelpiece without taking his dis- ed stare from the face of the French ctive.

What I don't understand," he re- ked, "is why, if you can speak Cock- although, mark you, I thought there something phony about it, you can't k proper English."

his deliberate *casus belli,* Chief Inspec- Firth scotched immediately.

might point out, Bluett," he said, t we all have our own ideas regarding er English. Aye, man, Max"—a e softened the severity of the hazel —"ye're nothing but a monkey. But I ess that your impersonations astound I would only add that I consider them ecessary."

But no, my old, how wrong you are! n the biography of Gaston Max es to be written, then you will see that had followed the traditional path h you follow obediently, and I think such excellent results, I should not at moment know so much about the rs of the lamented Sir Giles. Ah, no it is an old trick of mine, that taxi- It is my shrimping net. Always I the flag down when it suits me. Al- s I am ready for a fare I am looking And so it was last night."

t is clear to me," Firth admitted, "that you ha' got hold of a clue which may lead us somewheres. We know that this Rita—"

"Darling Rita," Max corrected.

"We know that this girl was with Sir Giles just before he was killed. But he may have merely picked her up."

"Not at all—not at all." Max's gestures were eloquent. "She had gone to meet him at the B.B.C."

"How do you know that?" Bluett asked, his ingenuous eyes very widely opened.

"I took her to meet him."

"What!"

"This, I admit, was an accident, but it is a fact nevertheless. I picked her up near Oxford Circus and drove her to the B.B.C. I did not know she had gone to meet Sir Giles, but I saw them come out together."

"You mean you were waiting outside?" Firth asked curiously.

"But certainly. And they came out together. I was unlucky, however. Someone, perhaps an artiste—I cannot say, the night was dark—gave them a lift; and although I tried to follow, a traffic block played geese and ganders with me. But, you understand, I had an idea, roughly, where they had gone, and upon this idea I acted. I waited at a *point d'appui,* always with my flag down, hoping that this loving two would presently come out again. And they did. That was when I drove Darling Rita to King's Road, Chelsea. It is strange, is it not, my old? I am working upon another case altogether—one so important —and I cross yours! Eh? Strange!"

FIRTH continued to rest his elbows on the desk and his chin in his hands. "It may be fortunate. We must find out who this girl is."

"I have found out."

"What!"

"I discovered it this morning. She is called Rita Martin. She has a small flat at the address to which I drove her, and she is employed at Simone's, the Court hairdressers. *Eh bien!* I leave her to you. I am useful, is it not so? But there is something else."

"Something else?" muttered Bluett suspiciously.

"But yes, something else, Friar Tuck, my old. When poor Sir Giles saw off Darling Rita in my taxi, he was constrained, in order that he might suitably embrace her, to place a small brown leather portfolio upon the running board."

"A portfolio?" Firth suddenly stood up, a tall, dominating figure. "You are sure of that, Max?"

"Always I observe with some accuracy, my respected. Yes, he picked it up and with it he waved, as I drove my taxi away. And now—I must depart." He made certain rapid adjustments and moved toward the door. "I drive back to the place where I keep my cab. I return to my base. I cease to be Peter Finch. I become again Gaston Max."

Firth was about to say something when Max spoke again:

"Be, oh, so careful, my old. Something much more important than the death of Sir Giles Loeder—something, my faith, that may cause the death of us all—is concerned; something so difficult and dangerous that I, myself, am confused." . . .

SIMONE'S world-famous establishment to which the attention of Scotland Yard now became directed had fallen upon evil days. Simone's was making heavy weather in wartime waters, and lady hairdressers, attractive, dexterous and possessed of impeccable manners, had largely supplanted the male artists.

Simone's young ladies were well chosen, possessing both skill and comely appearance. That they had not been gathered into those uniformed ranks which had claimed so many of their generation, indicated that Simone had influential friends or else that the young ladies had.

There were, however, slack hours in the famous house, which formerly it had never known. And it was during one of these intervals, when actually there was not a customer in the building, that the young lady known as Miss Rita, Simone's most trusted hairdresser, sank down into a charmingly upholstered settee in a lobby upstairs upon which the cubicles opened.

She wore a spotless white coat over her frock, and lighting a cigarette which she took from a pocket in this coat, she then drew out an early edition of an evening paper, a gesture which could not have failed to remind one, who had known him, of Detective Sergeant Bluett. She began to read an account of the mysterious death of Sir Giles Loeder; and as she read, there were tears in her eyes which a lover might have likened to dew on brown pansies.

As a matter of fact, Rita had been puzzling over certain problems ever since she had heard, that morning (she listened to the seven-o'clock news bulletin from her bath) that Sir Giles had been killed. Would she be dragged into it? Who knew that she had been with him? Of those who knew, which would be likely to say so?

Some slight movement in one of the cubicles was presently explained by the appearance of another of Simone's young ladies who had been tidying up after a departing client. Whereas Rita wore her jet-black curls in a compact mass, Miss Dora, an ash blonde, had apparently taken the Horseshoe Falls at Niagara as her model. One guessed, however, that she stressed a slight likeness to a prominent film actress. Drawing the curtains behind her, she approached Rita.

"Move up, dear," she said. "I can do with a little rest, myself."

Rita, still reading, moved petulantly to one end of the settee.

Miss Dora, lighting a cigarette in turn, glanced inquiringly at her friend, who, her reading completed, put the newspaper on the cushions beside her and stared vacantly into space.

"Something bothering you, dear?"

"Yes." Rita nodded. In repose, the expression of her full lips was somewhat sullen. "I'm in a mess."

"Mess?"

"Just that; a mess—a bloody mess."

"Is it Dick?" Dora asked. "Has he done the dirty?"

Rita shook her head. "No, but he phoned up more than a week ago to say he expected leave; since then, I have heard nothing whatever about him."

"Perhaps his leave was canceled."

"Why didn't he write and say so, or call me? No. I believe he got his leave all right."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well—" Rita hesitated. "I've got an idea, only an idea, mind you, that I saw him . . . one night."

"Up in town?"

"Yes. Of course, I may have been

Better Living

What of these millions of Americans who look to us for better living? They are too young to fight . . . too young to man the machines of industry . . . too young to either condemn or praise our individual wartime roles.

Stakes are high in this global War! Our enemies lust for Power. And Power is neither territory nor raw materials. Power is people! Power is absolute life and death control over the minds and bodies and futures of those who now are free.

That's why this War demands unity of purpose, unity of action from the Fighting, Producing and Civilian fronts. That's why Oil-O-Matic skill, facilities and productive capacity now work for Victory—to speed that day when they will again build the products of better living. Because better living *begins* with Victory!

Take your first step toward tomorrow's better living *now.* Buy War Bonds! Because your *fighting dollars* of today will be your *better living* dollars of tomorrow.

ARMY E NAVY

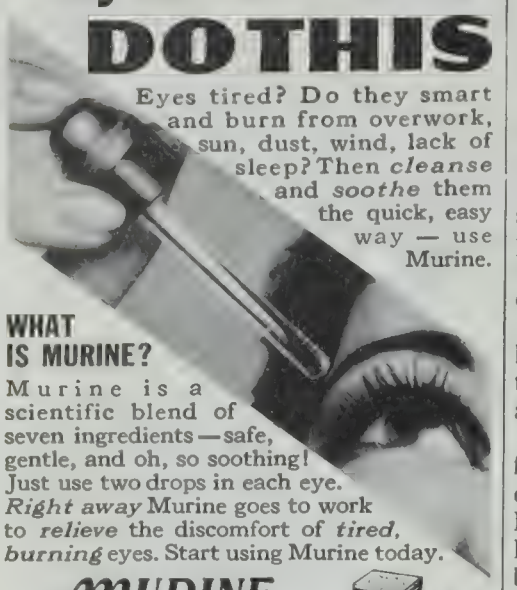
THE BONDS YOU BUY TODAY ARE YOUR GUARANTEE OF A Better Tomorrow!

BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS & BONDS

WILLIAMS OIL-O-MATIC HEATING

WILLIAMS OIL-O-MATIC HEATING CORPORATION
BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

When Your Eyes Are Tired DO THIS



Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then *cleanse* and *soothe* them the quick, easy way — use Murine.

WHAT IS MURINE?

Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops in each eye. *Right away* Murine goes to work to *relieve* the discomfort of *tired, burning* eyes. Start using Murine today.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES · REFRESHES

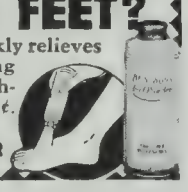
★ *Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps* ★

Brenda—Will You Step Out With Me Tonight?

I know I've been an awful grouch not taking you any place lately. But after standing all day at my new job, my feet darn near killed me with callouses and burning. Now I've reformed—or rather my feet have—thanks to the Ice-Mint you advised. Never tried anything that seemed to draw the pain and fire right out so fast—and the way it helps soften callouses is nobody's business! Been able to get some extra overtime money—so what do you say, let's go dancing tonight. You can step on my Ice-Mint feet all you want.

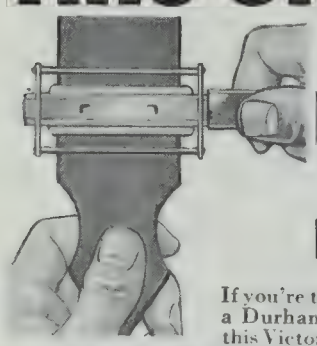
HOT, TENDER FEET?

Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder quickly relieves hot, tired, tender, perspiring feet. Eases tight shoes. Soothing. *Send it to boys in Service.* 35¢.



Dr Scholl's FOOT POWDER

THIS STROP gives DURHAM blades NINE LIVES



If you're the lucky owner of a Durham Duplex Razor*, this Victory Strop will make your long-lasting Durham blades last even longer. Durham's famous *hollow-ground* blades are *twice thicker*—to take repeated stroppings for "new blade" smoothness every shave.

*In case you don't own a Durham Razor, you may still find one at your drugstore.

Send $1 direct for special Durham strop outfit. Can be used only on Durham Duplex Blades. Sorry, No C. O. D.'s.

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. P, MYSTIC, CONN.

wrong; but I've phoned everywhere I can think of, and nobody seems to know what has become of him."

"Did you phone his station?"

"Not likely. I got a proper tick-off last time I tried. But there's something very funny about it."

"I am sorry, dear. Dick was a snip, and they tell me Americans make wonderful husbands." She picked up the paper which Rita had dropped and, glancing at it, seemed to become inspired. Rita, who possessed many qualities essential to the setup of a good little businesswoman, had observed a tactful reticence regarding her relations with Sir Giles. Vanity, however, had prompted her to let Dora know that that notability took an interest in her affairs.

"Rita!" Dora raised her long, beautifully blackened lashes and stared open-eyed at her friend. "What a fool I am! It isn't Dick you're bothering about at all. It's Sir Giles. Oh, I'm deaf, dumb and blind! Good lord! I should think you *are* worrying. I should worry, too. That kind don't grow on gooseberry bushes."

Rita nodded. "No. It's going to make a lot of difference. I can't afford to lose Dick, now."

"But, Rita, when did you see Sir Giles last? It says here he was carried to a house in the West End where the body was discovered later."

"Why"—Rita checked herself—"why, only a few nights ago."

"Not—"

A bell rang, and light footsteps might be heard on the carpeted stair. By means of minor conjuring tricks, both girls "vanished" their cigarettes. They were standing facing the staircase when Mlle. Dorine, the French receptionist, appeared.

"Lady Huskin is here, Miss Rita. Are you ready?"

It was a formula, and Rita forced a smile—and a "refined" accent. "Quite ready, ma'm'selle."

"Her ladyship's friend," Mlle. Dorine said, "a Mrs. Jameson, wishes a manicure, Miss Dora."

SERGEANT BLUETT walked into Firth's office. "I've been checking up on Mrs. Vane," he said to the inspector. "You know my theory of the crime? Well, what I've found out supports it."

"Indeed! Is that so?"

"Yes. She used to be Sir Giles Loeder's mistress."

"Are you sure?" The inspector's tawny eyes challenged him.

"I confirmed it by going through the files; social paragraphs from the Riviera. Sir Giles took a villa for her at Cannes in 1937. She lived there during that winter. As I take it she is practically living with Lord Marcus now; looks as though I might have found something out."

"And it looks as though you might not. If your idea is that Lord Marcus killed Sir Giles in a fit of jealousy, where does the missing portfolio come in? Furthermore, where did the struggle take place? There was no sign of a struggle in the lobby!"

"The portfolio might have been lost between the time that Max saw Sir Giles, and the time that Sir Giles met Lord Marcus. He had a service flat not three hundred yards away. It might even have been left there."

"You were there yourself this morning. Did you find it?"

Sergeant Bluett took an evening paper from his left-hand coat pocket and put it in the right. "No," he confessed. "I found nothing in the way of evidence. There never was such a man for locking things up, I should think—and until we have authority we can't open his bureau or his safe."

"We'll get the authority," said Firth, "but I doubt if we'll find the portfolio."

"H'm!" said Bluett, "you may be right. Have you heard from Lady Loeder?"

COLLIER'S "Do you know I rather thought you'd ask that" GARDNE

"Yes." The chief inspector nodded. "It seems that she has been more or less an invalid for some time. She lived at Llandudno, apart from her late husband, except when he visited her there, which, I gather, was verra seldom. It is clear enough, Bluett, that he led a double life."

"That's right," said Bluett. "Married to the daughter of a cabinet minister, too."

"Aye, it's a fact."

"There's altogether something too mysterious," continued Bluett, "about Lord Marcus and all his friends and relations. I called at the Clarking house in Grosvenor Square where Mrs. Wake acts as caretaker, but she was out. I could get no reply. I am going back again. Wake is as tight as a limpet, but his wife may spill a thing or two about him."

"You think he knows more than he has told us?"

"Well, he's a sly-looking bird, and I am not satisfied that Sir Giles hadn't been there before."

"Go and see if you can find Mrs. Wake; that might be worth while."

The phone rang and, raising the instrument:

"Yes?" said the chief inspector. "Please show her to my office."

And so a moment after Bluett had gone out, Mrs. Jameson—a tweed-clad middle-aged woman—came in and smiled across at Chief Inspector Firth.

"Good evening, Mrs. Jameson."

"Good evening, Inspector Firth."

"Won't you please sit down?"

Mrs. Jameson did so with a manner of great composure, took out a small notebook, and began immediately to speak.

"I don't know if I should have found anything out, Inspector, if luck hadn't helped me."

"Luck solves most of our cases, or such is my own experience," said Firth.

"You underrate yourself." She smiled. "Well, as I was saying, what really helped me was a visit from Lady Huskin."

The chief inspector raised his eyes. "Wife of Lord Huskin of the Food Ministry?"

"Yes, quite unmistakably. She referred to her husband several times, and always as Lord Huskin."

Chief Inspector Firth grinned appreciatively, showing his lower teeth, and Mrs. Jameson laughed outright, a silvery laugh which was most infectious.

"I listened, at Simone's, to a conversation with the girl called Rita, but except that she was obviously worried about something, I might not have learne if it had not been for a telephone co tion which Lady Huskin carried c someone called Teddie Olivar."

"You have a note of the name?"

"Yes, I have all the notes. Fr conversation, which was not disgu any way, I learned that Lady Hus Teddie Olivar had been at a r party."

"Roulette!" the inspector exclai tawny eyes lighting up.

"Yes. I thought it was a trifle sign particularly as it appears that Si Loeder was there, too."

"Gad!" said the inspector, bring hand down upon the desk. "We ar ing headway."

"I gathered that this girl Rita v tually with Sir Giles at the party. I to have been given by someone call Destrée."

"Destrée! That settles it. That's thing we wanted to know. Go ahea Jameson. I have a quantity o' n about Destrée."

"I AM glad to hear it," she w quietly, "because there is to other roulette party. I rather thoug I cannot be sure, that it will take p Wednesday night, at a different a I think it possible that Lady H chauffeur (his name is Payne) mi useful in learning this address; would have to be approached tac She glanced at her notes. "Lady suggested to Teddie, the man to she was talking, that as Sir Giles for high stakes and seemed to v might have had money in his pos on the night of his murder."

"My own theory," murmured F

"It seems to be a fairly good Inspector. Lady Huskin, when s turned to her cubicle, which a mine, taxed this girl Rita about her ship with Sir Giles. Rita had to that she had actually been with hi evening, although Lady Huskin h seen her. Rita and Sir Giles left to Yes—and he was carrying a leath when he saw her off in a taxi."

"Which confirms the statement ton Max."

"I have made another appointn Simone's," added Mrs. Jameson, " course, I may learn more."

"Ye have learned a lot a'ready Chief Inspector Firth.

(To be continued next week

Out of Darkness

Continued from page 28

he a plate of food was placed be-
mel was horrified by the sight. 'I
In't at such a mountain of food!'
tesd. Incidentally, I had no idea
the articles were until I tasted them."
e, istance, space—all represented
ure ents LadDean simply couldn't
rel nd. She would see stairs a few
hel and try to walk up them imme-
ly ithout traversing the gap. She
t np into objects in plain sight be-
sh still had to learn perspective.
a little while, balance was a hard
fo ner to maintain. The equilibrium
sd by a lifetime of blindness had
v ctor, and she had to learn all
gn.
thrills have you got out of sight?"
id.
y. One is a new sport I never
d enjoy: Identifying objects with-
ple telling me what they were.
s ere the easiest, because I knew
b their sound. When I was blind,
f confuse them with the wind. I
ars awfully fantastic, what with
ged up in them behind glass and
own as they rode around. I fig-
o what a piano was by looking at
th. They are so distinctive that I
ed to touch them to name them."

Exploring a New World

dio was something different. La-
uldn't for the life of her make
t that odd box was until she felt
ushed a button. Dance melodies
ut, and she knew it was a radio.
failed to identify her familiar
vriter until she had picked it up.
ght of people meant never-ending
ent to LaDean.
're all so different," she went on.
a notion they would all be very
like—with placid features about
ls. The play of facial expressions
e. I never dreamed there was such
as human expression as one sees
n fascinated by bright eyes and
teeth and pretty smiles."
f this, LaDean gained a new idea.
explained it, blind people express
ection often by putting their arms
and hugging one another.
ought sighted people were cold be-
ney didn't do that," she told me.
hat I can see, I know why. They
one another, and that is their form
ess."

As to people, like everything else, she hadn't the slightest notion what they looked like; but when sight came, she was startled at the difference in appearance of the sexes. She realized they were different because of their attire, but because faces and heads were shaped alike, she figured they ought to be alike. Here again the unknown quantity, expression, of which she could gauge nothing because she couldn't feel it, entered in to surprise her.

One of the high spots in LaDean's experience in acquiring sight was when she first surveyed herself in the mirror.

First Look in the Mirror

"Naturally I was intensely curious to know what the person known as Me would look like," she said. "I had always been taught to be neat in appearance, and Mother trained me in the use of make-up. I primped a little before I ventured before the glass. I wanted to look as pleasing as possible.

"Well, that first glimpse neither excited nor depressed me. I was able to look quite impersonally, and the main thing I remember was that I felt my curiosity had been satisfied. I did say to Mother, 'So this is what's been parading around as Me all these years!'

"I was disappointed that I wasn't the double of my mother, because she is beautiful, and I felt I wanted to look just like her. Then I smiled at myself and I felt better—a smile helps an awful lot, you know. And I did feel proud of my clothes."

Light was really the first thing LaDean was conscious of in her new-found sight.

"Did you have any ideas about it before you could see?" I asked her.

"I had always thought light must be something like rippling music, especially with trills and high notes," was her answer. "And I was glad to find that light blended in beautifully with my notion about it.

"Water bubbling over rocks also suggested light to me, and when I first saw sparkling sunlight reflected in water, it made me feel as if I had been listening to a symphony. Light is so inexpressibly beautiful that I am all in a daze about it."

LaDean in her blind days was particularly curious about color; and even if she couldn't see the many colors, she *felt* them. Each brought her a definite emotional reaction, based on the associations made with specific colors by people in their ordinary conversation.

In some instances, LaDean attained remarkable accuracy; in others, her misapprehension was just as astonishing.

"When I was blind," LaDean said, "I always thought of gray as dull and depressing. I sometimes got the shivers when I thought of it. That was because people constantly referred to raw, rainy days in early spring and late fall as 'cold and gray.'

"On the other hand, blue always cheered and pepped me up, because on a day that was warm and bracing, I'd hear people say, 'Isn't it wonderful, the sun is so bright and the sky is so blue?' "

Green was another favorite color of the blind girl, because those about her always associated it with springtime and nature; and she tells how she loved the soft feel of the grass and the whispering friendliness of the trees.

"But red is the most wonderful color of all," she said. "I heard people talk so much about red roses, that I associated the odor of roses with it. And when I saw it, I was thrilled."

But there was one color on which the girl had to reverse herself.

"I always associated yellow with things melancholy," LaDean said. "I had a notion it belonged to old people about to die. I guess I got that idea from such expressions as 'yellow with age,' or 'yellow as an autumn leaf,' and I knew dried-up leaves crackled and fell to pieces at the touch. When I saw that yellow was something bright and even dazzling, I changed my mind."

Now a Movie Fan

LaDean has already become an avid movie fan. The first picture she saw (and cried over) was Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Next she went to see Dorothy Lamour in Star-Spangled Rhythm.

She found it much easier to fix her eyes on motion pictures than on still objects—apparently because a blind person's eyeballs are constantly in motion, although the blind are not aware of it—and when sight came, it was easier to concentrate on something moving.

When the war is over, LaDean plans to marry. She met her sweetheart in a most extraordinary way, two years ago, when she was returning to Kansas City from school. Someone dropped into the seat beside her, and LaDean, not knowing whether it was a man or a woman, promptly offered her seatmate some homemade popcorn that her aunt had given her. The stranger turned out to be a young engineer from Fort Riley and, after that, it wasn't long before LaDean was teaching him to write in Braille so that she could read his letters without an intermediary.

"What girl, anyhow, wants somebody else to read her love letters to her?" LaDean demanded. "I know I didn't."

But the Braille arrangement gave her an edge on other girls of the dorm.

"You see, I had a lot of fun, too," she told me, "because at night after 'Lights Out,' I could go on reading my letters when the other girls couldn't read theirs! I could even read them under the covers!"

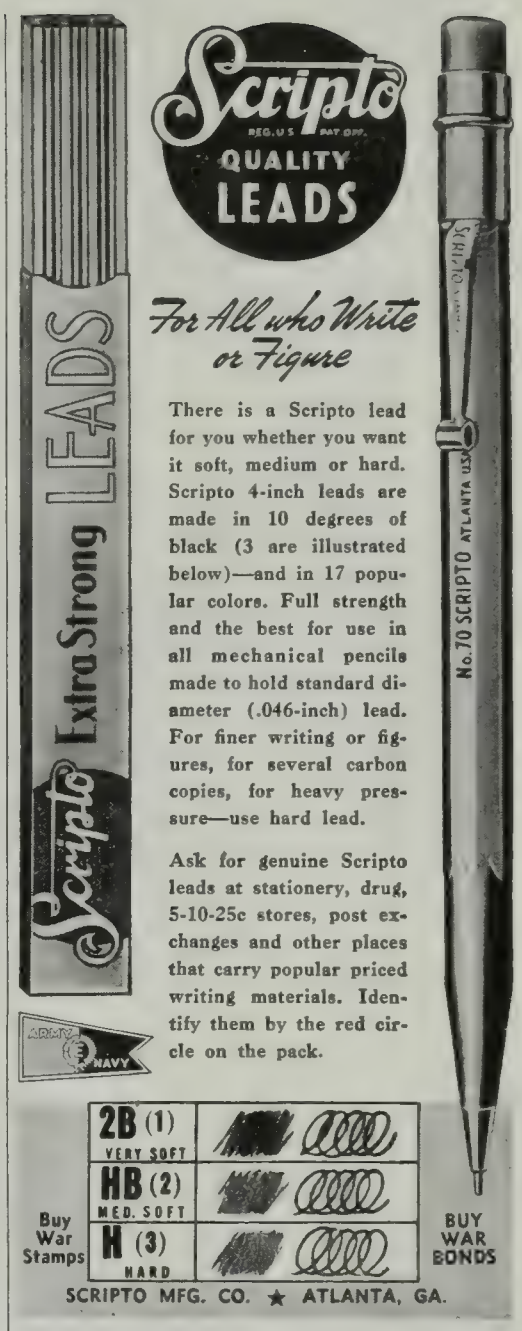
The young man is out of the country now, on important research work. But last Christmas, he cabled her a huge bouquet of American Beauty roses. When the roses arrived, she was blind and could only smell them; before they had faded or even lost their freshness, she could *see* them!

"I'm just dying for him to come home—I want to see him. You know, it seems awfully queer to say that I've never even seen the man I'm going to marry!"

THE END

"That was no war dance you just did with her—it was a wedding dance"

LEO GAREL

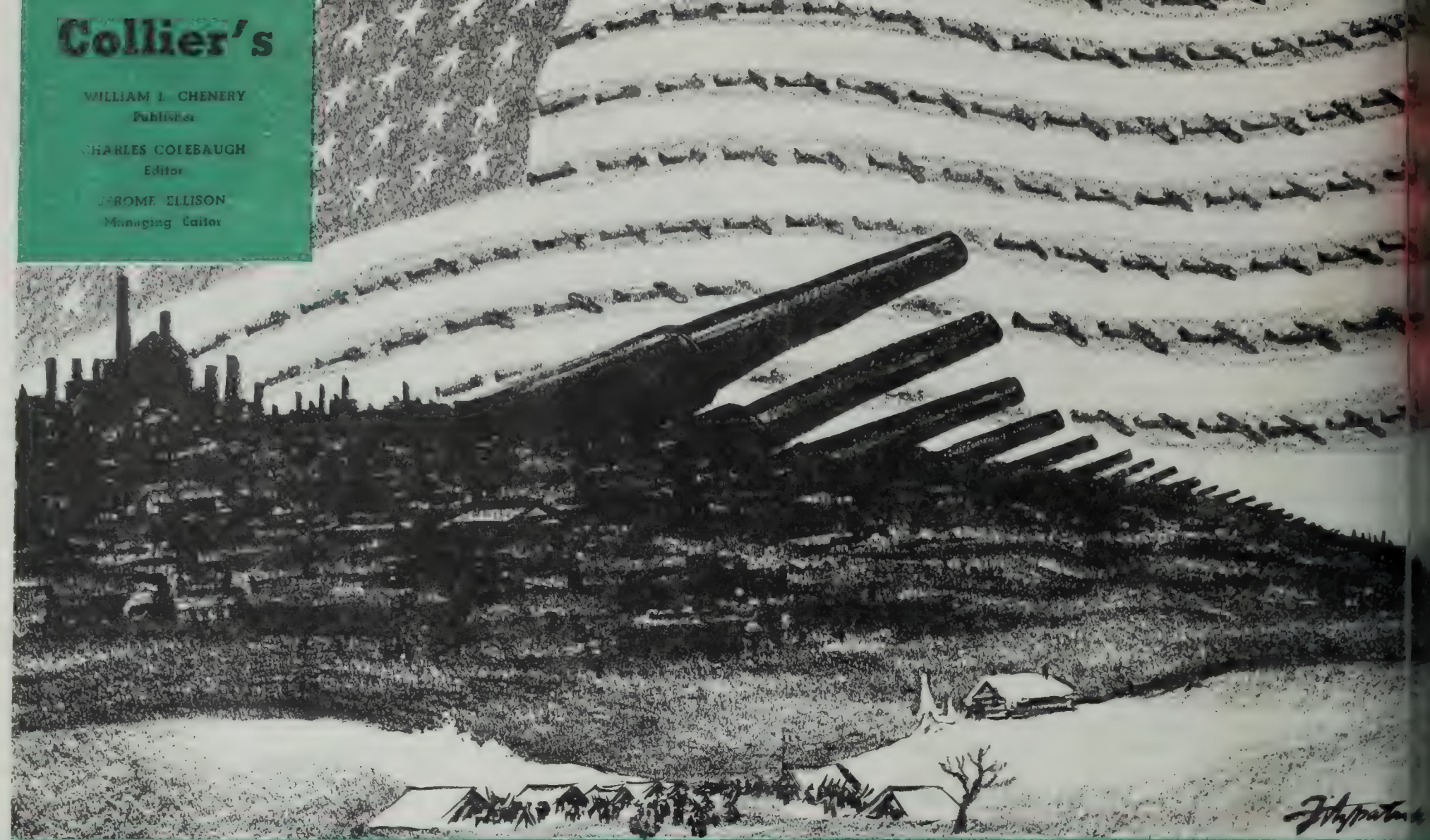


Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Publisher

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Editor

JEROME ELLISON
Managing Editor



1776 — 1943

O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion . . .

WE IMAGINE that Americans will be more poignantly conscious of July 4, 1943, than they have been of any July 4th since 1918, at least. It is at a time like this that one realizes to the full what a country—what a land to live in and if necessary die for—the United States of America is.

We are far into the second year of what promises to be the fiercest, bloodiest and most costly war this country has ever fought. Where do we stand this July 4th, and how are we coming along?

Certainly the Allied cause in general is doing far better now than it was on last July 4th.

At that time, Sevastopol had fallen to the Germans, and so had Tobruk, within ten days of each other, and Rommel was threatening to break through the British positions at El Alamein and storm ahead to Cairo, Alexandria and the Suez. An autumn meeting between Japanese and German armies somewhere in India appeared to be more than likely.

We had won the great Battle of Midway a month before last July 4th; but at the same time the Japs had landed on Attu and Kiska islands, at the western end of the Aleutians, and were digging in for what was to be an 11-month threat to the safety of Alaska, northwest Canada and our own Far West.

Since that melancholy time, a great deal has happened, most of it favorable to our side.

The long, bloody and heroic campaign to take Guadalcanal from the Japanese has come to a victorious conclusion. MacArthur has cleaned the Japs out of the Papuan part of New Guinea, and has scored his classic Bismarck Sea victory of naked air power over sea power plus air power.

Attu has been retaken in a fierce three-week fight by Major General Eugene M. Landrum's superb warriors, and at this writing Kiska looks like a standing liability to the Japs, which we can make an asset to ourselves when we get around to it.

The brilliant North African campaigns of Montgomery, Anderson and Eisenhower, with Fighting French co-operation, have culminated in the overwhelming victory on Cape Bon and the sudden surrender of Marshal Rommel's famous Afrika Korps, lock, stock, barrel and boots.

The R.A.F. has mounted history's most terrific air offensive against Germany, with increasing American aid. Italy has been bombed groggy. The Russians have taken another tremendous winter's package of manpower and material out of Hitler; the Chinese have bled some more of Tojo's crack divisions white on the Asiatic mainland.

We seem to be still a long and bloody way from victory over either Germany or Japan. But it looks now as if we can't lose—something which only the rashest prophets were saying this time last year.

Thy mandates make heroes assemble
When Liberty's form stands in view . . .

The Eagle, we'd say, has less right to scream about the home front on this July 4th.

Not that he has anything to be grievously ashamed of, this being the kind of country it is. But it is a fact, and it would be foolish and dangerous not to face that fact, that on some sectors of the home front things are not yet going too well.

The necessary rationing of war-pinched commodities has not yet meshed into smooth operation. Black markets, especially in meat, are a scandal and a curse, and official efforts to smash them have been pretty futile.

Wartime inflation is creeping up on us, and our leaders' efforts to curb it, in the opinion of many qualified observers, have been timorous and political.

The Administration gave itself two bla from which we think it will be a long time rec when it tried to keep secret from the Americ ple the proceedings of the Bermuda refugee ence and the Hot Springs, Virginia, food cor The action of the Administration was certa an expression of any one of the Four Freedo

We are still cursed with overlapping ar ambitious boards and bureaus in the goverr Washington. A lot of these agencies are still with too many social-economic theorists wl to work a revolution at home while fighting tw wars all over the world—too large an order lieve, for even this mighty nation.

Nevertheless, we are a mighty nation; an all-important matter of production of war n we have proved that fact once more, and to

Hitler was ten years building his present tive apparatus and adding to it by the conqu of Europe that he wanted. Russia was some one years gearing itself for the mammoth w pected from the moment it went Bolshev American war-production machine, still less t years building in dead earnest, is already miration of our allies and the growing terro enemies.

All in all, it seems fair to surmise that ou tors of the year 1776 and thereabout, wat from some far Valhalla, must feel reasonably aged and gratified over what we are up to in might be well for each one of us, on this July to reread and ponder the short, explosive ar ably immortal Declaration of Independenc they adopted on July 4, 1776. The ideas er in that declaration are as good today as th then, and as well worth fighting for on any fic

Thy banners make tyranny tremble . .
Three cheers for the Red, White and

Collier's
TEN CENTS
JULY 17, 1943
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

TRAITORS MUST DIE!
BY J. EDGAR HOOVER

DO NOT CUT, TEAR OR MARK BOOKS OR MAGAZINES.

GHTING
ITH A YANK
ANK CREW

SEE PAGE 11

PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.
A 672599
C
1/2E

A child models in Clay, Pliant as her Young and Eager mind.

So will her Character be Shaped To face the Challenge of Tomorrow!

We see her then—a Woman whose Warmth of Heart shows in her Smile— a Smile that owes much to Ipana and Massage!

How fortunate she is, this little American girl! How rich is her dowry of freedom and health and education. For her and millions of our youngsters every effort is made so they can inherit a better, more hopeful world tomorrow.

Devoted parents and teachers are helping to shape that world—are preparing our children to face their future serene and confident and *smiling!*

Yes, *smiling*. For even the smiles of America's children have the best of care. Today, in thousands of classrooms our youth is being taught a lesson in dental health that many grown-ups have yet to learn—the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

These youngsters know that today's soft foods rob our gums of needed work and exercise. They know that sensitive gums often signal their distress with a tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush.

Don't Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush!"

If you notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush —*see your dentist*. He may simply tell you that your gums have become tender and sensitive because of today's soft foods. And like many modern dentists, he may quite validly suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

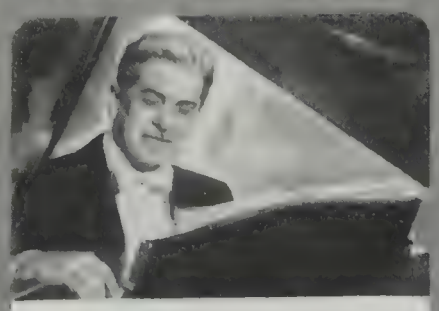
For Ipana Tooth Paste is designed not only to clean the teeth but, with massage, to aid the health of the gums. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Notice the tingle as circulation quickens in the tissues—helping your gums to healthier firmness—helping you to brighter teeth, and a more appealing, more sparkling smile!

Ipana Tooth Paste

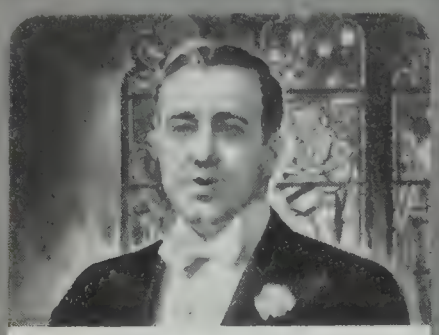
Product of Bristol-Myers

VICTOR RECORD GUIDE

HEAR THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ON VICTOR RECORDS



Schnabel plays "The Emperor." Artur Schnabel's eloquent piano sings with loveliness and majesty as he plays Beethoven's glorious Emperor Concerto with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, conducted by the late Frederick Stock. This recording of The Emperor is one that may never be surpassed.
Album DM-939.....$5.50*



Crooks sings oratorio arias. The beautiful tenor voice of Richard Crooks is heard in six arias from the great oratorios of Handel and Mendelssohn. They include the tender "Comfort Ye, My People," "Sound an Alarm," "Then Shall the Righteous Shine Forth."
Album M-934.....$3.50*

Stokowski conducts "The Fire Bird." The NBC Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Leopold Stokowski, gives a breath-taking performance of Stravinsky's Fire Bird Suite—a gorgeous flow of flaming colors, ethereal melodies and bizarre rhythms.
Album DM-933.....$3.50*

Hear Your Old Favorites!

Favorite Songs from Famous Musicals (Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life; Thine Alone; Wanting You; One Alone; Sweethearts; My Hero). Dorothy Kirsten and Felix Knight, with the Victor First Nighter Orchestra and Chorus.
Album P-133.....$2.50*

Film Favorites (Thanks for the Memory, Lullaby of Broadway, Over the Rainbow, The Way You Look Tonight, When You Wish Upon a Star, Sweet Leilani). David Rose and His Orchestra.
Album P-136.....$2.50*

**Suggested list prices exclusive of excise tax*

To help us make new Victor Records for you, sell your old ones to your dealer

BUY WAR BONDS EVERY PAY DAY

RCA Victor Division
RADIO CORPORATION
OF AMERICA

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
W. B. COURTNEY	European War Theater
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Russia and Far East
KYLE CRICHTON	Articles
HERBERT ASBURY	Articles
DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
ALLEN MARPLE	Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Articles
HENRY L. JACKSON	Wearables
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art
CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AMY PORTER	Articles
GEORGE CREEL	Washington
WILLIAM HILLMAN	Washington
FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
FRANK GERVASI	Middle East War Theater
JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
U. L. CALVOSA	Photographs
GEORGE DE ZAYAS	Hollywood
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor
JEROME ELLISON Managing Editor

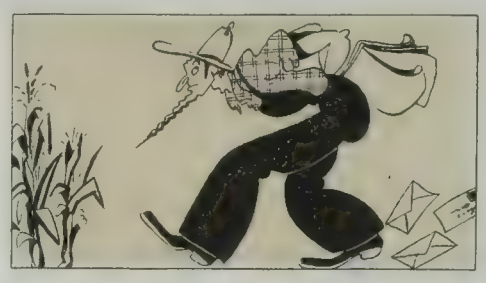
ANY WEEK

FROM Laguna, California, Mr. Richard English notifies us that one of the larger bars on Coast Boulevard was found closed one morning. On the door was the sign: "Gone fishing. Back next week. Neddie." On the following day that sign was down and another substituted which read: "This bar was closed for seven days for violating the liquor ordinance." On the third day that sign also was gone and this one appeared in its place: "Well, this minor told us she was of age." But the place is open again. There's a large sign over the bar now: "The next minor who lies to us gets a good sock in the puss."

AND we've done something to irritate Mr. Edward J. Hauerlock of Moline, Illinois. "Under separate cover," he writes, "I am sending you a nice clean empty bottle. Please take it to the nearest drugstore, have it filled with poison, put it in your medicine cabinet and wake up some night feeling sick and take the contents by mistake."

QUITE a number of our customers are having trouble finding the still faint line which marks the boundary between the war and the 1944 political campaign. A few have suggestions. Mr. Joe Hamble of Springfield, Massachusetts, would like to see political campaigning ruled out for the duration—at least that long. The first man to make a speech in his own behalf would be automatically ruled out of the contest according to the Hamble plan. Further, the few campaign addresses made should be negative: each side to tell why the other side shouldn't win but neither side giving any reasons why it should be elected. We have our doubts. For one thing the Hamble plan would be as complicated as the OPA, which, as even the OPA is beginning to suspect, has lost track of itself. For another, it would be clear from the start why none of the candidates should win. Maybe Mrs. Jeanne F. Kille of Minneapolis, Minnesota, has a better idea. She's in favor of ruling out of all election contests everybody who has previously held or sought office. She agrees that this might result in some amateurism. "But," she adds, "the mistake, if any, would be of our making and not the work of men who won office by assuring us that they knew exactly what they were going to do." More and more letters in these strains are arriving. But perhaps you've got the idea.

PERSONALLY, we're all poised to nominate Mrs. Bennie Stubbler of Glendale, California. We don't know Mrs. Stubbler, but someone has sent us her letter to the Evening Herald and Express, wherein she replies to a Mr. Louis F. D'Elia who, apparently, wrote something defending motherhood. "What is so sacred about motherhood?" demands Mrs. Stubbler. "I've had seven children and if I had it to do over again I wouldn't have any. I would raise cats and dogs instead. Mr. D'Elia might better use his time and spleen in getting indignant over something not quite so commonplace as motherhood. Who does he think he is?"



AND we are going to be pretty mortified if we don't get quite a pasting for including Mrs. Stubbler's letter in this department and announcing her as our candidate. But our mail has been pretty dull lately and we're doing something to liven it up a little. We have one from Mr. Louis January of Lewiston, Maine, who has had five applications from women for work on his farm this summer. One said that she was not so interested in actual farming as she was in painting rural murals on the walls of his farmhouse and barns. This she was willing to do for board, room and twelve bushels of potatoes. Another said that she wanted experience more than money. She was 62 years old and had "read extensively on farm problems." The third applicant had taken a college extension course in tropical fruits. Mr. January did not read the fourth and fifth applications. "I got high blood pressure from the first three," he tells us. . . . W. D.

THIS WE

JULY 17, 19

SHORT STORIES

LOUIS KAYE
Shadow of the Gods. The little reckoned without the wrath of the Yurapilla Soak.

BEN T. YOUNG
The Homecomers. Delia was war soldiers—but she knew her own m

MONA WILLIAMS
A Time for Lovers. A time, too, must choose between her mother band.

LEANE ZUGSMITH
Don't Say Goodby. Even at eight understand the way to happiness.

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
The Eve of Tomorrow, by Octavus

SERIAL STORIES

SAX ROHMER
Seven Sins. The third of eight par

FAITH BALDWIN
You Can't Escape. The sixth of

ARTICLES

FREDERICK C. PAINTON
Here Comes Gabriel. Watch out, tanks are rolling along.

J. EDGAR HOOVER and FREDERICK L. COLLINS
Traitors Must Die! The F.B.I. in Max Stephan triumphs over Nazi

ROBERT CAPA
Fighters of the Sahara. A visit Camel Corps, famed desert unit of army.

J. D. RATCLIFF
Microbe Zoo. Science cultivates bac rich our lives with new chemical

GEORGE CREEL
Food for a Ravaged World. The pr be faced, not by the U. S. alone, of good will everywhere.

HARRY HENDERSON and SAM SHAW
Marriage in a Hurry. The first s altar and how to take them.

CLARK LEE
Gentleman of Japan. Jiro Saito, the fifth column," has started two wars

CHARLES DEXTER
The Bronx Express. Snuffy Stirnw his way to a new kind of baseball

HELENA HUNTINGTON SM
Why They Hate Washington. Gov bureaucracy is getting 'em down.

AMY PORTER
To Uncle Sam, with Love. Gifts are pouring in to help win the war.

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World.

WING TALK.

DAVID O. WOODBURY
Your Life Tomorrow.

EDITORIALS
Lewis is No Traitor.
Politics and the OPA.

COVER

Vol. 112, No. 3. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1943, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses

FROM OUR GALLERY OF GOODYEAR VETERANS

AFTER 47,500 MILES

This actual photograph shows how Mr. Fletcher's Goodyears look today after traveling nearly twice the distance around the earth. Note the deep non-skid grip still remaining. Mr. Fletcher says, "I have had my wheels aligned and balanced three times and at all times have kept these tires properly inflated." Good care makes good tires go farther.

"War certainly brings out the difference in tires!"

l this rubber emergency, it's mighty pleas-g to us Goodyear dealers to see the stand-ut service our customers are getting from ewar Goodyear tires.

proves something we've always claimed—that ere is a difference in Goodyears that means ore miles for your money.

nd you can bet people appre-ate that today, because the extra uality in Goodyears insures any months' longer use, both efore and after recapping.

Many cases like this

good example is Mr. F. J. letcher, 720½ East Edwards treet, Springfield, Illinois. Back March 1941 he got a set of oodyear All-Weathers. Today these tires have aveled more than 47,500 miles, but the treads are scarcely worn, as the photo above shows.

But the best evidence is the many people who are having the same experience—people whose Goodyears are still serviceable after running 40,000 to 60,000 miles and more!

What's in store?

It's impossible to say now just how soon tires built from Goodyear's own synthetic Chemigum may be available to you—the Army must be supplied first.

We can tell you that Goodyear-built synthetic tires are now meeting the acid test in desert training camps and at the front—under conditions that demonstrate the quality and excellence of Goodyear synthetic manufacture.

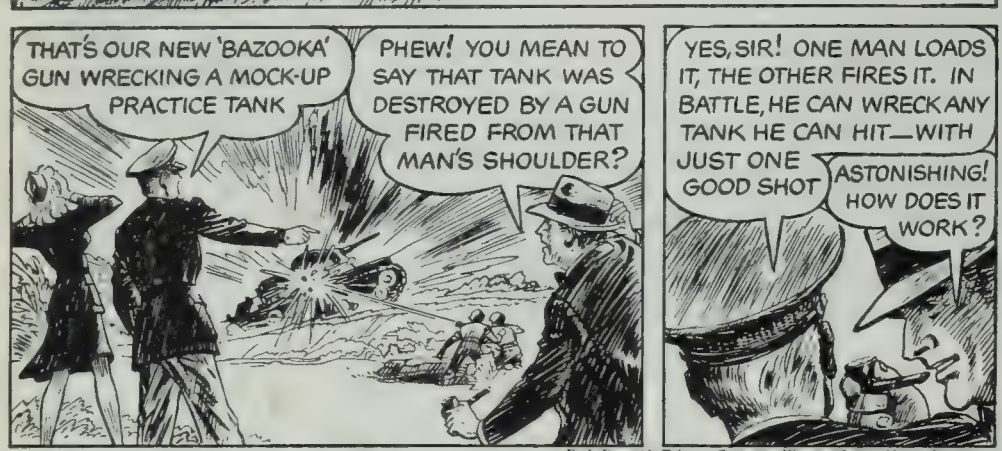
Until these tires are readily available for civilian use, you'll be wise to make the most of your present long-mileage Goodyears. Regular inspection and observance of wartime driving rules will help you get their full measure of extra wear—a plus that is causing thousands to say, *"As soon as I can buy new tires again, you can bet they will be Goodyears!"*

A New Thrill in Radio
GOODYEAR
"SALUTE TO YOUTH"
with
Raymond Paige and his Young Americans
Nadine Conner
NBC TUESDAY NIGHTS
See local paper for time

GOODYEAR
THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

For Victory **BUY MORE WAR BONDS**

-Weather, Chemigum (pronounced Kem-i-gum)
T. M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Many contestants in walking races, when using the heel-and-toe style, have traveled a mile in six minutes and 30 seconds, or two thirds as fast as the best runners.—*By G. L. Montgomery, Port Washington, N. Y.*

Between 1820 and 1860, Cincinnati was generally called "Porkopolis" because it was the pork-packing center. In fact, Cincinnati and hogs became so synonymous that several pork dishes were named after the city, one being pigs' feet, which was known nationally as "Cincinnati oysters," even on menus.—*By Harold L. Ziegler, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

While the soil of a forest is cooler than that of the surrounding land in the summer and warmer in winter, the air in a forest is cooler throughout the entire year. A forest also lowers the temperature of the air above it, sometimes to a height of 5,000 feet.

Under treaties for many years, a number of nations have saved, while at war, copies of their government documents and leading scientific and literary journals for their enemies. In the United States this work is done by the International Exchange Service of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. Since Pearl Harbor, the organization has collected thousands of these publications for postwar shipment to Germany, Italy and Japan.

From 1924 to 1939, Kiska Island was leased by the United States government to three Americans who used it to raise blue foxes for their pelts. No rent was charged the lessees until the year 1931, after which $25 a year was collected.

A London tattooist specializes in restoring the natural color to red bottle noses, which result from addiction to the bottle. . . . During a recent six-months period, the Army Map Service shipped more than 35,000,000 military maps out of Washington.

The only naval insignia to be wo by only one man was a shepher crook designed for Jewish chaplai It was adopted many years ago for t first Jewish chaplain who joined t naval service. Before other Jew chaplains were commissioned, t symbol was changed to the Star David over the Tablets of the La Recently the owner of these uniq shoulder marks, Commander H. Straus of Los Angeles, Californ presented them to the United Sta Naval Academy Museum at Anna olis, Maryland.

Bombers over Europe are usua hampered by poor flying weath storms or fogs prevailing, on a ye round average, about 65 out of eve 100 hours.—*By John Flanagan, N York City.*

Texas is the only state that s owns all of the public lands within borders and issues patents for the Five years after it joined the Uni in 1845, Texas ceded almost 62,00 000 acres to the United States, b that land is now a part of Colorac Kansas, New Mexico, Oklahoma a Wyoming.—*By Etna Bradley, F Worth, Texas.*

Gasoline-air mixtures explode w a wave velocity of about 30 feet second, while TNT and nitroglyce detonate at a speed of about 25,0 feet a second. . . . High blood pressu is more prevalent among women th among men at every age over 40 yea . . . Natural rubies and sapphires u ally contain more flaws than th made by man for use as industr bearings. . . . While fewer than 1 knots are used by most seamen, n chanics and others, more than 3,2 are described and illustrated in new book.

Five dollars will be paid for each interest or unusual fact accepted for this colu Contributions must be accompanied by sa factory proof. Address Keep Up with World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New Y (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted Collier's, The National Weekly. None of items may be reproduced without express p mission of the publisher

ountry express: the six-engine luxury liner

The helicopter: vertical take-off, vertical landing

Argonaut of the skies, for stratosphere flight

eighter: the Flying Wing as cargo ship

Flying Boat: New York to London, on the hour

Daily local: private plane for tomorrow's commuter

GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO AND RADAR WILL GUARD AND GUIDE THEIR FLIGHT

y Flying Fortress, Liberator and Commando he skies today is equipped with General ric radio.

dar — RAdio Detection And Ranging — the ing electronic development that locates distant es and ships despite darkness and fog, is also by General Electric and supplied to our Armed es in every theater of war.

morrow, transatlantic planes may carry 400 le. Giant freight ships will cruise from conti- to continent. Private planes will multiply, and may own one that is an automobile in the city and an airplane in the country. But whatever the size, or range, or tonnage of the airplanes of the future, General Electric electronic systems will guard and guide their flight. By radio and Radar, planes will take off, fly, and land blind in any weather.

General Electric military radio is built to cope with swift changes in altitude, temperature, climate. One hour a plane may skim across desert . . . one hour push through cold space 40,000 feet up. The same engineering skill that makes possible this wartime radio operation will bring you a finer General Electric radio-phonograph after Victory!

FREE: The fascinating story of electronics and FM radio is told in a full-color, 32-page book. Write for "Electronics—a New Science for a New World," to Electronics Department, General Electric, Schenectady, New York.

• Tune in General Electric's WORLD TODAY and hear the news from the men who see it happen, every evening except Sunday at 6:45 E. W. T. over C. B. S. network. . . . On Sunday evening hear General Electric's Mazda Lamp program over N.B.C.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Leader in radio, television, and electronic research

170-98

Every General Electric radio is an electronic instrument

Radio, like television, is a product of *electronic* research. This electronic tube, used in the General Electric FM radio, is essentially the same as electronic tubes that make television possible. G-E employees now purchase over $1,000,000 in War Bonds weekly.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

are used in the majority of Jeeps all over the world. Like your own car this spectacular little package of dynamite gets its best performance and greatest dependability with Champions.

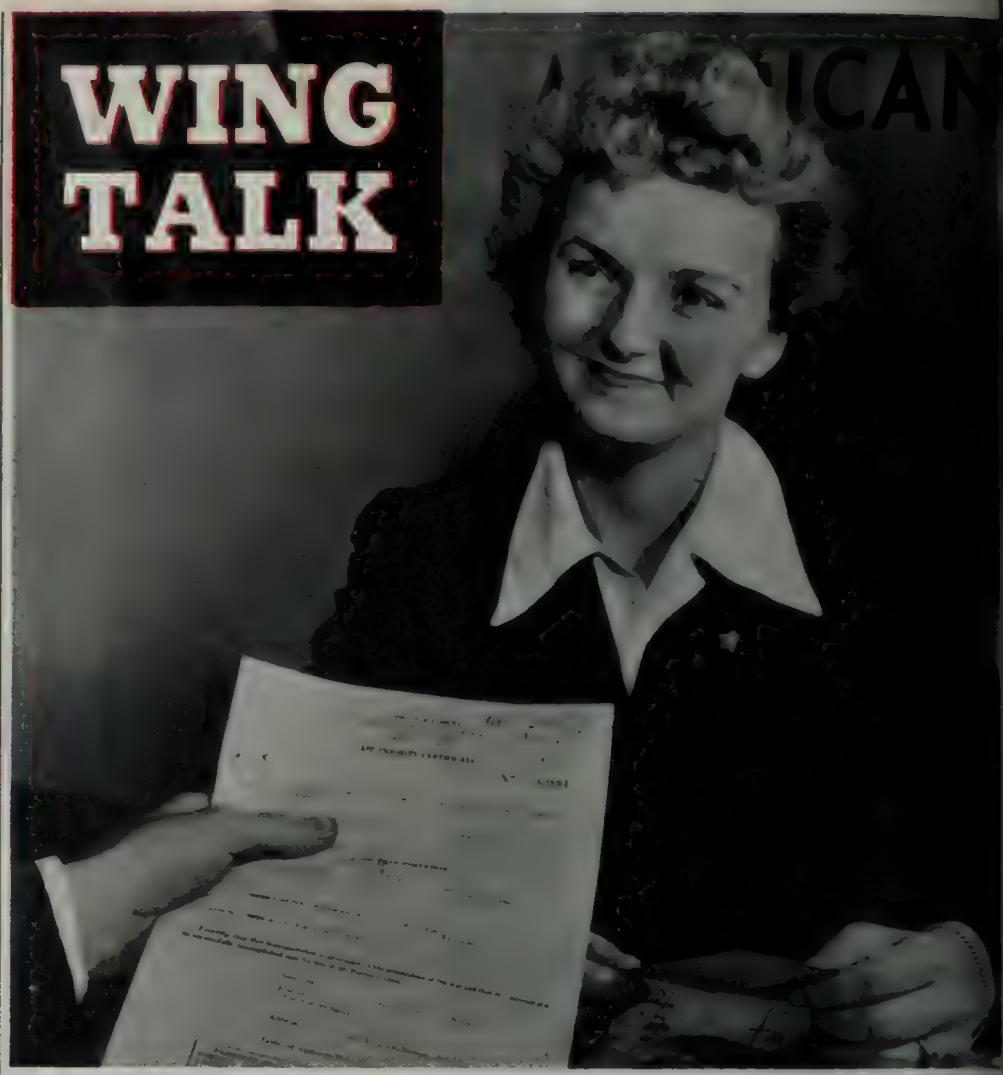
Everywhere the Army goes, the Jeep goes. Whether in the thick of battle, on reconnaissance or on a food bartering expedition, the Jeep is the most useful of all wartime vehicles. It stands out as a symbol of America's motorized war might just as surely as the "Model T" signalized the motor car's coming of age.

Transportation and mobility of our armed forces, their equipment and supplies are the keys to success in battle. Dependability is the key word to describe the one indispensable quality which every vehicle must have. Dependability is the one quality above all others which Champion Spark Plugs bring to any motorized unit, equipped with them. The dependability of the Champions that are on active duty on every front—on land, water and in the air, is a matter of daily record—a source of great pride to us.

Your car is a primary family asset and one to be conserved and preserved as such. Spark plugs are a primary source of its efficiency and economy. Cared for—inspected and tested regularly—they will help you to get maximum mileage from every precious gallon of your gas ration, and to keep your engine smooth and efficient. Neglected they can cause hard starting, rough engine performance, and rob you of gas mileage. Be a mileage miser—take advantage of the spark plug testing and cleaning service offered by your Champion Dealer.

DON'T BUY WHAT YOU DON'T NEED—THAT'S INFLATIONARY AND UNPATRIOTIC
BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS . . . BE PROVIDENT AND PATRIOTIC!

WING TALK



INTERNATIO

Getting aboard one of the nation's remaining commercial planes isn't difficult if your flight is necessary to the war effort

THOUSANDS of regular air travelers of the last few years cringe today at the sound of the word "priority," and just as many gripe because they are being kept off the commercial planes of the nation's lines. They think their business is the most important in the world and that they must reach their destination in the shortest possible time. What they don't realize is that well over half of the traffic transported by the nation's airlines today is essential war traffic for which priority has been established.

While many hundreds of nonpriority passengers are being displaced daily on the nation's airlines in order that essential war traffic may be accommodated, thousands of others are traveling without displacement. If your mission is really important to the war effort, all you have to do is prove to the Priorities and Traffic Division, Air Transport Command (or one of its 17 Regional Offices) that certain requirements are met. The formula is relatively simple:

(1) The mission must be essential to the war effort.

(2) The speed of air transportation must be necessary to the successful accomplishment of the mission.

(3) Some competent government authority must certify to (1) and (2).

If you can comply with the foregoing, by all means apply for a priority; but if you can't, don't waste your time and the time of the priority officers by asking.

The Priorities and Traffic Division of the Air Transport Command, which governs the movement of priority passengers, cargo and express, has a big job and it is impossible to keep everybody happy. After all, there are only 175 commercial transports in use on the domestic airlines today, while a year ago there were well over 400. If every plane of the airlines was in the air at the same time, there would be seats for about 3,100 persons, which isn't very many. The ships now are working 11 hours and 20 minutes a day, as against 5 hours and 51 minutes a day in 1938. This has come about by improved maintenance, turn-arounds and other changes to get the most out of the equi ment without sacrificing safety and a hi standard of service.

The top-rating priority, or No. 1, often referred to as a "White House" p ority, with the implication that only tho of the White House can get such a ratin As a matter of fact, that rating can issued for anyone, even a buck private, the mission is of sufficient importan Only five agencies can issue the author for a No. 1 rating. They are the headqua ters of the Priorities Division, the regio offices, the White House, the Secretary War and the Secretary of the Navy. N ther the War Department nor the Na has exercised that power very often, a only in a few instances has the Wh House ordered such a rating.

A lot of braid or stripes is not nec sarily an easy pathway to a seat on plane, as many might believe. The civili mission might be more important than t military. There are no blanket prior ratings; every trip of the applicant evaluated. One trip might necessitate No. 1 rating; the next, perhaps not qu so important, might rate a No. 4. Th if the aircraft expert is needed in Chica to remedy a difficulty which has slow production of war materials, he is goi to take the seat away from some bure chief who is scheduled to confer on t housing problem at a meeting in Kans City.

Lieutenant Colonel John H. Clemso who is chief of the domestic priority se tion, Priorities and Traffic Division, h been on a plane only a few times sin he took over the job of keeping the i portant things of the war effort flyir On a crowded train recently, he got talking to a fellow passenger, witho identifying himself. The man used to considerably and was complaining abo the crowded conditions on the trains.

"Railroads should have a system of p ority," he said. "It works swell on t airlines."

"Oh, is that so?" Colonel Clemson marked, winking at himself.

JUSTIN BOWERSOCK

These Big "Fifteen-Footers"
KEEP AN EYE ON THE SKY
by Day and by Night

Official Signal Corps Photo

f the gun is to *fire* accurately it must be *built* accurately! . . . . That's why quality workmanship and precision manufacture are a first consideration at Chevrolet. . . . For this organization is building large quantities of anti-aircraft guns, capable of firing with great accuracy over six miles into the sky, and usable for other operations as well—just as it is building huge quantities of Pratt & Whitney aircraft engines, armor-piercing shells, military trucks and many other products for our armed forces. . . . Day after day, night after night, Chevrolet is turning out

VOLUME FOR VICTORY

CHEVROLET DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

BUY WAR AND U.S. BONDS STAMPS

A GENERAL TIRE FROM AMERICAN-MADE RUBBER !

A Salute

TO PURDUE

and

CARNEGIE TECH!

Cooperating closely with and augmenting General's corps of research engineers, in their constant search for improvement in rubber are the Purdue Research Foundation at Purdue University and the Carnegie Institute of Technology. General Tire salutes the chemists and engineers at these two great institutions for their major contribution to American-Made rubber.

Out of 25 years of leadership in putting *more quality* into a tire . . . out of ceaseless effort to conquer America's rubber problem . . . General's research chemists, engineers and production specialists now proudly announce the development of a General Tire built with American-Made rubber.

Combined in this new-day General are the best things of the past, plus General's Top-Quality formula for getting *the most* out of American-Made rubber.

The tread is General's Silent-Grip design . . . famous for lon even wear and quick, safe stop General's same extra strong co body, as always . . . is your assu ance of greater blowout prote tion. And, step by step, th General is built by craftsmen wl have never known anything b the highest quality.

Your General Tire dealer corc ally invites you to stop in tod and see the tire that *everyo* knew American engineerir ingenuity would produce . the tire that some day, when t rubber crisis is over, will be ava able to all without restrictio

The GENERAL TIRE

THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY • AKRON, OHI

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JULY 17, 1943

HERE COMES GABRIEL

Fighting with a Yank Tank Crew

BY FREDERICK C. PAINTON

WHEN the Nth American Armored Division went into action a few months ago in Tunisia, ity experts, friend and enemy, ced with intense interest to see how ld perform. Our troops had had no ar battle experience in modern tank tg and they were to be opposed—on ccasions, at least—by Field Marrwin Rommel's Afrika Korps, conrd the best and most experienced of emy troops in desert warfare and naneuvering.

The question was: "How quickly can mericans learn to fight their tanks, ow good will they be?"

It not the purpose here to describe a battle or to dwell on facts and figto show the Nth Armored Division's ot. A better picture can be obtained lling the story of an American and her youthful crew of five; how ive, how they fought, and how they ed in some of the most sanguine tank ng in all history.

These five youngsters have the best tank merican arsenal has yet put into the d She is pathetically ugly, this tank a fat woman in a hoop skirt. She ts a 75-millimeter cannon in a turret wings three hundred and sixty deand she is called an M-4 or Sherman o distinguish her from the older or al Grant model, whose cannon tra- only half that arc.

M-4, with her faded olive-green is rusty where shells and shrapnel, s and grenades have glanced off her steel hide. She's covered with red mud, and both she and her crew vastly enjoy a bath. Much to the of the five youngsters who man he unimaginative Army named her el, but they refer to her as "she" e same.

offset this male name, the boys have ened each section of her after a par- sweetheart. The front section the driver and assistant driver sit med Lil, and Lil's picture is pasted st the steel side where Corporal Law- Alvey (known as "Bluegrass" be- he hails from Kentucky) can gaze ly upon her. The turret is known as ell, and the cannon is called Betty. briel's commander, Staff Sergeant Fugate, is a hard-muscled lad of y-two with red, spiky hair. Both here rth Africa and in Hindman, Ken- where he was born, he is called y." His face is peppered with es, and he has a six-inch grin that re- a gap in his upper jaw, brought about he hit the ice while skating and came th a tooth missing.

gunner is Corporal Dwight "Slim" of Tulsa, Oklahoma, also in his twenties. Slim is six feet six inches nd looks out of the turret top by y straightening up. He has feet to the rest of him.

e other crew members are Corporal (already mentioned as driver), the ant driver, Pfc. George Tannehill d "Tanny") of Norfolk, Nebraska. y has two jobs besides driving: he passes up ammunition for the 75, and he mans a machine gun when he sees a target. Lastly, there is Private Daniel Zumer of Brooklyn, who operates the radio and heaves shells into Betty when the going is hot. Also, there is a mascot hen named Marylou, who lays eggs on the warm stern of Gabriel, and who, in battle, roosts quietly inside.

Tanks and their crews have no more homes than a trailer tourist. They either sleep on the ground beside their tanks and freeze or they curl up in the tank and get stiff muscles. They also become very adept at getting hot meals from a homemade stove. The stove consists of three or four Ration "C" cans half buried in the ground. Over them are curved a couple of grouter irons—the fittings that give traction to a tank tread in muddy going. Gasoline is drawn off and put in the cans and ignited; a mess kit is rested on the grouters, and sizzling corned willy or hash is ready in a few minutes. Indeed, fried chicken Southern style, fried dehydrated potatoes and hot coffee and soup have come off this stove many a time—when they had the chicken.

One day, Gabriel's crew, while waiting for an enemy attack, acquired three chickens from a local Arab. Through some mischance, they got loose and took off toward a near-by wadi.

"There goes our dinner!" yelled Slim.

Chicken on the Wing

One leap and a step-up put him in the turret. It was nice economical shooting. The chickens fell a hundred yards away and, after you had dug the lead out of them, they tasted swell.

Up in the Tebourba area when the Germans first taught Fugate and his crew some tricks of tank fighting, the latter hadn't the experience to see the slimly silhouetted 88-mm. gun that was whipping shells around them.

But the Ousseltia Valley fight was another matter. That was the day at sixteen-forty hours (4:40 P. M.) when Lieutenant Bert Wisdom, platoon leader, came down the wadi with a message in his hand, orders from the battalion commander to "proceed around our left flank as indicated on attached map to reconnoiter and report composition, strength and position of enemy."

Wisdom is a short, chubby youth, who had one tank shot out from under him around Tebourba. He and Rusty Fugate have a liking for each other.

The Germans were supposed to be retreating, but nobody knew for sure, and in that case nothing is more perilous than a reconnaissance. In unknown country, feeling your way by map, the first time you know you've found the enemy is when a fistful of shells plays a drum solo on your tank. Mostly, then, people get hurt.

Wisdom said to Rusty, "What do you think, Sergeant?" He meant about where to turn off on the road that led toward the German lines.

(Continued on page 76)

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

When Maku-Koori finally overtook the little men, they were standing over Hay, apparently preparing to shoot him in the head

SHADOW OF THE GODS

BY LOUIS KAYE

They were sons of the Stone Age men, unchanged, not very bright. The Japs thought they would be easy meat. But the Japs, unlike Mac Hay, the Australian, didn't know about the gods of Yurapilla Soak

THE two Japanese lived just over the hill. Mac Hay, the Australian, lived in a little hollow in the earth under the shelter of a brush and sapling *gunyah,* a rude hut. The few hundred black men and women and children who made up the tribe lived around and about these three.

The Japanese had all the advantage. They could move and they had supplies. Mac Hay could not move; he had no gun; he had no supplies. He had nothing but his bitter mind and his friendship with Maku-Koori, who was the headman of the tribe.

Hay's mind was bitter because he conceived the situation to be his own fault.

He was a cattleman, running his herds on a wide government lease in West Australia. A few days before, he had been coming up toward this Yurapilla country, hilly, rocky country, with strata of pale yellow showing through the stunted scrub on the slopes. Deep in these hills lay the water hole, the Yurapilla Soak.

For unnumbered centuries the Yurapilla water hole had given life to desert black men, and thus it had become sacred. It had its own sacred corroboree ground up in the hills; it even had its own gods, who were said to live in the boulders strewn over the corroboree ground.

The tribe that now made its home around the Soak were the sons of Stone Age men who had lived there, too, and though in time their lives were vastly remote, in belief, in religion, even in physical shape, they were not. Their customs and fears were the same, their long, slim legs and narrow torsos and wide-nostriled noses were the same. And they danced on the same corroboree ground, in the shadows of the boulder gods, on earth smoothed and beaten flat by generations of hard, black feet.

The Yurapilla men were sufficiently inland and sufficiently north to be able to forget, under an unfriendly headman, the law of the camel police. When Hay came to the Soak for water, he wished to feel that he had friends there. So he had given beef to the tribe in bad times, and he had gone out of his way to assure the headman of his respect and continuing regard.

That had saved his life.

He had been coming up to the Soak with his three black stock boys when he heard the plane in the sky. His eyes found it without alarm. He did not feel alarm even when he saw the little white cotton boll burst out plumply beneath it. Then another. Something was wrong with the plane but its men were safe.

The plane did not fall, however. It circled twice and went away.

At this point, of course, he should have turned and ridden for the nearest telegraph line and reported to the proper people that, for some reason or other, Japs were coming out of the sky over Yurapilla Soak. But, instead, he had spurred on, because he was young and brown and tough and rash, an excellent shot, and still out of sorts with the army for turning him down—cattleman: essential occupation.

His horse topped a rise and fell kicking and screaming with bullets in its chest, and Hay sprawled in the dirt. He managed to wriggle around and get his rifle. One of his stock boys was dead, the others were high-tailing off into the unknown. As he watched, hugging the ground, two casual shots from a hidden gun brought them down. Then he heard the blast Tommy-gun, or something like it in nese; and he was knocked flat.

WHEN he came to himself, it w find his friend the old head Maku-Koori, bending over him wi woeful and puzzled expression.

He had been brought to the brush the *gunyah.* There was a bloody hu patch on his head and his left leg thro angrily.

"The men who shot me, what are doing here?" he asked Maku-Koori

Maku-Koori was squatted back o haunches, his shoulders bowed be the weight of the great head, which had not shrunk as the years shrivele flesh of his body. He was deep in m choly rumination. When at last he s it was as Hay had spoken, in the n

He started from the beginning. two little men had come floating from the sky with a great roaring s which at first was thought to be voices and then the sound of the flo white wings they wore, but which course, Maku-Koori said, was not voices or their wings but the voice o large bird that had brought them. little men spoke the white language carried packages of gifts, mirrors, to

(Continued on page 65)

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

TRAITORS MUST DIE!

y J. Edgar Hoover and Frederick L. Collins

Here's how the F.B.I. hung a death sentence on a traitor for the first time in the history of America and demonstrated a new technique for the handling of German "supermen"

"Germany will not let me hang!" screamed Max Paul Stephan in a U. S. court. He is the first man the F.B.I. has doomed for treason

ORNING roll call at the Canadian internment camp at Bowmanville, Ontario, was conducted e sure that the prisoners were all For this purpose they were lined groups of five, counted and dis- The procedure was routine. But norning of April 17, 1942, the alert n charge noticed in the center of up a "prisoner" he had not seen

ore the aviation uniform and cap utenant in the German air force; face between the uniform and the oked suspiciously like papier- and the figure, which seemed to l in an upright position by the rs of the prisoners on either side, the trim, erect posture of a dash- twaffe officer.

y this was not the resplendent cking Oberleutnant Hans Peter who had been shot down at the of his two-motored Dornier in a dogfight over the Thames during the Battle of Britain. No, t. It was a dummy designed to he long and carefully planned es- that typical Nazi officer in a quite andable attempt to rejoin—by way xico, South America and North —the enemy forces.

getaway had been so cleverly l that the hope of overtaking Krug, by a prolonged chase, was a slim he time factor was all against an apture. Nevertheless, the special of the Federal Bureau of Investiga- mediately got busy and learned, other things, that a young man onding to the description of Krug ars of age, 5′ 8½″ tall, 157 pounds, eyes and hair, straight nose, round ery erect, speaking little English— en seen in the Union Station at o.

y in the morning of Saturday, April youth wearing very greasy overalls generally disheveled appearance e doorbell of a good-looking, Ger- rn, enemy-alien Detroit housewife Margaretta Johanna Bertelmann, s admitted by that lady, although s not yet conventionally garbed e reception of chance masculine

first thing Johanna Bertelmann did hearing her guest's story was, she o call one Max Stephan, who lis- with shouts of glee and slappings fat thighs, to the fugitive's plan for ng his army. And, an hour later, l Krug departed—the latter now ed with fresh underwear and socks pair of civilian shoes to replace his y ones.

need to dwell on the details of the acts of treason committed by Max n between the time he first met this g Nazi soldier on Saturday morn- d the time Sunday morning when he put him on a bus for Chicago—evidently the next step in the underground railway.

Enough to know that Stephan wined and dined his Nazi guest, that he concealed his identity from all except those who—like himself—were believed to be eager to aid the enemy cause, that he lodged him under an assumed name at a near-by hotel, that he bought him clothes and a zipper bag to put them in, that he paid for his bus ticket to Chicago, and that he gave him a wallet containing $40 in cash for expenses en route to the address of still another sympathetic female, whose name Krug was supposed to have found woven in the toe of a sock she had knitted for the prison camp.

Incidentally, Max carried his conception of "giving aid and comfort to the enemy" to the point of treating the lieutenant to a trip to a house of prostitution!

Traitors to Their Adopted Land

The Bertelmann woman, although married to a $135-a-week foreman in an American war-production factory, was not a United States citizen. She was, therefore, interned by the immigration authorities. The F.B.I. had long had its eye on Max Stephan, a naturalized American citizen of German birth, but until now it had not been able to find anything justifying arrest. As a man who had solemnly sworn allegiance to the American government, he had committed a crime punishable by death.

The Constitution clearly defines treason —and it is the only crime specifically mentioned—as either "levying war" against the United States or "adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort." There could be no question of Stephan's having qualified under the last-named provision by willfully concealing the presence and aiding the escape of a military prisoner of war who was trying to rejoin the forces of a nation with which we were at war.

But to get a conviction in a court of law was another matter. Stephan, himself, talked freely and boastfully of what he had done, but he would doubtless recant categorically if placed on the witness

(Continued on page 68)

No club was needed to bring the Luftwaffe lieutenant Hans Peter Krug (right) back to testify against friends who helped him escape. He denounced them gladly

INTERNATIONAL

FIGHTERS OF THE SAHARA

BY ROBERT CAPA

Collier's photographer in North Africa visits one of the fightin'est outfits in the world—the famed Camel Corps of the French army

WE STARTED out to search for the French Camel Corps, the Meharists, because an American sergeant, resting in a slit trench near El Guettar, said:

"Those French out in the desert are a bunch of tough fighters. . . . They're using mostly camels and old rifles, and the Eyeties are more afraid of them than of us."

So we loaded our cameras and other paraphernalia into a jeep and went bumping southward over a road that seemed endless and absolutely empty. We rode forty miles before we saw any sign of life—a caravan of twelve Arabs and twenty camels carrying Lend-Lease food. Eventually we reached Metlaoui, a rich settlement surrounded by phosphate mines staffed by French administrative and engineering personnel.

At the beginning of the British and American operations in North Africa, Metlaoui was occupied, by the Italians, who fled when the Allies approached the town. When I was there the post was garrisoned by a company of French colonials —eighty men, most of them Arabs, armed with 1896 rifles and cumbersome swords more than a hundred years old. They also had a German antitank rifle, captured and presented to them by an American battalion, but very little ammunition. Their captain, a sour-looking old-timer, said they were eager to get to the front.

We blundered unknowingly into the camp of the Meharists about a hundred miles south of Metlaoui, near the Sahara-Tunisia border. We were creeping through a sandstorm, unable to see more than a hundred yards ahead, when a voice ordered us to halt. Then out of the desert came the unshaven, sand-covered figure of a soldier of the Foreign Legion—a Pole who had served in the French army for twenty years. His squad was composed principally of Spaniards in their middle and late twenties, all of whom had served with the Loyalist army in the war against Franco. When the Loyalists were defeated they crossed the border into France and joined the Foreign Legion rather than enter concentration camps. They fought throughout the Battle of France and with the ill-fated Allied expedition to Norway. In eleven months their five-year enlistments will expire, and then they'd like, if possible, to join the American Army.

The Camel Corps, one of the most picturesque of all military units, was organized in 1900 at the little town of Ghadames, near the Sahara border, when the French army driving south from the sea found that its horses bogged down in the sand of the desert, while the French soldiers likewise had trouble with their heavy shoes and transport. So a new corps was formed, with camels replacing horses and Frenchmen giving way to the wild tribesmen of the desert, and in less than a year it had defeated the warlike Tuareg tribe and marched 2,000 miles to Lake Tchad.

General Achille Delay, present commander of the Corps, joined the outfit soon after it was organized. Forty-two years later, in the same little town of Ghadames, he met General LeClerc of the Fighting French, who had led an army from Lake Tchad to join the British Eighth Army in the final attack upon Rommel.

"General LeClerc and I easily reached an agreement," said General Delay, "and I am proud to say that this was the first instance of co-operation between the Fighting French and the regular French army."

Use Inferior Combat Equipment

The Camel Corps was motorized in 1937, but after the German occupation its transport was commandeered by the Nazis, and General Delay reorganized the corps with equipment similar, but in many respects inferior, to that which had been used forty years before. Since the arrival of the Americans, the soldiers of the corps, many of them without shoes, have traveled over more than a thousand miles of blistering African desert, operating principally against the Italian garrisons in the southern part of Tunisia. Hiding in the mountains and traveling only by night, they appeared before towns occupied by the Italians, and attacked with knives to save their precious ammunition. The Italians never had any fondness for hand-to-hand combat with these ferocious fighters; a mere rumor that a detach of the Camel Corps was in the neig hood was usually enough to make solini's warriors flee.

The native troops who compris Camel Corps are carefully chosen are the highest paid soldiers in the F army. They receive about one do day, in addition to sixteen kilogra flour, four kilograms of dates, an liter of oil a month. They must their own uniforms and their own c which are worth about $200 each officers are Frenchmen, but all Arabic, live exactly like their men treat them like brothers. The corps stays longer than ten days in one lo because of the need to find fresh g ground for the camels.

Just before we left General D headquarters, the corps received or attack Kebili, the last Italian stron in southern Tunisia. General turned the job over to a company manded by Captain Clermont Captain Ruat was pleased with the ment, but he wasn't very optimistic the prospects of hard fighting.

"You can come with us if you lik said, "but you probably won't see The Italians are always watching and before we can get to them wi knives they'll run away. Next time us six jeeps and a dozen Tommy-gu we'll show you some real action."

Whatever fighting these famous riors see during the present war will ably be their last as members of the Corps, for General Delay and his are planning again to motorize th fit, and to replace their camels American jeeps.

The traditional prebattle tea-drinking ceremony. The tea, very sweet and strong, takes an hour to prepare and two hours to drink. Note that both French officers and Arab men go barefoot

The tea ceremony ended, the Meharists mount their camels and march through the desert on more serious business. Below, a Camel Corps soldier displays his cooking utensils and rations

Close-up of a rugged and ruthless Meharist in a moment of repose. The colorful costume, which includes yards of bright red material wound about the waist, is discarded in actual combat for less conspicuous battle dress

When the Meharists attack, they leave their camels two miles in the rear and creep up on foot. With their brown faces and sand-colored battle dress, they are almost invisible. Below, a Meharist soldier ready to move

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

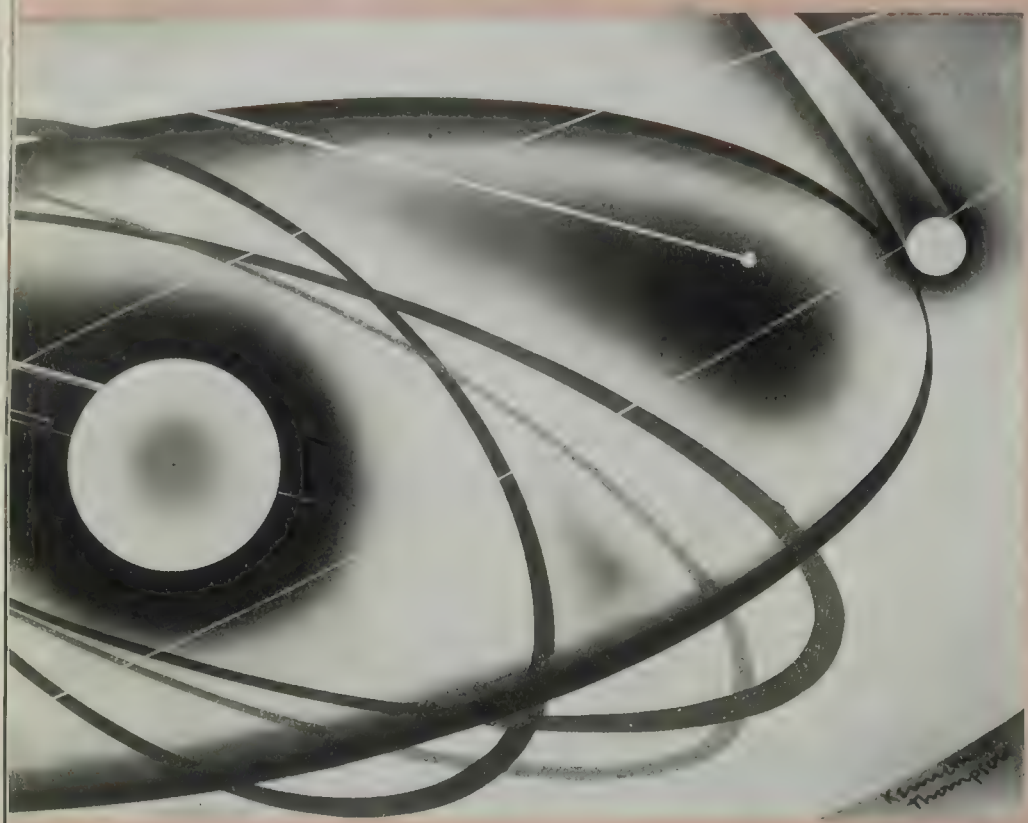
By David O. Woodbury

NEW WORLDS IN THE HEAVENS—Other worlds, revolving around other suns may soon be found scattered about the universe, if the work of our astronomers tomorrow bears out the promise of today.

With their giant telescopes, their spectrographs and micromeasuring instruments, the astronomers are starting out on the most exciting voyage of discovery in the history of the skies. New techniques and unbelievable new standards of accuracy may well result in the discovery that the human race is sprinkled throughout the universe.

Already astronomers have located two planets revolving about near-by stars in the same way that we do about our sun. These planets cannot be seen, for their reflected light is too faint. But their presence is certain from the tiny unbalancing effects they have on their parent stars.

As more of these new worlds are discovered in the heavens, it may be assumed that the universe is occupied by living beings instead of merely by gases and fire. The philosophical mind of tomorrow may then find assurance that the divine plan is infinitely larger than was supposed. And for the rest of us, there may be some comfort in the knowledge that other human races are muddling along just as we are.



KENNETH THOMPSON

WHAT makes a man too tall or too short? What forces some people's ears to grow so big they can be pinned back, and lengthens some noses till they are a nuisance? New lines of research in biochemistry give promise that the answer will lie in the mysterious hormones that control all bodily growth.

When the factors that determine the size of living things are once understood, a world-shaking medical victory should be in store. Cancer, the most feared scourge known to man, will probably be explained and hence wiped from the face of the earth. Medical opinion now holds that cancer is not a disease but a failure of the mechanism that controls growth of body cells.

The first step in the new campaign will be to produce giants at will among laboratory animals. The next, to isolate and destroy the giant principle that occasionally breaks loose in human beings.

The road to success is still long and obscure, but the new strategy is so promising that laboratory men are even more impatient than you and I to get this war won, so that the final battle against cancer can be begun.

Forty-niners of the Future

Now a bristling armed camp and jumping-off place to Japan, Alaska tomorrow will be the goal of a new generation of American pioneers. But the covered wagons then will be cars and trucks, and the trail the widened and improved Alcan Highway.

Resources of the new land, waiting only until peace to be developed, are fabulous. They include not only gold, silver, radium, copper, oil and lumber, but also vast tracts of farm land on which most of the common market crops can be grown during summer months when daylight lasts twenty hours at a time.

But the greatest trek of all will be made by tens of thousands of tourists, motoring west and north from Canada and the United States to enjoy the finest scenery on the continent. Paved highway will run all the way from Chicago to Fairbanks, offering you a complete system of hotels, camps, gas stations and stores. Air fields will be available for transport planes and for your own aerial puddle-jumper if you make your assault upon Alaska from the skies.

War is turning the roof of America into home sites and playgrounds for the adventurous of the future.

Tomorrow's Telephones

Walk out of your house and leave the telephone unattended. It will answer incoming calls and record messages which you can play back to yourself when you return. Hurry from your office on business, with a small radio pick-up in your pocket that will notify you when your phone is ringing, so that you can drop into the nearest booth and pick up the call. Reach for the instrument in your automobile or taxi and ring any number in town through a special radio exchange. Or go hiking in the country with a walkie-talkie the size of a suitcase in your hand and stay in touch with the outside world.

These are some of the more fantastic things that tomorrow's telephone companies *can* provide if the public wants them enough to pay for them.

Communications engineers, however, have their eye on something far more important to millions of subscribers: better, faster and much cheaper service and the tremendous expansion of the system. Inventions already in the bag will allow you to dial many long-distance numbers without the operator's help, thus permitting you to talk to people in distant cities as quickly as you now converse with your neighbors. Long cables that can be loaded with hundreds of messages at once, working through automatic "repeaters" on poles, will cut the cost of transcontinental calls to the levels of present short-distance tolls. And radio telephone service will be extended to thousands of outlying communities and outposts that have never had talking connections of any kind.

Silver-Rimmed Glasses to Beat the Germs

Your future refreshments may be drunk without the risk of picking up germs from glasses carelessly washed. A thin layer of silver-and-plastic varnish around the rims of drinking glasses will keep them permanently sterile, even if they are not washed at all.

You will have these self-sterilizing glasses for home use, too. The silver-rimmed bathroom glass, particularly, will prevent your family from passing around its colds.

The germicidal varnish will be applied at the factory in a smooth hard-baked band and will be equally effective on glass and plastic surfaces. The coating will have no taste; it will resist all food acids and alkalis, and will not wear off even with repeated washings in soap and boiling water.

Home Dehydrator

Preserving fruits and vegetables will be much simpler when the home-size dehydrator comes to your kitchen. You will simply spread them on trays, push them into the drier for a few hours, then store them away in boxes and paper bags without fear of spoiling or breaking.

Items like spinach, carrots, apples and peaches will occupy less than a fifth their normal space when dried. Eggs and meat can be processed in like manner and kept indefinitely. The home dehydrator will require no more floor space than a chair and will run itself automatically on the heat from a single electric bulb.

Wool clothing will come impregnated with a permanent moth-killer that will last as long as the garments.

Plastic faucets in kitchen and bathrooms will look better and do away with changing worn-out washers.

Nonexpanding glass rods to replace steel in reinforced concrete. Result: No cracks in cement roads and other structures due to extremes of heat or cold.

If your plane of the future crashes, you will not be burned up. An automatic "impact switch" will open a flood of carbon dioxide and douse any fire that might start.

Synthetic rubber pipe, reinforced with steel wire, promises to replace rigid metal piping wherever home plumbing is exposed to the winter cold; the rubber will never burst.

Double-headed nails will be used to fasten the walls of your new home to the foundations. The second head will remain above the wood surface so that the nail can be pulled out quickly without damaging the material when changes are made.

Soldier men don't make good bands, Delia's mother warned But when a man has to go diering to protect kin and place, his womenfolk stand b

DELIA, my sister, was inside ing Ma get the noonday mea was stirring up the batter batch of corn bread.

Ma's little and quick-moving, sandpiper, and forever in a fret, esp when it's hot; and what with the sun on the log walls, and the heat the cooking fire, she was fit to be ti won't have it!" she scolded.

Delia didn't say anything. She's too; spunky as a young coon but quiet, and favors Pa for looks and sition, being dark handsome with a that's always twitching like she's ab bust out laughing. Delia just went o ing yams and thinking her own th likely about Chance Finley. Sh Chance were dead set on marryin was dead set against it.

I'd left off splitting wood and the hominy mortar beside the stoop ing sandburs off my feet and listen what went on inside. Likewise, keeping an eye on the trace coming through the woods toward our cl Any time, that evening maybe, the was due back from the Indian wa Pa was with them. My brother Sar too, and Chance Finley, if they v all killed and scalped.

I was going to be right glad to and Sam, gone since April; and C Finley as well, but Ma said she care to set eyes on hide nor hair of them again. She didn't mean that Pa and Sam, of course, being death

THE HOMECOMERS

BY BEN T. YOUNG

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

The Old Man was fit to be tied. "I won't do it!" he bawled, shaking his whip. "I got it legal!" I turned then and heard Mr. Lincoln saying, "Mebbe so, mebbe not"

ething had happened to them. She though, dead earnest about Chance ey.

Soldier men!" she said to Delia. sooner you went through life an old d than bear what I have with your pa, that Chance Finley's tarred with the e stick. He'd as leave fight as eat."

You've had a good life with Pa," Declared.

Fiddlesticks!" Ma flung the pothook he hearth. "I was no more'n married Conrad Griffen than he traipses off to fool war against the British in 1812, he still packs a musket ball somewhere his vitals. 'Now,' thinks I, when he e dragging home, 'he's through solng for good and we'll settle down.' would he do it? No! The government aside this wilderness of snakes and e they call the Military Tract, and gave veteran a quarter section as a bonus, nothing would do but we must pull es, leave Tennessee and my kinfolks, come galavantin' up here to Illinois. t was even before Tom Beard started settlement and it was lonesome as a eyard. 'At least,' thinks I, 'we're so from everything he'll never hear tell war if there is one.' "

elia giggled and Ma went on. "Well," said, "he cleared off some of the timbuilt this house and put in a crop, and ou young ones began to come along I safer and safer, especially when he ed forty last March. Then you know ell as I do what happened. Soon's that miserable Black Hawk decided Iowa Territory couldn't hold him and his Sacs and Foxes, that they liked Illinois better; and General Atkinson up at Fort Armstrong on the Mississippi asked Governor Reynolds for help, your pa near foundered his horse getting home for his gun so's he could go with the militia. 'You're too old,' I told him, but he roared some foolishness about age bein' no excuse for shirkin' a duty. What's more, he must take Sam. Said 'twas time he learned soldiering, too."

"Sam's eighteen; old enough to tote a gun," I chipped in.

"You hush, Pike!" Ma flared at me. "Run those hounds out of my flowerbed; and you, Delia, get shut of that notion of marrying Chance Finley. I won't have it. Soldier men don't make good husbands. You tie to a good steady provider who'll mind his own business—"

"And let others fight his battles?" Delia said.

"A gutless jasper like Gabe Swart," I hollered, then skedaddled into the papaw thicket before Ma could get at me. Making certain there were no copperheads or water moccasins lying around, I hunkered down in the shade and thought of Gabe Swart, a big smart aleck, older than Sam, who lived with his folks down Le Moine Creek, way below town. Gabe hadn't gone with the militia, nor had his pa, Shoake Swart.

My pa said Shoake Swart had ducked the British war in 1812, but got his farm here in the Military Tract for five dollars by outsmarting an old soldier back in Pennsylvania. Ma said if he'd cheated a man (which she doubted) it was wrong, certainly; but so far as she could see, the Swarts were smart, thrifty people who minded their business and made their farm pay instead of skittering around hunting trouble like some people she knew, most of whom, for a fact, had to borrow money from Shoake Swart at one time or another.

I had a notion that Ma would like it if Gabe Swart took a shine to Delia, but I couldn't for the life of me see how Gabe Swart held a candle to Chance Finley any way you looked at it.

CHANCE was lean and hard as a hickory rail, and smelled of leather and gun oil and tobacco; and he could ride and shoot and fish like all get out, and was mortal handy with an ax. When not working his horse-drawn gristmill at Beardstown he was around our place a lot and if Delia was helping Ma, and Pa and Sam were busy in the fields or wood lot, like as not he'd say to me, "Pike, let's you'n me get meat," and we'd hiper off after squirrels or bass, or maybe even down to Mascouten Bay for ducks.

Chance Finley was all right. Pa thought so, too, and Sam, and all Ma really had against him was that he'd gone off with a whoop and a holler to fight Indians. However, with her foot down and Delia only rising seventeen and needing leave to marry, I didn't see how she and Chance would make out yet a while.

He may as well sell those logs, I thought, remembering the hickory sticks he'd cut near our place last winter, figuring to float 'em down when the ice had gone, and build a bang-up house alongside the mill for him and Delia. Delia, who was quick as a cat at figures and such that Ma had taught us, had kept an eye on those logs, going every so often to count and measure them, as though they might have shrunk. She'll be heartbroke if they can't use them, I thought.

"Dinner!" Ma called, after a bit, and we'd just sat down and Ma was saying grace when the hounds started a ruckus. Ma went right on praying and I like to bust a gut sitting still 'cause I could hear the jingle and squeak of horse gear and knew the militia was coming. When she finished I was out like a shot and there they were, not so fine-looking or so many as when they'd set off in the spring with sixteen hundred mounted and two hundred afoot, all singing Sister Phoebe. Men, horses and mules seemed all tuckered out and a lump came into my throat till I saw Pa and Sam and Chance Finley turning out of the column.

"Hi, Bub!" Pa roared through his beard and I saw, as he swung out of the saddle and commenced roughing the hounds, that a sleeve of his buckskin shirt was gone and his arm in a sling.

Sam was off now, too, and trying to make Ma quit mauling him, at least till the rest of the militia got by. Delia just

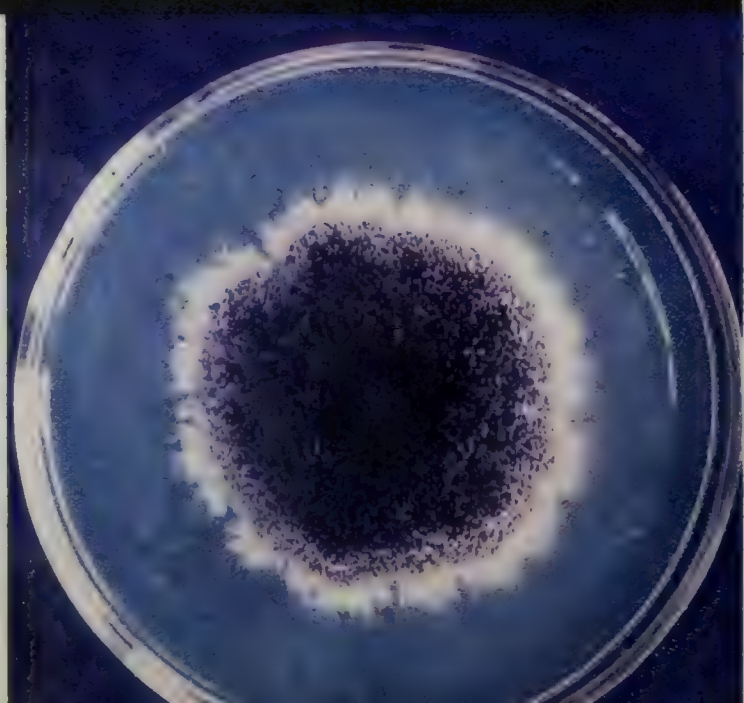
(Continued on page 73)

MICROBE ZOO

BY J. D. RATCLIFF

Science is learning how to put nature's chemists to work. Already the yeasts, molds and bacteria are producing millions of dollars' worth of chemicals every year, and it's only a start

These microscopic organisms, here greatly magnified, work in industry 24 hours a day. The picture above shows a bacterium found in soil and water. The mold at left, below, produces that amazing new drug, penicillin; the one at the right makes citric acid which has many industrial uses, including flavoring candy, soft drinks and other foods



MOST of us think of microbes in terms of su den death. But there are good microbes, t We couldn't live without them. If we did have microbes to eat dead vegetation it would pile and choke off all life. Microbes give us cheese, be buttermilk, sauerkraut, pickles, olives. They capture mospheric nitrogen to enrich the soil and do us a th sand good turns.

Industry is beginning to see tremendous possibili in microbes—in the yeasts, molds and bacteria. Th little creatures are magnificent chemists. They can jobs which stump the brightest men. They can t wood into sugar, and sugar into fat. They can conv stuff like corn sugar into resins, gums and vitamins.

These facts account for the quickening interest the new science of industrial microbiology. And it accounts for the fact that in the past year or so, t country has built up one of the world's best micr zoos—so the creatures will be on hand when jobs found for them.

This zoo is in Peoria, Ill.—in the U. S. Dep ment of Agriculture's Northern Regional Resea Laboratory. The zoo contains 1,900 molds, 1,000 yea and 500 varieties of bacteria. The creatures in this are kept in test tubes and flasks instead of cages. Sc live in refrigerator rooms, others in closets or in bators.

We know how one mold feasts on milk curds gives us Roquefort cheese. And how others help in process of tanning leather, curing tobacco, and ret of flax. But we are finding many new jobs for ther in the citric acid industry, for example.

It is citric acid that imparts a distinctive flavor lemon drops, bottled pop, and a host of other tart fo For years Italy held a near world monopoly on the a extracting it from fruit. Then chemists found that job could be done cheaper and better by a talented m —*Aspergillus niger.* Feed this little fellow—a rela of the mold that ruins bread left too long in the br box—and he would make all the citric acid the w wanted. He would eat almost any fodder; sugar-b pulp, artichokes, molasses, potatoes, corn sugar. million pounds of citric acid are made each year by process.

In 1939 the U. S. Department of Agriculture sta building four regional laboratories—to find new i for products grown in their areas. Thus New leans' chief job was to study cotton. The one side San Francisco worked principally on fruits vegetables, Philadelphia on milk, tobacco and d products, and Peoria on grains.

Big Possibilities in Microbes

For twenty years H. T. Herrick, who heads Peoria lab, has been interested in fermentation. mentation, incidentally, isn't limited to using yeas make alcohol. It covers the entire range of work on micro-organisms. Thus, the rotting of a fence post fermentation process, since it is caused by soil or isms. Herrick had enough vision to see big indus possibilities in microbes. Dr. Robert D. Coghill, for Yale chemistry professor, was hired to head the 25-m research team assigned to the job.

The first step was to assemble a microbe zoo. vate collections offered some strains. Others were lected in the field. Samples of soil came in from all the world; and from these samples, interesting micr were isolated.

The specimens were as tricky as the animals in other zoo. The researchers had to find whether liked a hot, moist environment or a cold, dry one. T had to find what foods they would eat. Some strain quire vitamins, some beef broth, but sugar is the b diet.

Some strains are worthless—so far as is known r An example here is *Aspergillus repens.* This is the n that grows on your shoes when they are left in the cl too long in summertime. Other strains are sulky balky. One yeast will work on a bushel of corn and produce a drop of whisky. Another will produc gallons!

So each microbe in the zoo required indivi study. When the collection was more or less comp research men set to work studying possibilities. At start of a piece of work, no one knows whether a n will produce a valueless slime—or a valuable acid might be used by the plastics industry.

The hero of the laboratory at the moment is a n called *Penicillium notatum.* This mold makes the penicillin (See Keep Up with the World for April 3, 19 which is the most potent weapon against death ever covered. This new drug, not yet on the market, discovered by accident by a British research man na Alexander Fleming. He was *(Continued on page*

Amy saw him leaning his great height against a mantel. He looked lonely. Her first thought concerning him was that she would like to meet him

A TIME FOR LOVERS

BY MONA WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

at can parents do when a d they have cherished and ected suddenly turns to a nger for love? A saga- s father knew what to say

EOPLE always spoke of her as the girl with the hair. When she went into a store to buy a dress or a salesgirls prefaced everything they ght out by, "With your hair, this d be marvelous—or stunning—or ter- clever—" Sometimes crude young with simple approaches inquired slyly r temper (meaning her temperament) as hot as her hair. This always froze nstantly; she hated being expected to p to her appearance.

ny Ferris' hair was neither carroty the henna-brown which passes for nor any color in between. It had a ty separate from color, as the moon only this was the pink-gold burn of er; it looked too slippery clean to a hairpin. And it was real. It had r been touched with anything but and water, and nothing made Mrs. s more furious than the suggestion Amy's hair was "touched up." People mistrusted red hair when Mrs. Ferris a girl, but she had moved with the , and she fully realized the unique- of her daughter.

Amy met Chad Lacey at a furlough party given for Harry Polk on his first leave home. Harry had been the most popular boy in their crowd since high-school days, and nobody could do enough for him now. Girls called one another on the telephone, for no reason except to discuss Harry's uniform, Harry's promotion, Harry's stripes. Harry's friend from camp came in for only passing attention.

Amy first saw him, an extraordinarily tall, loosely built boy, leaning his great height against a mantel, one big-knuckled hand clasped around an empty beer glass. In a group of little, chattering people, he looked lonely, like a heron among magpies. He had dark, lank hair and a long, square jaw, and his eyes were dark and narrow, and they moved around the room as though he weren't missing anything.

Somebody spoke of the heat of the night, and Amy saw a girl glance up at him and ask archly—How was the air up there? Amy suffered with him the weary brightness of this remark, and her first thought concerning him was that she would like to meet him, solely for the pleasure of ignoring his height, as she had always wanted to meet someone who would ignore her hair.

During the next hour a curious thing happened. She was pulled into a game in which he did not join, and the distance between them remained the width of the big, noisy room. And yet her first awareness of him grew and spread, so that by the end of that time, she could barely keep her mind on the game. Talking to someone else, she watched him through her lashes; even with her back turned, she felt his eyes burning into her. The toss of the head, the low laugh, the extra vivacity she put into the game when it was her time to perform—all these were for him, and she admitted it to herself with shame.

She would have sworn that he knew it, too. And yet he made no effort to come near her, to make the simple move that would bring them into contact. Then she saw him cross the room to offer a match to Peg Dillon, who had come in late. So he wasn't simply shy. And Peg wasn't even pretty!

THE game was breaking up. Amy lifted a cigarette out of a box, walked over to him, and said deliberately, "Have you a match for me, too?"

He unwound slowly out of his chair, got out a match, and held it for her. He said gravely, "I've been wondering about you —why you look different from these other girls."

His voice was deep and smoky, and the syllables were slurred. From Louisville, they had said.

"Different?"

"I know now. You haven't a lot of make-up on."

Her breath trembled on a laugh. "Oh, that! Well, if I wear make-up like other girls, people think my hair is artificial."

She had been the one to mention her hair, after all! He wasn't even looking at it. Her breathless feeling increased, as though she had let him get way ahead of her in a race. The thing to do was to get it out of her system.

"Let's be frank. If you were wondering about me, why didn't you come over and talk to me?" She tried a little laugh. "Instead of just—just wondering in silence?"

He bent the burnt match in two pieces and rolled them between his thumb and finger. "Because you're one of the popular ones. Plenty lads to hang around you, without my nosing in." He added gently, "I don't much like popular girls."

Lads. No boy she knew would use such a word. She stared at his hands. Their size and toughness fascinated her. A little cold feeling slid through her.

"How do you know I'm popular? You've never seen me, except playing a silly game."

He glanced sideways at her and back to the match. "Easy enough to tell. Just watch the other boys. Harry, for instance. Trouble with popular girls is, you always feel they're looking at somebody else over your shoulder."

She felt relaxed. Now she was on familiar ground. She said lightly, "I've got to leave early. It must be eleven now. Would you walk me home? I live only a few blocks from here."

(Continued on page 46)

Seven Sins

BY SAX ROHMER

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

LATE one night, Lord Marcus Amberdale, who lives in the Mayfair section of London, notifies Scotland Yard, by telephone, that murder has been committed—either in or near his home. Three members of the force—Chief Inspector Firth, Detective Sergeant Bluett and Dr. Fawcett—are assigned to the case.

The house, when they arrive, is surrounded by cats! They enter—Lord Marcus, whose butler is away for the evening, admits them. The place is reeking with incense; curious relics—ancient Egyptian and Roman—are everywhere. On a couch is the body of a man in evening clothes.

Firth identifies the man as Sir Giles Loeder, a noted radio broadcaster. Dr. Fawcett says that his neck has been broken. They move to another room. There they find a woman—a marvelously beautiful woman—in a deep trance. There is no one else in the house.

Lord Marcus tells his story: While engaged in a tremendously important experiment with the woman (a "Mrs. Vane," whose reputation could hardly be worse), he had heard a noise in the lobby, and the ringing of the doorbell. He had gone into the lobby, found the body. He had—so he insists—never before seen Sir Giles Loeder.

Before the police leave, Fay Perigal—Lord Marcus' cousin, who works as a nurse, in an R.A.F. hospital—comes in to spend the night, after a late party. Seeing the body, she is much upset. She admits that she has met Sir Giles—*once*.

Gaston Max—a brilliant French detective who disguises himself cleverly when he is on duty—happens to be in London at the time of the murder; he is working on a case which he describes as "something that may cause the death of us all." But, by chance, he obtains some evidence in the Loeder mystery.

At 1:10, on the night of the murder, while disguised as a taxi driver, he had picked up a girl in evening clothes; he had driven her to the British Broadcasting Company. Later he had driven her and a man (also in evening clothes) to a certain address. The man, he had noted, had been carrying a small brown leather portfolio.

Firth and his associates learn that the "man in evening clothes" had been Sir Giles Loeder; they learn that the girl's name is "Rita Martin." They learn, furthermore, that Mrs. Vane had once been Sir Giles' mistress; and Bluett, for one, suspects strongly that Lord Marcus has kil'ed Sir Giles in a fit of jealousy.

Rita Martin works at Simone's, a hairdressing establishment. Going to Simone's, Mrs. Jameson, an operative, learns that, on the evening of Sir Giles' death, he and the Martin girl had been gambling at a place run by a "Mrs. Destrée."

The woman's report delights Firth. As she leaves, he tells her, indirectly, that she has done good work.

III

LORD MARCUS AMBERDALE sat in his darkened study, which was lighted only by the shaded desk lamp. He wore reading glasses with tortoise-shell rims and was absorbed in a manuscript which contained numerous Egyptian hieroglyphics and other mysterious signs. He seemed to be checking this manuscript from a papyrus laid upon the desk beside him.

The house with the scarlet door was silent, its atmosphere faintly permeated by that haunting odor of incense. The sound of a discreet rap interrupted the reader.

"Come in," said Lord Marcus, without raising his eyes from the manuscript.

The door opened and Wake entered. "An apéritif, my lord, or are you still fasting?"

"No," murmured Lord Marcus absently; "I mean, Wake, I am no longer fasting. Angostura and soda."

"Very good, my lord. You are dining out, I believe?"

"I am dining at the club. You need not wait up."

Wake withdrew as silently as he had entered, and Lord Marcus continued his studies.

Ysolde Destrée watched Wake for a time in silence. Then she spoke, her childlike voice caressing: "I asked you to call because I wished to make quite sure that you realize in how grave a position we find ourselves"

If Lord Marcus had dismissed, as apparently he had dismissed, memories of those gruesome happenings which had disturbed his household, clearly this was not the case with Wake. For as Wake went about his duties, passing between the kitchen quarters and the study, rarely did he fail to glance at the Roman couch. Nevertheless, his manner when presently he returned, bearing a long-necked Venetian glass upon a silver salver, was irreproachably correct. With a slight premonitory cough, he placed the glass conveniently within reach of Lord Marcus, and, the salver under his arm, stood for a moment beside the polished desk.

"Will there be anything further, my lord?"

"Nothing further, Wake. You may go out if you wish."

"Good night, my lord."

"Good night, Wake."

Wake withdrew to what he called his pantry, a square alcove curtained off the kitchen. When presently he hear lordship preparing to go out he tenta showed himself at the end of the pa

Lord Marcus, wearing a black F cape, and a wide-brimmed soft blac was selecting an ebony cane from the board inside the front door. His ha the latch, he spoke over his shoulder:

"Don't disturb yourself, Wake; I all I want." He went out. The scarlet closed.

The evening was somewhat dull cloudy, so that although nearly ha hour remained before blackout South Audley Street, to which a few strides led him, appeared to Lord M already partially cloaked in night. A cab, in charge of a particularly dirty-ing driver, stood at the corner.

"Taxi, sir?"

"Thank you, no."

(Continued on page 33)

peoples of the world must be d to prepare themselves both in and spirit before we can hope that can participate in creating a mech- which will insure that a new war will not again occur a gen- n from now. When the guns stop , the men and women who have ed so much must not be forced to decisions born in desperation, de- s which might well threaten the for which we are fighting this Any plan for peace and a stable order, no matter how nobly con- d or how wisely constructed, can be foredoomed to failure if pro- while starvation, pestilence and ing engulf most of the world.

e peace for which we are fighting precious and its costs too high in , in sacrifice and in suffering to opardized in advance by refusal en hesitation of any nation to do at is necessary to bind up the ds of suffering peoples and thus re the way for universal partici- n in a lasting settlement. Before an hope for a permanent mecha- to secure enduring peace and sta- orld economy, we must first make in that the nations, and the men, en and children who make up the ns, are not driven by starvation desperation to embrace ideas as ble as those of the Axis which we eking to exterminate.

—HERBERT H. LEHMAN

Director, Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation Operations

FOOD FOR A RAVAGED WORLD

BY GEORGE CREEL

Food sent from the U. S. to the Middle East almost hides the ship that carried it, a Greek freighter of uncertain age. The small pile of boxes at left contains ale from Canada. The natives guard it well. The largest pile contains margarine. The food is distributed in Greece by a Swiss-Swede commission

WHEN the Axis powers are defeated, liberating the enslaved millions of Europe and Asia, what is the plan for putting them on their feet? With all the "starry- talk now going around, people eginning to ask questions. Is the d States expected to carry the whole n of feeding, clothing and housing nultitudes left starving, naked and less by the ravages of war? And will ask itself be viewed as an adventure lealism, a social-uplift movement, r than as a plain, simple salvage

rbert H. Lehman, Director of the e of Foreign Relief and Rehabilita- Operations, hereinafter to be known FRRO, did not hesitate a split sec- when these questions were put to him. t and unqualified "No" was his an- to both. "The life-and-death needs illions of men and women," he de- d, "are beyond the ability of any one try to meet. The problem must be oached and solved by the United ons, and all men of good will every- e." With equal emphasis he dis- ed any idea of dressing up as Santa s and racing a team of reindeer over orld.

e reasons for this unhesitating an- were spread thick before New York's overnor as he sat at his desk in Wash- n's gray old State Building—pile on of authenticated reports that proved a or of desolation in every occupied , a tragedy of rapine that will tax the urces of *all* peoples even when pooled. y page told a story of German sav- y and incredible suffering.

oland is a charnel house where two on Jews have been exterminated already, and half as many Poles. With firing squads and bayonets too slow for Nazi hate, ingenious methods of wholesale slaughter have been devised. Men, women and children herded into pens and blown up by hand grenades; freight cars, their floors inches deep in wet quicklime, packed to the suffocation point and then locked and shunted off to some remote siding; thousands driven like cattle into "gas chambers," and other thousands, stripped naked, scourged into heavily wired halls and electrocuted en masse.

Account after account of the "labor camps" in which the young and strong slave for German masters, with cracked eyeballs, battered kidneys and smashed genitals the punishment for "shirking." Under daily drudgery and torture, the unhappy wretches die like flies, and not even ditching machines can dig graves fast enough to keep the air from being poisoned by the stench of rotting bodies. In the fields, patrolled by graduates of the Strength Through Joy school, everything is taken from the farmers except a bare subsistence ration. The "old ones"—the grandfathers and grandmothers—are held as hostages and shot if a village falls below its quota of grain and garden truck.

Some Will Manage to Survive

Counting up the dead—the butchered, tortured and starved—and adding in the women sent to German brothels and the men deported to labor camps in the Reich, it is fairly estimated that Poland has lost five millions. Many more will die of hunger, for the food allowance is scarcely above famine level. Around 700 calories for the Catholic Poles, and less than 300 for Jews, as compared to a prewar standard of 2,600 calories. Tuberculosis, dysentery, scarlet fever and spotted typhus will also take heavy toll, and murder and tortures still go on as a business or a sport. Forcing priests and rabbis to run the gantlet, or else distending their bowels with air, is a favored recreation, particularly with Nazi Youth detachments newly arrived from the Reich. Even so, it is likely that some 30,000,000 Poles will manage to keep alive, counting the hours until the United Nations bring freedom and relief.

Greece, by merciful chance, just missed being another Poland. Prior to August, 1942, when the Germans opened Peiraeus to the entry of eight relief ships a month, one million out of a population of seven million perished of starvation or diseases induced by starvation. In the OFRRO files are eyewitness reports of famished creatures hunting the fields for roots and grasses and fighting in the gutters for refuse; of walking corpses bloated out of all resemblance to human shape; of once proud men and women covered with lice or tormented by mange; of little ones weakly gumming crusts, too rickety to grow teeth.

Horrors that make the reader rush to the nearest window, suddenly sick for the reassuring sight of familiar, decent things. Terse, official accounts of the hunger madness that did not stop at cannibalism: of a mother called on to decide which of her children has the best chance to live: of a nation's birth rate brought to a tragic stop by the leaping increase of sterility.

Yugoslavia, where Chetniks and Partisans fight both foe and hunger, is a waste. Enslaved Austria, and Germany's wretched vassal states—Hungary, Bulgaria, Rumania and Italy—are only a jump ahead of famine, for all production goes to the master race. The situation is better in Norway, France, the Netherlands, Belgium and Czechoslovakia. There the populations are kept alive, except for mass executions to discourage sabotage, because the Germans need slave labor in factories and fields. At that the daily ration is close to starvation level. All livestock has been requisitioned or slaughtered, crops are commandeered, and attempts to hide and withhold are punished by death.

Total, Ruthless Destruction

Bad as European conditions are today, they may become worse, for Russia reports that captured German officers had instructions for "complete demolition" in event of a retreat. In Kharkov these orders were carried out to the letter, for the returning population found factories, water mains, power plants and sewerage systems destroyed by fire and high explosives. Even in private homes sewing machines, stoves, dishes and furniture were smashed into bits with brutal thoroughness.

More terrible than hunger, disease and pillage, if possible, are tragedies of displacement due to Germany's labor drafts. On the basis of information received, ex-Governor Lehman estimates that fully 9,000,000 men and women have been dragged away from their homelands, the fathers sent here, the mothers there and the children God knows where. In addition to these displacements, there are the six or seven million war prisoners who will have to be repatriated.

A staggering job, even with Asia left

(Continued on page 42)

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

A quick hitch can be pretty important in wartime, but there's more to it than just making up your mind. Collier's takes a look at the couples storming New York, and offers some helpful hints

Marriage in a Hurry

By Harry Henderson and Sam Shaw

TIME was when two young people who wanted to marry needed only a license and a minister. Today getting married is a nerve-racking procedure.

In peacetime, it wouldn't bother anybody except people who probably shouldn't marry anyway. But at present it has multitudes of young folks living on fingernails, shredded timetables and love. More people—mostly servicemen and their girls—are trying to get married in a hurry than ever before. A month after Pearl Harbor, America had an increase of 150% in marriages. Seattle, Washington, jumped 290%. In 1939, New York issued 62,288 licenses, and appears to be about to top the 90,000 mark for 1943.

Three factors have made New York a wartime Reno in reverse. It is an important port of embarkation, a large naval center, and is easily reached from any point east of the Mississippi. It offers a last chance for thousands to marry before going overseas.

On Fridays and Saturdays, the City Hall area is blurred with running soldiers, sailors and girls hunting the license bureau, floral shops, ministers, blood-testing laboratories and the Legal Aid Society. None of them knows beforehand how to get married.

Often the boy's leave comes so unexpectedly that he has only time to wire the girl to meet him in New York if she wants to get hitched. Many either find out the requirements too late to get married or are so exhausted from the chase that they don't know whether it is worth it.

Brides Come Pouring In

Somehow the story has spread among soldiers and sailors that you can get married easily in New York, and as for the law—"You can get a waiver." So girls pour into the city from Missouri, Utah, Virginia, New England and Texas. Usually they're alone, but sometimes with Mamma, and occasionally with the whole darn' family.

In most cases, the girl arrives first, waits anxiously in a crowded railroad station until her husband-to-be pulls in. Then they set out—often still carrying their baggage—to find out where you get in line.

But to get back to the problem of getting married: There are thirteen states (see chart) where the only requirement is a license and a girl. There are three places where it is impossible to get married in a hurry—Delaware, New Jersey and the District of Columbia. Each has a waiting period, and there is no legal provision for waiving these so-called "cooling-off" tests. So unless you are willing to go through a three-day marriage procedure, stay away from those places.

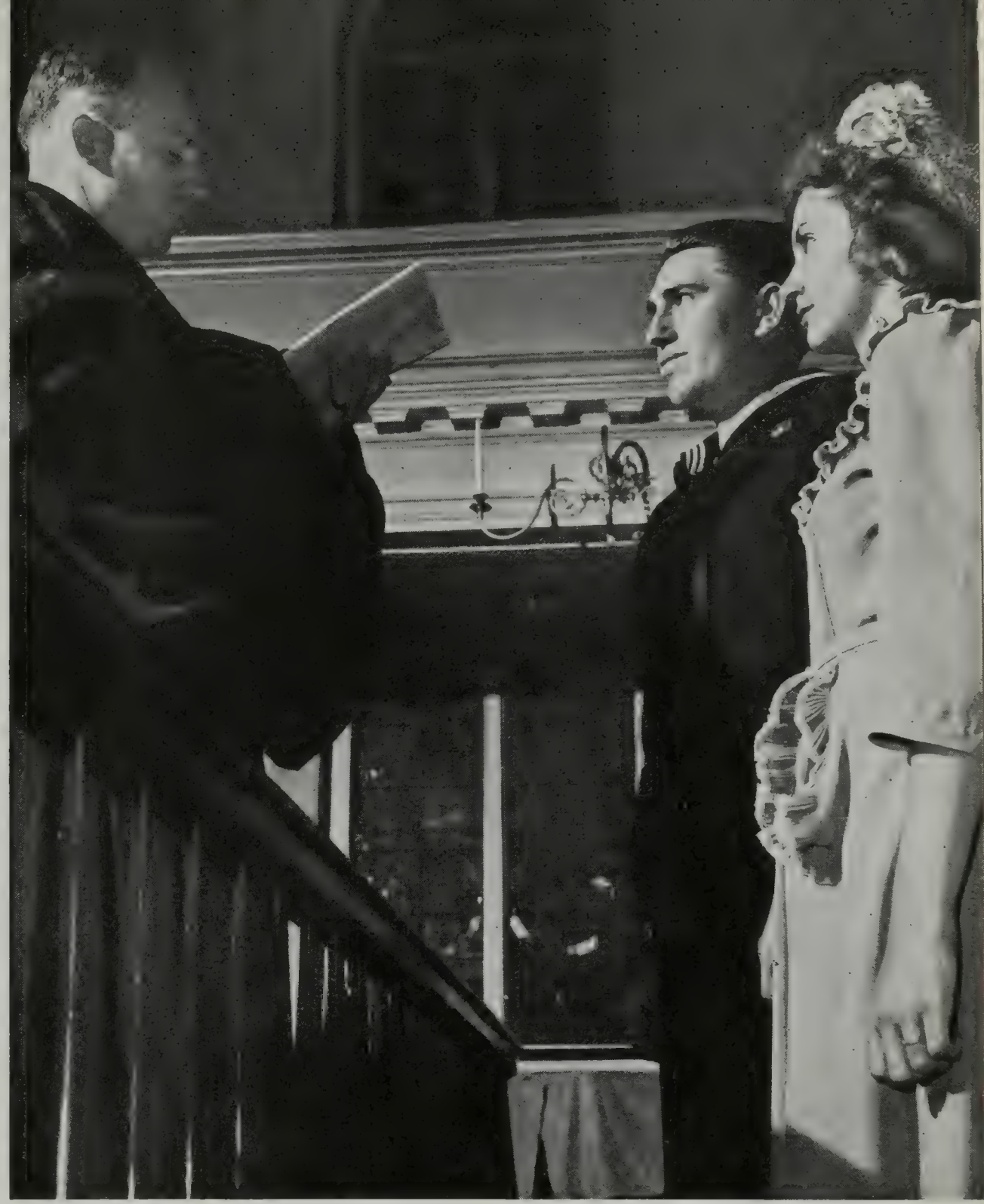
To be married without parental consent, a man must be twenty-one in all states except Idaho, Michigan, North and South Carolina, where he can be eighteen; and in New Hampshire, where he must be twenty. The age of consent for girls is 18 years in all states except the following, where the age is twenty-one: Connecticut, Florida, Kentucky, Louisiana, Nebraska, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia and Wyoming. If you are under age, bring with you written parental consent, duly notarized; and if you look under age, bring your birth certificate.

Several eminent sociologists have said

Regardless of haste, servicemen usually find time to get their brides corsages. Gunner's Mate Carroll Flynn pins his to Virginia Moran whom he met at school in New York City four years ago. Carroll had a five-day leave. They wasted one day deciding to marry, another finding out how it's done, and ended up, with us as witnesses

A British 8th Army paratrooper is married to a g works for the Fighting French by New York's Depu riage Clerk Murray W. Stand. Mr. Stand, who calls fice a "Grand Hotel," marries about thirty couple They're all in a hurry, he says, and eight out of ten try to put the wedding ring on the bride's middl

Max Greenberg of Camden, N. J., and Wave Norma of Washington, D. C., were married in near-by Brooklyn



Rev. K. Howard Kerr marries Evah J. Hobbs and Elmer L. Knisley, both of Pineville, Mo., in Manhattan's oldest Methodist church, Old John Street. Elmer was principal of the Pineville elementary school before entering the Navy and appeared as an extra in Belle Starr and Jesse James which were filmed in Pineville. Evah teaches "all the grades" at near-by Goodman and has been so busy she's not had time to see either picture. Below, they receive instructions from a Legal Aid Society attorney on how to have the court waive the three-day waiting period

t's Mate W. H. Dyer, Jr., holds Sue Mitchell's hand while is drawn for a test. Both come from Baton Rouge, La.

STATES	BLOOD TEST	DOCTOR'S CERTIFICATE	WAITING PERIOD HOURS
ALA.	■	■	
CALIF.	■	■	72
COLO.	■	■	
CONN.	■	■	120
DEL.			★
D. C.			120
IDAHO	■	■	
ILL.	■	■	
IND.	■	■	★
IOWA	■	■	
KY.	■	■	
LA.		■	
MAINE	■	■	120
MD.			48
MASS.	■	■	120
MICH.	■		120
MINN.			120
NEB.	■	■	
N. H.	■	■	120
N. J.	■	■	72
N. Y.	■	■	72
N. C.	■	■	
N. D.	■	■	
OHIO	■		120
ORE.	■	■	72
PA.	■	■	72
R. I.	■	■	120
S. D.	■		
TENN.	■	■	72
TEXAS		■	
UTAH	■	■	
VT.	■	■	120
VA.	■		
WASH.			72
W. VA.	■	■	72
WIS.	■	■	120
WYO.		■	

★In Delaware if one or both are residents the waiting period is 24 hours: if both are nonresidents 96 hours. Indiana requires no formal waiting period but the blood sample must be satisfactory; the time elapsed in receiving this constitutes a waiting period.

•

States where you need only a license and a girl

ARIZ.	MO.
ARK.	MONT.
FLA.	NEV.
GA.	N. M.
KAN.	OKLA.
MISS.	S. C.

Mary Skinner of New Haven, Conn., tells Corp. Robert Brainard of Arlington, Mass., the answers for her side of the license application. He is stationed in Maryland and she hopes to see him often

French sailor Marthy Zulauf met Swiss-born Marcel Chatelet three months ago when his ship pulled into New York for repairs. Love conquered the language difficulties and they conquered the license bureau

Rose Pillock (at the right) can hardly believe that she has just become Mrs. Saul Cohen. This was a "double," a marriage in which couples who meet for the first time become witnesses for one another

that the cycle of getting acquainted, falling in love, getting married—once a matter of months or years—has been cut by the war to a period of days and weeks. Our own observations at New York's Manhattan bureau were quite the opposite. However, we may be prejudiced, for we were inevitably drawn into the swirl of nuptials and ended up as best man and bridesmaid six times.

We found only one case where the couple had not known each other for over six months. Many were long-time sweethearts who had decided to marry anywhere from three months to three years ago. The youngest couple we talked to were Merchant Seaman Karl Gurschick and Evelyn Wilbur, both eighteen and from Rumford, Maine. They had been "steadies" for the last two years and decided to get married—"Oh, a long time ago," Evelyn said.

The only time most of these newlyweds will see each other will be on an occasional leave. Many were going overseas immediately. The girls showed no squeamishness about waiting. But they hope and pray we'll win the war tomorrow.

Short Cuts to the Altar

Getting married in New York is not the cinch the Army-Navy rumor makes it. The state requires a blood test, a doctor's certificate, and a cooling-off period, which consists of waiting until your blood test is 72 hours old.

Assuming you are camped a million miles away from your One and Only, the easiest way to surmount these barriers and be married calmly, coolly and with dignity, is to write the Department of Health, New York, N. Y., for "serological forms." When they arrive, you send one to your little rosebud. Then each of you goes to your doctor, has the blood test made and reported on these forms. If both of you have this done a week before arriving in New York, your blood test will be 72 hours old, and—bingo!—you can become Mr. and Mrs. immediately.

However, you shouldn't have the test made more than 30 days before you get the license. The law nixes any serological report over 30 days old.

Failure to have these tests made before arriving in New York has made the Legal Aid Society the Dan Cupid of Manhattan. Advice on how to get married was never intended to be one of the society's functions. But a year and a half ago, a soldier appealed to its office at 11 Park Place, near City Hall, for help in drawing up a petition to the New York Supreme Court asking that the 72-hour wai period be waived.

The society went to bat and it has b batting ever since. Mrs. Fay Van W oner, whose primary job is raising fu for the society, was so appalled by sight of helpless out-of-towners wa precious three-day honeymoons in h ing labs and ministers, that she got complete file of all the labs and the each requires to make a blood test. has another file of ministers who marry you immediately. They inc every faith, and a few weeks ago on quest from a soldier and girl from U she proudly produced a Mormon bis

Frankly a sentimentalist because was a World War I bride, Mrs. Van W oner was so touched by the first ha couples she saw that she bought a fruitcake, sprayed it with her husb best brandy and handed it out, piec piece, to amazed and delighted br in-a-moment. This gesture, however, to be discontinued because the cr grew too large, and Mr. Van Wagone growing apprehensive about his bra But the spirit remains and service co get priority over other matters in th ciety's offices.

If it is impossible for you to have blood test made before coming to York, you should hustle off to a lab arrival. The Legal Aid Society wi rect you by telephone. The Army-N laboratories at 90 Church Street mak test for service couples without ch but it takes at least a day to get th sults.

Once you have the blood test, you ply go to the Municipal Building (not Hall) and you get a license pronto. ever, you still have to wait until you is 72 hours old before the ceremony be performed. This is where the w comes in.

The law states that a waiver ma granted if the waiting period wo "great hardship" in the opinion o New York Supreme Court. The Aid Society draws up petitions t court for waivers, mostly in cases a soldier has only a week-end pass, sailor is apt to be called back to his at any moment, or a serviceman ha cided to marry toward the end o leave. There is no charge for petition waivers.

Four Dollars' Worth of Heave

The marriage license fee is $2 an fee for a civil ceremony by the jovial marriage bureau deputy, M W. Stand, is also $2. If either party der 21, however, they cannot be m in the Municipal Building. Mr. (who gets post cards from hundreds couples he has married, saying tha are happy) performs the simple cere in two minutes flat in a little room cent to the marriage bureau.

Mr. Stand accept no gratuiti gifts. When they are offered, he pa couple on the back and says wisely, it in War Bonds."

From a countrywide point of vie best thing that can be said for ma laws is that they are an enduring ment for the abolition of States' They are an impressively contrad patchwork of red tape, racket, tra crackpottery and sheer orneriness. only similarity among them is tha are laws. None of the clauses on c is the same. Nearly every state has ferent waiting period. Some insi resident doctors getting the blo business.

Civil ceremonies are forbidde Maryland, Illinois, Iowa and Ken and West Virginia, whose legislato parently feared having a flock of old on their hands, refuses to grant a l to a girl from another state.

...YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed—So Free and Easy On The Draw

Copyright 1943, The American Tobacco Company

The rest-pause that refreshes

Welcome in peace... more welcome in war work

MANAGERS and personnel directors will tell you that regular rest-pauses plus the refreshment of ice-cold Coca-Cola increase contentment in their plants. Thus production is increased. A pause for Coca-Cola is a little thing in itself, but it's one of those little things that brightens a busy day.

You might think it strange that workers have such a welcome for a 5¢ soft drink. But Coca-Cola has something all its own in goodness. Made with a finished art, it has taste that always pleases. And more than just quenching thirst, it brings a happy after-sense of complete refreshment. The only thing like Coca-Cola is Coca-Cola, itself.

Letters from plant managers from coast to coast emphasize that the little moment for an ice-cold Coca-Cola means a lot to workers in war plants. It's a refreshing moment on the sunny side of things . . . a way to turn to refreshment without turning from work.

Hard work, rush work, hot work. Wouldn't you, yourself, welcome a frosty bottle of Coca-Cola when it came your time to pause? Who wouldn't.

A breathing spell, a rest-pause and ice-cold Coca-Cola. Contentment comes when you connect with a Coke.

Drink Coca-Cola Delicious and Refreshing

The best 5¢ *is always the better buy!*

COPYRIGHT 1943, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

OU CAN'T ESCAPE

FAITH BALDWIN

TRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

Story Thus Far:

AGED to Linda Wheaton, in the little w England town of Benfield, Rix Anderis away with her best friend—"Peg" Reynand marries her.

good people of Benfield are kind, sympa- But, realizing that her salvation lies in work, Linda goes to New York City. "Tony" Dennison, a young lawyer whom ows slightly, helps her to get a job with y firm by which he is employed.

ort time later Tony is promoted—made a partner; and Linda, a capable girl, be- the secretary of Andrew Powell, one of st powerful figures in the firm. . . . Tony ve with Nelda Heron, daughter of one of m's wealthy clients. He takes Linda to cticut, for a week end with the Herons. ere, among the guests, she meets—*Rix and* o her amazement, she sees that Rix and are deeply interested in each other!

feels sure that Rix is hoping to get rid of divorce, so that he can marry the beauti- lda Heron. In need of a confidant, Peg n Linda; and, in the course of a long, talk, she predicts that Nelda will marry -and see as much as she can of Rix, on the inda wonders if, somehow, she can save

le week-ending again at the Herons', Linda r first chance to do something. It comes, ance, when she sees Rix embracing and Nelda, and overhears an extremely com- ing conversation. She seizes it—goes to tells her what she has learned, warns her get involved with Rix.

a has been wondering if Tom Yorke—a partner in Tony's firm—who is in love inda—has much of a chance with Rix's fiancée. Now she feels sure that he ; she feels sure that Linda is in love with Tony or Rix.

listens impatiently to what Linda has to hen she says that she will strongly deny arges that are brought against her. She is on carrying out her plans—to use both d Tony as her fancy may dictate.

a knows that further talk is useless. She at she is leaving—by train, in the morn-

u can do as you please," Nelda flings at

VI

DA closed the door. She was out in the corridor and now she was shak- ing again. She was sick with frus- n and fatigue. What a fool she had to think Nelda would listen to her, l not plot and plan to twist the situa- o her own advantage! That's what for meddling, she told herself, going to her own room and locking her- . The old Girl Scout instinct. The deed. A fine deed that turned out

ll, this was the end of her acquaint- with the sacrosanct Herons, she ht. She was dead tired but com- y wide awake. She took out her suit- nd began to pack. She would get up ring, do the necessary tipping, and e butler to call a taxi for her, saying idn't wish to disturb Miss Heron or arents at that hour. She would leave sual apologetic note, saying she had n urgent telephone call and must at once to town. No one was likely eck on the excuse—certainly Nelda dn't.

ll, where was she? Just where she efore, or a couple of miles in the Nelda wouldn't stop seeing Rix; she d marry Tony; she would do as eased. She had said so. And now she knew all about Rix and Linda and Peg, and didn't care. The knowledge merely provided her with a weapon. Linda could imagine vividly all Nelda would or could say to Tony . . . not in her own defense, which would be unnecessary, but to discredit Linda in his eyes, to make it very plausible why the Herons no longer asked Tony's little friend, Mr. Powell's secretary, to their various houses . . .

And the stupid part, thought Linda, cramming clothes recklessly into the suitcase, is that I was trying to help Tony . . . trying to save him, if I could, from being hurt. Perhaps this will teach me to mind my own business, as Nelda, and Rix before her, suggested.

She went to bed and lay sleepless. There was not much left of that miserable Saturday night. When it grew light she rose and dressed and when she thought the servants would be stirring, she rang. An astonished and rather reproachful maid knocked at her door and Linda told her to come in. She explained, smiling, "I'm so sorry . . . but I learned late last night that I had to return to town on the first train. I wonder if I could get a taxi? I don't want to disturb anyone. . . . I'll leave a note for Miss Heron. But if you could get me a timetable . . . ?"

She put a bill in the maid's hand and the girl brightened to attention. She said, "I'll ask Blower." (Blower, it appeared, was the butler. A wonderful name, thought Linda abstractedly.) "He has a timetable. And I'll bring you your coffee at once, miss," she added.

Linda said hastily that coffee was not necessary. But the girl hurried away and presently returned with a tray, coffee, orange juice, toast, marmalade and the timetable. "Blower says," she reported, "that there isn't a train Sunday morning. The early one runs on weekdays. It's seven something."

Linda's heart sank. "Thanks," she said. "I'll see if I can get a taxi to take me into town."

It would cost a fortune, she thought, if she could get someone to drive her, and even that wasn't certain.

She heard a telephone ring as she sat there on a chair by the window and drank the coffee. She thought: Tom—I could call him and ask him if he'd drive me up at once. He probably has all sorts of plans for today but he'd drop them and drive me in, I'm sure. But I don't want to ask him.

It would be a last resort. She couldn't stay here. She had to get away, she couldn't remain under the same roof with Nelda another hour, under the obligation of Heron hospitality. Even the coffee seemed bitter. She thought: If I can't get a taxi to take me in, I'll have to call Tom and tell him it's life or death.

SHE heard Blower come upstairs and knock at a door. You couldn't mistake the stately footsteps. She heard a man's sleepy voice answering. Rix. The telephone call was for Rix. A little later, she heard him go down the hall.

She rose, went to a mirror and pulled her little hat over one bright blue eye. She sat down at the desk and wrote the note to Nelda: the so-sorry-but-called-away note which the elder Herons, which Tony and Rix or anyone literate, could read without speculation. She addressed and sealed it, and put it in her handbag. She would give it to Blower. . . . When Rix had finished talking, when she heard him come upstairs and go into his room and shut the door, she would take her suitcase and go downstairs and ask to use the telephone, to call, first a taxi and then, if necessary, Tom.

Rix had no eyes for Nelda. She put her hand on his arm. "But you must have some breakfast. You can't go like this. . . . ." Rix wasn't listening

She heard Rix return; his hurrying feet did not stop at his door, but passed on and stopped at hers, and he knocked. "Linda," he called, "let me in . . ."

Startled, Linda opened the door. Rix stood there, a bathrobe flung over his pajamas, his dark hair tousled, his face very white. He said, "You're dressed . . . Good," as if there was nothing unusual in her being ready to leave this house, at this hour in the morning. "It's Peg," he said, "I—"

He shook, and Linda put her hand on his arm. She warned, "You'll waken everyone, Rix. Come in, sit down. Tell me what has happened. What about Peg?"

"They called me up," he said, "from Westchester. The Weldons, that is, Peg's friends, with whom she was spending the week end. It seems that she went to bed early last night, said she didn't feel well and Gwen Weldon went in her room just a few minutes ago to see how she was. They'd heard her crying earlier . . . last night sometime, but she wouldn't let Gwen in then. . . . Anyway, she isn't there. The bed hasn't been slept in. Sometime in the night she'd gone. They said they went to bed early, about eleven. Peg had gone up about nine. Gwen said it was about eleven when they heard her crying and knocked. Peg said to go away, she was all right. But sometime after that—after they were asleep, she left. She dressed and

(Continued on page 57)

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

Colonel Jiro Saito, advance agent for the Japanese empire. He is the Jap army's one-man fifth column and, ominously, an expert on American psychology

Having laid the groundwork for the infiltration of French Indo-China, Colonel Saito greets members of the Japanese mission who arrived to direct the occupation

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

GENTLEMAN OF JAPAN

BY CLARK LEE

Jiro Saito is a shy little man who left a ten-year trail of blood and disaster wherever he went in Asia—a specialist in treachery, whose achievements have made him Japan's indispensable man

IF YOU should twirl the short-wave dials of your radio one of these nights and hear an announcer say: "This is Colonel Jiro Saito of the Imperial Japanese army, speaking from Manila," listen carefully!

The voice will be that of Japan's ace undercover man, a man you should know if you are to understand how the Tokyo war lords operate, how they are using every possible weapon in their bid for world conquest—trickery as well as troops; propaganda, bribery, fifth columnism and intrigue as well as submarines and airplanes.

And more important, it will be Jiro Saito or somebody very much like him whom the Japs will call on when they are eventually forced to cry "uncle" to Uncle Sam. The Japs don't expect to win their war to conquer the world all at once. What they want now in the Pacific is a stalemate and a negotiated peace that will let them keep part of what they have taken and give them time to prepare for the next step toward world mastery.

When the situation looks ripe, they will in all probability "depose" the militarists, put in a "conservative" cabinet of businessmen and one-time friends of America. They will produce men like Jiro Saito to plead their case, shy, soft-spoken, "so-sorry-for-you" fellows, who will attempt to convince the United States that it was all a mistake and let's be friends again.

When you listen to Jiro Saito's smooth, cultivated voice, speaking in grammatically perfect English with just an occasional suggestion of Honolulu "pidgin," you will be hearing a man who exemplifies Japanese deceit. Saito is a medium-sized, rotund man of 48, with powerful neck and shoulders and with hair trimmed close to his broad pate in traditional Japanese army style. He looks like a typical Jap but doesn't act like one. He spent his early years in Honolulu and he can still beat out a mean lick on a banjo or guitar. He knows all the words of Swanee River and Old Black Joe and Swing Low, Sweet Chariot, and he sings them in a strong, schooled tenor. He can wisecrack in American slang, and in German and French, for that matter.

There is nothing of the sword rattler or swashbuckler about him. On the contrary, he is extremely shy. Meeting him in peacetime, you would have thought him a nice, pleasant character, totally unlike the average run of Jap army officer.

But Saito has started two wars and stopped one. In his wake, there has always been a trail of bloodshed and tragedy. He was—and undoubtedly still is—the Japanese army's first expert on American psychology, its star secret agent and a one-man fifth column.

You can scarcely stick a pin anywhere in the map of Asia without touching a region that has felt Saito's influence; and for the past decade and longer, a large part of Asia has been bathed in bl Even so, there is no blood on Saito's pudgy hands. He always gets out place before the shooting and bom start, or he goes in after they have stop Indeed, in nearly thirty years in the fitting khaki of the Imperial army, he never plunged his sword into one of emperor's enemies, never heard a fired except on maneuvers, never c manded troops in the field.

Because of Mukden—because of words spoken by genial Jiro Saito—A ican boys are dying today in the jur of New Guinea and the skies over Eur and thousands and thousands more die before we raise our flag over H hito's bombed and ruined Imperial pa

The Mukden "incident" that lec Japanese seizure of Manchuria el years ago, was Saito's introduction to fast and dangerous game of the Jap lords. It was his first taste of big- intrigue, and he took to intrigue hungry Jap prisoner takes to a big of rice. In the next ten years, Saito very busy perfecting himself in his pr sion, which he always described as "m tary intelligence" but which was conce chiefly with espionage, double-dea plotting of "incidents," purchasing C ling loyalty, sponsoring antiwhite c paigns, and undercover work in gen

Mastermind at Work

The colonel's business was done in little restaurants and geisha houses singsong girl establishments of Ha and Manchuli and Peiping; in Nan and Hanoi and Bangkok. In quiet rooms, he met the trigger men who ca out his orders and the pay-off man purchased somebody's allegiance o lence. The newspapers and radio sel mention Saito, but the generals know well and know how to use his very sp talents.

So important were those talents, when the Imperial general staff mad plans for the conquest of Asia and islands of the Pacific, they lined up forces about like this:

Singapore: Eight divisions under I tenant General Yamashita.

Philippines: Lieutenant Gen Homma and 200,000 troops.

Java: Three aircraft carriers, a st naval surface force, and 150,000 men.

Wake Island: Two carriers, a cr division and 10,000 naval landing troops.

Thailand (ex-Siam): Colonel Jiro S

Thanks to the spadework he had years earlier, Saito wrapped up Thai in a neat little package and deliver to Tokyo intact, thereby making it sible for Hirohito's soldiers to breez through that important chunk of s eastern Asia and grab Burma in s

(Continued on page 71)

The
ittle steel trap that fooled the Japs

saboteurs pulled a stunt in the Philippines that ıld have had tragic consequences—if it had ·ked.

'hey poured melted wax into our supply of 100-ıne gas, hoping our engines would go dead . . . manently.

/hile under Jap cross-fire, engines of our PT ts stopped. Inspection showed the filters clogged ı wax. They had to clean the wax out every r. But the point is, that *the filters stopped the from getting into the motors!* If they hadn't, e'd have been no "eggshell" exploits.

he wire the filter is made of is a development of S·Steel . . . stainless steel wire finer than human , so thin that it takes twenty miles of it to e a pound!

ıch developments from the 174 laboratories of S·Steel are helping to make our armed forces best equipped in the world.

Look for steel marvels after the war

nless steel is now limited to war materials. But r the war, you will have everything from stoves creens, from furniture to refrigerators, sharing ne advantages of war-improved steels . . . not stainless, but many other steels, too. These bet-teels will make the U·S·S Label more signifi- than ever on the post-war things you will buy.

NEW STEELS FOR AMERICA

BUY WAR BONDS EVERY PAYDAY

The money you loan builds America's war strength. Yours again to spend in years to come . . . for new comforts, products of steel, things for better living.

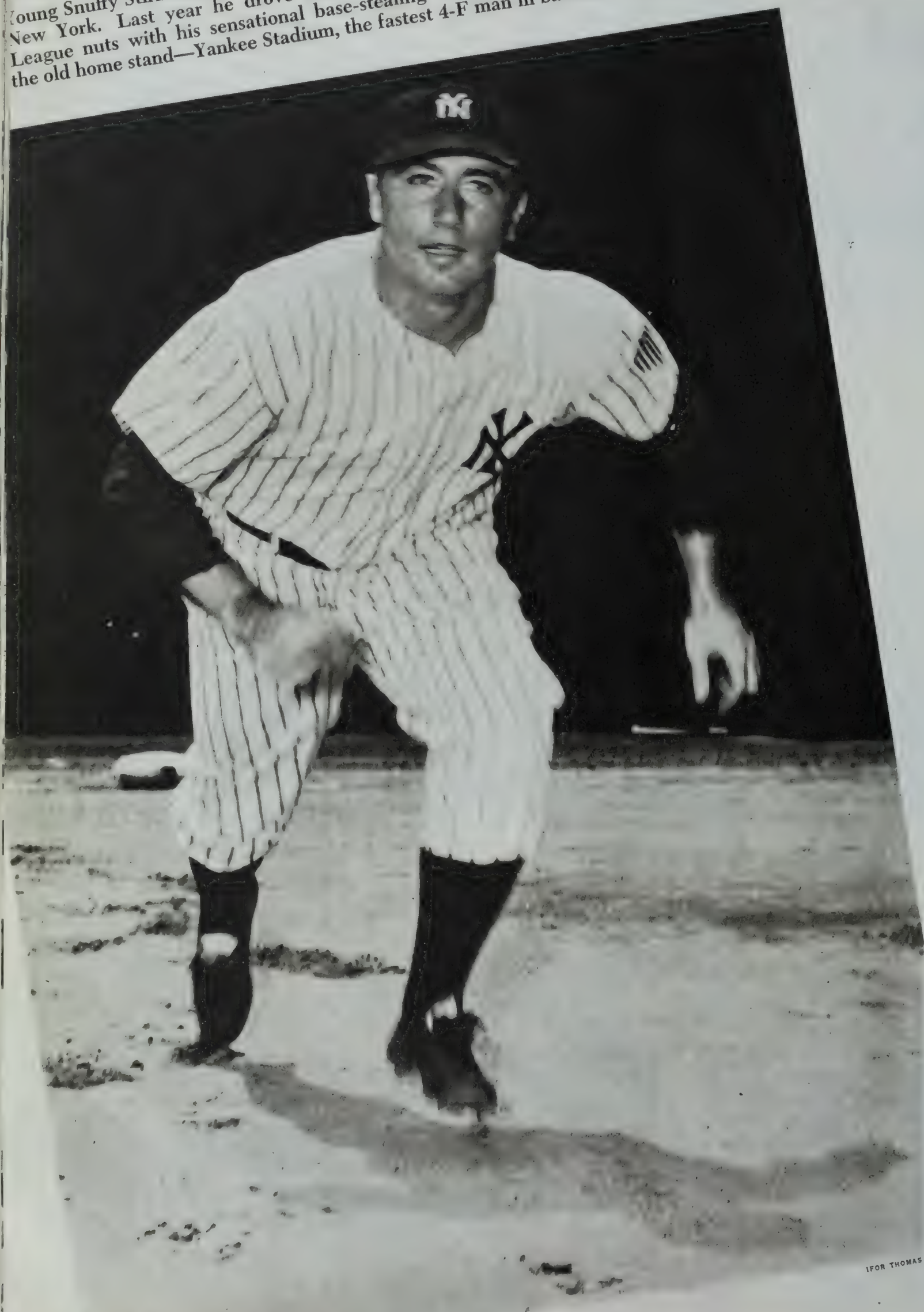
USS STEELS

RICAN BRIDGE COMPANY · AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COM- · BOYLE MANUFACTURING COMPANY · CARNEGIE-ILLINOIS L CORPORATION · COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY · CYCLONE E DIVISION · FEDERAL SHIPBUILDING & DRY DOCK COM- · NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY · OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY ESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY · TUBULAR Y STEEL CORPORATION · UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT PANY · UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY COMPANY · UNIVER- ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY · VIRGINIA BRIDGE COMPANY

'HE BRONX EXPRESS

y Charles Dexter

Young Snuffy Stirnweiss got his speed dodging cabs on the streets of New York. Last year he drove the catchers in the International League nuts with his sensational base-stealing. Now he's back at the old home stand—Yankee Stadium, the fastest 4-F man in baseball



IFOR THOMAS

LITTLE Georgie Stirnweiss drove a baseball through the parlor window of a house near Westchester Square one July afternoon. His feet quickly pumped space between himself and the scene of his crime. He pivoted around a corner, plump into the arms of a blue-coated officer of the law.

Patrolman Andy Stirnweiss wiped sweat from his son's face as an excited woman ran toward him. "Arrest that boy!" she gasped. "My window—it'll cost me ten dollars to fix it!"

"I'll take care of this case, ma'am." Andy drew a billfold from his poc

"You mean—you're paying?" the as ished woman exclaimed.

Andy nodded.

"Well, he certainly ought to spanked."

But Georgie wasn't spanked. A loved baseball, too.

Fourteen years have passed and Ge Stirnweiss is still playing ball. This so a cop is a big-leaguer now, a wing-fo rookie who has risen meteorically f the bushes to Yankee Stadium in three sons. Stealing did it—wholesale theft. ultramodern record of 73 stolen b made last season at Newark, is uni Not since the heyday of Ty Cobb h ballplayer approached that astronom figure.

When this New York, Bronx-ra youngster got his growth, he went to University of North Carolina, wher was a round-the-calendar athlete. new classmates nailed "Snuffy" on and it stuck. Snuffy called signals the Tarheels football varsity in his so more year. When spring rolled aro he plunged into baseball in a flurry of hits, stolen bases, and double-play m around second base.

He was dressing in the field house April afternoon when Paul Krichell, scout of the New York Yankees, ent sat on a stool and quietly asked Ge about his future plans.

"My dad would like me to be America some day," he said.

"You'll crack an ankle or bash a playing football," Krichell warned. "I it, and you can sign with the Yanke ganization right now." He placed a on the boy's shoulder. "Baseball's a game, George."

Snuffy Stirnweiss shook his head: "F ball's a great game, too."

Krichell sighed: "But it's great t young—and a Yankee. Well, look m when you come north next summer."

Bad News from Home

Carolina sports fans thought of S Stirnweiss as a happy-go-lucky youn Behind the scenes, however, tragedy casting a deepening shadow. One ev the telephone rang in the rooming h in which George lived in Chapel Hill heard Ma Stirnweiss' voice: "Dad's been operated on for appendicitis."

"I'll grab the next train home," youth said.

"Don't do that," his mother re "Dad's in no danger."

But months of illness followed. O very day George was graduated fro University of North Carolina, Andy a turn for the worse.

That evening Paul Krichell blott ink of George's signature to a co with Norfolk, Yankee farm team o Piedmont League. Andy Stirnweiss a few days later.

Twenty-year-old George wiped his tears, gritted his teeth. He was he the Stirnweiss family now, sole supp his mother and young brother. He pl into the stern business of playing se base for a living. His own health poor.

Stabbing pains had prevented from playing a full football sched '39. Doctors detected a chronic sto ailment (the thing that later caused hi classification) and prescribed a di eggs, milk and cream. But George hi in the 64 remaining games of Nor season. When autumn came, his fam Tarheel star won him a contract to the Norfolk Shamrocks, pro gridd the Dixie League.

The football season ended. Sprin drawing near. From Edward G. B ruler of the far-flung Yankee e George received a summons to re the Yankees' No. 1 minor-league

I'M LIGHTNESS—*genteel in social appeal!*

I'M FLAVOR—*the key to pleasure . . . that's me!*

I'M RICHNESS—*the height of mellow delight!*

I'M BODY—*the base of "5's" winning grace!*

"THE DOGHOUSE FOR TOUGHNESS!"— SAY THE 5 CROWNS

WE'RE onto that mongrel's crude tricks...
Our whiskey and TOUGHNESS don't mix!
One sip will reveal
The 5 Crown appeal—
Rich smoothness that instantly "clicks"!

YOU'RE handing yourself a bouquet
In serving FINE 5 Crown today,
Especially since
The HOST bottle hints
The friendship you want to convey!

Seagram keeps the
TOUGHNESS OUT
... blends extra
PLEASURE IN

THE FINER
Seagram's 5 Crown

GRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

These little cubes So shiny and bright ...Turn into drinks of sheer delight!

THESE LITTLE CUBES are *iced* Sanka Coffee...

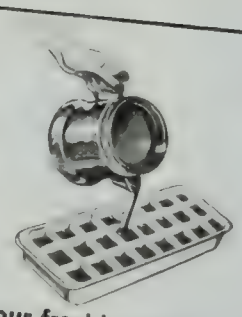
Their aim in life is to make you a most delicious summer drink—*different* and *better* than any iced coffee you ever drank—and *ready to serve* whenever you feel the urge!

And—being cubes made of *Sanka*—the iced coffee they make can't get on your nerves, can't keep you up nights. Sanka Coffee is 97% caffein-free—it's all coffee, real coffee—easy on the palate and easy on the nerves.

SANKA COFFEE *is always fresh! It's one of the few coffees still vacuum-packed!*

Here's the recipe —

1. **Make SANKA COFFEE** by your usual method: Sanka's new "All-Purpose" grind works swell in any coffee-maker. Use 1 rounded tablespoon of Sanka to one cup (8 oz.) of water.



2. **Pour your freshly made** SANKA COFFEE into an ice-cube tray. Cool. Set in the refrigerator to freeze. A tray of these coffee cubes can be kept on hand, ready for use at any time.

3. **Now—when you want** iced coffee, simply heat some milk. Don't bring it to a boil. Even if you can get it, *don't* use cream.

4. **Put the frozen cubes** into glasses and fill the glasses with the warm (not hot) milk. You get delightful, refreshing iced coffee with a consistency similar to iced coffee served with good old heavy cream.

Sanka Coffee

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Sleep isn't a luxury; it's a necessity. Drink Sanka and sleep.

the Newark Bears of the International League. Paul Krichell had said: "It's great to be young—and a Yankee." George was young—and now he was almost a Yankee. For Newark is only forty-five minutes from Yankee Stadium, in George's home borough of the Bronx.

One March morning, Manager Billy Meyers ordered bunting practice in the Sebring Park where the Bears trained. He posted George at second, sent Bill Johnson to first. As the pitcher threw the ball plateward, the batter faked a bunt, George simultaneously headed for third, Johnson for second. George made the bag easily, but Johnson dived into second just as the catcher's throw reached that base. The play was repeated again and again. Each time, the catcher made the longer heave to second; each time, George rode unmolested into third.

"Why not try to throw me out at third?" George asked Meyers.

"You're too fast," the manager replied. "If you only had confidence, you could steal fifty bases a year."

The words sank home. Stirnweiss had stolen 27 times in 1941, not exceptional for a runner of his speed. How could he steal 40, maybe 50, even 75 bases a year? How could he become Mr. Speed himself, the all-time base-stealing champion?

He thumbed through record books. Ty Cobb had swiped 96 bases back in 1915; in the International League, Fritz Maisel, third baseman of the Baltimore Orioles, had stolen 63 bags in 1919. Secretly George Stirnweiss set for himself the task of shattering Maisel's total of 63.

Yet, two weeks after the first league game, he had not stolen a single base.

Then, against the Toronto Leafs, he shot from first to second and made it. On the next pitch, he lit out for third—and made it again.

Day after day he began to race around the bases while catchers vainly tried to throw him out and pitchers wasted time seeking to nab him off first. No one paid much attention. He was no belly-whopping slider who dived sensationally into the dust on his stomach. He flung no spikes in the face of waiting infielders; he executed no gaudy hook slides in the dashing manner of Tyrus Raymond Cobb. He just ran, slid and the umpire spread out two hands to signal: "You're safe!"

By the Fourth of July he had surpassed his own 27 steals. On July 20th, he chalked up No. 39. Fans lifted eyebrows; sports writers now watched Snuffy closely. Newark's ball games were more than mere struggles to see whether the Bears could beat their opponents. When would Snuffy steal? Would he make it? And how? What was his trick?

The Game He Practically Stole

On July 21st, under blazing night lights, the Bears faced the Montreal Royals. Montreal led Newark 2 to 1, as George beat out a bunt in the ninth. On Ed Albosta's first pitch he stole second. Albosta stood on the mound, ball in hand, then threw again to the plate. George lammed for third and again was safe. A fly brought him home with the tying run.

Two innings later, George outran a bounding grounder to first. On the next pitch, he sailed for second. Albosta whirled about, flung the ball wildly to the outfield. George pranced over the plate with the winning run. It was a typical Stirnweiss game.

Steal followed steal. He'd reach first, edge off base, eye the pitcher, take one step and then go into high gear. No one could stop him. Was he doing it with mirrors?

Baseball writers issued an ultimatum when he stole his 60th bag and had been caught only five times. "Cobb stole 96 bases," they pointed out, "but he was thrown out 30 times that year. How on earth are you getting away with hi[illegible] way robbery in broad daylight?"

"Well, it's this way," George Sti[illegible] weiss explained. "I spent the first [illegible] weeks of this season studying enemy pit[illegible] ers. I discovered that whenever a run[illegible] reaches first base, the pitcher changes [illegible] position on the mound. When he's re[illegible] worried about the runner, he grows te[illegible] then sets himself for a throw to fi[illegible] That's when he gives himself away."

"But how?"

"Oh, some jerk a shoulder, some sl[illegible] an arm, others inch a foot toward fir[illegible] He laughed. "I just know how to r[illegible] their minds."

On the night of August 6th, the Be[illegible] were playing Rochester; he'd stolen [illegible] 59th base. In the third inning he swun[illegible] a bad ball, then returned to the be[illegible] pain written on his face. He had rippe[illegible] rib muscle.

Neither diathermic machines, massa[illegible] hot oil nor liniment could repair the t[illegible] For five days he champed and cha[illegible] How could he smash the record if he di[illegible] play?

In desperation, he begged Billy Me[illegible] to restore him to the line-up. The Be[illegible] were far in the league lead. "Okay," M[illegible] ers told him, "you play today."

Although his side was still sore, [illegible] brought his total of steals up to 61 aga[illegible] Jersey City, on August 11th and 12th.

Putting Pitcher Pete On a Spot

The Bears rode to Baltimore the [illegible] morning. Twenty years before, Baltim[illegible] had been the home of a superb Or[illegible] team, led by Lefty Grove, George E[illegible] shaw, Max Bishop and Joe Boley. Th[illegible] baseman of that club had been Fr[illegible] Maisel, and Fritz Maisel sat in the p[illegible] box on August 14, 1942, as Snuffy St[illegible] weiss went to the bat in the third inn[illegible]

Young Pete Center stood on the mou[illegible] He curved a ball, then poured over a [illegible] strike. Another pitch whipped tow[illegible] the plate. Snuffy lowered his bat, po[illegible] a bunt toward third, clipped seconds [illegible] mad lunge toward first. He arrived in t[illegible] —the throw was late.

Perched on first, he keenly watc[illegible] Center. Catcher Harry Bright[illegible] crouched to give the sign. Did Sn[illegible] know Center's weakness? Could he de[illegible] the precise moment when the young ri[illegible] hander would decide whether to pitch [illegible] the batter or throw toward first? Sn[illegible] daringly took a wide lead, four steps, [illegible] now six. Center raised his arm, then f[illegible] —toward the plate.

Snuffy was off. Like greased light[illegible] he hit the dirt. Brightman held the ba[illegible] his catcher's mitt. Snuffy had made it! [illegible] had all but tied the record! The fan[illegible] Baltimore stood on their seats and ye[illegible] for him to steal base No. 63.

Brightman tossed the ball back to C[illegible] ter. The pitcher concealed it against [illegible] chest, glanced menacingly over his sh[illegible] der. To his amazement, Snuffy bo[illegible] toward third. His spikes tore into the [illegible] The stunned pitcher still held the [illegible] Snuffy had made it again—No. 63. [illegible] next day, against Baltimore, he stole [illegible] 64, and at the end of the season, his t[illegible] was 73. He was the International Leag[illegible] new base-running champion.

Gray-haired Maisel visited Georg[illegible] the clubhouse after the game. The vet[illegible] offered a hand. "You don't do it [illegible] your legs," he grinned. "You steal b[illegible] with your head. . . ."

Billy Meyers handed George a le[illegible] "This'll be no surprise," he said. It [illegible] from President George Weiss of the B[illegible]

"I'm happy to inform you," Snuffy [illegible] "that you have been sold to the New [illegible] Yankees, to report for spring training [illegible] year."

Snuffy sighed. "Gosh, it's sure gre[illegible] be young—and a Yankee!"

THE END

Seven Sins

Continued from page 20

The refusal was courteous but definite, d Mr. Finch, his peaked cap on the back his reddish-brown hair, accepted it with grin. Had Lord Marcus lived fully in e conscious world, he might have no- ed that the flag was down, although the an had offered his services.

South Audley Street presented few evi- nces of habitation. Taxis—even pedes- ans—were rare. Presently a constable ode up, surveyed Finch, and addressed m:

"Waiting for somebody?"

"Gent phoned from Number 9A; asked e to wait 'ere. Shan't wait much longer, ough."

"H'm," said the officer. "9A—that's rd Marcus Amberdale's. H'm!"

He passed on, the squelch of his wet les dying away in the distance. The und of a closing door, a few minutes er, seemed to decide Finch's next move, he put his flag up, moved the clutch d slid into slow movement. He was ertaken by a short, broad figure—a man o wore a square-pointed wing collar d black tie, black coat and gray trousers, e outfit crowned by a discreet gray hat. carefully rolled umbrella and suède ves completed the ensemble.

"Taxi, sir?"

"Yes." The man opened the door and t in. "Gatacre House."

The address was that of a block of artments, presenting to the world a flat, ayish façade. It contained, however, me of the most expensive suites in Lon- n, although many of them were now blet. Paying off the taximan, Wake lked in.

Where formerly in Gatacre House there d been a hall porter (with top hat) and o lift attendants, there was now nobody; e marble atrium sounded a note of echo- g desolation, which was odd, perhaps rely psychological, for all the flats, in ct, were occupied. The elevators, how- er, had been equipped for the conven- nce of residents, and were provided with mbered buttons each corresponding to floor. Wake stepped into that on the left the hall and pressed a button numbered ur.

Arrived at the fourth floor, he reclosed e elevator gate as he stepped out and oceeded along a carpeted corridor to a or numbered 32. He applied a gloved ger to the bell push and a dim buzzing sounded from within. Otherwise, the long, shadowy corridor was silent.

Presently a man opened the door of No. 32. He wore evening dress, and at a glance one might have been undecided as to whether he was a superior servant or a gentleman dressed for dinner. Clean-shaven and sallow, with heavy, flexible —one might almost have said, rubber— features, he had light blue dancing eyes, heavy dark brows and close-cut graying hair. A sardonic smile, conveying an impression that he found most people ridiculous, caused a dimple to appear and disappear upon his heavy chin in a queerly intriguing way.

"Hello, Wake," he said; "you are prompt." And his accent possessed a faint transatlantic flavor.

"Yes, Mr. Francis. I came along as soon as possible." Wake entered, removing his black hat and peeling off his suède gloves.

"We might as well go down right away," said Mr. Francis.

THE rooms through which he led Wake were notable for a luxury which was almost magnificence; even the kitchen, which presently they reached, although small, was exceptionally equipped. Mr. Francis, for all his heavy build, had a cat-like gait; he seemed to rest his weight in walking on the ball of his foot and not on the heel. Opening a door, the two men stepped out onto a fire ladder. They found themselves on one side of a narrow court-yard, around which Gatacre House was built. Descending the iron steps, they entered a flat immediately below that of Mr. Francis, by means of a door which also communicated with a kitchen.

"Wait a moment," muttered Mr. Francis.

Leaving Wake in the kitchen, he retired, but was absent no more than a minute or so.

"All clear," he reported. "Mrs. Destrée is expecting you."

Again he led the way with that feline stride, along a corridor closely corresponding with that above, to a door at the end, upon which he knocked.

"Come in," said a bell-like voice.

Wake, who seemed suddenly to have become far less composed, entered a room, Mr. Francis holding the door open, which in many respects might have reminded

COLLIER'S "And here is the line you ad lib" MISCHA RICHTER

THIS IS KNOWN BY

Medical Authorities about PHILIP MORRIS

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, *EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION* OF NOSE OR THROAT – DUE TO SMOKING – EITHER *CLEARED UP COMPLETELY*, OR *DEFINITELY IMPROVED!*

Facts reported in medical journals on clinical tests made by distinguished doctors . . . *Proving this finer cigarette is less irritant!*

It looks different... today

...but he's still the same!

1820 was the year Johnnie Walker got his start... over in Scotland. Today he's just as smooth and mellow as ever. Still the same old Johnnie Walker...a good name to have on the tip of your tongue.

Due to British War Restrictions gold foil has been eliminated and other slight changes have been made on the *outside* of the familiar Johnnie Walker bottle — but *inside* Johnnie Walker whisky remains unchanged.

BORN 1820
Still going strong

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

RED LABEL 6 YEARS OLD — *Both 86.8 Proof* — BLACK LABEL 12 YEARS OLD

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y.
Sole Importer

readers of Coleridge of something conceived by Kublai Khan. Reclining on a settee and watching the doorway was a woman.

The room contained an unusual quantity of lacquer and ivory. There was lacquer furniture, and a tall lacquer screen enfolded a couch upon which the woman was lying. Ivory and jade ornaments materialized out of purple shadows; for heavy silk curtains were drawn, and the only light was that cast by a lamp with a purple shade. It was in the form of an ivory serpent poised to strike.

But although Wake noted these things, they formed no more than a hazy background for the figure of the woman who reclined among many cushions. She was smoking a cigarette in a tortoise-shell mouthpiece ornamented with small emeralds, and she wore a clinging robe, having full, open sleeves, a robe which displayed all those variegated tints of the Californian poppy. Her skin possessed a peach-like quality, and her arms, freed by the silken garment, were rounded, slender and girlish. Indeed, her tiny figure, from glossy black head down to toes peeping like lotus buds out of sly sandals, was of rare perfection.

Features, delicate with the delicacy of a jade cameo, so that even slightly distended nostrils failed to mar their calm serenity, were almost overpowered by dark eyes, magnificent in a slightly oblique beauty. They were the eyes of a sorceress, and in them, when she smiled, that image of a beautiful child faded and became altogether effaced. A soul steeped in experience, a soul which might have shared secrets with Messalina and strange loves with Thais, a spirit old as the lost magnificent sins of Alexandria, shone out through those brilliant eyes, to seduce, but to terrify.

Although he had seen her many times, this was the first occasion upon which Wake had actually spoken to Ysolde Destrée—and he stood before her tongue-tied.

"Please sit down, Mr. Wake."

AS HE fumbled for the nearest lacquer chair, he glanced over his shoulder just in time to see the door partly close. Mr. Francis had gone. He sat down.

"Good evening, madam," he said.

Destrée watched him for a time in silence. Then:

"Well, Mr. Wake"—she spoke with no identifiable accent, but with a quaint intonation, her childlike voice caressingly pretty—"I asked you to call and see me this evening because I wished to make quite sure that you realize in how grave a position we find ourselves."

"Er"—Wake cleared his throat—"you refer, no doubt, madam, to the—er—regrettable incident."

"To the death of Sir Giles Loeder." The lancet of her contemplation pierced him inexorably; he could not escape it. "But, of course! What did you think I meant?"

"You fear, madam"—Wake was fumbling badly for words—"that this unfortunate incident, happening at a time when he was actually leaving one of the games. . . ."

"The game at Mrs. Sankey's flat, to be exact, Mr. Wake—yes. You were acting for us that night."

"Yes, madam. I have been happy from time to time to place my services at your disposal, or rather at the disposal of Mr. Francis."

"No, no." She laughed, and her laughter was like a peal of fairy bells. "Leave it the first way, Mr. Wake. You are a citizen of the world, I think, and you know that Mr. Francis is merely my agent. You know that I, Destrée, control roulette in Mayfair."

"Well, madam"—his pointed collar began to bother him—"I may—er—have suspected it, but I assumed that you wished to remain incognito, if I may employ th word."

Destrée continued to smile. "That w so wise of you. Because your employme was satisfactory? Yes? Ten guineas night, I believe we paid you?"

"That is correct, madam."

"Well"—she dropped ash into a lit jade bowl—"what I have to say to yo Mr. Wake, is that on Wednesday nig when there is to be roulette here, in own flat, although it was arranged for y to act as second croupier, I think it wo be wiser—" the words ended on that en matical smile.

"I QUITE agree with you, madan Wake spoke eagerly. Destrée's sm became more pronounced, became alm voluptuous. "You mean that, should p lice inquiries associate my employment Lord Marcus with my employment—"

"Just so. That is what I mean."

"Then, madam, I agree with you. T consequences indeed might be dis trous."

"Quite so, my good Mr. Wake. H quickly you grasp things. You will be d ficult, of course, to replace, but this w be only temporary, I trust. Good cr piers are rare in London, and you are v good." She took up an envelope fron lacquered table beside her and hande to him. "Here is your fee for Wednes night. It is not fair that you should su because of this small accident."

"But, madam!"

"No, no, I wish it. And we shall con ue to—keep in touch with you, Mr. W at all times." She stretched herself lu riously so that one perfect satiny k peeped out for a moment through a in her silken robe; she was like some be tiful Persian kitten in her lithe moveme "I suppose there is nothing, nothing has not appeared in the newspapers ab the mysterious death of Sir Giles, wh you know and would care to tell me?"

"I, madam!" exclaimed Wake, alm dropping the envelope. "I assure madam, no one was more surprised t myself when I returned and found lying there."

"He left just before you—if I rem ber rightly," murmured Destrée.

"Possibly, madam. For my own pa did not actually see him go. I was— ancing my accounts. As no doubt you call, the table had done badly that nig

"I recall it very well. It is to endea to recover some of our losses that we playing again so soon. I am not sure we are wise."

"I see, madam."

"In other words, Mr. Wake, you throw no more light on this myste She rolled indolently onto her back. tortoise-shell mouthpiece drooping f full lips, and stretching up her arms, re her head upon pillowed hands.

"Nothing at all, madam, I assure y

"I am sorry," she murmured, watc him through a screen of lowered la "He was an old friend and I am de concerned. . . . I suppose you told police that you had been at Grosv Square?"

"I did, madam."

"It would be a great misfortune for if they should find out that you had acting as croupier—"

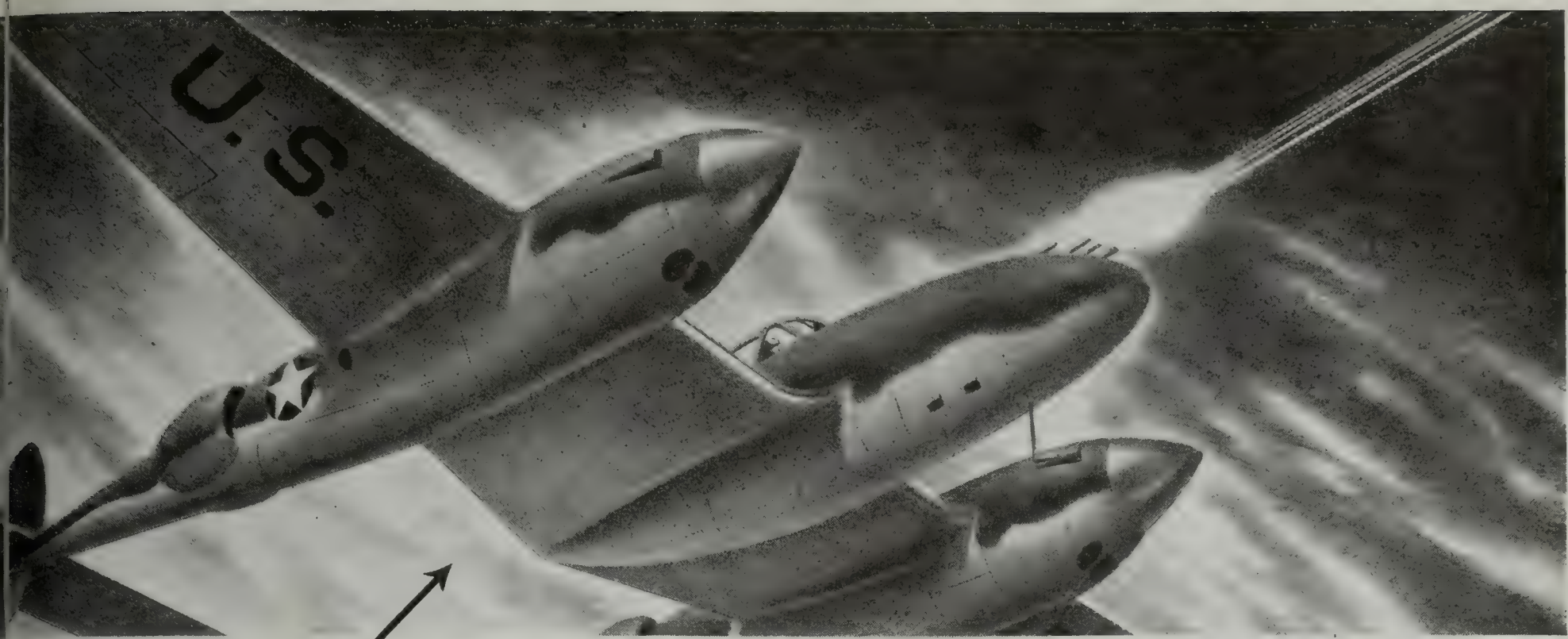
"Indeed, madam—"

"Yes." She sighed. "It would, inde She pressed a bell. "Mr. Francis will you back to his own flat, as no doubt have duties at Lord Marcus' house."

Wake stood up. "Thank you, ma I am sure I am deeply obliged. At time, please regard me as entirely at service."

"Thank you, Mr. Wake."

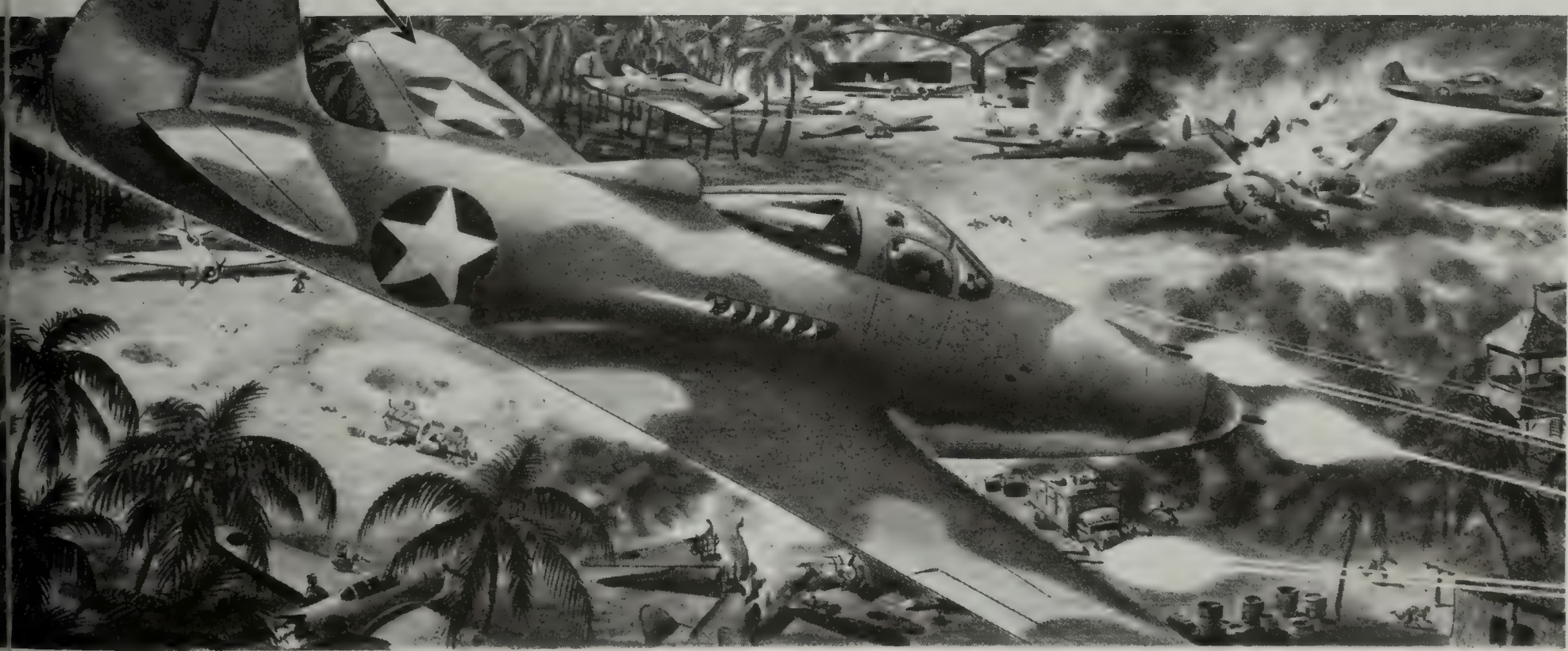
The door had opened quite silently. Mr. Francis had entered. One might guessed that he had never been far a Wake bowed to the seductive, inscru



UPSTAIRS OR DOWNSTAIRS

Fire-Power Wins!

IN A HIGH-FLYING INTERCEPTOR OR A GROUND-STRAFING RAIDER, THE KNOCK-OUT PUNCH IS FIRE-POWER!



UP . . . UP . . . almost out of sight, far beyond the reach of the angry puffs of "flak" . . . an American fighter plane soars. Bring on your Messerschmitts, your Focke-Wulfes, your Zeros. This is a high-flying, fast-climbing "Lightning," with speed to burn, power to spare and the *plus* FIRE-POWER of an automatic aircraft cannon . . .

Down . . . down . . . brushing the treetops, flying almost faster than sound . . . here come the "Cobras" on a ground-strafing raid. See them now as they sweep in low over an enemy base, blasting it from end to end with the explosive FIRE-POWER of their automatic cannon . . .

At every level, on every front, manpower and fire-power team together to win. The men who fight must have the tools to fight with. That's where we come in. Our job at Oldsmobile is building *cannon* for planes, *cannon* for tanks, *shell* for many military uses — FIRE-POWER to match the "fight-power" of our boys overseas.

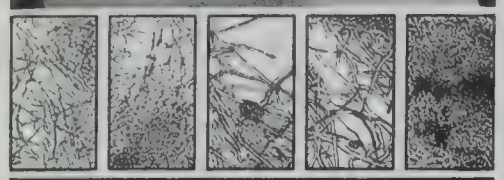
KEEP 'EM FIRING!

You can help give our fighting men the fire-power they need. Buy U. S. War Bonds and Stamps!

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

★ VOLUME PRODUCER OF *FIRE-POWER* FOR THE U. S. A. ★

WHEN YOU FIGHT
ATHLETE'S FOOT



FIGHT TO KILL
ALL 5 FUNGI
OR EFFORT MAY BE WASTED

Facts you MUST know

Five fungi may cause Athlete's Foot. Any one alone —or all of them.

•

Fungi are hardy, persistent.

•

SORETONE KILLS ALL 5 FUNGI ON CONTACT.

•

Soretone contains powerful 4-Beta-Ethyl-Hexyl-Phenol—*not in any other Athlete's Foot preparation.*

DON'T UNDERESTIMATE ATHLETE'S FOOT

This malady is stubborn. Don't trifle—fight to kill. Soretone helps relieve that maddening burn and itch, while it attacks the cause. Soretone cleans and dries the skin. Dissolves perspiration deposits—on which fungi feed. Promotes healing of broken tissues. *And McKesson makes it.*

MONEY BACK —If Soretone doesn't bring satisfaction.

SORETONE

Powerful Help—TONIGHT

Spread toes apart. Pour Soretone full strength. Let dry. Repeat in morning.

Avoid reinfection. Spray or wipe shoes with Soretone. Boil socks 20 minutes.

McKesson gives a big, long-lasting bottle for $1 so you can afford to use Soretone liberally.

If not relieved within a reasonable time, see your doctor.

FIGHTS TO KILL ALL 5 FUNGI

creature reclining on the settee, saw that she was still smiling, and nearly overturned a low stool supporting a bowl of lilies as he made his way out into the corridor.

He had just grasped a highly alarming fact: Unless she possessed private sources of information, Mrs. Destrée had tricked him into an admission that Sir Giles' body had been found in Lord Marcus' house . . . for no newspaper had reported this!

LATER the same night, Colonel O'Halloran remained at work in his book-lined office in Scotland Yard. He was smoking a pipe and industriously initialing a pile of chits with the letters J.N.G.O'H., which had earned him the sobriquet of "Jingo," when one of several teephones on the desk buzzed discreetly. He took up the receiver.

"Yes, at once; expecting him."

He replaced the receiver and went on signing chits. He was still engaged in this way when someone might have been heard coming along the corridor, someone who whistled that old English song, Up in the Morning Early. The door opened, the whistle ceased, and a man entered, reclosing the door and then rapped upon it. The assistant commissioner looked up.

"Hello, Monsieur Max," he said, not taking the pipe from between his teeth. "Sit down. Shan't be a jiffy."

Gaston Max smiled. "Always I knock after I come in," he explained, "in case I have the bad luck to intrude."

He crossed and sat down in a padded armchair set before the colonel's desk; and anyone who had chanced to meet Peter Finch, taxi driver, would almost certainly have declined to believe that Peter Finch and Gaston Max were one and the same.

Tonight he wore a blue suit with a determined red stripe, a dark blue shirt and a green tie relieved by black spots. A handkerchief of similar design drooped gracefully from his breast pocket. He carried a soft brown hat, and a monocle on a thick silk cord swung to and fro, a glittering pendulum, whenever he moved.

He took out a cigarette case bearing his initials in small diamonds, selected a cigarette, lighted it with a gold lighter, and replaced the case in his pocket as the colonel, a final chit signed, pushed the pile aside and looked up, blinking furiously as was his wont.

"Well, Monsieur Max—shall we talk French or English?"

"To me, Colonel, it is a matter of indifference." Gaston Max shrugged. "I speak all kinds of English. Tell me which kind you prefer."

The assistant commissioner stared at him for a while, replacing the mouthpiece of the pipe between his teeth and holding the bowl with a square, muscular hand which seemed too large for such a small man.

"You're a bit of a responsibility, Max, you know," he said in his staccato fashion. "No more sense of discipline than a Spanish mule. To date, I'm told, you have done uncommonly well; but I won't disguise from you, Max, that you have more rope than any other officer here."

"I acknowledge this with gratitude, Colonel O'Halloran, my friend; I am grateful. But there is a matter which troubles me. I should like to discuss this."

"Good," said the colonel, "go ahead."

"In the first place the inquiry upon which I have now been at work for several months recently crossed a case of our good friend, Inspector Firth."

"So I believe."

"I am dramatic, I am the sensationalist; and because this is the first big inquiry which has been entrusted to me since I joined Scotland Yard, I am anxious to present it complete, garnished, piping hot, on a gold plate. Name of a name! I am made that way—I cannot help it.

"It was, oh, so long ago that I last worked with Scotland Yard. I have worn well, eh, my Colonel? I carry the burden of heavy years with some grace, is it not so? But no matter. This time I look for a very big fish indeed; and I have not yet learned the name of this fish. But he is one who snaps up secrets known only to the War Cabinet and transmits them to Berlin in time to make of himself a bloody nuisance. Sometimes I have wondered if my fish is a jack pike or a mermaid."

"A mermaid? Meaning what?"

"A woman fish. . . . But what I am anxious to settle is this: I have certain information which strictly belongs to Inspector Firth; and this information I wish him to have."

"Quite proper. What is it?"

"One of my fish has been netted by someone else, and I am angry, but, yes—furious. It is Sir Giles Loeder. Understand that I am interested in Sir Giles, and for someone to murder him is inconsiderate to a degree. It is Inspector Firth's business to discover this poacher upon my preserves, and it is my business to help him."

"Dr. Hale looks as if he's been embezzling some of our funds, doesn't he?"

COLLIER'S IRVING ROIR

"Yes, that's so." O'Halloran gripped his pipe tightly. "Do you mean there was something fishy about Loeder?"

"It may be. Who knows? I have much to learn. One must not jump to conclusions; but some small points come to my knowledge. Item: Sir Giles was a confirmed gambler."

"Sure of that?"

"But, certain. He was a regular visitor to the underground roulette games which are played in Mayfair. I think it very likely that he was coming from one of these when he met his death. He carried a portfolio which may have contained winnings—"

"PORTFOLIO? Firth didn't tell me that."

"The inspector must have forgotten to do so. He knows. This portfolio has not been found. Very well. Now, tonight, I make another discovery: Wake, the butler, is perhaps connected in some way with roulette, also. Here, I think, is a link which Inspector Firth should test."

"Entirely agree with you."

"Because it is necessary for me to find out if any association existed between the late Sir Giles and Lord Marcus, or Lord Marcus' butler, I have been watching them both, you understand? Tonight Lord Marcus dined at the Athenaeum. I believe he is still there. But Wake, his butler, went to Gatacre House. I drove him. And when at the end of half an hour or so he came out again, he was so disturbed, this poor Wake, that he failed to observe that he was getting into the same taxi. I then drove him to Grosvenor Square, to the house at which his wife acts as caretaker."

Colonel O'Halloran grinned appreciatively, his eyes blinking more rapidly than ever. "You know the right moves in this game, Max," he said. "What's the point about Gatacre House?"

"The point is, my Colonel, that a woman called Destrée lives at Gatacre House, and I believe that it was Destrée whom Wake went to call upon."

"H'm!" mused the colonel. "Believed to be back of roulette racket. But never got clear evidence. They use different addresses. Very cunning. Lot of money behind it. What makes you think Wake called on Destrée?"

"I followed him in. As the elevator ascended I checked it on the indicator. He got out on the fourth floor."

"Does Destrée live on the fourth?"

"No, no—on the third."

Colonel O'Halloran removed his pipe. "Talkin' rot, aren't you? Don't make sense."

"But not at all. On the fourth floor there is a Mr. Julian Francis. He is an associate of Destrée's. Behold! It is sufficient?"

"Yes—I see. What I don't see is the reason you're interested in these people."

GASTON MAX shrugged. "Destrée is ground bait for my fish. But tell the good inspector, if you please, carefully to watch Wake. For if Wake is connected with Destrée, as I believe, he may know more about what happened to Sir Giles than he has told the police."

Colonel O'Halloran lay back in his padded armchair, an unusual relaxation which possibly indicated fatigue. "Are you suggesting Destrée had anything to do with Sir Giles' murder?"

"But not necessarily. Also, it is not my case. But I think it only fair to Inspector Firth that he should know these things. I think it, also, only fair to me, that there should not be clumsiness. I want no shrimps, I want no cockles; it is my kingfish I am seeking to net."

The assistant commissioner laid his hot pipe aside and began to roll a cigarette.

Gaston Max watched him, and the usually mobile features had become still, almost somber. . . . "There is a raid by Combined Operations pending, my Colonel, as you know—"

"But I don't know when it starts. I bet your kingfish doesn't know, either."

"I pray you may be right." Max stood up, casting the brief, somber mood aside and displaying his brilliant teeth in a quick smile. "Tomorrow I have a small investigation to make. You are aware that I hold a medical degree of the Sorbonne—for how can one hope to gain the heights of our difficult profession lacking a knowledge of forensic medicine? *Eh bien,* as I have reasons for remaining incognito, I become then a respectable professional man, a fugitive from Paris." He extended his palms. "Behold!"

"Do you think you look like a respectable professional man from Paris?"

"But certainly."

"Well, you don't. Good night."

Early on the following morning, Nurse Perigal was about to leave Otterly Hospital when she was recalled by the matron.

"Oh, Nurse," cried Mrs. Maddison, standing at the door of her office (this formality of address was occasioned by the presence of two orderlies), "I must detain you for a moment. Please come in."

Fay walked into the office and found standing there by the matron's desk a man of striking appearance.

The visitor wore a blue suit with an un-

A salute to the brave and vitally important U. S. Army Engineers

ENGINEERS BRIDGE NEW GUINEA RIVER UNDER FIRE

WITH JEEPS FROM WILLYS-OVERLAND

AN American army engineer who had just returned from active service in New Guinea, described this exciting incident. From his vivid word picture Mr. James Sessions, famous war artist, painted the illustration above. The army engineer says it is "amazingly realistic." This is the story:

* * *

"It was one of those hot, sweaty days in the jungles of New Guinea. Our fighters had driven the Japs back all the day before, through tangled jungle and over rocky escarpments.

"They were just approaching a ponton bridge which we engineers had put across the river under cover of a typical morning mist, when an order came from our commanding officer for a flanking movement.

"A force was to cross the river about two miles downstream. And that meant another bridging job for the engineers, *in broad daylight.*

"With our combat guard, our trusty Jeeps from Willys-Overland and bridge equipment, we covered those two miles in nothing flat.

"The river was depth-tested, and a crossing point was selected. Then began the fastest bridge-laying operation I ever expect to see.

"We had hardly begun when we heard planes overhead and we all knew we were in for a job, *under fire.*

"The big pontons were quickly inflated. A Willys-built Jeep hauled them into the water, one by one. Another Jeep nudged them into position and held them against the current. Skilled engineering hands secured the pontons and laid the flooring.

"Meanwhile, other Jeeps had ploughed across the river and their crews were blasting away at Jap planes that were continually bombing and strafing the operation.

"With the engineers and their 'mighty' Willys-built Jeeps working as a perfect team, we laid that emergency bridge in record time.

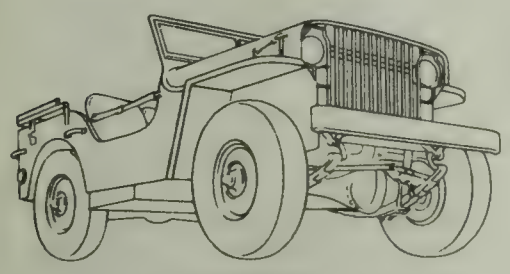
"The last floor plank was hardly in place, when our flanking troops came into view. They crossed the bridge and the attack moved forward as planned—to give the Japs another helluva beating!"

* * *

We salute the brave and efficient U.S. Army Engineers. They are the advance guard and trouble shooters who pave the way for our fighting forces, *wherever the going is tougher than tough.*

It was Willys-Overland's fine staff of engineers who, in close cooperation with Army Service Forces, created and perfected the Jeep. This unit of America's modern motorized army is procured and maintained by the Ordnance Department for our fighting forces—throughout the world.

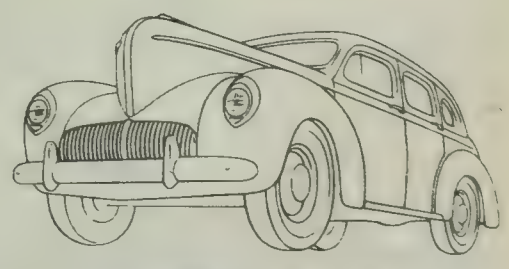
The world-renowned "Go-Devil" engine that drives all Jeeps with such power, speed, flexibility and economy, is an exclusive Willys-Overland development.



U. S. ARMY JEEP

WILLYS

MOTOR CARS TRUCKS AND JEEPS



AMERICAR—the People's Car

THE GO-DEVIL ENGINE—power-heart of WILLYS CARS and all JEEPS

☆ **Her husband in a Jap prison camp in the Philippines . . .**

☆ **Her father in a Formosa prison camp . . .**

☆ **She leaves 4 children at home**

☆ **While she works 8 hours a day**

—but SHE invests 25% in War Bonds

Do YOU still think you're buying enough?

MEASURE the sacrifices you have made in this war against [redacted]. On top of personal sacrifices, hardships, home ties, long hours of work—she has made a point of buying War Bonds regularly every payday.

For [redacted] knows that every bond she buys speeds the war's end—and buying bonds now will do much to insure the future of those little [redacted]

There are hundreds of thousands of people in this country who have made great personal sacrifices in this war—and still do not feel they have done their full bit until they are also saving every cent they can in War Bonds.

Now, honestly—how about you? In the light of what so many of your fellow countrymen are doing to win this war, are you doing enough?

If you're buying as many War Bonds as you can conveniently fit into your budget—you're not buying enough. For war isn't a matter of convenience—but rather of sacrifices.

So, today, buy more War Bonds with every dollar not needed for living necessities—and help speed the Victory!

FACTS ABOUT WAR BONDS

1. War Bonds cost $18.75, for which you receive $25 in 10 years—or $4 for every $3.
2. War Bonds are the world's *safest* investment—guaranteed by the United States Government.
3. War Bonds can be made out in 1 name—or in 2, as co-owners.
4. War Bonds *cannot* go down in value: If they are lost, the Government will issue new ones.
5. War Bonds can be redeemed, in case of necessity, after 60 days.
6. War Bonds begin to build up interest after 12 months.

WE'VE GOT TO WIN!
BUY BONDS...AND KEEP ON BUYING

THIS ADVERTISEMENT SPONSORED BY

HOFFMANN-LA ROCHE, INC.

Makers of Vitamins and Medicines of Rare Quality • Roche Park • Nutley, N. J.

Published in cooperation with the Drug, Cosmetic and Allied Industries

deniably red stripe, a green-spotted tie, and a conspicuously blue soft-collared shirt. A wide-brimmed hat lay upon the desk, and its owner was swinging a monocle upon its cord around and around one extended forefinger. Fay thought that he looked like an actor, particularly noting his beautiful hands.

"Dr. de Brion," said Mrs. Maddison, "this is Nurse Perigal, who will be glad, I know, to act as your guide to the ward where we are taking care of the French boys." She turned to Fay: "This is Dr. de Brion, from Fighting French headquarters, Nurse, and he would like a chat with some of our patients."

Dr. de Brion revealed glittering teeth in a smile of frank admiration. Raising Fay's hand, he stooped and kissed it. "A beautiful morning, Matron," he said, "and you find me a beautiful guide."

"I shall be glad if I can be of any service to you, Doctor," Fay replied.

"But you have been of service already," he assured her; "your smile would lift its load from the heaviest heart. I am obliged to you, Matron." He bowed to Mrs. Maddison. "I shall try not to detain Nurse Perigal longer than necessary, although the temptation to do so will be great."

ON THEIR way upstairs to the ward at the end of the south wing which accommodated the French pilots, Dr. de Brion succeeded in putting Fay completely at her ease, so that she felt as though she had known him all her life. Even before he had plunged into voluble conversation with the first of the patients whom she introduced, Fay had decided that he was brilliantly clever. He discussed symptoms and made suggestions of so shrewdly practical a character that he showed he clearly understood his profession. The reaction of the wounded airmen, all of whom he left laughing happily, paid vital tribute to his bedside manner.

He distributed cigarettes with a lavish hand, from a case emblazoned with a diamond crest, which particularly attracted Fay's attention. He told funny stories and he performed sleight-of-hand tricks. Before leaving the ward, he promised to come again, a promise which produced cheers, physically feeble but heartfelt, from the occupants. As they walked down the stone stairs together on their way to the ground floor, Dr. de Brion took Fay's arm in his affectionately friendly manner, and began to speak with sudden seriousness of her own affairs.

"My friend Dr. Fawcett," he said, "reported to me about you. You remember meeting Dr. Fawcett?"

"Oh, good heavens, yes!" Fay's eyes opened in a startled way. "You mean the doctor who came with the police to Marcus' house?"

"Yes, yes, to the house of your cousin Marcus. He has been talking to me, you understand; and when he heard that I was visiting here, he asked me to talk to *you*."

"That was very kind of him, but what about?"

"Well, what more fascinating subject could there be than yourself?"

"Oh, but you are joking again."

They had regained the frigid lobby, and Fay stood facing the visitor, trying to read some message in those vivacious eyes, but reading nothing save good humor and admiration. Hearing their voices, the matron came out, and Dr. de Brion turned to her.

"Have I your permission, dear madam, to see Nurse Perigal upon her way?"

"But, of course, Doctor. How charming of you."

He took the matron's hands and kissed them gallantly. "Soon I shall be coming to see those dear fellows again, and to see you, madam. . . ."

They left the gray building and the ambulances which stood in its courtyard, and walked on in silence through the outskirts of Otterly; and soon (for Otterly was little more than a village) gained [illegible] open country. Dr. de Brion inhaled [illegible] grant morning air and looked about [illegible] with unconcealed delight. Once, [illegible] paused and stared up into a clear [illegible] sky.

"Wild geese!" he exclaimed, "lik[illegible] flight of planes! Ha! There is wate[illegible] the neighborhood?"

"Yes, Umley Mere, quite near to R[illegible]mary Cottage, where I am going n[illegible] Doctor."

There was a long silence. Then [illegible] suddenly asked, "Do you ever visit [illegible] R.A.F. hospital at Ashbrown, Docto[illegible]

"Ashbrown in Hampshire? But, yes[illegible] was there only a week ago. Why do [illegible] ask?"

Watching her face, he detected a f[illegible] shade of embarrassment, and menta[illegible] answered his own question.

"A—very old friend of mine was th[illegible] until recently—"

"But French?"

"No, not French. He is an Americ[illegible] Flight Lieutenant Hawke Kershaw."

"Hawke Kershaw? Of an Eagle squ[illegible]ron?"

"Yes. I only wondered if you nad h[illegible]pened to meet him." She spoke w[illegible] calmness but looked straight ahead.

"I cannot recall the name, Nurse F[illegible] Describe, if you please, this fortun[illegible] Hawke Kershaw."

"Oh, I don't think I can, really. He [illegible] tall and slim, and has dark brown hair—"

"Dark brown hair? And gray eyes?"

"No—blue eyes."

"Blue. He is a handsome fellow?"

Fay, who had flushed momentarily, n[illegible] seemed to grow more pale than usu[illegible] "Yes, I suppose he is rather good-lookin[illegible] Doctor."

"I fear I cannot have met him, Nur[illegible] Fay. Was he a—dangerous case?"

"No." Fay shook her head. "Tha[illegible] what puzzles me. He was shot down a[illegible] wounded in the foot. At first, they we[illegible] afraid he might be crippled, and walk wi[illegible] a limp—"

"With a limp, you say?"

"Yes. But he wrote to tell us that a[illegible] though he actually did limp slightly, wi[illegible] rest and massage this would disappear. W[illegible] expected him down here, but—well, h[illegible] seems to have vanished!"

"He has vanished, eh? A strange fello[illegible] But his station will tell you where he is—[illegible] yes?"

"There is so much official secrecy, Do[illegible]tor. Beyond finding out that he is on sic[illegible] leave I haven't been able to learn a thin[illegible] But as you don't know him, why should [illegible] bother you about it? Please tell me wha[illegible] it was that Dr. Fawcett suggested yo[illegible] should ask me."

THEY had paused in a narrow, windin[illegible] lane. A lime tree towered above a brie[illegible] hedge gemmed with rubies, its leaves [illegible] furtive gold as if reluctantly yielding t[illegible] the spell of autumn; and Dr. de Brio[illegible] seemed temporarily to have forgotten hi[illegible] companion.

"But, yes." He turned suddenly an[illegible] that glittering smile brushed a shado[illegible] magically from his face. "But, of course[illegible] He is much concerned, my faith, the goo[illegible] doctor, about your cousin Lord Marcus.[illegible]

"I suppose he thinks he is mad?"

"But, no, name of a name, not mad—[illegible] eccentric."

"Is there any difference?" murmure[illegible] Fay.

"A distinction. Or so they used to tel[illegible] me at the Salpêtrière, Paris, where for [illegible] time I studied such matters. But he thinks[illegible] Dr. Fawcett, that your cousin is so los[illegible] in his studies that perhaps advantage i[illegible] taken of him."

They began slowly to walk along again[illegible] "I am afraid that may be true," Fa[illegible] admitted. "He is, of course, quite un[illegible] worldly. Perhaps Dr. Fawcett was think[illegible]ing about"—she hesitated—"Mrs. Vane."

"Yes, perhaps it may be that he had in mind the beautiful Mrs. Vane. But also, perhaps, the butler, Wake."

"Oh! Don't you trust Wake?"

"He looks in every way completely the perfect butler. I fear such characters. But you, my dear, no doubt you have known him for a long time. So tell me, please: What do you think of this Wake?"

"Well, since you ask me," Fay replied, "so far as I am aware, he is a model servant. No doubt he expects his perks—"

"Perks? What is this, perks? I must conquer this word, perks."

Fay laughed. "It is argot, a vulgarism, an abbreviation," she explained. "It means perquisites, and I understand that all butlers expect them."

"OH, YES, name of a name! I understand. I shall add this word to my repertory. The odd cigar, the half decanter of port, this and that, no doubt? Perks. It is a delightful word. And this Mrs. Vane you know but slightly, I suppose?"

"Very slightly." Fay made a tiny grimace. "She is not living with Marcus, or anything of that kind, although I understand she has the run of the house. But he really believes that she possesses psychic powers."

"A medium, shall we say?"

"Yes, a medium, or so Marcus has assured me. Of course, she may be, but she has a suite at the Barchester and dresses better than almost any other woman in London today, so that I suppose—"

"You suppose that she must be a very good medium? Well, well, my dear"—he patted her shoulder—"the laborer is worthy of his hire. It is perhaps that we are unenlightened. Ah! The beautiful prospect. Let me see—what house is that?"

The lane crossed an old stone bridge over a meandering stream. Northward of this bridge the ground rose through parkland to a wooded bay which enshrined a red brick mansion.

"That is Huskin Court," said Fay, "and the cottage there in the hollow—look, you will see it if you follow the stream—is Rosemary Cottage, where my patient is convalescing. It is on the Huskin Court estate, and has been made over to us by Lord Huskin."

"But how intriguing!" Dr. de Brion commented, surveying Huskin Court appreciatively. "A stately home of England, yes?"

"Yes, part of it is certainly stately, and very old. But Lord Huskin, who is reputed to be a millionaire, has made a number of changes, I believe. He is very much liked and respected about here. His generosity is wonderful."

"That is nice: To possess wealth and to use it. That is also wise. For what is money but a golden key? How great a fool is the man who hides the key and never opens the door that it fits! And now, Nurse Fay, the morning is so beautiful that I am reluctant to return to London—that poor patient old London. May I come to your cottage with the romantic name and make the acquaintance of your case?"

"Yes," Fay assured him, and there was no mistaking the warmth and sincerity of the invitation, "I wish you would. He has been rather badly knocked about, and he is subject to moods of terrible depression. That's really the worst we have to contend with, now. You are—well, such a tonic—"

"No man should require a tonic who has you near him," said Dr. de Brion. "But I have forgotten your patient's name."

"Squadron Leader Dan Corcoran."

"Ah! the great Dan Corcoran, the pride of Fighter Command, is it not so? Of course, certainly, but yes. I must meet him. He suffers from depression, you say? Pilots must never be depressed. They must be exalted."

"You see, it's so difficult to make him relax. He has such a restless spirit. For instance, he works at night, when he should be asleep, on what he calls 'Flint's Fist.' "

"Flint's Fist? But this intrigues me, yes. Acquaint me with the character of Flint's Fist."

"Well—it's a meaningless sentence which he found on the back of an old envelope. Dan is crazy about Treasure Island, and he pretends that this thing is a clue to Captain Flint's buried treasure. I should think he has wasted a whole writing block trying to work it out: He pesters everyone who calls with it."

"And what is this sentence?"

"It consists of several odd words—I can't quite remember them; but it has no apparent meaning."

"But the envelope, eh?"

"Oh, the envelope." Fay reproduced that tiny grimace first inspired by a reference to Mrs. Vane. "I know I am rather uncharitable, but the envelope was given to me by poor Sir Giles Loeder on the day he visited Otterly. He had no cards, apparently, and he . . . wanted me to phone or write. It was addressed to him, and he scribbled his number in the corner. This queer sentence is written in pencil on the back."

"Mon dieu!" Dr. de Brion's swift change of manner, of voice, was electrifying: he stood quite still, watching Fay. "If it could be! Nurse Fay, it was your Shakespeare who said, 'There is a tide in the affairs of men—' If it could be! Yes—let us go to Rosemary Cottage."

Fay stared at him in a way which reminded Dr. de Brion of a startled deer. "I am of crossword puzzles the expert," he explained gaily. "Perhaps I shall enable Squadron Leader Dan to relax!" And he grasped her arm in his irresistibly affectionate way and led her on.

Entering a tree-shaded path which did its best to follow the erratically winding stream, they presently opened a white gate and walked under a pergola smothered with roses, many still in bloom. It led to the porch of Rosemary Cottage, a typical workman's cottage, modernized no doubt by Lord Huskin. In this enclosed porch a very small corporal stood smoking a cigarette, which he immediately extinguished at sight of the visitors, dropped and trod on. He had gray hair, a neat gray mustache, walked with one shoulder higher than the other and, in fact, presented much of the appearance of a gnome. It presently appeared that he was Squadron Leader Corcoran's batman, and that he was an Irish Canadian.

"The top o' the mornin', Nurse," said he, "and a fine mornin' it is, too."

"Splendid, Toby—and how is our patient? This is Dr. de Brion to see him."

"Good mornin', your honor. Sure the boss is in fine fettle."

And Fay tripped lightly up an open staircase which began almost immediately inside the door, Toby following with slower steps.

DR. DE BRION smoked a cigarette, taking almost photographic note of the appointments of this small but cozy room and listening delightedly to the song of birds in some shrubbery outside the windows. The place was so restful, fragrant, and far, far removed from that world in which much of his life was passed. He turned at the sound of voices and footsteps.

The patient, rather carelessly dressed in mufti, was coming downstairs, assisted by Toby and Fay Perigal. He was a slightly built fellow with a shock of fair brown hair, which evidently defied both brush and comb, for it could not have been described as well-behaved; it was not that kind of hair. The clean-shaven, rather freckled face in all probability normally displayed a healthy color; at present it was pale. Corcoran had steadfast hazel eyes and shaggy brows and would have

Here's the 'inside' on Dorsey...Blondell...Young

JIMMY'S BEEN CHEATED out of 30 birthdays! Born on Leap Year Day, he can celebrate only every four years. But he constantly celebrates the day he discovered Regents. "I like the extra value Regents offer," he says. "They're King Size...give you a smoke that's over 20% longer."

JOAN HAS A SECRET ambition—to drive a hook-and-ladder! She likes chop suey, sailing and the Regent crush-proof box. "It's so sensible," she observes, "doesn't crush the cigarettes, keeps 'em fresh and ready for smoking—just like a personal cigarette case!"

ROLAND'S YEN FOR collecting doesn't stop with walking sticks. The walls of his house are lined, from floor to ceiling, with photos of personal friends! When it comes to smoking, he recommends Regents for better taste. No wonder. Regent's choicer tobaccos are *specially selected* for finer flavor!

ALL THREE AGREE...that Regents are milder! And an exclusive Regent process is the reason why. It's called Multiple Blending, makes Regents ultra smooth, *always* so gentle to your throat. Next time, try Regents. They cost no more than other leading brands.

Quality tobaccos...Multiple Blended make **REGENT**

The milder, better tasting cigarette!

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

REPORT TO AMERICA

TODAY IN WAR TIME

TWENTY years ago, Harvey Firestone said "Americans sho produce their own rubber." T statement started a chain of events changed the course of history.

After a world-wide survey of ar where rubber could be grown un American control and protecti Firestone established rubber plantati in the West African republic of Libe — one of the few sources from whi our country still gets natural rubb

Working with his close persor friend, Thomas A. Edison, investigated many types of domes plants as possible sources of rubb and pioneered the study and develo ment of synthetic rubber products.

As a result of these years of researc Firestone built in 1933 the FIRS synthetic rubber airplane tires fo our armed forces. In 1940, Firestor built synthetic rubber passenger ca tires in its factory at the New Yor World's Fair and began the productio of its own synthetic rubber, calle Butaprene, the same type that wa

FIRESTONE SYNTHETIC RUBBER PRODUCTS FOR WARTIME

Tires, Tubes, Repair Materials and Camelback for All Types of Military and Essential Civilian Vehicles and Aircraft.

Barrage Balloons.

Gas Masks.

Bullet-Sealing Fuel and Oil Cells.

Track Blocks and Bogie Rollers for Army Tanks and Half-Tracs.

Inflatable Boats, Rafts, Pontons, Life Belts, Life Vests and Other Flotation Products.

Seadrome Mooring and Marker Buoys.

Raincoats, Water-Repellent Cloth.

Mechanical Rubber Goods for All Types of Military and Essential Civilian Vehicles and Aircraft, including Motor Mountings, Bumpers, Fan Belts, Hose, Gaskets and Many Other Automotive, Aircraft and Industrial Products.

Latex Products including Crash Pads, Pilot Seat Cushions and Other Cushioning Equipment.

Fire

BUTAPR

N SYNTHETIC RUBBER

adopted by the Government. In 2, Firestone became the FIRST pany to produce synthetic rubber Government-owned plant and this e plant later became the FIRST to duce synthetic rubber using diene made from grain alcohol.

urally, with this unsurpassed record xperience, Firestone has been a neer and leader in developing new exclusive methods for processing hetic rubber and these have been e available without royalty to the ernment and to the rubber industry.

lay, Firestone is making many ely-diversified wartime products h Butaprene. And, based on gress and development to date, ications are that thousands of ducts not even thought of today now being fabricated from other erials will soon be made with the ed and Proved Synthetic Rubber IRESTONE BUTAPRENE.

• • •

isten to the Voice of Firestone with Richard Crooks and e Firestone Symphony Orchestra, under the direction Alfred Wallenstein, Monday evenings, over N. B. C.

stone

NE THE TIME-PROVED SYNTHETIC RUBBER

FIRESTONE SYNTHETIC RUBBER PRODUCTS FOR PEACETIME

Tires, Tubes, Repair Materials and Camelback for All Types of Passenger Cars, Trucks, Buses, Tractors, Aircraft, Motorcycles.

Wringer Rolls.

Waterproof Packaging Materials.

Sealing Strips for Windows, Doors, Hatches, Port Holes, etc.

Fabrics, Thread, Sheeting for Drapes, Shower Curtains and Garments.

Inflatable Boats, Rafts, Pontons, Life Belts, Life Vests and Other Flotation Products.

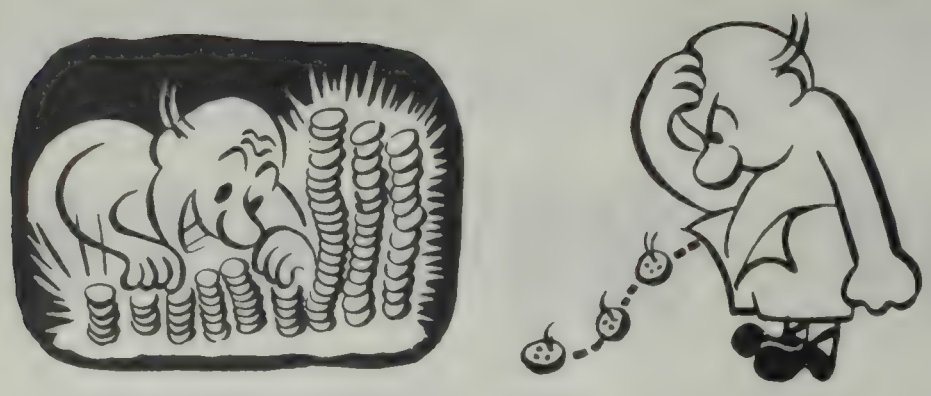
Seadrome Mooring and Marker Buoys.

Raincoats, Water-Repellent Cloth.

Mechanical Rubber Goods for All Types of Passenger Cars, Trucks, Buses, Tractors, Aircraft, Motorcycles, including Motor Mountings, Bumpers, Fan Belts, Hose Gaskets and Many Other Automotive, Aircraft and Industrial Products.

Latex Products including All Types of Seat Cushions, Mattresses and for Other Upholstery Uses.

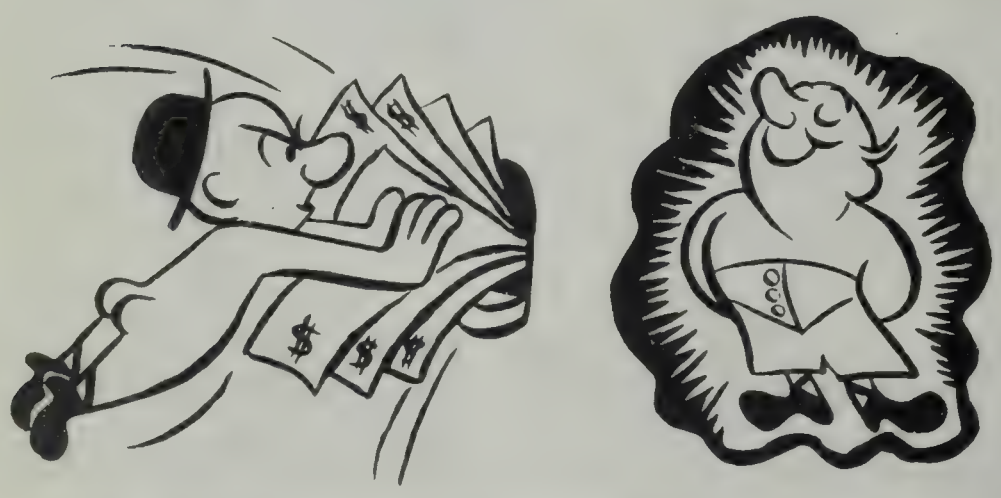
Copyright, 1943, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.



Martin was a miser . . . until one day

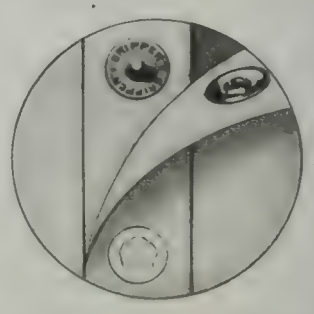
a bunch of pesky buttons made him say

War Bonds . . . more Bonds . . . until we win



our precious GRIPPER FASTENERS back ag'in!

Keep your eye on Gripper fasteners! They'll be back on more merchandise than ever when the war is won. Until then, we're doing everything humanly possible to help speed Victory!



GRIPPER* FASTENERS

Reg. U. S. Pat Off

**The snap fastener that ends "button-bother"*

MADE BY SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, WATERBURY, CONN. · AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF SNAP FASTENERS

been better-looking if his nose had not assumed a perpetual expression of surprise on finding itself (at birth no doubt) tip-tilted, slightly, but unmistakably.

"Normal this morning," cried Fay in a gay voice. "We shall have you about again in a week, Dan."

Dan grinned boyishly and squeezed the shoulder upon which he leaned. He wore slippers, and his fumbling gait indicated that he was far from strong, yet.

"So there's no news from old Dick," he said to Fay.

AGAIN that cloud shadowed her expression, and the watchful visitor knew, now, that "old Dick" must be Flight Lieutenant Kershaw. She shook her head. "Not a word, Dan! But I suppose he will turn up, sometime." As they reached the foot of the short stair: "And here is Dr. de Brion—Squadron Leader Corcoran."

"Ah!" exclaimed Dr. de Brion, pushing forward an armchair which evidently had been prepared for the invalid. "Be seated, my dear fellow. How lucky you are to have crashed in so lovely a spot!"

"Yes, I am," grinned Corcoran, raising his steadfast but shy eyes to the speaker. "It would be sheer ingratitude to want to get well too soon."

"It would be sheer folly," cried Dr. de Brion. "Oh, but so stupid." His ornamental case made a flashing appearance. Corcoran accepted a cigarette reluctantly, saying that he had a large supply of his own, and the doctor urged Fay to follow his example in spite of protestations that she was officially on duty. "It is a prescription," he declared, "medical orders."

"You are just the kind of M.O. everybody is looking for," said Dan Corcoran. "Can't you stay to lunch? If you can, we will take you out to Treasure Island."

Fay laughed, but even her laughter w rather wistful. "Treasure Island," she c plained, "is a tiny island in the strea connected with the garden by a wood bridge. Dan spends fine afternoons the A mound in the middle is called Spygla Hill, and an old wooden barrel in the w ter is Skeleton Island. Then there's Ca of the Woods, isn't there, Dan?"

"There's everything," Dan assured h firmly, "which appears on Flint's map except the treasure."

"Here is the treasure," said Dr. d Brion, resting his arm lightly on Fay shoulder, and he was delighted when sh blushed.

"Which reminds me," Dan added; h raised his voice: "Toby!" Toby appeare in the doorway, winking significantly the visitor. "Bring down Flint's Fist— and all the notes. They're right beside m bed."

"Very good, sir."

Toby proceeded upstairs, and Fa glanced smilingly at Dr. de Brion. " warned you!" She turned to the conva lescent. "Dr. de Brion is a crossword ex pert, Dan, so perhaps he can help you."

"I need help," Dan declared patheti cally. "Because it stands to reason tha the words must mean *something*."

TOBY returning with a writing block and a bundle of loose sheets, Dan detached an envelope clipped to the block and handed it to Dr. de Brion. Dr. de Brion read the typed address aloud:

"'Sir Giles Loeder, 90 Mount Street Mayfair, W. 1.'—h'm! 'Mayfair 30031' in pencil." He reversed the envelope. "Ah! the same writing! What have we here, my infants? Name of a name, what have we here?"

(To be continued next week)

Food for a Ravaged World

Continued from page 21

out of consideration: a job, as ex-Governor Lehman points out, for the United Nations and all men of good will everywhere. Encouragingly enough, he hastens to make clear, this joint effort is already under way. The eight relief ships that sail each month from Montreal for Peiraeus carry cargoes made up of 15,000 tons of wheat donated by Canada, 3,000 tons of dried vegetables and 300 tons of evaporated milk contributed by the United States, medical items furnished principally by the Red Cross, and clothing and medicines supplied by Greek War Relief, along with money for the charter hire of the vessels. In Greece the distribution is handled by a neutral relief commission of thirty, half Swiss and half Swedish. Not much compared to the need, but enough to check the appalling death rate.

The United States, the United Kingdom, Argentina, Australia and Canada are now signatories to an international wheat agreement that is the start of (a plan for the creation of) a great world pool into which every nation will pour relief supplies to the limit of its capacity. Latin-American countries, following the example of Argentina, have expressed a willingness to come in, and little Switzerland, without boast or complaint, is already caring for 50,000 refugee children. Indomitable China plans to chip in with tea, Sweden will contribute iron and dairy products, and South Africa has begun the job of raising seeds.

Even the relief and rehabilitation of North Africa was a joint operation in large measure. Of the 126,000 tons delivered at French Moroccan and Algerian ports in the first four months alone—foodstuffs, medicines, clothing, insecticides, tea, sugar, textiles and repair parts—a full half came from Great Britain's instant diversion of convoys from other theaters of war. Out of her short supply, England also contributed 350,000 tons of coal for the revival of transportation and industry.

In this connection, ex-Governor Lehman repeatedly stressed that there was more to his job than mere humanitarianism. The immediate succor of a liberated population, as he explained it, is inseparably a part of any sound war plan. How can a new offensive be launched if the area behind the front line is convulsed by riot and anarchy? Relief measures allow the task force to march away without fear of stabs in the back and to guarantee a labor supply for crops and manufacturing. That is why General Eisenhower paused to rehabilitate French Morocco and Algeria, why he built up a 10,000-ton stock pile before the Tunisian advance, and why he still requisitions 30,000 tons of space every month for nonmilitary supplies.

Close on the Heels of Battle

It is also the reason why the OFRRO is merely the agent of the Army in the first stages of every operation, assuming no independent responsibility until the high command gives the word to take over. Fred K. Hoehler, ex-Governor Lehman's Director of Relief in North Africa, followed so closely with his trucks in Tunisia that he nearly had his pants shot off when the German drive broke through at the Kasserine Gap. Carrying on, however, he was unloading supplies in Sousse, Sfax and Gabes before the smoke of battle lifted.

The relief job, throughout the whole area, was largely one of starting up the wheels of trade and industry. Though food and money were plentiful the Germans had looted factories and stores so

thoughly that nothing was left to sell or buy. As a result, the farmers hoarded while the cities starved. Much of the Allied material went directly into commercial channels, filling empty shelves. Peasants then brought in their grain and produce. Mines and factories, supplied with coal, machinery and spare parts, opened up with a rush. In payment for what was given, the Allies received either hard cash or much-needed raw materials. In the first few months, more than 200,000 tons of phosphate rock were shipped to relieve the fertilizer needs of hard-pressed England.

Undernourished babies and half-starved refugees constituted a major relief problem. About 150,000 children under four-teen are still receiving daily servings of milk from American sources at American expense, but other thousands are being given their milk ration from American sources at French expense. The refugees, fed and clothed, have been absorbed in large measure by industry, agriculture and the armed forces, Poles, Russians, French and Spanish Republicans leaping at the chance to volunteer. And all done under local leadership with local personnel.

North Africa, of course, with its 16,000,000, is in no wise comparable to the problem that will be presented by ravaged Europe's 450,000,000. The experience, however, has given the OFRRO a fine opportunity to study out approaches and test both machinery and method. Determinations reached already make it certain that liberated countries will not be flooded with a horde of social-service workers, nor will the warehouses of the United States be jammed with perishables far in advance of need. Only when General Eisenhower gives the word that a fresh advance is planned, and not until then, will supplies be assembled for the trucks that follow the Army. Naturally, shoes and clothing are the exceptions, for getting them together isn't something that can be done in a rush. What is now being bought and stored is either second-hand stuff or else the cheaper grades of suits and footwear.

A Plan for Reconstruction

As it begins to take shape in ex-Governor Lehman's orderly mind, the job of relief and rehabilitation in liberated lands will proceed along these lines: first, food to halt starvation, and medicines, serums and insecticides to check the spread of pestilence; second, seeds, implements and draft animals for the speedy revival of native agriculture; third, machinery and raw materials for stripped factories, and enough commercial goods to start up trade. All, to be sure, may go forward at one and the same time.

Starry-eyed theorists and maudlin sentimentalists may talk glibly of lifting the living standards of all peoples to new and higher levels overnight, but not realistic Herbert Lehman. Out of his patient analysis of facts and figures, he admits that the very best that can be hoped for is the provision of a *minimum level of subsistence*. Just that and nothing more. Around 2,000 calories, say, as compared to the American average of 3,200, and with all sorts of substitutes. Fats and oils, for instance, instead of butter, beans in place of meat, etc.

Even this minimum subsistence level is going to be beyond the resources and shipping capacity of the United Nations. Ex-Governor Lehman makes no bones about it. That is why agriculture has got to be revived in every liberated country at the earliest possible moment. OFRRO experts figure that at least one million tons of seeds of all kinds—cereal, seed potatoes, pasture and garden—will have to be rushed in, and a study is now being made of what each nation will be able and willing to do in seed collection.

Livestock is another headache, for the Germans have stripped every country bare of cattle, horses, sheep and pigs. Meeting that enormous demand is out of the question, so experiments are being conducted in artificial insemination. Fortunately, it stands proved already that 1,500 cows can be inseminated from one bull, and 15,000 ewes from one ram. If sperm can be sent by clipper or fast steamer, as seems likely, the problem may be solved on a mail-order basis.

While a good deal of the job can be planned now, much of it will have to wait for the war's end. Particularly the repatriation of prisoners and the return of the labor drafts to their homes. The refugee problem, however, has already been approached with some degree of success. Iran, for example, was flooded with East Europeans flying before the Nazi juggernaut. The young and strong volunteered at once for military service with the Allies, but the old men, the women and the children huddled miserably in verminous shelters, either starving or on the edge of starvation. A full 40,000 of them.

Refugees' Return to the Soil

As the situation grew more and more intolerable, the British transported 20,000 of these to East Africa, placing them on arable ground and providing tools and seeds. The United States and Mexico are taking care of the rest. President Manuel Avila Camacho is furnishing land and shelter, and ex-Governor Lehman is putting up the transportation expenses. A small movement, to be sure, but a start in international co-operation. As one result, Canada and Australia are now making surveys of their idle acreage.

A big job, this business of rebuilding shattered nations, but a necessary job if the world is to be saved from chaos. Also a costly job, although there is the consoling certainty that it will not be operated as a WPA project.

A pretty solid sort, this Herbert Lehman who found New York neck-deep in deficits and, after ten years as governor, left behind a surplus of $80,000,000. A rare combination of sentiment and practicality, for a warm, soft heart is balanced by a shrewd, hard head. According to his associates in OFRRO, even when his eyes are wet with distress over some tragic report, they can still spot an error in addition in a sheet of figures.

A compassionate man, but with that compassion miles removed from the muddled emotionalism that sees the dawn of the millennium in every sunrise, and believes in pink pills for world ailments. Much of his fortune has been quietly devoted to philanthropies that took no account of race or creed, but the record shows that these generous dollars did not come to him as a gift, but were earned by his own industry, energy and initiative. Just as "help people to help themselves" has been his aim in every philanthropic activity, so is it his program for the OFRRO.

Relief, of course, will halt famine, disease and anarchy, but the strongest emphasis will be on rehabilitation measures—to enable stricken peoples to work out their own salvation instead of continuing as spineless, importunate beggars. If the liberated countries are given such assistance as will put them back on their feet, then they can be counted on to go forward in strength, pride and self-respect. It is Herbert Lehman's conviction, declared over and over in the interview, that post-war reconstruction, if properly devised, can proceed on a commercial basis that will provide a healthful outlet for the surpluses of every producing nation.

Right or wrong, that's the way Herbert Lehman looks at the job. If the starry-eyed boys are pained, it's just too bad.

THE END

You'll never forget its delicious

GOOD TASTE

ONCE you've enjoyed your first tall glass of Blatz, you won't ever forget its delicate full flavor . . . and you'll never be quite satisfied with other beers. That explains why people with a taste for fine beer are so loyal to Blatz Pilsener. It's simply GOOD TASTE.

BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

In Our 92nd Year

Buy War Bonds

Blatz

MILWAUKEE

LIBRARY
Calif.

"COMIN' IN ON A WING AND A PRAYER!"

Used with permission of the c... proprietor, Robbins Music Co...

THEY HAVE TO BE BUILT RIGHT

Dishing Out Disaster to the Axis! *Wings for Helldivers . . . fuselage sections for Army Marauder bombers . . . components for Wright Cyclone engines! These are some of the important jobs on which Hudson is now in large-scale production for the Air Forces. High precision work—all of it! Finish dimensions of pistons, for example, must be accurate within 10 millionths of an inch, and weight within 4 hundredths of a pound.*

"COMIN' in on a wing and a prayer" was the message the radio man sent ahead to his field in Tunisia. And this tough U. S. Marauder bomber, though riddled by anti-aircraft fire, did come in to a safe landing.

In Hudson plants, where we build fuselage sections for these daredevils of the air, we know how much depends on our work. It is one of our many important tasks that call for split-hair precision, at top production speed.

Against these exacting jobs, Hudson has put more than 30 years of experience in building automobiles that could *take it*—keep on g... under hard and constant punishment.

These cars today are proving their in... stamina. Ably serviced by a nationwide or... zation of Hudson distributors and dea... they are part of the mighty transport... fleet that keeps us rolling to Victory.

HUDSON

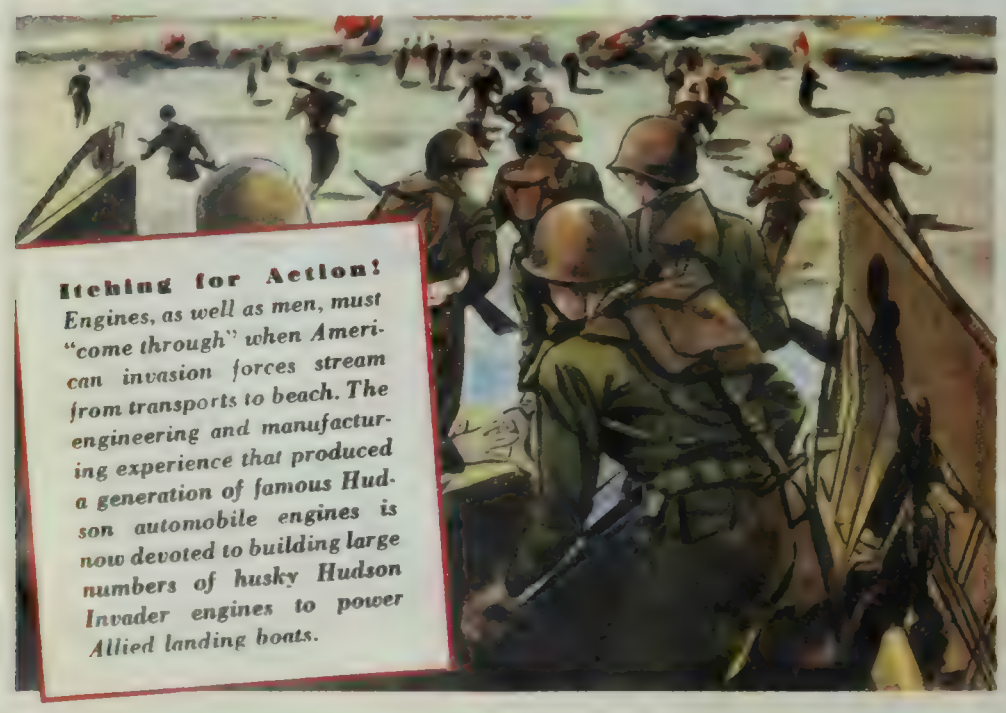
MOTOR CAR COMPANY

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

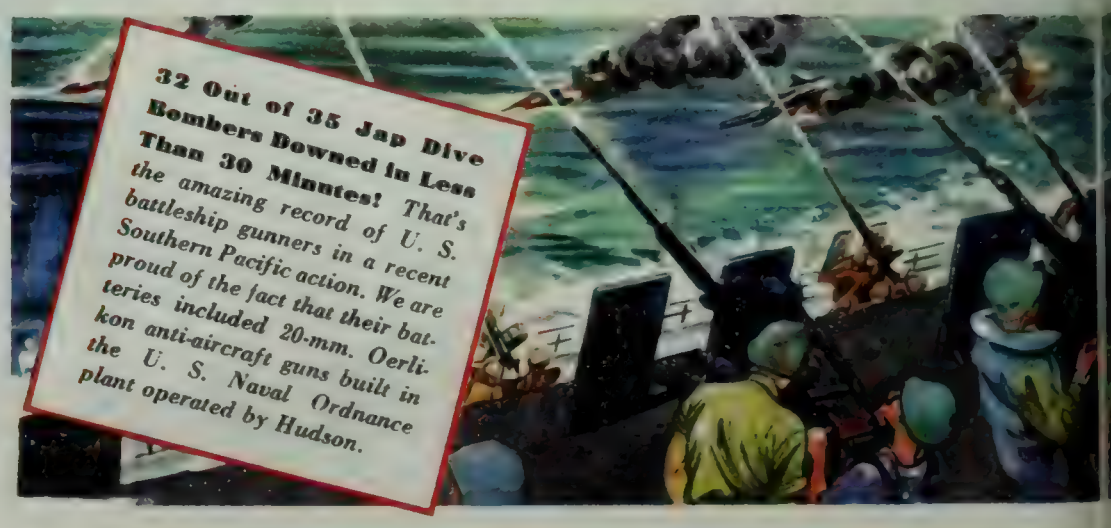
34 Years of Engineering Leadership

Aviation Division Awarded Army-Navy "E" for High Achievement in War Production.

Buy U. S. War Savings Stamps and Bonds



Itching for Action! *Engines, as well as men, must "come through" when American invasion forces stream from transports to beach. The engineering and manufacturing experience that produced a generation of famous Hudson automobile engines is now devoted to building large numbers of husky Hudson Invader engines to power Allied landing boats.*



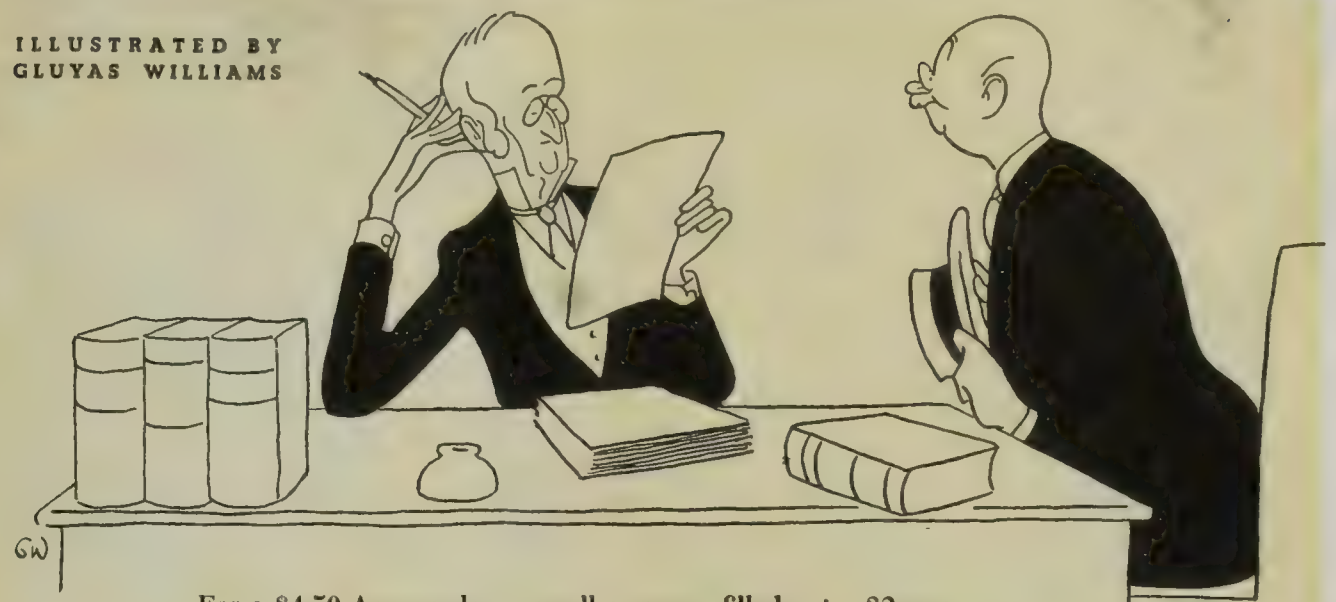
32 Out of 35 Jap Dive Bombers Downed in Less Than 30 Minutes! *That's the amazing record of U. S. battleship gunners in a recent Southern Pacific action. We are proud of the fact that their batteries included 20-mm. Oerlikon anti-aircraft guns built in the U. S. Naval Ordnance plant operated by Hudson.*

Why They Hate Washington

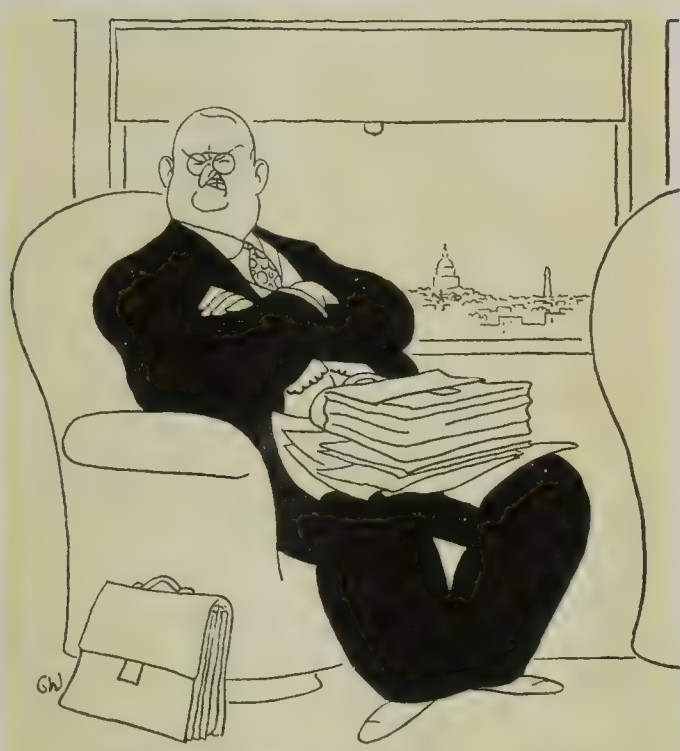
By Helena Huntington Smith

Confusing questionnaires and irrelevant form letters have driven John Public to tantrums, but there are signs that Washington is gradually learning to simplify things

ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS



For a $4.50 Army order, a small engraver filled out a 32-page questionnaire. It was rejected twice, so he had his lawyer try



When the businessman hisses "Washington" he isn't thinking of beautiful white buildings

"When they get that mad," moans the New Deal congressman, "they'll vote everybody out"

LAST fall, a certain ranchman in the state of Washington had 400 head of fat steers which were ready for the market. Every additional day's feed that went into them was just throwing his money away. Under the slaughtering quotas he wasn't allowed to sell them to Seattle. But the quotas were based on 1940 population figures. Since that time, every metropolitan area on the Pacific Coast had gained hugely in population because of war industries, and therefore Seattle and the whole region were in the throes of a virtual meat famine. That ranchman, who wasn't allowed to sell his steers to a city starving for meat, was plenty mad.

One day during the early tire rationing or pregas-coupon era, an Iowa congressman called upon a Washington official to ask about retread privileges for county school superintendents in his state. These rural superintendents, he explained, had to do a lot of driving around to visit their schools, and—

"They don't need tires to visit schools," said the official, in a voice reminiscent of Marie Antoinette. "Let 'em take a train."

"Wait a minute. I'm talking about rural schools," said the congressman. "You know—out in the country."

"They still don't need tires. Why can't they take a trolley or a bus?"

"I don't know what part of the country you come from, my friend," said the congressman, "but you'd better do some listening right now." By the time he had finished the expounding a few ABC's of rural life in the Middle West, even the official was ready to grant that in Iowa, school superintendents might need tires.

They got them. Maybe that should have been the end of it. It wasn't. For such incidents, multiplied by thousands, have built up in large sections of the American public the irritated conviction that it is being governed from Washington by a bunch of fools.

What he is thinking about can perhaps be summed up by the episode of Larchmont, New York, and the air-raid sirens. Larchmont is a residential suburb a few miles from New York City and, therefore, it figured in some danger from bombs. It needed ninety-seven feet of copper wire to complete the installation of two warning sirens. Its Civilian Defense director applied to the War Production Board for a priority rating. His request was turned down with the odd advice that "the construction described in your application should be deferred for the duration of the war."

In this raucous democracy, a few hundred good stories like that one could well be more fatal politically than high treason or graft. Not that there weren't excuses for the War Production Board. Its letter was obviously a form letter. Even Civilian Defense installations must sometimes be denied priority. To any reasonable man, it must be apparent that rationing and price-controlling a country the size of this one is a large task, and mistakes are bound to happen.

But John Q. Public isn't reasonable. He's mad. The way he sees it is brutally simple: that the Headless Horror of Washington is barging around telling him how to run his business, when it doesn't know how to run its own.

Quite often the higher purpose of these regulations escapes him, but when there is one and it's explained sufficiently, he stops grumbling. He has set up several million one-man and one-woman boards all over the country, to see that this war is being run right. They have to be shown every step of the way.

His grievances are described in letters to Congress. There was, for example, the proprietor of a small engraving firm in Iowa, who received an order from a near-by Army ordnance plant for three plates costing $4.50. Accompanying the order was a 32-page questionnaire, which the head of the firm filled out. It was returned to him with the statement that it was incorrect, and a second form was enclosed. He took it to an accounting firm for advice and wrote the answers again. It was again returned as incorrect.

His lawyer filled it out for him the third time, making a grand total of ninety-six pages of questions and answers. When this sheet, too, was returned and a fourth blank enclosed, the businessman wrote that he would be glad to waive his bill for $4.50 and donate the plates to the nation. It all ended sweetly with a polite letter of apology for his trouble, and a check.

The number of questionnaires visited upon citizens in business by federal agencies seeking information has been the theme of Senate hearings and speeches in the House. This particular questionnaire was the Army's child, no offspring of OPA or WPB. But it's all the same to John Public, who is in no mood to make fancy distinctions. He simply growls "Washington!"—and sharpens up his hatchet.

Quite a few of the mistakes stem from the fact that some federal officials don't know enough about local conditions.

The Farmer Gets the Brush-Off

The farmers are, if possible, a little bit madder than anyone else. They started in early to point out that you can't fight a war without eating, but the Headless Horror, rushing excitedly around issuing directives, was too busy to listen. Their complaints that they couldn't raise food without machinery or repairs or help were brushed off as "politics" and "just squawks." This riled them; and so did the airy way certain powers tossed off their desperate skilled-labor problem with the dictum that any child, female or dumb cluck is good enough for farm work—without regard for the smashing up of irreplacable machinery or the ruin of tractor tires worth their weight in pearls.

"I have hired three different men since my boy left for the Army," one Kansan wrote, with dignified restraint, "and one man did more damage in four days' time than I could undo in four weeks."

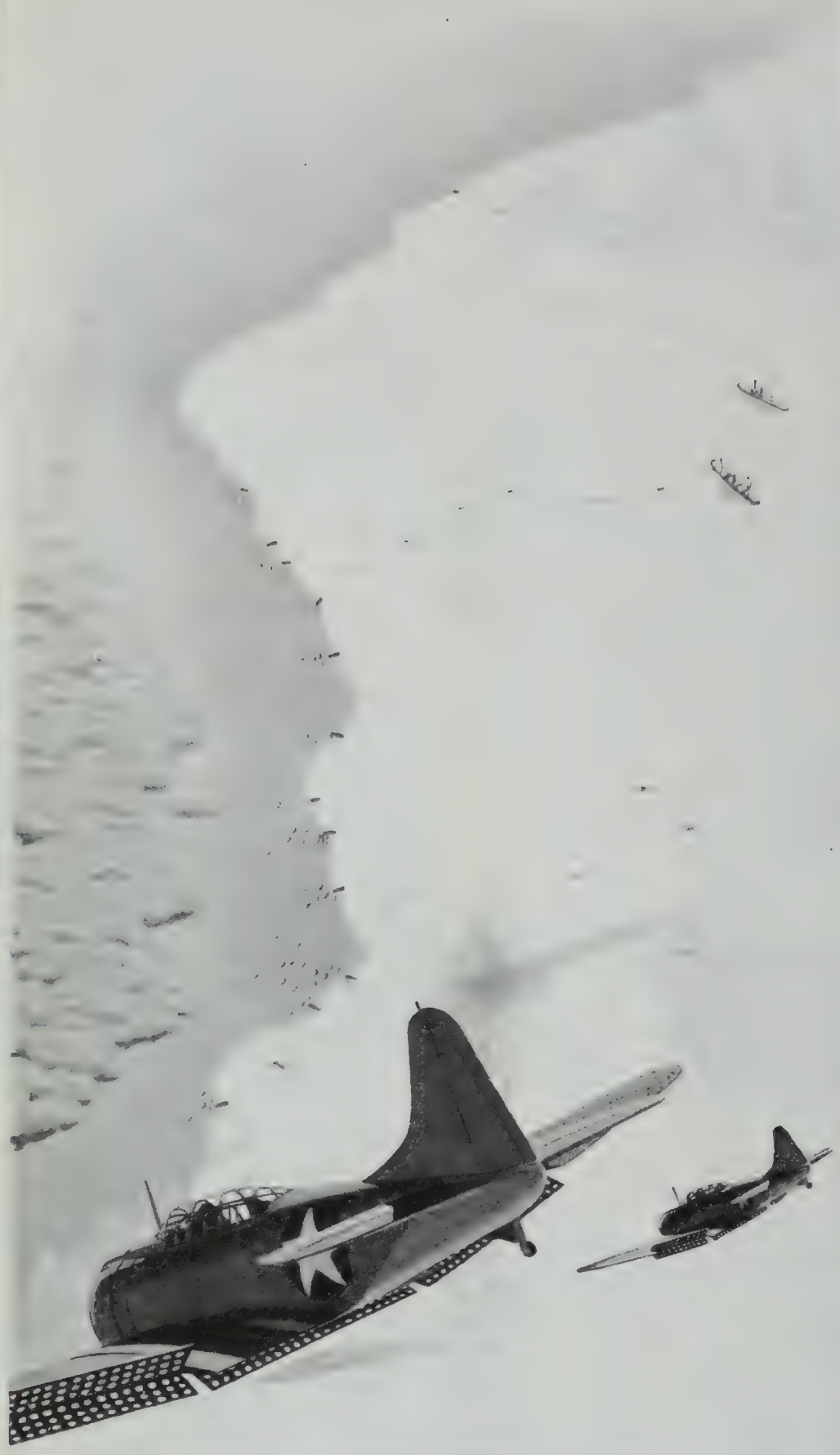
A noticeable thing about these letters from farmers was the relatively few who beat their breasts and cried, "What's going to become of *me?*" Instead, they worried and talked about production; wrote enclosing the green and blue and orange handbills of auction sales telling that their neighbors were selling out. "If these continue," worried one who spoke for hundreds, "we are not going to have any food to win this war."

One thing has to be said for Americans, including bureaucrats, who are Americans too: We learn from our mistakes, and it doesn't take us a hundred years. There are many signs of this process occurring in, for example, OPA. There is a growing disposition to consult ahead of time with the people who are going to be affected by new regulations and to clarify the language and condense the volume of instructions. Up to now, however, they have been poured forth without any regard for human capacity or endurance.

Friendly critics as well as hostile ones agree that what's needed is more flexibility in the setup, which will permit of common-sense adjustments to conditions as they occur. This would call for some decentralization of authority. It may get done—and Washington may once more come to mean sight-seeing busses and cherry trees to an affectionate public.

But if it doesn't get done—or not in time? Already many a Democratic congressman is lying awake nights, figuring out how well the old home-town law practice can be made to pay off in 1945. As far as he personally is concerned, there is no justice in it, of course; he is "agin" the bureaucrats, himself. But when was there ever justice?

"When they get that mad," gloomily observed one New Deal Democrat, who was re-elected this time, but is worrying about 1944, "they'll vote against anybody who's in. And that means us. They'll never stop to think that half the mess was caused by the Republicans and big businessmen in WPB." ★★★



Try This Sometime—if you think bombing, or landing on enemy shores is fun. Our American boys are doing this every day—for *you.* If you want to give them a fighting chance to win, try *this:* purchase War Bonds and Stamps up to ten per cent of your pay—then *really* start buying them with money you think you can't spare. That's the spirit that's going to win this war. And that's the spirit that will *keep* America the kind of a country our boys will expect when they come home.

DIVE BOMBERS NEED BATTERIES

Willard Batteries—for our armed forces—are made of the same critical materials that go into *your* automobile battery. Making your battery last longer is your Willard Dealer's wartime job; and he's *good* at it. See him regularly.

"SAFETY-FILL" BATTERIES

Willard

-have the power to carry on!

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY • Cleveland, Los Angeles, Dallas, Toronto

A Time for Lovers

Continued from page 19

To her astonishment, he shook his head, his eyes narrow and cold. "Know what that sounds like to me? A whim. A typical popular girl's whim. Plenty lads watching us right now, to see me jump when you crook that little finger. Kind of thing chokes me up."

She leaned toward him. She said in a soft, angry voice, "You're quite a bargainer, aren't you? You want plenty of security before you'll give an inch. How should I know how you feel about me? Well, I can be generous, in spite of you. Please! There—I said it. You see—whether you like it, or not—I do know how you feel!"

He said, "Get your coat. I'll be in the hall."

WALKING through the summer night, his silence appalled her. There was his hand at her elbow, but he didn't speak. You could drown in a silence like that. She stood it for a block and then chattered into speech:

"My father'll be getting home about now. That's why I had to leave early. He has a new war job—doesn't get back till after eleven. It leaves Mother alone. She can't bear being alone."

The thought of her mother gave her a twinge of guilt, as it always did. She pushed it out of her mind.

"So you're good to your mother. That's reassuring. I thought only plain girls were good to their mothers."

He was still set on keeping the prickle of antagonism between them! But that didn't bother her, now that he had begun to talk.

She said tranquilly, "You wait. You'll see what a sweet disposition I have."

"Maybe. I hope you're easy reading. I've only got four days."

"Oh—of course. You go back when Harry does, at the end of the week."

"That's right. I suppose if you always run with this crowd, you'll be at Harry's tomorrow night."

"I said I would. Won't you?"

"I'm staying there. I'll come around early, and we'll mull it over."

They were walking very slowly. Her house was two blocks away. Time sifted like sand through her mind.

He spoke negligently, "I suppose the reason Harry brought me home was he figured all his girls would be safe with me. Maybe he was a little hasty."

She began to laugh, a soft, reckless laugh, that she listened to, as though it were not her own. She wasn't amused at anything. But excitement sometimes made her laugh, too. Maybe she was excited.

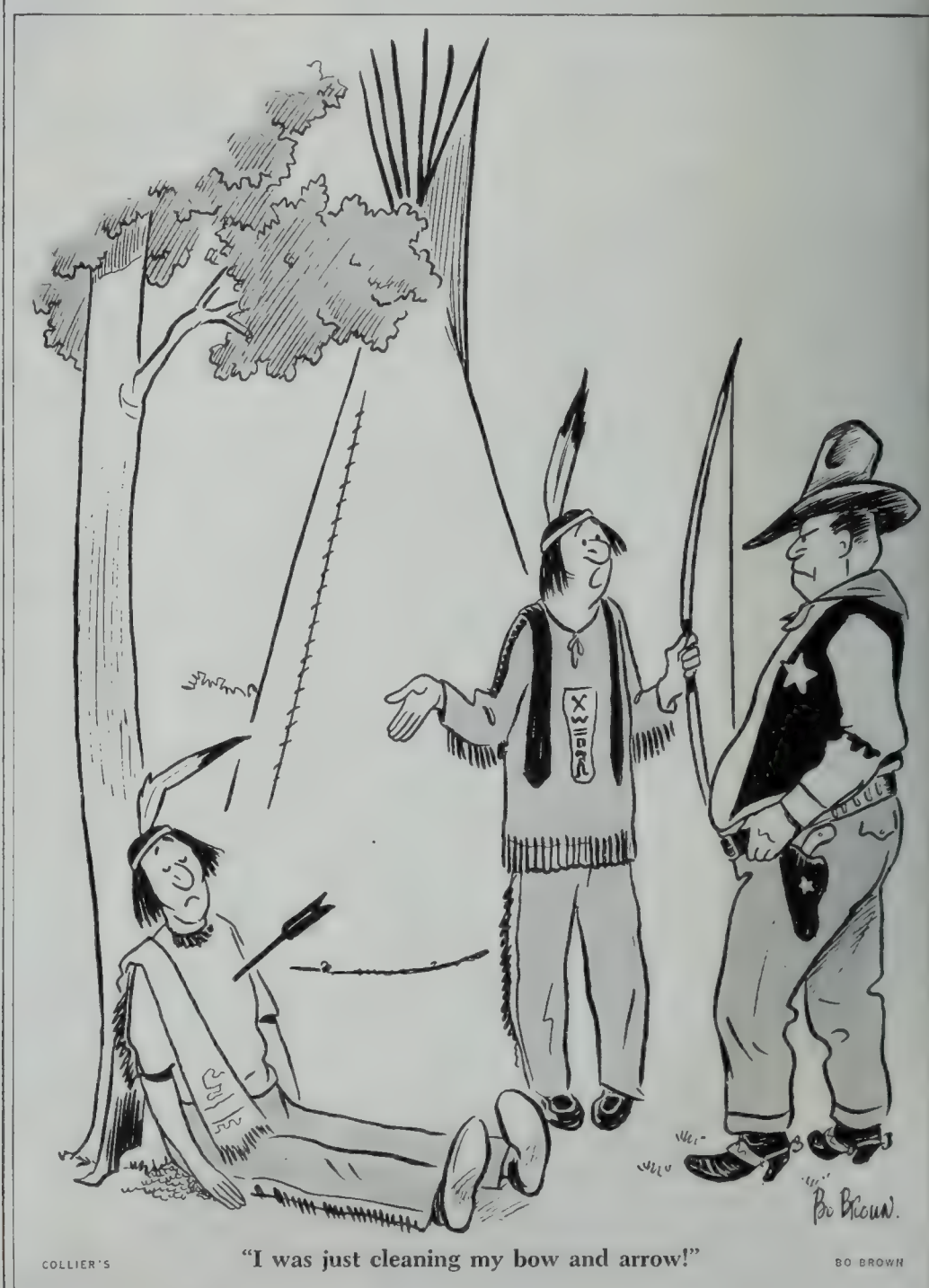
"Stop that."

He put his hand on her other elbow and swung her around to face him. They were alone in the summer-soft darkness. A sprinkler, someone had forgotten to turn off, whispered in the grass near them, and blew fine, fresh drops across their faces. They stared through the darkness that separated them, seeing nothing.

"I came a long way to find you, Amy."

"Yes."

She sighed, a long peaceful sigh, as his



COLLIER'S "I was just cleaning my bow and arrow!" BO BROWN

De Soto at war

Making the tools of War . . maintaining the products of Peace

When the war came—De Soto plants and facilities were found to be among the most modern and efficient in America. De Soto men and women were ready, eager and well qualified to take on, at urgent Government request, the toughest kind of war production jobs.

• • •

Now these plants and facilities of De Soto, with their thousands of craftsmen, are fully proving their unusual qualities. Their wartime output appears now in all the battle zones on land, and in the air, as American aircraft, artillery and mechanized battle equipment take the field.

• • •

Here at home, De Soto qualities are further demonstrated as owners of De Soto cars now fully experience the endurance, economy and comfort which De Soto has given them, year after year. And this De Soto strength clearly shows itself again as De Soto dealers everywhere are able to supply unrestricted parts and service for all these vehicles.

DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

WAR BONDS
They are Your, and Our, Personal Investment in Victory.

DE SOTO WAR PRODUCTION includes the precision building of airplane wing sections—bomber fuselage nose and center sections—vital assemblies for Bofors anti-aircraft guns and General Sherman Tanks—and a wide variety of special manufacturing services to a large portion of American war industry.

Life Guards —FOR BOMBER CREWS —FOR YOUR ENGINE

OXYGEN PRESSURE GAUGE—built by AC

AUTOMOTIVE SPARK PLUG

IN THE THIN SUB-STRATOSPHERE, fighter pilots and bomber crews need extra oxygen to live. And they *must* know when the supply is running low. So, AC builds pressure gauges for each oxygen supply cylinder.

Those gauges must not only be accurate—they must be absolutely dry, and must *stay* dry, or an oxidizing "explosion" will burst every lung, instantly.

To build such vital devices requires foolproof, precision manufacturing. Thus, AC's long experience in producing millions of peacetime Spark Plugs, Oil Filters, Fuel Pumps, Speedometers, and instruments comes into full play for war.

For Your Engine

But, no matter how well a device is made, it must be *kept* in good condition. This is also true of your spark plugs. Dirty spark plugs waste gas, cause hard starting, and rob your engine of power. They should be cleaned and adjusted—*regularly.*

Through its Conservation Service, *any* repair shop—*anywhere*—can do this for you. Such shops can also give quick, expert service on the eight other AC products in use on many millions of vehicles. If you wish to know what care *yours* should have, read the brief story below. Then, to conserve the life of your vehicle,—and gasoline, oil, and tires as well,—follow the suggestions given there. When replacement becomes necessary, select AC—and be sure of complete satisfaction.

Awarded to the men and women of AC on September 2, 1942, for outstanding achievement in producing for Victory.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

SPARK PLUGS—Dirty or worn plugs waste as much gas as one coupon in ten. Oxide coating collects on the plugs and causes them to misfire,—especially when the engine is working hard. Dirty plugs also cause hard starting which weakens your battery. Under present slow driving conditions, have your plugs cleaned and adjusted every few months.

AIR CLEANERS—A dirty air cleaner increases gasoline consumption because it chokes down the flow of air into the carburetor. Your air cleaner should be rinsed whenever your car is lubricated.

FUEL PUMPS—Practically trouble free. But, if yours has been in use thirty or forty thousand miles, it may be worn to the point where a check-up is due.

DRIVING INSTRUMENTS—Speedometer, gasoline gauge, oil pressure gauge, ammeter, and temperature gauge seldom need service. But, if they give trouble, have them cared for *at once.*

OIL FILTERS—Slow driving accelerates formation of soot and carbon in engine oil. If not constantly filtered from the oil, this dirt will clog piston rings, cause increased consumption of oil and gas. So, replace your oil filter element whenever your dealer's AC Oil Test Pad shows that your oil is dirty.

BRING VICTORY QUICKER—BUY U. S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS AND BONDS

"I can always tell when Herbert's irritated about something"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

rms went around her. Four days. But or this moment she had closed her hand ight on those sifting sands.

When he spoke again his voice was ober and somehow surprised: "It looks ike we've got something pretty serious here. You and I have a lot of living to do n a little time."

Amy didn't answer. She'd known that or two hours now.

THE tiny glow of light from the porch neant that her father was home and as having his before-bed cigar. She had eft Chad at the walk—she wouldn't share m with anyone tonight.

"Hello, Dad."

"Hello, baby."

She had run up the steps and her hand was on the screen door but she didn't open it. There was something troubled in her father's voice. She glanced over at him, sitting hunched forward in the padled porch swing, the light from the living oom shining across his bald head. She aid tentatively, "Dad?"

"I feel old tonight."

Old? But the phrase she and her mother —even Dad himself—had used about the new work was that it had given him a new lease on life. He had always been a builder. But for many years past now, he had had his own contracting business, and it was a long time since he had done any work with his hands. He had missed that, and he had been delighted when they had discovered his old skills at the factory, where they set him to work fitting out the interiors of the deadly little coast-patrol boats.

He had been working for a month now, and this was the first time he had come home without pride in his step, no matter how tired he was.

Amy sat down beside him. "What's the matter, Dad? You've got something on your mind."

He leaned back against the cushions, and the swing creaked gently. "Nothing much. Just something a kid at the factory said—set me thinking. He was talking about these boats we're making. You know they're used for convoy duty—fighting off subs. He rattled off some statistics concerning their life-expectancy. Gave me kind of a jolt. Ever since the first time I picked up a hammer, I've been building things to last. These aren't expected to."

"Well, but, Dad, what difference does it make, if you do your job—"

He said heavily, "A man likes to believe that what he's doing is worth while. That his work will endure and be a credit to him. To put care and effort—the best you're capable of—into something you know's likely to be blown to pieces first time it's in use—it kind of takes the heart out of you."

"Well—but you knew all that, when you went there—"

"Yes, sure—but I'd put it out of my mind. This kid, tonight, brought it all home to me." He shifted his weight and the swing creaked. "He used a new word talking about the boats—new to me. Expendable. He said they were expendable."

A soft, insistent voice spoke to them from an upper window:

"Amy, dear, what's the use of getting home at a reasonable hour, if you don't go to bed? You want to be fresh tomorrow night, you know."

"I'll be up soon, Mother."

"You simply must save yourself if you're going to Harry's party tomorrow night."

Her father put out his cigar. He said thoughtfully, "There's your mother. You are her lifework, and she's got a right to be proud of you. For twenty years she's worked and schemed and sacrificed for you, and she's enjoyed every minute, because she's known what she was doing was worth while. Not just here today and gone tomorrow."

Amy stirred uneasily. "I guess I'd better go up, so she can sleep. She never does, until she knows I'm in."

The bald head tilted up at her. "Who was that brought you home tonight? Harry?"

"No—someone else. A young man I met tonight.

He nodded approvingly. "That's the ticket. Don't settle down to any one of 'em. Keep 'em all guessing."...

Mrs. Ferris was a small, plump woman with sandy hair and bright, worried eyes. She put one small, freckled hand into Chad's, and peered up at him. Amy saw anxiety drain out of her; she relaxed, almost smiling.

"Well, have a happy time at the party. Don't let this young man keep you out too late."

Her mother had been disturbed because she was going out with a stranger. She had expected somebody smooth, dangerously sophisticated, because he came from a distant city. Now, seeing Chad, she was no longer disturbed. Curiously, Amy resented it.

"Amy just has to take care of herself," Mrs. Ferris was saying. "With her hair, it shows up so, if she's the least bit tired. You don't want to be all worn out tomorrow, dear."

Amy was smiling. Her voice was gay, and at the same time, exasperated: "I don't know anything about tomorrow. Tonight I'm reasonably sure of."

They got away. They both knew they weren't going to the party. It didn't need to be discussed.

"There's a little bar on Twelfth Street, where they let you sit for hours over one beer apiece."

"I've got plenty of money," Chad said dreamily. "We've got plenty of everything, except time."

EVERYBODY knew Harry Polk. When he came into the bar two hours later, looking so handsome and blond and clean-cut in his uniform, one of the waitresses put on an old record called I'm Just Wild About Harry, and glanced over at him, smiling expectantly. The music was loud and strident in the dim-lighted room.

But Harry paid no attention. He had two other boys with him, kids still in their teens, and they followed him respectfully, as he walked over to the table where Amy and Chad sat.

Amy sat sideways in the booth, with one leg tucked under her. She had Chad's overseas cap in her hands, and her forefinger traced slowly over and over the insignia. Chad sat leaning on his elbows, watching her, his long, square jaw sunk into his collar. They were silent, as though they had passed through and beyond the usefulness of words. Harry spoke directly to Amy:

"I just stopped in at your house. Your

"I don't think it's so much a shortage of manpower; it's a case of maldistribution"

COLLIER'S R. MACDONALD

"A TRAIL OF SMOKE SO PLEASANT..."

I walked behind a man today
who left a trail of smoke
So pleasant that I touched him
on the shoulder—and I spoke:
"I beg your pardon, soldier,
I wonder if you'd mind,
Just telling me what brand you smoke
—it's such a fragrant kind."

"Certainly, it's Edgeworth"—and
he gave a friendly smile
As he offered me his pack of blue—
"Perhaps you'd like a trial."
And then I started chuckling—
and he asked me: "What's the joke?"
"Why, Edgeworth," I informed him—
"is the brand I always smoke!"

Copr. 1943, Larus & Brother Co.

Now Sold in a SEAL-PAK POUCH

1. Twice as protective —keeps tobacco fresh.
2. Will not crush in pocket.
3. No pocket bulge—form-fitting.
4. Folds smaller as contents used.
5. Easier to fill pipe—no waste.

YOU know, there's a special bond of comradeship among Edgeworth smokers — a sort of mutual respect. Whoever they are, or wherever they meet, the famous blue pack marks them as members of that contented group of pipelovers who enjoy America's Finest Pipe Tobacco. Enjoy a generous sample at our expense.

Write Larus & Brother Company, 207 22nd Street, Richmond, Va.

"AMERICA'S FINEST PIPE TOBACCO"

Can Colleges Teach Twice As Much?

EDUCATORS, too, are looking to the future. The progressive men and women who teach in America's schools and colleges are planning now for increased efficiency in educational processes. They know that more, much more, must be taught without taking additional productive years from the student's life.

Already much has been done. With Bell & Howell Filmosound Projectors in classroom and lecture hall, sound-movies have increased the speed and thoroughness of learning. *Millions* are now being trained in the Army and Navy with Filmosounds. On the screen the lesson *lives* and the *double* impression of sight and sound gives greater understanding.

Filmosound will be an important aid to the educator of tomorrow.

As a pioneer in the field of fine motion picture equipment, Bell & Howell are co-operating with educators in making the slogan, "What you see—you get," come true in the classroom. Bell & Howell Company, Chicago; New York; Hollywood; Washington, D. C.; London. *Est. 1907.*

Opti-onics is the combined sciences of Optics and Electronics. Related and simultaneous research and engineering by Bell & Howell in these and the mechanical sciences have brought important advantages to our fighting forces. Opti-onics will bring many new things to American living, after the war.

* Trade-Mark Registered

Bell & Howell are makers of precision motion picture equipment for professional and amateur use. Filmo Cameras and Filmosound Projectors are the standard of comparison in the motion picture field.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Copyright 1943, Bell & Howell Company, Chicago

mother's pretty upset. She thought you were at my house—it seems you told her you were going to be."

Amy looked up as though she were coming out of a dream. "What is this, a searching party?"

"In a way. When you didn't show up after everyone else had arrived, and Chad wasn't in evidence, I thought something was pretty funny."

Chad had got to his feet. "What's funny about it? Is Amy beholden to you in any way?"

Harry said crisply, "Amy accepted my invitation, and you are my guest—or were."

"I was," Chad said. "I'm grateful for your hospitality, and I'll remove myself to a hotel before morning."

"Hot Southern blood," Harry said contemptuously. He sat down at the table. "Amy, what is this—a game? Are you trying to put ideas in this dope's head? Because when you let him drop, it's going to be a little like an earthquake. You'll have to get away fast."

Amy whitened. She said carefully, the words stiff on her lips, "You don't understand. This isn't a game. It's real. It's funny, but it's real, Harry. I'm sorry we were rude, not coming to your party. But we have so little time, Chad and I. We can't afford to squander it."

Harry said coolly, glancing around at the others, "All this wouldn't be so sad, if I hadn't watched Amy lay 'em out before. The Army snatched me up just in time."

One of the freckled-faced boys laughed a loud, sudden snort, and a beer glass near his elbow overturned.

Chad was still standing. His big hands were clasped on the chair back, and the veins stood out dark.

"Take your tame cubs out of here, Harry. Do it now, or I'm going to break something."

Harry smiled. Without looking around, he said, "You boys go on over to the bar and order yourselves a beer. I'll be with you in a minute." Then he leaned back in his chair and glanced from Chad to Amy. When he spoke again he sounded almost gentle:

"So it's real. So it's real and earnest. And it happened overnight. Well, I offer my congratulations. Advice, even. I learn out to be a great little guy, after all."

Amy said, "Why don't you just leave us alone, Harry? Just let us work out things for ourselves?"

"Because you're incapable of working out anything. You're helpless. Love has dealt you a mighty stingeroo and you're dizzy in the head. You both look desperately unhappy, as though you were suffering intensely."

CHAD sat down. All three of them stared at the amber trickle from the overturned glass.

Harry laid his hands on the table with a brisk slap. "Listen, you two. The answer is so simple you've never even thought of it. You get married. When we leave town Saturday, Amy will also leave town. She will establish herself in a cozy furnished room, as near camp as is decent, and she will be an Army wife. You see how natural and easy it is? People are doing it all over the country. Love mows 'em down, and they get married—war or no war."

Chad and Amy were staring at each other. Their faces were bright and blind, and they didn't notice when Harry got up and went away. But what he had said was like a tangible thing left there on the table between them.

"Let's not spoil it with a lot of talk," Chad said finally. "This thing happens to us, and here we've got the answer. War just speeds it up. No time for it to ripen—we've got to take it green—or not at all." He reached across the table and folded her hand into his. "Well, Amy?"

"I've been counting," she said. "Four days. Three today. And tomorrow it was going to be two. If—we should do this thing—I wouldn't need to count any more, would I?"

"No, we'd be through counting."

They got up and walked like sleepwalkers toward the door. Harry was sitting at the bar with the two other boys. He rose and bowed as they passed.

She gave him a distracted smile. She wasn't thinking of him at that moment, or even of Chad or herself. She was thinking of her mother—of the soft, insistent voice telling the strange young man about how Amy had to save herself for tomorrow.

ALL the downstairs rooms were lighted, and the front door was open. As they came up the walk they could see Mrs. Ferris standing under the bright hall light. She looked sleepless and tense with waiting. When she saw them she stepped out on the porch.

"Amy," Her voice shook a little. "Darling, you know how miserable it makes me not to know where you are. Harry came here looking for you, and I just had no idea what had happened! I've been so worried!"

Chad laughed softly, and Mrs. Ferris looked at him, as if she were seeing him for the first time. He said in that deep, smoky voice, "Mrs. Ferris, you and I are in the same boat. I worry you, and you sure worry me. We've got to come to an understanding."

The small figure stiffened. "What do you mean?"

"Well—here it is: I'm taking Amy away from you."

Amy thought: I'm her child, but nothing looks the same to us. This is the beginning of my life. To her it looks like a headlong crash toward the end. But what I'm doing is right—right and natural.

Now Mrs. Ferris was rallying herself. She even laughed, a pitifully bright little laugh. "This young man is quite a joker! Come in—your father's inside. He's listening to the radio, but I'm sure he'd find this more interesting."

"That's one of our new convoy models. The subs take one look at it and keep right on going"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

"I'm the censor who reads your boy friends' mail—I'm dying to meet you"

COLLIER'S LEO GAREL

Amy said, "It isn't a joke, Mother. Chad and I are going to be married. I'm going back to camp to be near him till he's sent away. Then perhaps I'll come home for a while. But I'll be married, Mother. It won't be the same again, ever."

"Amy—" Faint panic fluttered in Mrs. Ferris' voice. "How can you say such things in front of a stranger? You hardly know this boy! How can you let him think that you would—"

"Mrs. Ferris, don't call me a stranger. We got 'way beyond that in the first five minutes. Of course I had a running start with Amy, because I've been thinking about her, off and on, all my life."

NOW Mrs. Ferris was really angry. She stood up straight, half the height of Chad, her eyes glinting up at him.

"How dare you say that! A week ago you didn't know she existed! For twenty years Amy has been my whole life. I've hardly made a move, or had a thought, that didn't concern her welfare—her happiness. I've done without, so that she could have the best of everything—gladly. For what? So that you could walk in here and take her away—my beautiful girl—" Her voice crumpled and broke.

Chad said gently, "If you didn't do it for that, Mrs. Ferris, what else then? What did you think the outcome would be? It had to be someone taking her away, sometime."

"Let's go inside," Amy said. "I want Dad."

Her father was at the radio. As they came into the room, he looked up, but not as though he really saw them. His hand moved out and switched off the newscast. His face had a dazed, luminous look.

"I've just heard some news—makes me feel pretty good! It seems a big convoy—several merchantmen, carrying heaven knows what—men—vital materials—anyway, a pack of submarines attacked just off the East Coast, and there was a terrible running fight. But it got through—they've just released the story. It was our patrol boats pulled off the job. Of course we lost some of 'em, but they did the job. You don't know how good I feel!"

"Tell him," Mrs. Ferris said sternly. "Tell him what you plan to do, Amy."

"Dad—I've got something to tell you. I'm getting married. Everything's settled. I just wish I could give you and Mother a little of my—my happiness."

Her father looked slowly from her to Chad, as though he brought back his mind from a distance. "Married. Well. I guess that's all right. I guess you're grown up now."

Mrs. Ferris cried out, "But she's so young! She should wait and save herself for the future!"

"Oh, now, Myra. Amy's human, like any other girl. Human beings are meant to spend themselves on working or loving or fighting—whatever seems important to them at the time. That's about what living amounts to. Spending yourself. That's what you want, isn't it, baby?"

Mrs. Ferris began to cry softly. "She was always the prettiest," she whispered, "in kindergarten, and dancing school, at high-school commencement. People used to speak of her as though she were rare and precious—and I was so proud. It was her hair—it always made her stand out from the others—"

She reached out a small, freckled, roughened hand and touched that bright head.

"Yes," Chad said. "That night at the party—I saw her hair first of all."

Mrs. Ferris and Chad looked at each other. The smallest, faintest gleam of sympathy passed between them. But Amy saw it. A thing too fragile to touch, to even breathe upon. She moved closer to Chad and put her hand in his.

THE END

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

TO UNCLE SAM, WITH LOVE

BY AMY PORTER

Tl gift's the thing, whether it's a $10,000 bomber or sixty bushels of beans or a grand piano. Who tsa this isn't a people's war?

Technical "enemy aliens" gave an average of $3 apiece to buy this P-40 fighter plane, Loyalty, for the Army Air Forces. Austrian-born actress Elisabeth Bergner christens it

ACH morning when they open the mail in Room 370 of the Treasury Building, Washington, D. C., they in new evidence that Americans love Ar rica.

ail baskets overflow with tokens of ff tion for Uncle Sam—not loans, but ight gifts. Jeeps, guns, airplanes pile n y the dozens. They don't come tied p n red ribbon and tissue paper. But h are none the less presents for being c eyed in the form of checks.

veteran injured in World War I s his $80 compensation check. . . . e this for a Garand rifle, please," he es. A woman whose income last year $450 sends $10 as "taxes" for bullets.

Women's International Bowling gress sends $100,000 for a bomber, the Boys' Clubs of America, with a nbership of underprivileged children, s $1,400, collected a penny at a time, a jeep.

Money is used exactly as the donors cify, and a big gift rates a formal cere- ny, with musical fanfare. You're al- s reading in the papers about another jeep, plane or tank being christened sent off to do its part for victory.

his urge to give, as well as loan, money tools for war is no drop-in-the-bucket ir. The Treasury reports $3,922,000— ost four million dollars—in gifts from day of Pearl Harbor to May 1—a siz- e addition to the war chest. The figure s not include such gifts as 60 bushels beans, a grand piano, a Mickey Mouse tch, a Rolls Royce, a typewriter, a wed- g ring, a seven-dog team with harness, utcher shop's refrigerator, six barrels whisky, a diamond bracelet—thousands articles, all sent with love to Uncle Sam.

Never in this or any other country has re been anything to equal this dollar- d-cents tribute to patriotism.

The gift movement is spontaneous. The vernment conducts no campaigns, spon- s no speeches on giving. No movie star sed the veteran who bought the rifle. e idea seems to be "So long as I have dollar Uncle Sam has 50 cents." People l that way in spite of taxes, Red Cross ives and the high cost of living. They l more that way all the time; every day ts increase in size and number.

The givers are individuals, towns, social d business organizations, labor unions, nployee groups and school children. rocery stores, newspapers and schools ganize the wish to give, then collect and nd in money. Some people send cash ith no strings attached, but most of them e to buy a specific thing. They like to ink of "our" ambulance at work in frica, or that "my" rifle may fire the shot at ends the war. Before the enactment the Second War Power Act in March, 942, the Treasury couldn't accept ear- arked gifts, but now Uncle Sam is glad get them. Every gift is an "extra," omething the Armed Forces would not ave had otherwise.

Gifts are utilized directly wherever pos- ble. There's always a spot for typewriters, utomobiles and binoculars. The services an use carrier pigeons and playing cards nd soap, too. Uncle Sam was glad to get 0 tons of aluminum from a Venezuelan rm recently. Items of medical equip- ent, especially dentists' foot drills, are elcome.

Some gifts are memorials. "Could our mbulance carry a plate with the words n memory of Lt. Thomas Vincent Still- ell'?" a man and his wife asked in a etter enclosing a check for $1,543.25. (The answer to their question was yes.)

A mother and father thanked the Army Air Corps for accepting a machine gun in honor of their son, William R. Blair III, killed in action. "We believe some of your fliers will want to take a few shots for Bill," they said.

A widow sent an "unconditional" $1 in honor of her four sons, lost in the war.

Women's groups—including those you may have thought of as tea-drinking sewing circles—turn out to be spectacular fund-raisers. The Order of Pythian Sisters so far has donated a fleet of eleven ambulances (multiply $1,543 by eleven). They had $550 left over, enough for two machine guns.

The Building Trades Council in Chicago raised $100,000 for a bomber, the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen bought a $50,000 P-40 and christened it "Iron Horse." Labor organizations led the citizens of Bridgeport, Connecticut, in raising $90,000 for a fighter plane.

The Buck-of-the-Month Club for Victory, at the Lockheed-Vega aircraft plant, sends a $1,000 check each month to the Army Air Corps. Workers at Robins Drydock and Repair Company, Brooklyn, gave $46,293 for Army aviation, and the New York Central Railroad raised $191,000 for a bomber.

Employees at many plants regularly give a day's pay a month.

Those at the International Steel Company, Evansville, Indiana, worked without pay on a Sunday, using material furnished free by the bosses, to produce a gift for Uncle Sam—a portable steel warehouse, just like the ones they make every day on government contract.

Two "Government Girl" planes, one Army, one Navy, will fly with the blessings of the 157,000 government workers who gave the money to buy them through a Washington Post campaign.

The gift-pace is accelerated by startling war news, good or bad. Hundreds sent "lick the Japs" money after announcement of the tragic details of the Doolittle raid.

Patriotic holidays are red-star gift days. Thirty-five ambulances were accepted at "I Am an American Day" programs throughout the country.

Victory Instead of Candy

Children want victory more than lollipops, it would seem by the number of juvenile donations. A small boy wrote: "Dear President, I am sending you my peny, my best candy peny for i don't want to work for hitler. buy bullits with it to knok the japs off the map. This peny is made of copper, very valuable."

4-H clubs in Union Parish, Louisiana, sold 1,300 dozen eggs to a dehydrating plant, bought an ambulance. The Junior Chamber of Commerce Auxiliary of Janesville, Wisconsin, collected a million pennies for a jeep.

Johnnie Lockette, secretary of the Fifth Grade, Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, wrote, "Our class wanted to help," sent $3 in war savings stamps for "20 pairs of sox for 20 soldiers."

More than 3,900 remittances in lieu of taxes have been forwarded to the Treasury by Collectors of Internal Revenue from persons who owed no taxes but wanted to help, anyway. A storekeeper in Davenport, Iowa, began remitting $10 a week soon after Pearl Harbor, and now has sent $650. A president emeritus of an Ohio college sends a tenth of his retirement pay each month.

Aliens, especially those technically known as "enemy aliens" send money regularly, "for the privilege of living in this country."

Most impressive "alien" gift was the fighter plane Loyalty, the joint donation of 1,600 recent refugees from Nazi-Fascist oppression. In halting English the donors told why they loved America, and as the plane took off at La Guardia Field, even seasoned Army officers wept.

Those who wish to give something to the Armed Forces would save time if they first would write to the Secretary of War and ask what is needed, or what may be bought for a certain sum.

Bombers are costly, but a Garand rifle costs only $80, a gas mask, $9.25, a bayonet, $5. The price of enough oxygen to keep a pilot above antiaircraft range for 40 minutes is only ten cents.

All conditional gifts must pass through the office of the Secretary of War as well as through the Treasury. Unconditional cash gifts should go to the Treasury.

Every gift, even a penny, is acknowledged, and donors of more than $5 receive engraved citations signed by the Secretary of the Treasury. ★★★

The Eve of Tomorrow

By Octavus Roy Coh

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STO

"Every man's got to have something to tie to," Steve said. "That's what that picture means. I look at it and it tells me something."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

THERE'S two kinds of guys in the Army. One kind starts telling you all about himself the minute he meets you. He tells you where he's from, how much family he's got, where he used to work and what he hopes the setup is going to be after the war is over.

The other kind never tells you anything.

Steve Roberts was that kind. We went through basic training and tank school together. We buddied around on week-end furloughs and twice we got plastered in the same bars. We had a long Atlantic crossing jammed so tight against each other that either of us could hear the other one think. We landed together and were detailed to the same tank. And I still didn't know anything about him. So far as I knew he could have been born in khaki at twenty-two.

Don't get me wrong, though. Steve was a right guy. He had a slow smile and a quiet laugh. In looks, he was average. The sort of chap you could remember, but couldn't describe. We knew he was from Ohio, and that's all we did know. He didn't give out with dope about himself, and he never asked any questions. So I didn't talk either. Like meeting someone on a train. You click. You enjoy being together. You talk about general things and never get personal. It was that way, only different. Being in the same tank makes it different.

This wasn't any maneuver stuff, either. It was the real thing. The boys with the swastikas were jabbing at us and then rolling away from our punches. There was a lot of shooting, a lot of sand, a lot of discomfort. Sometimes it would be quiet as midsummer in the country. Other times the hills around the desert would be full of crimson stabs from the guns, and there'd be the sound of explosions. There was big stuff brewing, and the tanks were slated to catch it. Next morning maybe.

The men in the outfit looked at one another with different eyes. They talked tough, but didn't act that way. They seemed more important to one another. I got chummy with guys whose names I didn't even know. We stayed in groups. A psychology expert could have given a fancy name to what we were doing. All we knew was that we were acting instinctively. Kidding around with one another, you didn't think too much about what was coming. You knew when the action started you wouldn't be scared—not too scared, anyway. You had a job to do, and you'd do it, with your senses sharpened to razor edge. You'd be a better soldier because you were scared. But tonight—well, you talked so loud and so fast and to so many men that there wouldn't be time to think.

Anyway, that was the idea. You couldn't stop thinking. I thought about Birmingham and the family back there; the friends I'd grown up with, the girl I had married. I was glad they didn't know where I was tonight, or what was brewing. I left one gang and started over to join another crowd—a crowd that was laughing loud and pretending they didn't care about anything.

It was then that I saw Steve. He was sitting on the ground with his back against the tank. He was alone. That didn't mean a thing, because he was always alone. But tonight it was wrong for a man not to mix with the others. I'd always liked him, but tonight I was sorry for him. It just hit me all of a sudden. We were letting off steam with a lot of horseplay and kidding. He was just sitting there, thinking. I saw him snap on the thin beam of a pencil torch and look at something for a long time. It could have been a letter. It could h been a picture. Either way, it surpr me. He was a guy that got no mail, seemed to have no contact with the w we'd left four thousand miles away.

I rambled over and joined him. down alongside and let my back against the tank. Nice, strong, comfy C eral Grant, readied to the hilt. I w dered what it would look like the night, then I caught myself. That wa so good. Don't think about that.

Steve wasn't easy to talk to. I sat th for a while, saying nothing. Then I gested that he come over and join the of the crew. He shook his head. " thanks," he said. "I'm okay."

I said, "Maybe we can start a little game . . ."

He looked at me. "Scared?" he asked

"Sure. Who ain't?"

He said, "I been sitting here, thi ing . . ."

"About what?"

"Home."

He'd never mentioned home before could tell he was bottled up—wanted talk. So I said, "Spill it, Steve."

He fumbled for the thing he'd b holding in his hand. He had tucked it av in a pocket. It was a picture. He pas it over to me and snapped on his tor "Pretty, ain't she?"

"Lovely."

The torch went out, and he took the p ture back from me. Talking wasn't up alley, and so it was easier in the dark.

"My girl," he said shyly.

"No kidding."

"Yeah."

"Engaged?"

"I reckon so." Something seemed bust loose inside of him and the wo came tumbling out: "Every man's got have something to tie to, or he'd go n waiting. Thinking of tomorrow. Think of all the tomorrows that'll happen bef the job is done. Well, that's what that p ture means. I look at it and it tells something."

"Makes you feel better, huh?"

"You said it." He gestured with his ri hand. "All them lugs, they got things go back to. All I got is that girl. Ne had anything else. Raised in an orphana It used to get under my skin. That's w I never talk much—sort of makes me member I been different. But tonight Well, why shouldn't I go soft?"

I LED him on. I knew it was doing h good to talk. Morale building, they it. Every so often, he'd take another ga der at the picture. It was doing things f him. Good things. No matter what ha pened tomorrow, Steve wasn't going crack. I let him rave on. I only stuck in word here and there so he'd keep goin

Finally he shoved the picture back in his pocket. He buttoned the flap and t came his old self again: shy and reserv and a little embarrassed by what he'd do He said, "You won't say anything to t boys?"

"About what?"

"This. Our talk, and the picture."

"Why, no. I've already forgotten it."

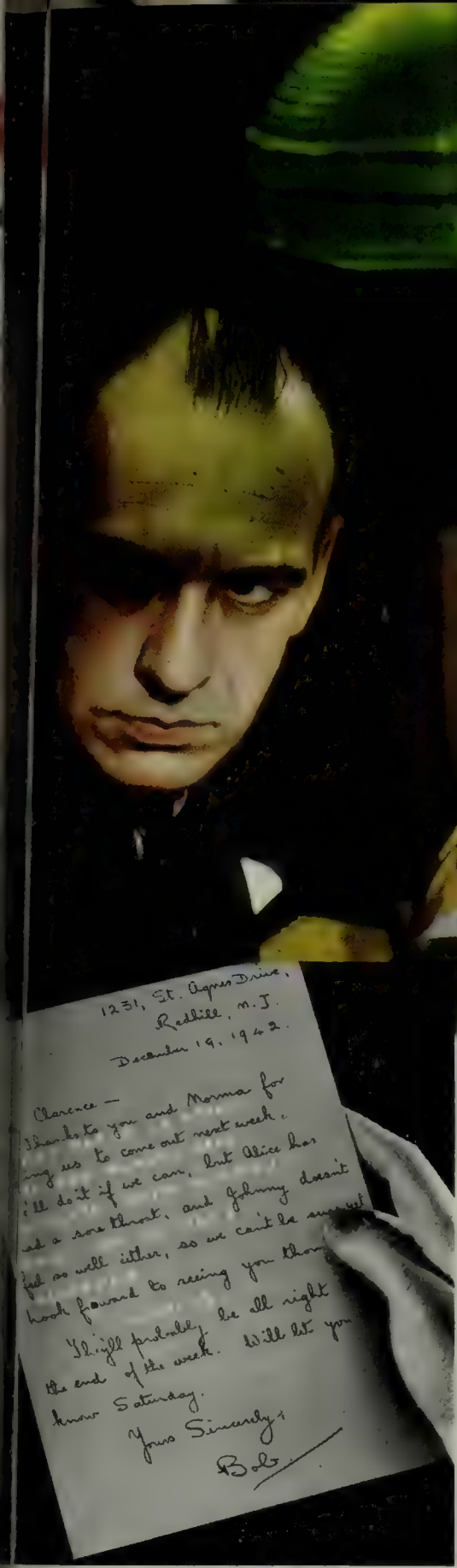
I left him sitting there. I felt good abo the whole thing.

But I hadn't forgotten the talk, and hadn't forgotten the picture. I knew thin which I wasn't telling him.

Why should I tell him that I'd lost th picture three days before; that it was a pi ture of my wife?

(These pictures illustrate methods used—persons, places, and documents shown have no connection with actual enemy spy activities)

SPIES' MEETING PLACE is likely to masquerade as a respectable business office or apartment. To get evidence that will convict, investigators may conceal a Ciné-Kodak in an adjacent room, make thousands of feet of movies of such "business conferences" as that shown here. How the Ciné-Kodak is sound-proofed and arranged to "see" through an innocent-looking wall . . . and other photographic details necessary for satisfactory results . . . can't be told now.



INVISIBLE INK makes a casual letter, carried by U. S. Mail, one of the safest, surest forms of communication between enemy agents—until a Kodak film, with the aid of ultraviolet rays, discloses the real message in an intercepted letter.

BURNING an incriminating document no longer safeguards an enemy agent—Kodak Infrared Film makes fragments of charred paper readable. Even fingerprints on charred paper have been detected and identified.

"SECRET AGENTS" not so Secret to Kodak's special-purpose films

"MUGGING" THE CRIMINAL—taking his picture "full figure, full face, and profile"—is the widest use of photography by the police. That's useful—after he's caught.

But first, catch him . . . be sure he's the wanted man . . . get evidence no jury can question . . . these are counter-espionage activities which photography has made an exact science.

A jury will believe what it sees with its own eyes. Photography makes this possible—one big reason why crime doesn't pay, and the career of the enemy agent is short.

Cameras are often on the alert near the meeting places of suspects—even "casual" meetings on the street—and photographic film doesn't forget, or "get twisted up" when testifying.

Kodak special-purpose films find unseen fingerprints on surfaces dusted with a fluorescent powder . . . unseen chemical erasures, or bloodstains on cloth, when illuminated by infrared or ultraviolet rays . . . telltale differences in ink, or ink strokes, on a document which has been tampered with . . . can even photograph a man in absolute darkness, with the aid of invisible infrared "light."

Identification of a murder gun through the murder bullet, as photographed through a microscope—that's not new. But it is an ever-present threat to the spy or saboteur trained in the school of enemy violence.

And photography isn't finished with the enemy agent when he's trapped. His "record"—photographs, fingerprints, and police history—is put on microfilm for the archives. Through Kodak's *Recordak System*, the records of 3000 criminals can be on one roll of 16-mm. film . . . duplicate time-proof rolls supplied to every interested police department.

The law has a lengthening memory . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Serving human progress through Photography

when?

When . . . will the thundering battlefields suddenly become silent?

When . . . will the dazed captives be led forth from the prison camps?

When . . . will mothers see their sons again, wives greet their husbands, happy crowds throng the streets, cheering and singing?

When?

It depends on *you*. Fighting will win the war . . . but no army can win a total war without total support from the folks back home.

You can help by buying war stamps and bonds . . . by conserving food . . . and gasoline . . . and rubber.

It depends on industry and the men in industry. Free American industry MUST produce fighting weapons, faster and faster.

Yes, it depends on all of us, including the men and women of The Texas Company . . . who are now producing millions of gallons of 100-octane gasoline . . . toluene for TNT . . . and many other fighting products.

The sooner we all throw our weight into winning the war . . . the sooner the peace.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF & SKY CHIEF GASOLINES • HAVOLINE & TEXACO MOTOR OILS

You Can't Escape

Continued from page 27

nt away," said Rix, "but she left her itcase there and just took her handbag."

"But that's—" Linda stopped. Left her itcase, she thought, but why? Did she end to return?

She said, "Look, Rix, you're upset over thing. Perhaps Peg didn't go out until ly this morning and then just for a lk . . ."

"Then why isn't she back?" asked Rix. ve got to go up there. I've got to find t. Linda," he said, like a child, "please me with me."

That was habit, she told herself. Up til not very long ago he had turned to r for everything . . . when he got in a n, if his father was displeased with him.

"All right, Rix," she said. "Go and ess and I'll get Blower to get you some ffee."

RIX went to the door, then turned. He said, helplessly, "I can't understand it . Peg just doesn't do things like that. If e'd decided to return to New York she ould have told Gwen . . . and why did she ave her suitcase?"

"Listen," said Linda soothingly, "we'll one along the way. . . . You'll probably nd that she's already returned, and that 's a tempest in a teapot."

He looked at her as if he saw her for e first time. His eyes went to the suitase. He asked, "You—you were leavg?"

"I found I had to get back," she said. It doesn't matter now; what I had to do ill keep. I didn't want to bother anyone. o go get dressed, Rix."

He left her door open as he went into e corridor, and Linda, trying to reoranize her thoughts, had picked up her uitcase and started for the door when Nelda appeared, wrapped in a revealing egligee, her eyes wide and suspicious. "Where are you going, you and Rix?" she emanded. "I heard him at your door. What's going on here?"

Linda said coolly, "I was leaving." She ook the note from her handbag and laid t on the dresser. "My alibi," she explained. "Unfortunately there isn't an early train. I was going to get a taxi to take me to town or, failing that, telephone Tom Yorke, when Rix came to tell me he had had a call from the people whom Peg's been visiting in Westchester—apparently she's disappeared . . ."

Nelda's face sharpened; she looked old in that moment, and frightened. "Disappeared?" she repeated shrilly.

"That's what they told Rix," said Linda.

"But, how absurd!" Nelda tried to laugh, and didn't succeed. "She probably got bored and just went back to town . . ."

"Without a word? Mrs. Weldon is a very old friend of hers. And without taking her suitcase?" Linda asked.

Nelda's lips moved as if they were stiff. She asked, "Didn't she leave a note—?"

"No," said Linda and watched the color return to Nelda's face. She added, "Rix is driving to town, at once, and I'm going with him."

"You!"

"It seems that I'm the only person who can go," said Linda . . . "as he doesn't want to be alone. Of course if you wish . . . for if you do," she said, "I'm sure I'd be very happy to—"

"Keep quiet," said Nelda viciously, "he's coming back." She looked at Linda with hostility and hatred. But her face changed as Rix came to the door.

"Rix, I'm so terribly sorry," she cried. "Not that I think for a moment that it's anything serious. Probably Peg just went off to town, French leave, and maybe her friends are the jittery type."

He said, "I know, but it seems queer." He looked at Linda. He said, "I'm ready."

He had no eyes for Nelda. She put her hand on his arm. "But you must have some breakfast. You can't go like this . . ." she argued.

She was very pretty, her hair loose, her face flushed, her eyes appealing. Rix looked at her, as if with reluctance. He said, merely, "Sorry to make all this commotion," stooped, picked up Linda's bag . . . and his own, which was in the corridor.

"Leave them," said Nelda. "Blower will take them to the car. Rix, is there anything I can do, telephoning, anything?"

He shook his head, following Linda down the hall. Nelda persisted, "If there's anything in the world—"

He did not answer.

At the breakfast table he drank a cup of coffee, refused anything else. Blower brought the bags down and Rix's car was brought to the front door. Linda got in, and Nelda stood with her hand on Rix's shoulder. "Promise you'll call me the first thing," she said, and he nodded, as if he hadn't heard.

The car drove off. Linda, looking back, saw Tony come out of the house to stand beside Nelda, in the morning sunlight.

She said, "Rix, stop in the town and telephone."

They found a drugstore open and parked the car. She waited with increasing nervousness until Rix appeared. He did not have to speak. His face was drawn with failure. "They haven't heard anything, except that a taxi took her to a train which left after midnight. Gwen telephoned the apartment but there's no answer," he said.

"Get in and let's go," said Linda.

After a while she said, "Rix, let's stop at the apartment first."

"All right," he said. He added, "It was good of you to come with me. I . . . I needed someone . . ."

"That's all right," she said. "Don't look like that. There must be a reasonable explanation."

HE SAID, "Linda . . . I didn't tell Peg that I was going to the Herons' from East Hampton. She must have telephoned there. She knew the name of the man that I had to see. She must have called yesterday —last night—I suppose, and they told her I wasn't there. I had left no word where I was going, of course. But when Nelda and I came in from Canoe Place last night, Blower told me there had been a telephone call. For me. No message, he said, just someone inquiring whether I was at Mr. Heron's. He said I was, but had gone out. That was Peg. It must have been . . ."

She said uneasily, "But why—?"

"You don't understand," Rix told her, heavily.

"I think I do. Don't you recall our conversation of the other night," asked Linda . . . "in the taxi when you were taking me home after dinner? You knew then that Peg was upset about you and Nelda Heron. You asked me if she had been 'complaining.' If you were not at East Hampton where you'd said you'd be, naturally she'd think . . . things. She may have tried your apartment first, and probably did. Then, the Herons'."

He said sullenly, "We had a knock-down fight before she went to the Weldons'. It started because I wouldn't go. It's the truth that I had this date with old man Martin at East Hampton. He wouldn't come into town so the firm sent me down. It was an important slice of business if we could get it. Well, I got it. I didn't want to go on up to the Weldons' and start battling all over again with Peg. So I stopped in Southampton."

"Your quarrel was only because you

If You Could Walk without shoes or without touching any surface, you might escape contact with Athlete's Foot fungi. These fungi exist on almost all surfaces, hence the constant need for protection with Quinsana powder.

If You Used a Blow Torch, you could kill Athlete's Foot fungi which may thrive in shoes and re-infect feet. You wouldn't use a blow torch to fight these hardy fungi, but you can use Quinsana in shoes; see below.

AMAZING SUCCESS OVER ATHLETE'S FOOT SPEEDS WAR EFFORT

SCIENCE is aiding U. S. war effort with important new successes over Athlete's Foot. The disease is a vital threat to war production, as it infects over 70% of adults some time during the year. But now, a fungicidal powder—Mennen *Quinsana*—is proving amazingly effective in fighting Athlete's Foot. Quinsana action is based on new knowledge that the fungi which cause the disease cannot live under certain *alkaline* conditions; and that re-infection may occur from shoe linings. Figures below show remarkable results.

AMAZING RESULTS OF 30-DAY TREATMENT WITH QUINSANA

74% infected before Quinsana treatment

6% infected after Quinsana treatment

INFECTION DISAPPEARED in practically all cases among thousands of persons using Quinsana. Usual symptoms of Athlete's Foot are chronic peeling between toes, cracks, soggy skin, itching. Mild infection may suddenly become serious. Inflammation may mean germ infection; see physician or chiropodist.

USE 2-WAY TREATMENT with Quinsana daily, as regularly as you bathe and wash. 1. Use Quinsana on feet to help prevent and relieve infection. 2. Shake Quinsana into shoes to absorb moisture, reducing chances of re-infection from this source. (Diabetics should be doubly sure to use Quinsana daily). Also excellent for excessive perspiration, foot odor. *Pharmaceutical Division, The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., San Francisco.*

FOR DUTY IN DAKAR
Because MARLIN BLADES are popular in the armed forces, we suggest—make *yours* last longer!
The Marlin Firearms Co.

HEAR a world of sound through a MAICO

Small, light and easy to wear, yet enables hard of hearing person to carry on normal conversation at 20 feet — to hear even a whisper with loud noises cushioned.
Send name of relative, friend or your own name for a new experience in hearing. No obligation. Address Maico Co., Inc., Dept. 50-S, 2632 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis.

MAICO Vacuum Tube Hearing Aid

A product of the Maico Co. which provides 90% of America's precision hearing test equipment. Choice of ear physicians, hospitals, universities, clinics, airlines, U. S. Army and Navy.

Soothe Pain of Sunburn This Quick Way

Remember Sunburn is a real burn and should be treated at once. For quick relief apply OIL-O-SOL. It soothes, cools and comforts. Used by thousands. This effective inhibitory antiseptic is also valuable in treating mosquito, chigger and other non-venomous insect bites and minor injuries—cuts, scratches. Quickly helps relieve pain—combats infection. Only 50c at druggist's. Must satisfy you or money back. Get **Mosso's OIL-O-SOL** today.

KILLS FLEAS, LICE AND TICKS

PULVEX FLEA POWDER 25¢ AND 50¢

FREE! for Septic Tank Owners
Enjoy quick, easy, thorough toilet sanitation with Sani-Flush. Tests by scientific authorities prove that Sani-Flush, used as directed on the can, is safe in septic tanks. Read their interesting report. IT'S FREE! Write The Hygienic Products Co., Dept. 136, Canton, Ohio.
Sani-Flush

STOP Scratching
Mosquito-Other Insect Bites

Relieve the itching caused by insect bites, athlete's foot—other itching troubles. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Quiets itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for **D.D.D. Prescription.**

wouldn't go to the Weldons'?" she asked.

"It began that way," he said.

"And then . . ."

"Oh, Nelda, of course." He twisted around to look at Linda. He said, "All right, so what? So I fell for her. It doesn't mean anything."

"Because it couldn't," said Linda, "because you knew there wasn't a chance; no chance of Peg's divorcing you—" She saw his face and asked swiftly, "Was *that* the quarrel—did you ask her to get a divorce?"

"I don't know all I said. We were both shouting. I said, 'All right, if that's what you think, go ahead and divorce me.' "

"And what did she say?" asked Linda, sick.

"She told me I'd get a divorce over her dead body."

The car swerved abruptly and he pulled it back on the road, as Linda gasped: "Over her dead body," he repeated. "Good Lord, Linda, you don't think—?"

"Of course not," she said stoutly, and felt a cold shiver up her spine as if a feather of ice had been drawn its full length, "of course not. That's—that's just an expression people use. It wasn't meant—don't look like that!"

"Oh, sure, sure," he said, instantly, "she wouldn't do anything as crazy. She isn't the type. She—" He stopped and his mouth worked.

Linda said, "Please, Rix . . . You're just imagining things."

"Nelda," he said. "Peg couldn't understand about Nelda. And you wouldn't either."

Linda said, after a moment, "Suppose we don't talk. Suppose we just drive. Watch your speedometer, Rix—you don't want to be arrested. Later, we'll talk."

IT WAS a nightmare drive. Twice he stopped and telephoned the Weldons and there was no word. He telephoned his apartment as well and listened to the empty sound of the unanswered ringing. When they finally reached there, he managed to ask the doorman and the boy on the elevator, "Has Mrs. Anderson come in?" and each said, "No, Mr. Anderson. I haven't seen her since Friday." The elevator man's eyes slid, too wisely, over Linda, and Rix said a little too loudly, "Suppose we go on up. I'll leave my bag and then we'll drive on out and meet Peg."

The apartment was terribly empty. The maid had been given the week end off; she would not return until tonight. It was clean, it was very tidy. It preserved its bright and brittle charm, compounded of etched glass and square lines, bright colors and good etchings, plentiful ash trays, deep cushions, the brilliance of copper, chromium, aluminum . . . very "decorated" and decorative.

Rix sat down on the big divan and put his head in his hands. He had gone from room to room, looking. Once he called and his voice was pitiful and uncertain, "Peg," he called.

"She hasn't been here," he said superfluously. "Where in Heaven's name is she, Linda?"

Linda sat down beside him. He didn't deserve pity but he had it in full measure, from her. She was too used to being sorry for Rix and to defending or helping him. You can't escape habit. She said, her hand on his, "Rix, you mustn't think things. She's punishing you perhaps. She's hurt and angry and jealous. She wants you to worry. She'll come back . . ."

He said, "The crazy part of it is, I do love her, Linda. . . . If I hadn't then you and I—"

"Let's not talk about it," she said; "let's start now for the Weldons' and find out everything we can."

"Wait a minute. I have to talk to someone," he said, much as Peg had said it at the club, "and you're the only person. You see, Linda, I was fond of you, I loved you, I would have been happy with you if Peg hadn't come along. Oh, I don't say I wouldn't have looked at anyone else. There was a girl when I was in college, whom you never knew about, and someone else, in Boston. But they were just accidental, exciting and fun, they didn't mean anything. Peg was different. I thought, if I couldn't have her, I'd—it was something urgent . . . so. . . . But I never dreamed of marrying her. I wanted to, but I couldn't face you, Linda, my people or yours. And then something happened that—"

She said, "You needn't tell me, Rix. I think I know."

"Peg?" he said slowly. "Did Peg tell you?"

"No, but I guessed," she said, and lied, trying to save him, to save Peg. "You felt you—had to marry her."

He said, "You'll hate me for saying this, but it doesn't matter, you already despise me. Peg—was pregnant. She told me so. And so we were married. Later, she said she'd been mistaken but I knew

MEN OF LETTERS

A New Jersey Board of Freeholders received a report from their veterinarian that the work horse he had purchased for a prison farm was "sound in mind."

It should have been "wind."

A news agency in England reported this emergency governmental ruling: *Aliens may not have forearms.*

A Connecticut newspaper published a poem with the title, Ode to a Varnished Friend.

A girl in Kansas City received a telegram from her fiancé who was away on a business trip. It read: HAVING WONDERFUL TIME WISH YOU WERE HER.

W. E. FARBSTEIN

she hadn't been. I realized that she had lied to me to—to make me face up to things. I didn't care, really. I didn't tell her I knew. I mean, it was done. I'd walked out on you and the family and that was that. I was relieved in a way. Peg knew me. She knew me better than you ever did. She knew that I'd make the break only if I thought there was a gun at my back. But lately—" he stopped.

LINDA felt ill. She said, "All right, Rix, if you want to tell me, go ahead."

"Lately," he said, "there was Nelda. I was crazy about her. I knew that she wouldn't have me on a bet, not if Peg gave me a dozen divorces. I didn't need you to tell me that the night in the taxi. Okay, I thought, we'll play it her way. She wasn't any more anxious to be found out than I. She wanted to make a good, respectable marriage, one her family would approve of . . . but of course I said the usual things: Would she break with Dennison, would she marry me if Peg released me? I thought I meant them at the time—you always think that—but I didn't, ever.

"Oh, the Heron name and the money and all that . . . it was plenty attractive, but I knew it wasn't for me, not any of it. Besides, I didn't want to be married to her," he said, angrily; "a man's a fool to marry a woman like that. . . . What she wants is a lover, not a husband. So she'll have both. She had to have the husband, a husband's a good alibi, and she's very clever. The man who marries her will worship, mostly from afar; he'll be a glorified footman, lady's maid, escort, dancing partner. Nelda Heron," he said bitterly, "would never marry a man whom she really loved—for fear he'd dominate her. She wouldn't want that. She wants to f —condescending, superior, in marria With a lover, it would be different he'd have no hold over her except w she'd give him, no authority . . ."

"Please stop," said Linda desperate "I don't want to hear any more."

Tony, she thought . . . Tony . . . I did put up much of a fight for you, did I can't let this happen to you. I won't. if I have to tell you.

But she couldn't tell him, not now, w Peg gone and Rix half out of his mind.

He said, "Nelda doesn't love me. T isn't love."

Linda said quietly, "I saw you last ni from the balcony of my room. You a Nelda. I heard what you said."

"You did?" He seemed scarcely int ested. He said, "That's sort of funny, i way . . ."

"You said you wouldn't give her up that she was crazy to go through with Her marriage, I suppose."

"I know," Rix said. "She'd told me l night that she wouldn't see me, for while. She said she thought Peg was b ginning to suspect. She didn't know how much of course. I argued with h naturally. I didn't mean what I said abo her going through with it."

LINDA said, "Rix . . . if you find . . mean, *when* you find Peg, will y stop seeing Nelda?"

"I don't want to see her," he said, "n ever."

"I wonder," said Linda. "If Peg walk in this door now, this minute . . . all t anxiety you feel would turn to anger. know you, Rix, after all. I've seen y worried and then when the cause w removed, furious because you had bee needlessly upset. If she walked in, cou you say truthfully that you were throug with Nelda?"

"I told you," he said doggedly. "I lov Peg. She's my wife—"

"Yet you said she could divorce you

"I didn't mean it, I swear it," he sai despairingly. "It's one of the things yo say when you're sore, when you've bee quarreling for a long time and are sick o it. I—I told her that I'd known all alon that she lied to me, in Benfield, that she forced me into marrying her . . ."

"Oh, Rix," said Linda, low.

"I know," he said, "I could kill mysel . . . I . . ." he looked at her, and the dark eyes were clear, direct and wholly honest "I'm no good. I know it, Linda. Pe knows it. But no one has ever loved m as she does . . . not even you. You haven the least conception . . . It's that which would drag me back to her always, no matter what happened. We fight, we call each other names, we destroy each other," he said miserably, "but there it is. I don't care a hang about Nelda Heron. Not really. I won't see her again I don't say that there won't be other Neldas, along the way. That's the way I'm made. But there isn't a woman who means that much"—he snapped his fingers —"against Peg, no matter what I say, or do."

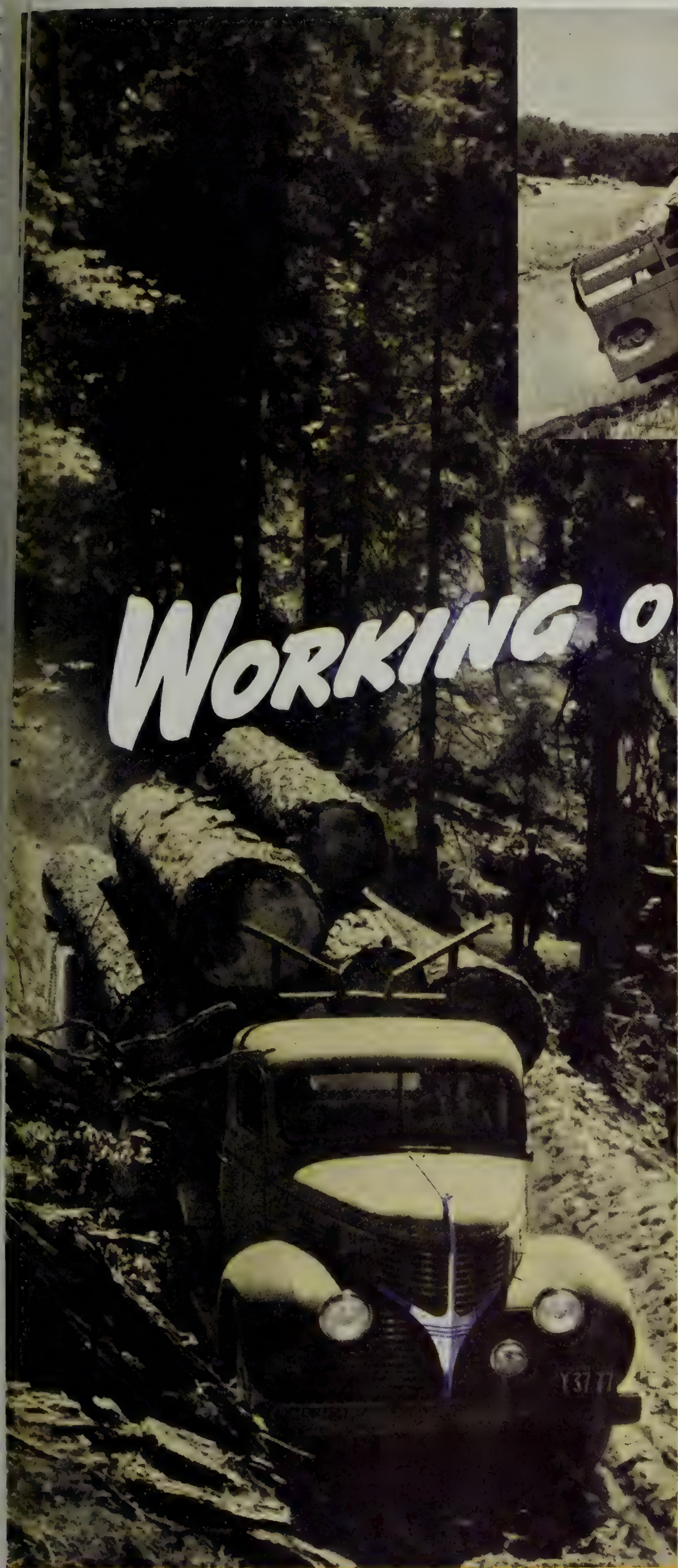
Linda rose. She said wearily:

"Let's telephone the Weldons again—and then go out there and see what they have to say."

A little later, they drove out to Westchester, to the pleasant house which Peg's friends had leased. They proved to be a likable young couple and very much distressed. But there was nothing that they could tell Rix that they hadn't already told him.

Gwen Weldon said, unhappily, "She telephoned you, Rix, at East Hampton but you weren't there. Then she went to bed; she said she didn't feel well. I came up at eleven or so and later heard her crying. She wouldn't let me in. This morning I went in, early. The door was unlocked, she hadn't slept in the bed. I've told you all this. Johnny phoned the taxi stands,

War Bonds—Your Personal Investment in Victory



YOU CAN DEPEND ON

DODGE *Job-Rated* TRUCKS

½ TO 3-TON CAPACITIES

We're fighting a "tough" war. Our fighting equipment must be "tough" . . . and there's none tougher than the *dependable* Dodge "working trucks" and "fighting trucks" that today are everywhere "delivering the goods" to help win this war.

Working or fighting, on home fronts and war fronts, the DEPENDABILITY that is DODGE is helping mightily to speed the day of final victory.

If *your* hauling is essential, you'll want these more dependable, more economical, longer-lasting trucks . . . you'll want trucks with the *right* engine, the *right* clutch, transmission, and every other unit to *fit the job* . . . Dodge *Job-Rated* trucks.

See your Dodge dealer for the right truck to fit *your* job. See him, too, for All-Fluid Drive Dodge cars, Plymouth cars, for better used cars and used trucks, and for dependable wartime service!

DODGE DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.

★ ★ ★

KEEP YOUR PRESENT TRUCKS ON THE JOB WITH DEPENDABLE DODGE SERVICE

For the duration, it's your patriotic duty to keep your present car or truck "on the job" . . . to get the maximum of dependable, economical transportation built into it. Let your Dodge dealer help you. He has the "know how", the experienced mechanics, the factory-engineered and inspected parts to maintain top operating efficiency. Depend on your Dodge dealer for *dependable* wartime service!

請你給我點美國口香糖

"WILL YOU GIVE US SOME AMERICAN GUM, PLEASE?"

YANKS SHARE A "BACK HOME" FAVORITE WITH THEIR ALLIES IN FOREIGN LANDS!

All over the world, a winning Yankee smile . . . a friendly gesture . . . are saying, "We're your friends" to people who don't speak our language.

That's why so many of America's men in uniform are offering Beech-Nut Gum to natives in foreign lands. They're sharing a good thing and making good friends.

And if there are times when you can't get all the Beech-Nut Gum you want, it's because the needs of the men and women in the Armed Forces, both at home and abroad, come first of all!

Use your free time this summer to serve your country!

In many areas, men and women, boys and girls will be vitally needed for work on farms and in food-processing plants to save America's crops. Volunteer when your local Community Committee asks for help. Yes, you will be paid!

Beech-Nut Gum

The yellow package . . . with the red oval

and one man said he'd come out to the house and waited at the foot of the hill as she told him to do and she came along presently and had him take her to the station."

Gwen was crying openly. She said, "What could have happened to her?"

"Nothing," said Linda. "Nothing at all. Rix, tell Mrs. Weldon . . . I mean, that you had quarreled." She looked at Gwen and tried to smile. She said, "I've known Peg quite a while, though not as long as you have. You know what she's like. Rix knows . . . she just went back to town, upset over the quarrel."

"Her suitcase?" asked Gwen quietly.

The excuses, the explanation, were too lame to stand on their own feet and so collapsed quietly. Gwen Weldon had known Peg for years, if not intimately. There was definite hostility in her look at Rix.

Johnny Weldon cleared his throat. He was looking and feeling very upset. His week end was ruined, and the golf he had planned for today. He didn't know Peg. She was his wife's friend. He liked his wife's type—blond, plump, placid. He was slightly afraid of dark girls, who looked as if they might burst into flame at any moment. He had met Peg for the first time in town recently, when Gwen had asked her and Rix to meet them for dinner. He hadn't much liked Rix either. Johnny was a man who distrusts charm in other men. Then Peg had come up for the week end without her husband. He was sorry for her, sorry for Rix, but why exactly did things of this disturbing unscheduled nature have to happen to him and Gwen and in their house?

He said, "I phoned the police here, just on a chance there might have been an accident. It doesn't make sense of course as the taxi man says definitely that he took her to the station."

Linda rose. "Suppose we go to the taxi stand ourselves," she suggested to Rix. "What did you say the man's name is? Joe Sloskie? We mustn't ruin your entire day, Mr. Weldon."

"That's right," said Rix. "We'll go. I'm sorry, Weldon. Thanks a million for everything."

Gwen was following them to the door. "You'll call me," she begged, "as soon as you find out anything. Promise?"

He promised.

THEY drove to the office of the taxi stand and it was some little time before Joe appeared. He was a big dark man with an unshaven face. Yeah, he remembered; Mr. Weldon had questioned him, up to the house. Tall, dark dame . . . he corrected himself hastily, tall, dark lady, very good looking, said Joe . . . he'd seen that when she got out at the station into the light. Yes, she'd phoned. He'd taken her call, had had to ask her to repeat the address, she'd just sort of whispered. He waited at the foot of the hill. She said she didn't want to wake her friends. He added that she talked as if she had been crying. She paid him at the station and gave him a good tip. Sure, the south station, going toward New York. He didn't know if she went to New York, of course. That train was a local. It stopped at a lot of places.

But the ticket seller, routed out of his house, remembered. He was on nights. He remembered selling Peg the ticket as she had been the only passenger for New York, on that train.

Rix and Linda drove back to the apartment in silence. They had stopped for coffee and a sandwich, long after the lunch hour, but neither knew they were still hungry. Peg was not at the apartment. They walked in just as the telephone rang and Rix went scarlet and then white. And Linda said, "I'll answer it."

She braced herself, taking up the instrument but it was Tony's voice which reached her.

"Linda . . . what *is* this all about?" demanded. "Nelda's told me the wild story . . . something about Peg Anders . . . and you, dashing off with Anderso

She said, "It's nothing, Tony—just wh Nelda told you. That Peg's been visit friends and has unaccountably dis peared. I'm certain she'll turn up with explanation soon. Rix and I have be out to see her friends, and we just got ba here."

He said, "I've a good mind to turn y over my knee and wallop you. Of all crazy things . . . I'm coming up there get you."

"Where are you?" she asked, startl

"In town. I've called the Anders apartment half a dozen times. Why you letting yourself in for all this?" asked. "Anderson's a grown man, he c handle his own affairs . . ."

She said, "I'm sorry; Tony, you do understand."

"I understand only too well—" he b gan, grimly.

But Linda replaced the instrument the cradle. She said, trying to smile, "Ju Tony Dennison, wanting to know if had any news."

Rix spoke as if he hadn't heard her. H said, "Linda . . . there's nothing we can now but call the police station . . . ar the hospitals."

THERE was an atmosphere in th room, a quality in Rix's words, strangeness in the gathering, sultry dus which was utterly unreal. Linda stared Rix. She opened her mouth to speak, swal lowed helplessly, and finally found he voice. She cried, "But . . . it can't be. mean, nothing's happened to her. Surel she's just trying to worry you, or—you see," she added, with far more confidenc than she felt, "she'll come walking in ther at that door, any moment now, and—

Rix shook his dark head. "There's n use," he said dully. "I tell you, you don know her . . ." He put his head in hi hands and shook. He said, "I can't stan this waiting. We have to do something.

She said slowly, "All right. I'll telephon the—the police."

"Try the hospitals first," said Rix, with out moving.

She felt a flare of impatient anger wit him, bred from anxiety. Why did he si there and do nothing? Why must she be the one to act? How did you go abou these things? She could have shaken him in sheer desperation. Let someone els do it! That was Rix. Linda saw, in a lightning flash of clairvoyance, what her life with him would have been. Oh, happy enough for a time, because she had loved him and her every sense was conditioned to him.

But after a while . . . ? There would have been other women, surely, and, always, this burden of responsibility laid upon her, as the stronger of the two, the feeling that, no matter what happened, or how much she was hurt, she must excuse and protect him. For the first time she experienced a sharp pity for, and understanding of, Peg. Peg, she thought, is still in love with him, she has always been more in love with him than I . . . and it's like loving someone who doesn't grow up, except physically.

A woman wanted her man to be fully adult, Linda thought while dialing a number.

She went at it, blind, without any help from Rix, still sitting there, his head in his hands, as if he didn't hear her while she gave the address and the description . . . age, height, weight . . . once she turned to ask, "Do you know what she was wearing, Rix?" but he shook his head.

She hung up after two unrewarding conversations and said briskly, "Rix—pull yourself together. Let's look in her clothes closet; perhaps you can tell what is missing . . ."

He followed her into the bedroom and stood there, his hands at his sides while she pulled dresses from the closet . . . This one was too heavy, that one was an afternoon dress. She did not touch the evening dresses in their garment bags.

After a while he said, dully: "She had a black linen suit, she wore it with an orange blouse, or a green one, she's been wearing it a lot lately. . . . See if it's there."

It wasn't there. Linda asked, turning, "And her hat?"

"She hardly ever wears one . . . especially in summer."

"What an idiot I am!" Linda cried. "Why can I think straight?" She ran back to the telephone and called Gwen Weldon. It was some time before she reached her, as the wire was busy. When she did, "Have you heard anything?" Gwen asked breathlessly, when Linda made herself known.

"Not yet. Mrs. Weldon . . . what was Peg wearing, do you remember?"

Gwen remembered. Linda breathed a deep sigh of relief. Black linen suit, lime-green cotton blouse, no hat, beige stockings, black shoes, black handbag. Her other things, a play suit, a bathing suit, a bright cotton frock were, together with the underthings, in the suitcase which Linda and Rix had taken away with them from the Weldons'.

Linda said, after she had hung up, "I'll try the other hospitals."

Before she could dial a number they both heard the clang of the elevator door and the footsteps. Rix said hoarsely, "Someone's coming." He started for the door as the bell rang. He added, and all animation left him, "Peg has a key, she wouldn't ring."

LINDA opened the door and Tony stood there, frowning down at her. He came in without invitation and demanded, without preliminaries, "What's all this about?"

"But I told you," began Linda. She found herself irritated. What business was it of his? But under the irritation she was suddenly profoundly glad that he was there. He was a sane person, he kept his head, his shoulders were broad enough for responsibility.

"Tell me again," he ordered. "Nelda's as vague as a Cape Cod fog. You didn't make much sense either. Begin at the beginning. After all, I'm a lawyer."

Rix roused himself to feeble anger. He said, "It's very good of you, I'm sure, but I don't quite see why—"

Tony turned on him, his gray eyes dark with exasperation. He said, "Look here, Anderson, I don't give a hoot what you see or don't see. But if your wife has been taken ill or hurt we have to find her. And Linda's mixed up in it . . ." He regarded Linda without pleasure, and Linda found herself flushing hotly.

"From the very beginning," he repeated firmly.

Rix said sullenly, "You already know she went to visit friends in Westchester and I went to East Hampton and then to the Herons'."

"You can skip that part," said Tony. "Had you quarreled?"

"I don't see what business it is of yours if we did or not—"

"It isn't my business," Tony admitted, "but a simple yes or no might make the picture a little clearer."

"Yes," admitted Rix in some defiance, "we had quarreled. What it was about has no bearing on the matter. If Nelda's said anything to make you think—"

"Just where does Nelda come into this?" inquired Tony, evenly.

Linda spoke hurriedly. She asked, "What difference does it make why they quarreled? The point is, Peg's gone and we must find her. Do stop glowering at me, Tony!" She told him the rest as briefly as possible while Rix sat in sullen silence.

Tony asked, presently, "Did you try the city hospitals?"

"Not yet. I began at the top and—"

"You aren't very bright," he told her, to her rage. "Peg had no identification on her, of course, or Anderson would have been notified had she been in an accident and taken to a hospital. If anything's happened, she's probably in a city hospital, and without identification." He looked at Rix. He said, "Call Bellevue and make it snappy."

Rix looked at him, rose and went to the telephone. And Tony took Linda aside, across the room, and standing close to her, spoke low and urgently.

He said, "I didn't think you'd be such a fool."

"What do you mean by that," she asked, "exactly?"

"Getting yourself reinvolved with Anderson," he said. "How much involved and just how far . . . ? Because, although I'm no detective, it's pretty clear to me that when Peg Anderson found out he was at Nelda's—with you—and had probably gone there to see you, she—"

"Tony Dennison," gasped Linda, "do you mean to say that you think that Peg and Rix quarreled because of me or—?"

"What else am I to think?" he demanded. "Good Lord, Linda, I knew you were in love with him, I knew you weren't over it, no matter what you said, but how could you get mixed up in his life again? It isn't *like* you," he said angrily; "it destroys every picture I had of you. He's as fine a type of heel as I've ever met, but he and this girl are married and even if you're still so blind to his less endearing qualities, you should know better than to try to break up the—"

She was so white with anger that he stopped a moment and looked at her in concern. "Linda," he began, more gently, when a sound from Rix reached them. He had turned from the telephone. Now he said, with difficulty, "A young woman answering Peg's description was taken to Bellevue this morning . . ."

HE SPOKE unintelligibly into the telephone, hung up and rose. He staggered a little, as if from a blow as he moved toward them. He said, "They wouldn't tell me anything . . . much. I've got to go down there. . . . There's a policeman. . . . Attempted suicide," he said.

Linda gasped. She could not speak. Tony spoke first.

"That tears it. . . . Let's go," he said.

But Rix didn't hear him. He was looking at Linda. He said, "Linda, you'll go with me?—*Linda, Peg tried to kill herself.*"

"Linda will stay here," said Tony. "I'll go . . . . If there's any publicity, she isn't to be mixed up in it."

"Don't be an idiot," said Linda coolly. "Of course I'll go, Rix." She gathered her things together, and opened the door. She said, "Thanks, Tony, but we don't need you . . ."

"I'm not sure of that," he said grimly, "so I'm going along anyway."

"Oh," said Rix, wearily, "what does it matter, whether he comes or not?"

"It might matter a good deal," said Tony. "I can pull wires. I can get this hushed up, perhaps. Or to a certain extent. And we'll have her moved when she's well enough. . . . My car's outside. I'll drive."

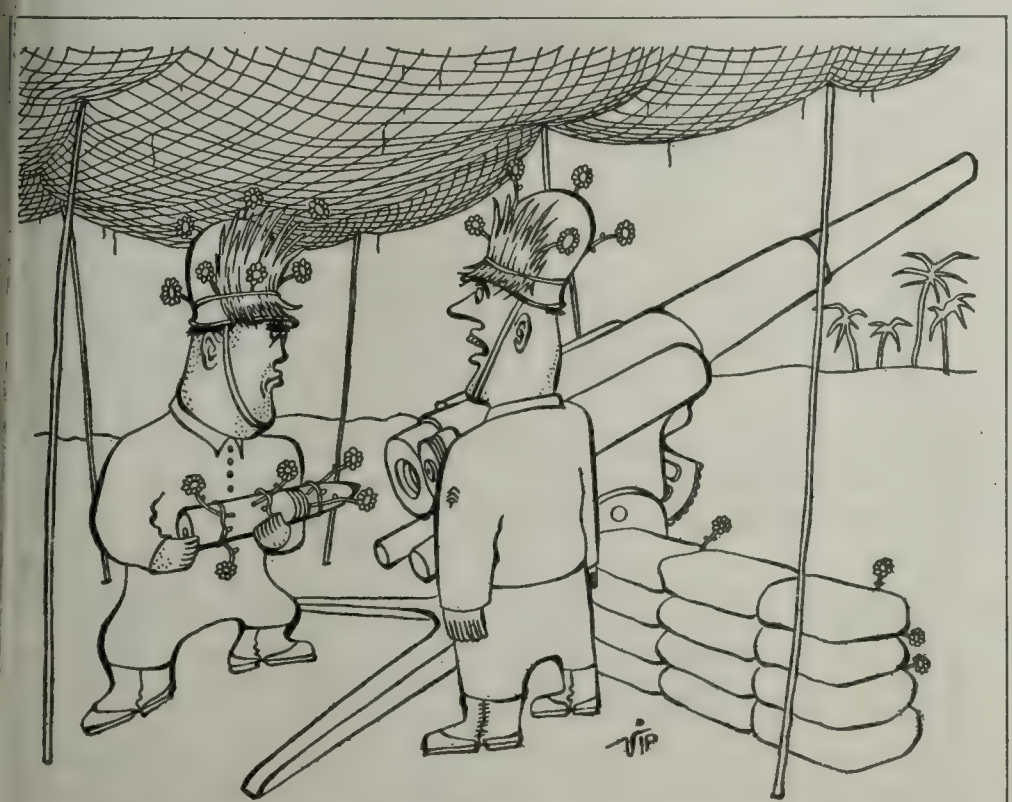
No one spoke driving downtown. Linda sat with her hands twisted together in her lap. She felt physically ill, cold, dizzy. Peg had tried to commit suicide. Oh, Peg, she thought, poor foolish Peg, he isn't worth it, no man's worth it. She tried not to think of Tony; of what he had accused her. She thought: He wasn't my friend after all, he didn't know me very well if he could think that. And she couldn't tell him the truth. Not now, with Rix looking as if he had been dragged through a knothole, new lines in his gray face, his hand when it touched her wringing wet, his curly hair wet too, and his forehead . . .

WELL, it didn't make any difference, she thought, and was horrified to find that it did make a difference. To be estranged from Tony was like being pushed suddenly into the cold and dark, expelled from the warm and comfortable dwelling of a friendship so familiar that you did not think much about it until you'd lost it . . .

Her underlip quivered and she set her teeth firmly upon it. I won't cry, she thought. I won't make an utter fool of myself. But suddenly she could have wished them all out of her life and for good. Tony who knew her so little, whose friendship could not stand the slightest strain of suspicion—what had Nelda said to him? Rix, with his wavering weaknesses and his helplessness, his perpetual adolescence, who had broken her heart once and seemed likely to break it again, after a different fashion; and Peg, loving, unstable Peg, who hadn't enough sense to see that no man was worth—this.

The tears crept from under Linda's tightly closed lids and began to run, warm and salty, down her cheeks.

(To be continued next week)



"I don't think we really should bother about the shell, you know"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

The cola drink with Canada Dry quality

Bottled and Distributed by Licensees of Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

DON'T SAY GOODBY

By Leane Zugsmith

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY SUTTER

AT DAN PELTON'S office, they knew. In Dan's apartment house, they knew. Everyone knew, he thought, except the boy's school and the boy himself. Walking now into the lackluster public-school building, Dan was vigilant, guarding himself against an encounter with his son. Sometime, before the day was over or the evening ended, he would have to tell Danny. But he knew he would wait until the last moment, perhaps just before the train ride was finished and their parting almost begun.

Even today, their last day together, Dan had taken precautions, arranging to visit Danny's teacher when school was over. He had not wanted to talk to the principal. He had never lost his antagonism toward school principals, although he was now a man of forty, the father of an eight-year-old boy, a widower for five months. Yes, a widower, he repeated to himself, still shocked by the knowledge, still bleeding from his loss. If Margaret were alive, he would not be seeking Danny's teacher to tell her his son would never come back.

When he opened the door of the classroom, a little girl was beating blackboard erasers against each other, the chalk dust a cloud outside the window. Miss Peterson, gray-haired, gray-eyed, with unbecoming spectacles pinching her nose, did not look up until Dan stood by her desk.

"Mr. Pelton?" she said in a sunny voice.

He nodded, and the little girl, scampering out, cried, "Good night, Miss Peterson."

He felt overgrown and clumsy in the room. He sat on the edge of a chair, as though it were no larger than the third-grade desks in rows before him and his weight would crush it.

Miss Peterson helped him, her smile was youthful, and she said at once, "I like Danny."

"Why?" Dan asked eagerly. "Because he's bright?"

She weighed her words. "No, he's not above average," she said. "Of course, he's not below, either."

"He behaves himself?" the father asked then.

Again Miss Peterson reflected before she answered, "Moderately. Although lately he's been so good I was afraid he was sick."

Abruptly Dan said, "Well, I wanted to see you to tell you that Danny won't be coming back to school any more." He turned his face from the rows of small desks, not daring to ask her: Which was his? I'd just like to know.

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that." The teacher hesitated. "Are you leaving the neighborhood?"

"I'm not," Dan said heavily. "Danny is."

"I see." Miss Peterson moved a ruler an inch to the right; she flanked it with paper clips.

"I'm taking him away tonight," Dan said. "So if by any chance you should happen to run into him again this afternoon, I'd appreciate it if you didn't say goodby."

NOW she was startled. She felt compelled to face him and his anguish. "Of course. If you don't wish me to," she answered.

"Because he doesn't know about it yet," Dan said, his voice low. "I haven't got around to telling him that it's for longer than a few days, you see."

A fly buzzed against the windowpane, a scuffle sounded in the corridor. Miss Peterson did not look away from the

"Your Aunt Adelaide," Dan said, "me I haven't any business trying to you all by myself." "You should talked that over with me," said the

man's hopeless face. She could not vise him, she could not dismiss him; she could not endure witnessing his

"I told you I liked Danny," she sa last. "I can't explain exactly why, ex that he already seems like a little m She clasped her hands and unclasped t before she added: "He seems to know difference between right and wrong."

Dan swallowed. "At eight?" he a in a parched voice.

Without considering, for once, Peterson said, in a rush of words, "I tell by the time they come to me they'll be like when they're men, un something dreadful happens to cha their lives. Listen, Mr. Pelton, I've b teaching third grade for more than twe five years, and my friends think I' failure because I've never even tried to higher. But I've never felt like a fail I have my children at the most wonde moment, when they're no longer ba but men and women in little."

She halted, afraid she had sounded a tiresome old woman, a pedagogue turing after class.

"I'm sending him to live with my sis in-law," Dan said. "She thinks I shoul

MISS PETERSON felt rebuffed. hope it will be a happy arran ment," she said.

"She's been after me ever since my w died," he said, and he added in a fie voice, "I'm not a drunk, although I ad I got drunk the day of the funeral. body understood why, except Dan Well, he's only eight but he's a little m You said so yourself."

"I say it again."

"My sister-in-law doesn't think so," told her. "She wants to do her duty her sister's child. Maybe she'll learn love him, too." He wet his lips. "I do see how anyone could help but."

"And Danny?" the teacher asked soft "Does he love her?"

He could not reply. Instead, he spo rapidly. "She wore me down, she cau me drunk again," he said. "It was o the first time since the funeral, althou I admit I left Danny alone, I didn't co home for dinner, I stayed out all nigh

"Then maybe it will be better to ma the change," Miss Peterson said, but words sounded false.

"You think you'll forget in time, but takes so long," he said bitterly. "Af she died, I gave away all her things, stripped the apartment of everything th was hers alone. Only I couldn't stop t postman bringing letters addressed her."

"Yes, I can see what you mean," s murmured.

"I want to forget how much I miss her he cried out. "And they won't let yo they don't know that she's gone forev they keep on writing. And then this lett comes from Oregon, an old friend Margaret's, starting out: 'I bet y thought I was dead.'"

Miss Peterson saw his face harden, t corners of his mouth curve downwar She shook her head.

"She was moving," Dan said harshl "So she sent on some snapshots she to of us on our honeymoon. That was w I got drunk." He rose. "Danny unde stood," he added, as though he were tal ing to himself.

Miss Peterson walked with him to t door. "I'd like to hear how Danny's ge ting along. Unless, of course"—she stu bled—"you should change your mi altogether."

"How can I?" he answered miserabl

© 1943, The Studebaker Corporation

ore and more Flying Fortresses are powered by Studebaker-built Cyclone engines

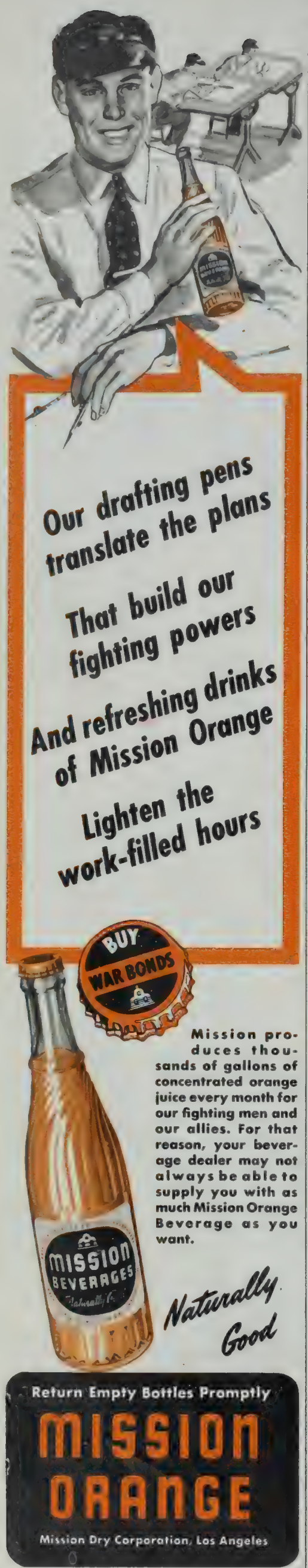
ar-eyed, clean-hearted young Americans are here in those Flying Fortresses—writing new pters of a free world's destiny. Many of them e carefree school boys only yesterday. Today, y're pouring cringing fear into the souls of e boastful "supermen." To these gallant young-s—and to their expert crews below that keep m flying—we of Studebaker pledge ourselves go on producing more and still more of the ghty Wright Cyclone engines for these devastating Boeing bombers. We recognize and respect the responsibility for maintaining quality that the Army-Navy "E" Award has placed upon the Studebaker Aviation Division plants. And you may depend upon us to "give more than we promise" in the best Studebaker tradition. Meanwhile, civilian needs must and will wait . . . until Studebaker completes this wartime assignment... until the finer Studebaker cars and trucks of a brighter new day can be built.

Awarded to Aviation Division ARMY E NAVY *of The Studebaker Corporation*

Big Studebaker military trucks stand out in all the major war zones—Studebaker is now one of the world's largest builders of multiple-drive military trucks. The Studebaker factories also produce much other war matériel, including great quantities of Flying Fortress engines. We of Studebaker are proud of our assignments in arming our Nation and its Allies.

★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS ★

Studebaker BUILDS WRIGHT CYCLONE ENGINES FOR THE BOEING Flying Fortress



and began to march down the corridor. . . .

And still he could not tell Danny. He waited through dinner on the train, he waited until they had covered half the distance and it was the boy himself who asked directly:

"Why did I have to take along two cases, Pop?" He was sitting all the way back on the cindery plush coach seat, and his legs stuck straight out. His shoes were polished, his felt hat was new, the color of blue grass and the shape of his father's. Danny had chosen it himself. He added insistently: "You haven't told me why I had to take so much along."

Dan avoided his son's eyes. "I don't know," he said. "I didn't know what-all you might need."

"If you'd let me pack up, like I wanted," Danny told him, "I'd have taken just enough to put inside a candy box." He waggled his feet before he rested his head against Dan's arm. "Pop. Popgun. Pop goes the weasel," he said dreamily.

The man squeezed his eyes shut. When he opened them, he stared at the floor. "Look." He pointed.

Danny picked up the new hat that had slipped off his lap. "When she sees me wearing this," he said jubilantly, "she'll know that I can take care of myself, all right."

The man stared at the dark hair falling in a bang over his son's high, broad forehead, the beaky little nose, the eyelashes long on the delicate olive cheeks. The boy was a miniature of himself, but more composed.

THE miniature sat on the aisle; the man by the window. Danny had urged the arrangement so that each time the train stopped, he could easily slide out to watch the Gladstone bag in the train vestibule. There had been room for only one suitcase on the rack above them.

"When you're there, I guess you oughtn't to say 'she,'" Dan said, but he did not sound as though he were commanding his son. "She's your aunt. You ought to speak of her as Aunt Adelaide; it's more respectful."

"I don't mind calling her Aunt Adelaide or anything," the boy answered, "for just a few old days."

Now he must tell him, the father thought. He must put it into words and then it would be final. Once he told Danny, he felt that his last chance for retreat would be cut. "You'll have fun with her," Dan said. "She'll see to it you meet all the other kids around."

"Okay," the little boy said calmly. "Only why did you just buy one round-trip ticket, Pop?"

"Did I? Well, a thing like that can always be taken care of."

"I know it," Danny answered. "Still, if you bought one, why didn't you remember to buy two?"

"Your Aunt Adelaide," Dan said, "tells me I haven't any business trying to raise you all by myself."

"You should have talked that over with me."

His father whispered: "You're so little, don't you see? That's the trouble. Don't you see?"

They had their heads close together, like conspirators, unequally matched. It was the man who bent and twisted to address the child, consulting him, presenting the anxious case.

"Your Aunt Adelaide says you need someone like a mother to look out for you. All the things," Dan told him, "you know, kid, like eating the right food and keeping your nails clean."

"I like what we eat," the boy said. He held out his hands. "I cleaned my nails today without anyone having to tell me." His hands were formed like his father's.

"I hadn't noticed," Dan said. "See? That's what she means. I don't even notice the things I should."

Danny slid out until his feet touched the floor.

"Better take a look at the bag," he said importantly.

"We haven't stopped again."

"You never can tell," the boy said and disappeared behind the seat on his way to the vestibule.

The father did not trust himself to turn to watch him. He knew exactly the way Danny walked and the set of his shoulders and the look of the big head poised on his soft slender little neck.

Dan feared he would see the boy's face and his small figure marching through all the sleepless nights to come. *I can't let him go. Yes, you can. Everything gets bleached out by time. Give it time, give it another eight years when he'll be sixteen and you can have him back again. You're not signing him away.*

Adelaide had convinced him, he owed it to Danny to let him have a sensible rearing. Adelaide had said, "You treat him as if he were a man your own age. A child ought to enjoy childhood."

Dan had not thought of it that way in the months since Margaret's death. It had just seemed natural for Danny and him not only to share a bedroom but their lives—a child's life and an adult's life. Since she had died, he had told the kid virtually everything—except this.

The boy scrambled back onto the seat. He had a book of comics under his arm. "You packed this in the Gladstone, Pop," he said.

"I didn't know you'd want it on the train."

"I don't right now," said Danny. He put it behind him. "Only you put in my roller skates, too."

"I guess I thought you might want them."

FOR a long moment, the boy regarded his father with sober, searching eyes. Presently he said:

"Who would you read the sports pages to, if I was away?"

Dan gritted his teeth before he answered. "Your Aunt Adelaide's a fine woman," he said. "She wants you to be happy."

"Who'd go to the movies with you?" asked the boy. He might have had a gun in his hand. Each time he spoke, he might have been pulling its trigger. "And ice hockey? And baseball? Why, Popover, you wouldn't get your Sunday exe[illegible] you didn't have me to go to the zoo [illegible]

Dan shook his head. "I thought [illegible] a long time," he said. "It's no us[illegible]

The boy leaned over the arm of h[illegible] half into the aisle. A train butch[illegible] approaching.

"What'll it be?" Dan asked.

"An ice-cream cup."

Danny dug with the wooden spo[illegible] consumed half the ice cream bef[illegible] turned back to his father. "That [illegible] you told Aunt Adelaide I'd stay," h[illegible]

"She thought you should," his [illegible] replied. "It'll be like the country. [illegible] could not help scowling. "Anyway, [illegible] to play in. See?"

"I prefer the city," said the chil[illegible] watched his father as he asked, "[illegible] look after you when you're foolin[illegible] our chemistry set, I'd like to know."

"I packed it up for you," Dan [illegible] drearily.

The boy threw away the paper [illegible] "She can't make you do it, can she, [illegible] eye?" he asked.

"Not legally."

"Then we can take care of it," I[illegible] announced. He darted out his tongu[illegible] licked at the chocolate mustache [illegible] upper lip.

Dan wiped his son's mouth wit[illegible] own big handkerchief. "I told [illegible] teacher about it," he said; "this [illegible] noon."

In a firm voice, the boy rep[illegible] "We'll take care of it."

No, I can't let him go, Dan told [illegible] self again and answered himself: [illegible] have to. You told her you would.

HE THOUGHT he was changin[illegible] subject, saying: "Miss Peterson [illegible] seem to think you were a record brea[illegible] your studies."

"I can do better if I want to," D[illegible] said.

"She didn't even seem to think [illegible] were a knockout in deportment."

"Aw, what does she know?" the [illegible] said mildly.

"She says she does know," Dan [illegible] swered. He could feel his heart pou[illegible] as though the reprieve might still b[illegible] livered. "She says she likes you be[illegible] you know the difference between [illegible] and wrong." He tried to sound ja[illegible] "Just what is it, anyway?"

Danny's face sparkled. "Why, ri[illegible] us sticking together." When he sm[illegible] his new front teeth looked enorm[illegible] "Wrong's making me go live with [illegible] Adelaide."

"I tried not to listen to her," the [illegible] said in agony. "No, it's too late."

The lights of a city were show[illegible] Danny put the new felt hat on at the a[illegible] his father usually wore his. "Wh[illegible] this?" he said sharply.

"Trenton," Dan answered.

The boy tugged at his hand. "[illegible] can't we just get off and take the [illegible] train back?" he asked.

Dan could feel himself rising. "S[illegible] expecting us," he said feebly.

"We can telephone her," Danny [illegible] "or wire her. Come on, Pop." His v[illegible] was loud. "We're beginning to stop!"

He saw the boy race up the aisle. [illegible] could watch him now without fea[illegible] sleepless nights. Right or wrong, he [illegible] himself, and reached up for the suit[illegible]

His eyes smarting, his face split in [illegible] grin, he helped Danny down the s[illegible] The little boy tried to match his stride [illegible] the man's. When they were inside [illegible] station, he said, "Popsickle."

Dan stopped to look down attenti[illegible] at his son.

"What're we going to tell her?" Da[illegible] asked.

His father cleared his throat. "W[illegible] just tell her," he said, "Danny and I, [illegible] changed our minds."

THE END

THE STILL, SMALL VOICE

22 years after a boarder ran up a bill and left without paying, Mrs. Albert Swiner of Curtisville, Pennsylvania, received $18 from him.

25 years after W. H. Edmonds lost a pocketbook containing $85 in Homestead, Pennsylvania, it was mailed to him by the person who found it then.

30 years after a person rode a streetcar in Astoria, Oregon, without paying his fare, the city treasurer received a nickel from him.

46 years after a pupil stole some drawing cards from a school in Jersey City, the superintendent of schools received $1 from him to pay for them.

50 years after a passenger took a ride on the Reading Company Railroad without paying his fare, the station agent at Ephrata, Pennsylvania, received 50 cents from him to pay for the ride.

W. E. FARBSTEIN

Shadow of the Gods

Continued from page 12

nd hives. They were very friendly and milig as they handed out the gifts, explaing that they desired to live here for tin, if the tribe had no objections.

H's appearance in the distance had nexicably changed this amiable scene. Ifacbf the little men had a gun strapped o hiback, and now they had gone scamerir off, the tribe wondering at their lartand speed.

Mku-Koori, though more sedately, ad ollowed. When he overtook them, heywere standing over Hay and apparntlpreparing to shoot him in the head. Mal-Koori had objected to this. He told hemHay was a friend of his and that for is part he would have nothing to do with hem if they shot him again. The little cermiled and said in white speech that ' th man was a friend of his, they were orm they did not wish to kill him. So Mal-Koori had brought Hay to the unh and treated his wounds.

"Nevertheless," he said, "they did wish to kl you. What is the reason for that?"

"Because," Hay said, "they are enemies. Thel want to kill my people and take the lnd. There is war between us. Where are they now?"

"They are over the hill with the tribe. Thel are talking with Karathurra."

"Who is Karathurra?"

"Karathurra?" said the old man with profound melancholy. "He wishes to be the eadman."

"But you are the headman."

"Karathurra says I am so old I have lost my shrewdness and usefulness."

"Then," said Hay, "he is a fool."

"Perhaps. But he is younger and stronger than I."

"That's nonsense. Listen," Hay said, dismissing it, "you go now, if you are my frend, and hear what the little men are saying. Learn for me why they have come here. It is important to know. I must know this before they perhaps change their minds and come to kill me in spite of you."

THERE was his second mistake. He should not have bothered asking Maku-Koori to find out why the Japanese had come here; it was enough that they had come. He should have told Maku-Koori instead to send a couple of strong runners at once to Francis Springs, the nearest settlement, with the news.

Then he discovered why the Japs had come, it was too late.

It took two days for Maku-Koori to find out.

Hay caught sight of the Japs occasionally during those two days, and once in a while he heard their voices. They spoke to Maku-Koori and, more often, to Karathurra, a thin, vehement individual whose self-esteem was evident. They spoke in painful schoolbook English of the Japanese being the friends of all men whose skin was not white and of the white men being the enemies of all men whose skin was not white, and that it was, therefore, to the tribe's interest to assist their friends, the Japanese, in certain great plans they entertained for driving the white men away.

These might be stock phrases, but the two stocky hard little men who uttered them were shrewd. They understood the politics of the tribe, it was evident. They understood that Maku-Koori might be said to be the prime minister, or the president, or the chancellor of the tribe, aged and failing and uneasy in his office; and Karathurra the crafty, young and strong leader of the opposition. They understood that between these two there was the tribal elders' council, which held the balance of power. Maku-Koori as prime minister might lay down a line of policy, but without the council's approval, the tribe would not move. The Japanese could not address themselves directly to the council, for the council understood no English, and certainly no Japanese; therefore, they addressed it through Karathurra, anxious in his own interests to be their eloquent voice.

The Japanese understood all this. The thing Hay could not understand was: Why so much complicated maneuvering? They had the guns. They had the real power. Why didn't they exercise it?

When he learned at last why they did not, he would have kicked himself for a fool, except that with his wounds he could not.

On the evening of the third day, Maku-Koori came to the *gunyah* with his first news. "The little men," he said, "have told Karathurra that tomorrow their great bird will return. Certain things will fly down from the great bird. With these things, the little men wish the tribe to help them make a place where the great bird can sit down."

Hay thought of this and suddenly the truth came to him and he twisted sharply under that impact in his mind and swore with pain and annoyance.

"What do you say?"

"I say I'm a bloody blithering fool for not figuring out myself why they— Listen," he said, changing from English to the native, "Maku-Koori, you are my friend?"

"I am your friend."

"Then you must believe and help me. The little men will be friendly with the tribe only until the tribe has done their bidding. Then they will be finished with the tribe and it may be that they will wipe it out. Do you believe me?"

"You have told the truth before. Why should you not tell it now?"

"And so you must forbid the tribe to help the little men. You must send word by runners to Francis Springs that the little men are here. *And that the little men's great bird will be flying overhead tomorrow.*"

Maku-Koori pondered, and nodded, and Hay thought he had won despite his own stupidity.

HE SPENT a wretched night, his leg hot and throbbing under the poultice Maku-Koori had applied. He was unable to sleep for thinking of this deep-buried Yurapilla country and how astutely the Japs had chosen.

He remembered the last war talk he had heard. It was said on the coast that if the Japs were beaten back in the Solomons and on New Guinea, as was happening to them, they might launch a sudden countermove from the opposite direction, from their more westerly island bases down on West Australia. MacArthur had warned against it. All right, if MacArthur expected it, the Americans and Australians were ready, they could not be surprised.

But what they were not expecting, what would have all the inestimable benefit of surprise, would be an air attack from inland—an attack by land-based fighters and bombers, a blow launched from inland, from Australia itself, as the Jap ships and carriers struck from the sea.

There are long desert stretches in West Australia, hard and flat as a billiard table, but any passing air patrol might spot planes stationed there. Here in the Yurapilla country, Nature provided camouflage. Build a runway in the lee of the sheltering hills and you would have a nest for planes hidden to any but the closest-searching eyes.

They could send twenty, fifty, a hundred cargo planes to drop men to do the work—but those planes might be seen. Why not instead send a few planes, to drop a few picked men here and there, in places such as the Yurapilla hills, to plan the layout and enlist native tribe labor for the work? It was not too much of a gamble. If it succeeded, good; if not, it was not too heavy an investment to lose.

To Hay, that night, it seemed to make sense. It explained the other riddle. It explained why the Japs did not grasp the power with their guns. They wanted the full willing support of the tribe. It explained why they did not kill him. So long as he could not move, he was harmless; and if they killed him they might antagonize Maku-Koori, who in turn might turn the tribe against them.

Still, he thought, he had caught it; just in time, he had caught it.

In the morning, it appeared that he had not.

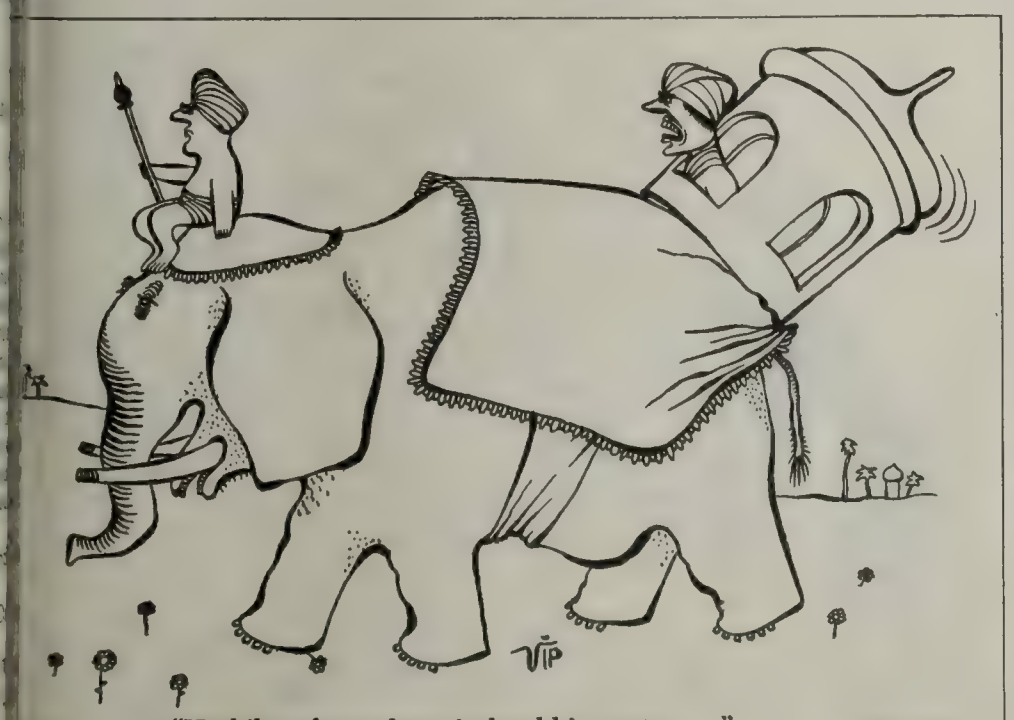
Maku-Koori came to the *gunyah* then, with food, water and a doleful face. The food and water were not important; the doleful face was.

"Have the runners gone?"

Maku-Koori put down the food and water, and squatted on his haunches. "No," he said.

"Why not?"

"Last night, there was great argument. I told the elders what you had said; I



COLLIER'S "Hashib—about those jack-rabbit starts . . ." VIRGIL PARTCH

"I LOVE CORN

It wasn't too much corn... there wasn't enough boy! Even with the best of food, too much and too fast is just too bad! Be gentle with your stomach at such a time... take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL!

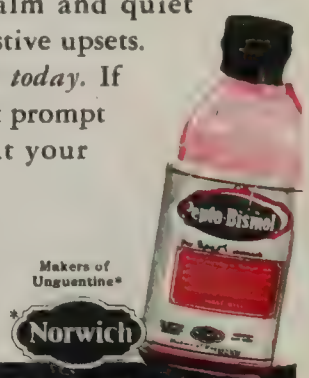
NEVER UPSET AN UPSET STOMACH!

Don't aggravate an already irritated stomach with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics.

Take soothing Pepto-Bismol!

This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither an antacid nor a laxative. *Its action is different.* It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls, thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets.

Get a bottle today. If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.



Three sizes at your druggist's—or by the dose at drug store fountains.

Makers of Unguentine*

Norwich

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

PEPTO-BISMOL
FOR UpSET STOMACH

This formula is known and sold in Canada as P. B.

PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

Give your car a "Like-New" look and save the finish, too!

Enjoy driving a sparkling beautiful car this summer. Everybody can, and should! Your car may be dull and old looking now. But it's easy to make the finish glisten like new with the amazing Liquid Simoniz Kleener. Then be sure to apply world-famous Simoniz. It protects and makes the finish last longer. Gives your car lasting easy-to-keep-clean beauty. Assures you a better trade-in when Victory comes. So Simoniz your car the sooner the better!

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Always insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. Sold at grocery, hardware, auto accessory, paint, department and drug stores: also, Filling Stations and garages.

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

HOUSEWIVES DO LIKEWISE

asked for runners to take the message. Then Karathurra rose and denied me. He repeated everything the little men have told him, that you, that the whites, are not our friends; that they, the little men, they are. And so, no runners would leave."

"But you are the headman!"

"I am the headman, but the elders listen to Karathurra also. They do not know which of us to believe. They will do nothing, not for you, not for the little men, until their minds are resolved."

Hay twisted in agony and not from his leg. He could demand, argue, expostulate, but he knew from the old man's face that for the present it would avail nothing. He forced himself to eat and drink, while his mind traveled around in a hard, locked circle, seemingly impenetrable. Maku-Koori watched him glumly. Then his head moved, his eyes shifted. In another minute Hay heard it, too.

THERE was a growing roar in the sky and a shadow racing over the rocky hills. The tribe gathered, shouting and gesticulating as the shadow of Rising Sun wings swept closer. The silk bloomed overhead, a dozen parachutes opening. Not men, but supply sacks.

Maku-Koori reported later what was in them. More gifts, food and tobacco, sweets, mirrors, cloth. And picks and shovels. Hay could imagine the impressive scene, the two Japanese opening the sacks, parceling out largess while the eloquent Karathurra harangued the elders.

And he lay in his wretched *gunyah*, as helpless as if in a dungeon with walls twenty feet thick.

He tried to move, with some fantastic and desperate hope of dragging himself to where the Japs lived in their own *gunyah* over the hill, in the even more fantastic hope of finding a gun left there by chance. Five feet of pain convinced him that the effort was useless. He crawled back under the *gunyah* and lay with his face against the sandy earth. He could close his eyes to the sunlight, his ears to the sound of tribesmen joyfully receiving these magic gifts from the air; but he could not close his mind. And in his mind he saw the future, the future that was very near.

He saw hundreds of those men now receiving gifts, at work with pick and shovel and hand and arm and foot, clearing and smoothing the ground, filling in the gullies, packing the earth hard for a plane's wheels. He saw that plane landing, no longer forced to circle overhead. He saw another plane, another, another, a cloud of Rising Suns roaring down to earth. He saw men, and drums of gas and oil, and belts of bullets for fighter guns.

He lay there seeing it all, and his mind gnawed the circle, the smooth round circle, and there was no entrance. "The Count of Yurapilla Soak," he said, and laughed or cried, he did not know which.

He was calmer after a while, bringing himself back to acceptance of the facts, and he rolled over and looked up and saw that Maku-Koori had returned to him, squatting there in the immemorial and tireless attitude of his people. This, at least, was a friend.

"So," he said, managing to smile, "the great bird came, as the little men promised, and now with their new gifts the elders must be convinced that Karathurra is right."

"That is what they say."

"Then there is nothing more to do."

It was evening now; the light was going swiftly, the cold rising from the ground. Maku-Koori hunched himself together against it.

"There is one more thing to do," he said. "I have told the elders that they must wait before they permit the tribe to dig for the little men. Tonight, I told them, I must go to the sacred ground, to see if our gods approve."

Hay knew the legend of the corroboree ground, the sacred boulders of the gods. He was not convinced that Maku-Koori genuinely and wholeheartedly believed in these gods, but the tribe did, certainly; and so it gave him a flicker of hope. It was a very safe bet that the gods would speak to Maku-Koori in dire accents of calamitous things to happen if the tribe helped the Japanese prepare a runway for the great bird.

It was something, although Hay fancied that even the august counsel of the gods would not be proof for very long against more tangible things—the bright reward of Japanese presents, Japanese flattery and Karathurra's advice. He thanked Maku-Koori, and the old man rose to go, and as he moved, something else moved. A stir of movement, a leg moving. Hay's eye caught it. Something behind the *gunyah*. It was dark now, but something darker lay there. Even as Maku-Koori left, this thing left, too.

Hay thought about it with his new calm mind and found the answer. That, of course, had been Karathurra. Karathurra, told by the Japanese to come and overhear what passed between Maku-Koori and the white man. Every night, no doubt, Karathurra had been there.

And so tomorrow, when Maku-Koori told the tribal elders that the gods did not think highly of the little men and their plans, Karathurra would be forewarned, the Japanese would have provided him with an answer.

It was exactly so.

The council gathered the next day and Maku-Koori reported that the gods had moved around him on the sacred ground. Their spirits had flowed to him out of the sacred rocks and they had said that the little men were not true friends and that evil things, death and blood and much suffering, would overtake the tribe if they aided the little men with their plans.

"Bah!" said Karathurra, his stronger voice overcoming the other. "Do the gods speak to a feeble man? They speak only to young and brave men. The old one wanders in the night and mutters to himself and fancies it is the gods who speak to him, but it is only his own foolish mind. . . . Now it is true that the gods will speak to none but the true leader of the tribe; we shall see, then, if they speak to me. Tonight I shall go there, and I shall prove to you what I have been saying—that the old man's time is done, that I with my wisdom and strength, I am the proper headman; for the gods will speak to me and I shall tell you what they say!"

Maku-Koori repeated this, word for word, so well did he remember it, [illegible] terness and anger. He crouched [illegible] *gunyah*, repeating it to Hay. It wa[illegible] again, early evening.

"He will not go," Maku-Koori [illegible] "He will pretend to go. For all hi[illegible] he is a coward. He believes the ol[illegible] end, that only the headman can tal[illegible] the gods and live, and the council h[illegible] yet made him headman. But he w[illegible] he has gone, and who will there be t[illegible] prove him?"

"Will the elders believe?"

"Why not? They wish to believe. [illegible] palms are fat with what the little [illegible] have given them. . . . They will b[illegible] Karathurra, and they will make [illegible] headman, and—and I am afraid my [illegible] will be short."

And mine, thought Hay, as short [illegible]

"You have been a good friend, M[illegible] Koori," he said. "A good friend. [illegible] is no use in staying here. You must l[illegible] Karathurra hates you, and the little [illegible] hate you and it may be, as you say [illegible] they will kill you. Go while you can [illegible]

"Go where? I am too old and we[illegible] cross the desert. No, I stay."

He sat in silence, looking at his fr[illegible] the old black man, the young white [illegible] and it was the white man, finally, [illegible] moved, who sat up, laughing.

HE LAUGHED as if at the best jo[illegible] the world; and in the dark, unsti[illegible] air his laughter echoed as if in a cave [illegible] rang out through the night, and M[illegible] Koori stared at him as if he thought H[illegible] mind were touched.

"Why do you laugh?" the old [illegible] asked.

"Why not? Because I have just tho[illegible] the little men are not so clever as [illegible] think. What does all this matter? T[illegible] may win now, perhaps, but they [illegible] never win in the end. They are too [illegible] pid."

"How are they stupid? I think ins[illegible] they are very clever."

"Look. They are supposed to be r[illegible] ters of their great bird—and yet they [illegible] not find a place for the great bird to [illegible] on. They are forced to ask the trib[illegible] build it for them. When all the tim[illegible] is easy for the great bird to sit down, [illegible] they do not know it! Does not that pr[illegible] that they are stupid?"

"Perhaps," said Maku-Koori dubiou[illegible] "You know more of these matters than [illegible]

"I tell you it is so. Listen," said H[illegible] leaning closer. "Tonight, put yourse[illegible] a place where you will be able to se[illegible] Karathurra dares to go to talk with [illegible] gods. You say he will not. Then tom[illegible] row, you can tell the elders that he li[illegible]

He whispered it, and as he whisper[illegible]

"Well, where were you?"

COLLIER'S "My secretary decided to have a Victory garden" REAMER KELLER

e old man's face lightened, and he nned.

"I shall do it," he said, "and see what e liar says tomorrow."

He rose and left, and Hay was alone.

The night was impenetrable and the ld sharp, and he shivered in his thin othes. He lay awake.

It must have been near midnight when e hands slid out of the dark and muf- ed his mouth and bound his arms to his de. He could not cry out, but he strug- ed in the strong grip. "Be still," said a oice, and a blade pricked him.

He was carried from the *gunyah*. As his aptors turned his body to seize it more curely he saw their faces—the enemy.

THEY carried him far, so that no one would hear if he yelled or shouted or egged for mercy or cried for Maku- Koori to come. He was dropped to the round and the pain of his leg knocked he breath from him. He lay there gasp- ng, looking up.

He had seen them only from a distance, he short hard men. They were not smil- ng; there was about them nothing of the artooned toothy grimace of the Japanese. Their faces were hard as wood. The skin eemed to glisten, clammy, like wet soap.

"You must show us how we have been o stupid," one of them said.

"When did I say you were stupid?"

"This evening, when you spoke with he old black man."

"Oh," said Hay. "So you have a spy, a istener."

"We know what you said. So you will show us how we have been stupid. You will show us where our plane can land."

"Yes?" said Hay. "And if I knew of such a place, why do you think I would show it to you?"

"This."

The point of the knife was beneath Hay's thumbnail before he knew the knife was out and moving, so quickly did it move.

"Is that enough?"

He locked his jaws and did not speak.

It felt as if the blade ran up under the nail to the knuckle. He could not help groaning.

"Will you speak now?"

He shook his head. The knife came away bloody from his thumb.

Then he saw the point of the knife, so close it ran across all his vision.

"That is your left eye. The left eye first."

He saw the muscles holding the knife go tense. "All right, I'll speak!" he said.

"Good. But there is no use trying to waste time. No one can help you."

"I'll show you."

He let out his breath in a sob. One of the Japanese picked him up and threw him around on his back.

"And be quick," said the other one. "But first tell us. How is it our people have not seen this place from the air?"

"The hills are shaped around it so that it is almost hidden."

"Where, now?"

"Ahead," said Hay. "To that hill; then to the right, through the valley, about a mile; then over the hill where the valley ends."

"For your sake, I hope it is the truth."

But when they came to it, they saw that it was the truth. It was, incontestably, the truth. It was hidden marvelously by the hills, and yet it was broad and long and hard and perfect, as if it had been designed by men who thought of fighter planes and bombers; and so they must have said to each other, the two Japanese, as they stared at it in the starlight, for they spoke a lot, their voices no longer controlled and hard. Perfect, they must have been saying; perfect except for one thing. And as for that one thing, it was easily disposed of.

In their exultation, they could not wait. They wished to start at once. They dropped Hay and ran down the hill and he lay there and watched them. They threw aside their guns and worked like demons in the starlight. He knew that, from another hill, Maku-Koori would be watching, too.

So that it was Maku-Koori who ran through the night, pumping his old legs, framing in his mind the terrible words he would shout to the tribe.

"Warriors!" he would shout. "Warriors! The strangers are on the sacred ground—the strangers are heaving the boulder gods from the sacred ground! Their weapons lie lost and forgotten in the darkness. *Warriors—your spears!*"

Ground smoothed and beaten hard by generations of black feet dancing in the corroboree, dancing in the shadows of the little boulder gods; the little gods who this night looked on slaughter, and no doubt were pleased, if they were gods at all, at the offering of foreign blood given them by their people's spears.

From his hill, Hay saw it, too, and thought his aching thumb small enough price to pay.

THE END

Signed

with the proudest signature in whiskeydom

Sealed

with the green stamp that stands for the strictest whiskey standards in the world

and Delicious

with the fine rich flavor of Kentucky straight bourbon whiskey at its glorious best

Within the ivy-covered walls of this distillery no whiskey other than Old Taylor has ever been made.

This whiskey is 4 years old

AVAILABLE ONLY from stocks laid by before the war, which we are now distributing in reduced quantities in order to assure you of a continuous, if limited, supply. If your licensed dealer has none today, ask for it again later on.

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

Traitors Must Die!

Continued from page 13

stand. Plenty of witnesses saw the overt acts of treason, but these witnesses, fearful of being accused of complicity, would almost certainly deny in court all knowledge of the matter.

Successful prosecution of this obvious traitor seemed to rest on two contingencies: first, finding Krug, and then persuading him to tell the truth about Max Stephan's treasonable acts in his behalf. And the hitherto unpublished story of how the F.B.I. went about the seemingly impossible task of making both of these contingencies come true is, to me, one of the most exciting chapters in the bureau's whole war experience.

As part of the special plan to intercept Krug, the F.B.I. field office at San Antonio—in common with other field offices—circulated "wanted" notices giving a full description of the fugitive among hotels and boardinghouses. The special agent in charge at San Antonio gave a little talk on the subject in the lobby of a small local hotel shortly after Krug's escape from Canada.

That evening, the woman who managed the hotel began practicing the hints that the special agent in charge had given that afternoon—noticing "the little things" like the shape of the lobes of ears, the curve of hairlines across foreheads, etc. By 10:45 she had convinced herself that the man described in the circular and the man who had registered earlier that evening as Jean Ette were identical; and by 11:55 Oberleutnant Hans Peter Krug was in the custody of the bureau.

When arrested he still had the billfold and a necktie that Max Stephan had given him; also a revolver and cartridges which he had purchased en route, an atlas, several maps showing locations of U. S. Army training camps, and a slip of paper bearing the address of a hotel across the line in Mexico.

The first, but *only* the first, of the two contingencies essential to Max Stephan's conviction had been realized: Peter Krug had been found.

Bundist with a Beer Hall

Meanwhile, Stephan himself had been taken into custody by the bureau, and an exhaustive investigation was instituted into his past history in Germany, Canada and the United States. A pudgy, double-chinned, balding veteran of the German Imperial Army, Stephan was the proprietor of a misleadingly modest, two-story establishment at 7209 East Jefferson Avenue called, until Pearl Harbor, "The German Restaurant." After Pearl Harbor, the "German" in the title had been hastily and not too skillfully painted out.

From the sidewalk the place looked just like hundreds of other cafés and beer taverns scattered along Detroit's broad boulevards. But in the rear, concealed from public view, Stephan had built a sizable addition containing a rifle range and a hall capable of seating comfortably 150 people, which was used as the meeting place of several organizations believed to be of a subversive nature. These included the German-American Bund and its less-known but much more dangerous sister or big-brother group, the Kyffhaeuser Bund, originally affiliated with the European organization of the same name, designated by Hitler himself as the only authorized Nazi organization of Germany army veterans. Expert marksmanship and continual rifle practice were a prime part of the activities planned for members of the Kyffhaeuser Bund.

Krug's return from San Antonio to Detroit took seven days, during which the special agents recorded at five- and ten-minute intervals his every action. This report was as complete a picture of a week in a man's life as could possibly be made.

Then followed on the part of the Detroit office of the bureau as fine a piece of psychological investigation as I have ever seen.

Krug, the report showed and his demeanor confirmed, was inordinately impressed with his importance as an officer in the German army and his superiority "by divine right" to everyone with whom he came in contact. When told that he must be fingerprinted, he openly rebelled. "You must remember my position as an officer!" he exclaimed. When someone suggested that he had been lucky to get as far as he had in his attempted escape—"You must have been pretty good" was the phrase used—he said, "Everything we do is good." When asked his impressions of the people he had met along the way, he replied, "The majority of Americans are utterly stupid."

He spoke very little English, but was very proud of what he did speak. His personal vanity was unbelievable. He had demanded from the Canadian authorities face and hand creams, hair lotions, brilliantine, a private manicure set, etc., and had even had the effrontery to order Canadian soldiers to press his uniform and shine his shoes, because, he said, it was beneath the dignity of a German officer to perform such menial tasks.

Nazi Preserver of Justice

According to international rules, Krug, a prisoner of war captured by British forces, must be returned to Canada for internment in a British internment camp. He could not be forced to return to the United States and testify at the trial of Max Stephan. Everything depended, therefore, on the F.B.I.'s management of its contact with him—and, at the time, it seemed too much to hope that he would feel it incumbent on him, not only as "an officer and a gentleman" *but also as a superior being,* to return to this country and "direct" the course of American justice!

I will not go into all the details of the tactful and ingenious steps taken by the representatives of the bureau to encourage and sustain this feeling. Typical of the methods used was the suggestion by one of the special agents, who could already speak, write and understand German, that Krug should teach him the language. Then, having appeared to master the alphabet in the German script after many errors and much chiding, the agent would write the simple sentences usually found in primers like "The ball is round," "The milk is white," "The man is good," etc., but so ineptly as to justify completely the lieutenant's conclusion that Americans were stupid and that he, as a Nazi officer, was infinitely their superior.

"Nein! Nein! You must not make it like dot," he would shout and, with a reinforced belief in his own superiority, he would joyfully grab the agent's pencil and correct the "stupid" fellow's mistakes.

Krug was placed in a line-up at F.B.I. headquarters to be identified by persons who had seen him in Detroit—the waitress who served him at Max Stephan's café, diners to whom he had been introduced as "Hans Muller, the son of an old friend in Milwaukee," bartenders and waiters at various taverns and clubs where Stephan had bought him drinks, the merchant from whom Stephan and he had purchased the zipper bag, the woman he had visited at the disorderly house, and many others. He saw his part in the proceedings as that of a sort of master of ceremonies, or perhaps as the shepherd of the flock whose duty it was to separate the sheep from the goats, the innocent from the guilty.

Obviously, the patient was responding to treatment!

It was no surprise, therefore, to the F.B.I.—although it must have been to nearly everybody else concerned—when Oberleutnant Hans Peter Krug of the Nazi air force, his uniform neatly pressed, his shoes freshly shined, his hair—after a long contemplation of himself in the mirror formed by the glass doors of a near-by bookcase—combed straight back, his hands encased in formal suède inspection gloves, appeared in the doorway of the grand jury room, clicked his heels, gave the Nazi salute, and bo stiffly to the assembled group of men women who were to decide whether or to indict Max Stephan for treason.

At the trial, conducted with admir fairness by Federal Judge Arthur J. tle (who admitted that he had "leaned backward" to give the defendant e chance in view of the seriousness of charge) Krug maintained the same att of "directing" the proceedings becaus alone, as a Nazi officer, had sufficien telligence to see that justice was d When accused by the defense of cor into court to testify against Max Step he emphatically denied that that was he was doing. He insisted on holdin the larger view which only he coul expected to understand!

"The F.B.I. told me to come here," told the court, "and tell only the facts to tell the truth and nothing but the tr and that is what I have done."

Only Stephan, Mrs. Bertelmann two others, he insisted, had guilty kn edge of his presence in Detroit and assisted him in his escape, and he sidered it his duty to protect the ot from these "stupid" Americans who m punish them unjustly. As for Max phan's activities in his behalf, he cam look upon them and their perpetrato beneath contempt. Only in America, insisted, would such disloyalty be to ated. In Germany, Stephan would since have been placed in a concentra camp. He, the Nazi superman, must s his "inferiors," the Americans, how deal with such traitors.

A Gift from the F.B.I.

Throughout his five hours on the sta he held in his lap the English-Gern dictionary used in the German langu lessons, for which, with true Teutonic f gality, he had provided a cover of he brown wrapping paper. On the fly he had written in his precise foreign sc this not wholly accurate statement:

"A gift from my good friends of F.B.I. this 17th day of June, 1942, Windsor, Ontario, Canada."

More than ever satisfied with hims Hans Peter Krug went back to his inte ment camp, none the worse for his tempt to rejoin his companions in ar Max Stephan, the renegade Americ was adjudged guilty as charged. A Judge Tuttle, after stating that he belie that the jury had reached a just verd and complimenting the F.B.I. on "a v thorough job of getting the evidence, which they are to be commended," a thanking the counsel on both sides their fairness and courtesy, allowed w he called "a cooling-off period" of thi days; then sentenced the traitor, M Stephan, to be hanged.

As for the traitor himself, he ma tained, even in the face of a death senten his avowed faith in Nazi omnipoten and the certainty of its triumph over t country to which he had sworn allegian

"I am not sorry for what I have don he said, "and I would do it again. G many will not let me hang!"

Max Stephan's sentence was sustain by the Court of Appeals, and the Suprer Court of the United States refused h a review.

The case is unique. Virginia's hangi of John Brown on dubious charges treasonable activities was not a feder act. Defendants convicted in the Whis Rebellion of 1794 were pardoned. M Stephan becomes the first man in Ame can history to be executed for this highe or lowest, of all crimes.

THE END

COLLIER'S "Well, I've got to get going. I have an appointment to make an appointment for an appointment" SCOTT BROWN

The Human Machine On The Production Front

THERE are two basic types of machine in a busy war production plant. One is the *mechanical machine*. The other is the *Human Machine*.

The Human Machine, marvelous though it is, is still *flesh* and *blood*, subject to human ills. Men or women who work under wartime pressure, at monotonous tasks, hour after hour, day after day, develop *fatigues* that even today's fatter pay envelopes, patriotism or duty, can't entirely relieve.

Physical fatigue is not uncommon in our war plants. Many workers just get tired —physically tired.

Nervous fatigue often reduces morale, weakens the will to work—and is enervating.

Disability causes the average employee to lose more than 9 days a year from work . . . to be exact .06 of a day from occupational disability and 8.85 days from non-occupational accidents and illness. This is bad enough but—and this is the BIGGEST THING—how many fractional days of production do YOU and the average employee lose when on the job half-sick physically or mentally? All the time lost by absenteeism of all kinds is only a fraction of the production and spoilage loss that comes from lack of physical and mental fitness.

What the situation calls for is just sensible, expert care of the Human Machine. And one of the aids to good care is *regular exercise and recreation*.

Organized softball, baseball, tennis, golf, boxing, volley ball, handball, badminton—football and basketball for the younger, more rugged workers—will prove a godsend for thousands of "fatigued" workers, and for war production.

These games are not tiring to workers. They are actually restful. They change thought grooves. They are invigorating. They induce relaxation, sleep, and good appetite. They soothe nerves. They improve body functions and general health.

Many industries have been using organized sports and recreational programs with great success for some time. They should be adopted *by all who employ war workers in any number*.

One important factor of this vital contribution to increased war production is sports equipment.

The military machine has first call upon *all* materials. But if necessary care is to be given the *Human Machines* behind the men behind the guns; if organized and regulated sports are to help reduce absenteeism due to both occupational and non-occupational disabilities . . . adequate equipment for exercise must be available.

"God Bless America," but on the other hand "God *Help* America," unless the Human Machines on the production front are strengthened and kept strong.

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., *and* Wilson Athletic Goods Mfg. Co., Inc., Chicago, New York and other leading cities

Wilson

SPORTS EQUIPMENT

★ ★ ★ IT'S WILSON TODAY IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT ★ ★ ★

● Out where our soldiers are attacked by mosquitoes that "zoom like Zeros" and flies that "buzz like bullets" —the Army uses thousands of gallons of FLIT and our other insecticides.

So you can imagine how deadly FLIT will be when you "shoot" it on common household pests! It slays 'em as you spray 'em!

FLIT has the AA Rating, the highest established for household insecticides by the U. S. Bureau of Standards.

Buy a bottle of this super-slayer—today!

FLIT

Copr. 1943 Stanco Incorporated

KILLS mosquitoes, flies, moths, bedbugs, roaches, ants, and other household pests.

Microbe Zoo

Continued from page 18

growing disease-causing bacteria in his laboratory when he noted that a mold had contaminated the plates. More important, he noted that something given off by the mold was killing the bacteria. He started searching for the cause of this bacteria death—and found penicillin.

British doctors found this drug would do almost everything the sulfa drugs would do and a great deal besides. It was the most potent weapon ever found against infection. It even worked on that ancient terror—staphylococcic blood poisoning, the terrible sickness that always killed everyone who got it. Nearly all of its victims lived when given penicillin. Penicillin cleared up horrid bone infections and did other jobs. It literally snatched people back from sure death.

Yet there was a catch to all this magnificent life-saving. The mold that produced the drug was inordinately difficult to grow. And it yielded only minute quantities of the drug. Since large quantities of penicillin were desperately needed to treat war wounded, British research men turned to America. Would the Peoria laboratory see what it could do toward finding molds to produce larger quantities of the drug? The job was handed to long-faced, pipe-smoking Dr. Andrew Moyer.

Some people have an intuitive sense of knowing what will please children. Moyer has the same flair with molds. He has worked with them twenty years, knows their likes and dislikes. He coddles them with vitamins, beef broth and other things.

When it was turned over to him, *Penicillium notatum* was pretty sorry stuff. It was difficult to grow. And it produced only 2 units of penicillin per cubic centimeter. Since a desperately ill human being might require two million units, this was an almost hopelessly inadequate yield.

The Doctor Plays a Hunch

Maybe, Moyer decided, the British weren't feeding the green mold properly. He looked around for other foods—and hit on corn steep liquor. This is the water starch makers soak corn in. Don't ask why Moyer decided this might work. He can't tell you himself. But it did work. Production shot up immediately. He looked for other foods that might be tempting; and looked for more productive strains of the mold. All this, of course, required months. But the work was crowned with magnificent success. Instead of getting 2 units of penicillin per cubic centimeter, Moyer is getting dozens of times this yield!

Thus, a mold is playing a heroic role in this war. A bacterium played a similar role in the last war. The British were desperate for acetone—a vital powder solvent. They took the problem to Chaim Weizmann, top-ranking chemist and Jewish leader. He found a bacterium which would provide the needed chemical. The bacterium feasted on corn mash, produced all the acetone needed.

Individual molds are adapted to specific jobs. Finding the wanted one is often a difficult job. A story will illustrate. Research men in the Peoria laboratory were searching for a microbe that would ferment starch into butylene glycol. This is a chemical that holds tremendous promise. It has many of the qualities of glycerin and will do many of glycerin's jobs.

The research men exhausted the strains in the zoo, then searched elsewhere. They asked starch companies to send in spoiled samples, dirt from the floors of their factories, etc. None of the samples turned up anything interesting. Then a researcher in another division of the Regional Laboratory sent a sample of spoiled starch around. He wanted to know what had ruined it. The wanted microbe was responsible!

Another time a happy accident intervened to solve a tough problem. Research men were looking for a bacterium which would produce an acid with a mouth-filling name; 2-ketogluconic acid. This acid is closely related to Vitamin C—and the workers thought they might provide a new source of this valuable stuff. They worked for months on the job with no success. Then one morning a flask contained the acid! It took several weeks to find out what had happened. It had been contaminated by a bacterium that had dropped in from the air! It was a one-in-a-million shot.

This lucky accident, incidentally, was responsible for a rapidly developing industry. The acid turned out to be the source of an excellent preservative for salad oil, beer, ale.

So far we haven't mentioned one of the largest, also one of the most ancient, of the fermentation processes. This is one where bacteria are utilized to make acetic acid—or vinegar. This is done in a number of ways. But perhaps the most important commercially is where commercial alcohol is trickled over beechwood shavings. The shavings are impregnated with bacteria which convert the alcohol into acetic acid. This acid is also made by synthesis. It is used chiefly in the food industries and in making acetate silks.

Microbes hold engaging possibilties for the plastic field. They are already producing fumaric acid, used in plastics. A new acid made by fermentation has even greater possibilities. It is a vital constituent of a new water-clear plastic similar to Lucite and Plexiglas.

Government chemists found a microbe that would produce tremendous quantities of gluconic acid. At the time, this stuff was a chemical curiosity costing $100 a pound. But once it was available, in quantity and at a low price, research men quickly found uses for it. They found that if it were converted into calcium gluconate, it had uses in tanning, metallurgy, and in making toothpaste. But its most striking use was in veterinary medicine, where it provided a ready source of calcium.

Cows often have their calcium reserve depleted by calf-bearing. This is known as milk fever, a frequently fatal disease. Within half an hour or so after getting a walloping shot of calcium gluconate, the cow is on her feet again, good as

The big virtue of microbes is tha will eat almost anything—provide find the right microbe. Research in this country are thinking of f them farm wastes—cornstalks, straw. One strain of microbe will ea waste and produce a high-quality i nating gas. A single pound of corn wheat straw, even old newspaper make 5 cubic feet of cooking gas search men see big possibilities i process. Individual farms might gas out of their own waste produc municipal plants might be establish the farm belt where natural gas is

One class of microbes seems to tremendous possibilities: the ones in the digestive tracts of insects. See We all know that termites eat wood that micro-organisms in their inte convert this wood into food. Why the researchers ask, isolate the mic responsible for this process? Perhap could set them to work eating waste dust and have them convert it i valuable cattle food.

When Eating is a Science

Research men are also thinking o crobes that will do the jobs of mach Since ancient times, bacteria have employed to ret flax—to eat awa pectin that binds linen fibers toge Maybe, the research men are thin they might be similarly employed t other unwanted stuff. They are thi particularly of bacteria that might sume the hard shell of the coffee bean

Microbes are also doing valuable in the vitamin field. They are he make some vitamins—notably Vitam and riboflavin—and are helping assay ers. Using animals to determine the tency of an unknown vitamin was te and expensive business. Then a resea had a bright hunch. Why not use crobes? Select a strain which requir certain vitamin for growth, then see much of the unknown you had to him to get normal development? would be a measure of the potency o vitamin.

Microbes are already producing lions of dollars' worth of valuable c icals a year. Possibilities for the fu have no limit. It is only a question of ing the right microbe—and the right f

THE END

"Here it is, dear—and you'll find 20% of it missing, but it isn't my fault"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

Gentleman of Japan

Continued from page 28

n the years before Pearl Harbor, I kept nping into Saito in odd corners of Asia; in Mukden or Peiping or down in th China. He served as army spokes- n in Shanghai off and on during 1940 1941—the "off" periods being when he nt down to French Indo-China or Thai- d or Malaya to do one of his little jobs.

he portly colonel was very popular h the American correspondents in nghai. Squatted cross-legged at a sha party, he looked like a bronze ue of a paunchy, heavy-jowled Chi- e god, benevolent but with a metallic ality about him. Once I asked him why usually left those parties in the early ning at a time when his fellow officers, -faced and generally out of control er too many drinks, were just getting the beam with the geishas.

"Have to go home and write my wife l children back in Japan," the colonel d.

Saito was especially sentimental about Hawaiian Islands, where his father was sul general from 1903 to 1910 and ere Saito attended private school and Kinley High, class of 1911.

Homesick for Honolulu

"I feel more at home in Honolulu than y place in the world," the colonel told . "I had hoped to go back there as con- general some day. You see, my mother nted me to be a soldier and my father diplomat. As it has turned out, they th had their way. I went to the Imperial litary academy, but I specialized in guages and all my work in the army s been in intelligence—principally deal- g with foreigners."

Saito wasn't a very good army spokes- n. That job consisted chiefly of at- npting to apologize for the atrocities at Jap troops were committing in China, trying to explain why an unarmed pas- nger plane had been shot down or an nerican mission bombed. The colonel ffered from acute shyness. He hated to ve attention centered on him, and when was asked an embarrassing question, would blush redder than the Rising n and perspire and finally retire in con- sion from the press conferences.

It seemed at first glance that Saito was nuinely ashamed of what the Jap army as doing in China, but as a matter of ct, his embarrassment was a manifesta- n of the national inferiority complex ith which Japan is afflicted.

For the colonel, his stay in Shanghai asn't outwardly very exciting. He had ly one important chance to stage an ncident," and that time his foot slipped adly.

Late in January of 1940, Saito an- unced that he had uncovered a plot by e Chinese to kill Nelson T. Johnson, e American ambassador, who was en ute down the Yangtze River on the gun- at U.S.S. Luzon.

"The Chinese will fire on the Luzon om hidden artillery positions," Saito eclared. "They will blame the Japanese, an effort to cause trouble between Ja- an and the United States."

Now, in the Orient, you don't take ings like that at face value. Our first eaction was: "This is quite obviously omething the Japs have cooked up to omplicate U. S.-Chinese relations." But inking further, we decided: "That's too bvious. Saito wouldn't pull one quite at transparent. Maybe it is a Chinese cheme after all." Which was exactly what aito wanted us to think.

In any case, the Luzon, churning down- tream at her full twenty-two knots, ounded a curve in the Yangtze and came into a straight stretch of muddy water. At the same moment, a large Japanese transport which, for no discernible reason, had been lying at anchor a few miles down the river, suddenly pulled up its hook and headed upstream.

When the two ships were within a few hundred yards of each other, hidden guns on the shore suddenly boomed. The first salvo bracketed the transport, and the second one burst around the Luzon, causing no important damage. Then the firing ceased.

Saito was elated when he telephoned me the news. "Exactly as I predicted, the Chinese tried to kill the American ambassador. The American government, I am confident, will not be taken in by this contemptible plot."

The colonel's elation was short-lived. As soon as the ambassador reached Shanghai, he reported that the Luzon had been fired on by "unidentified" shore batteries. He stressed the "unidentified," and everybody in the Orient mentally substituted the word "Japanese." Then an investigation showed there was no Chinese artillery along that stretch of river. The colonel was more embarrassed than ever.

But in his really important underground business, Saito was having more success. Shanghai was a hotbed of international intrigue, and through my own private informants in the Metropole Hotel, where Saito and I both lived, I got a line on the colonel's callers.

Frequently he received Colonel Kurt Meissenger who had been Gestapo chief at the time of the terror in Warsaw and was sent to the Orient by Hitler on a confidential mission the chief aim of which was to get Japan to go to war with the United States. Not, however, that the Japs needed any urging.

Another guest was Mr. Tang Leang-li, who was once thrown out of a third-class night club in New York and who today is a power in the Far East. Mr. Tang's pride never recovered from that bouncing, and it produced in him an undying hatred for everything American. At present, Tang is a high official of the Chinese Quisling regime in Nanking and leader of the nationalistic antiwhite campaign in Jap-occupied China. I noticed that almost immediately after Tang's huddles with Saito, the Jap-controlled press would blossom forth with a new anti-American campaign, and I began to suspect that the colonel was calling the signals.

Truth About Mukden "Incident"

At times when he wanted to chat about his "beloved" Honolulu, Saito would come to my room for a couple of hours. Usually we would confine our conversation to small talk, but one night, Saito suddenly began to discuss Manchuria, and before I realized it, he was telling me the full story of the Mukden "incident." I held my breath while he talked, because here was a story that every newspaperman in the Orient had been trying to get for years.

Mukden was the first serious test of post-World War I peace machinery. Historians are convinced that if Japan had been checked at Mukden by concerted action of the world powers, peace could have been maintained.

Japan had always protested her innocence at Mukden, but here was Saito telling me the truth, giving a full confession of Japan's premeditated guilt. Why Saito talked that night, I shall never know.

He remarked out of a clear sky, "You know, Mr. Lee, I was at Kwantung army headquarters the night of the Mukden incident. I will tell you what happened."

On the night of September 18, 1931,

Surface Varicose Veins Need Not Mar the Beauty of Your Legs

• Tireless energy, warm sympathetic heart . . . she feeds "her boys" and listens while they tell about the girl back home.

. . . and not one of 'em would guess she wears elastic stockings. For hers are Bauer & Blacks . . . light and cool . . . flesh-tinted . . . full fashioned to fit almost invisibly under her sheer hose. They give her legs attractive, youthful lines... comforting relief from the pain of surface varicose veins, relief without which she could never "carry on."

If you're one of the lucky women who have Bauer & Black Elastic Stockings . . . treat them gently. Wash them regularly with mild soap and lukewarm water. Dry them slowly *away* from heat or direct sunlight. Be careful when you put them on and take them off . . . make them last. Elastic yarns are doing vital war tasks now . . . therefore only limited stocks of Bauer & Black Elastic Stockings are available.

Today Bauer & Black research is developing even better elastic stockings for the comfort and beauty of your legs . . . after the war is won.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

FIRST IN ELASTIC SUPPORTS
BAUER & BLACK
Division of The Kendall Company, Chicago

ELASTIC STOCKINGS
TENSOR BANDAGES
ELASTIC ANKLETS AND KNEECAPS

Elastic
STOCKINGS

"No-Tare" Means Extra Wear!

No wonder thousands of thrifty American men are turning to patented Reliance No-Tare Shorts—for amazing extra wear and comfort! Exclusive fly construction *won't rip or tear!* Money-saving. Dependable. Reliance-made shorts also serve our country's armed forces. Sold by Reliance dealers everywhere.

RELIANCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
212 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.
New York Office: 200 Fifth Ave.

MAKERS OF Big Yank Work Clothing • Aywon Shirts Universal Pajamas • Kay Whitney and Happy Home Frocks • Ensenada Shirts and Slacks • Parachutes for Men and Matériel.

Reliance NO-TARE

the colonel went on, he was in Jap army headquarters ten miles south of Changchun, which was then the capital of China's Manchuria. Japanese troops had been stationed for some time along the Chinese Eastern Railway to protect it from "bandits." For some months prior to September 18th, the Japanese had been secretly strengthening their garrisons, and it was obvious that something big was about to happen.

"For many days," Saito said, "we had been on the alert. As a staff captain, I learned that the afternoon express from Changchun to Mukden was to be dynamited and wrecked a few miles north of Mukden at 10:30 P. M. on September 18th. The Kwantung army was to take retaliatory action. Of course, the attack on the train was a Chinese plot. . . ." In telling the story, Saito had the grace to wink at this point.

"All the important officers in northern Manchuria were gathered in our headquarters, waiting anxiously," he continued. "Ten-thirty came and went, and nothing happened. Nobody talked much, but the room was filled with tension as each moment went by, and the telephone on my desk remained silent. Then, an hour later, the telegraph key in the next room clattered. Mukden reporting: 'The rail bed was blown up but the train was not derailed. It has reached Mukden safely.' "

General Muto (the commander at Changchun) and the other officers were stunned. It seems that the plot was strictly the Kwantung army's baby, and Tokyo knew nothing about it. If everything had gone off as planned, Tokyo could not have objected to "retaliatory" action by the Kwantung army against the Chinese. Now, with nothing but a bent rail to show in evidence, Tokyo would have a hard task convincing the world that the Japanese had been "attacked."

Muto turned to Saito and ordered: "Telephone General Honjo."

Quickly Saito got through the connection to the commander of the Japanese forces in Korea, down at the southern end of the railway. There was a hurried consultation, a moment of indecision as to whether to stage another and more successful "incident" or to go through with the original plans. Muto hung up the phone. The decision was up to him.

Treachery in Action

"For the next few minutes, while he paced back and forth, the fate of Japan hung in the balance," Saito said. "Then suddenly the general buckled on his sword and turned to me, saying, 'We march! Give the orders!' "

Saito lost no time in calling the Japanese garrison up and down the railroad. The troops were ready, rifles loaded, winter packs strapped on. Silently they slipped through the snow and attacked Chinese barracks and stations. By morning, it was all over at Mukden. Colonel Kenji Doihara occupied the city. In three months' time, the Japanese were firmly in control of Manchuria, which they rechristened Manchukuo.

"So you see, Mr. Lee," Saito concluded his story. "It was I who set in motion the seizure of Manchukuo."

After Mukden, Saito became a protégé of Doihara and was sent briefly to Tokyo to specialize in the language and culture of southeastern Asia. He already knew Russian and German and English and Chinese. Now he studied French—with Indo-China in mind—and Siamese. His first important assignment was as military attaché in Bangkok.

The pudgy colonel's (he was a major then) pockets were bulging with money and he spent it freely in winning the sympathy of the Thailanders (they were Siamese then). He cultivated the friendship of everybody of importance. The size of his mission grew. His assistants spread out over the country, inspecting likely airplane landing fields and studying the overland route for troops to march into neighboring Burma and Malaya. Jap officers were assigned to train the Siamese army, and Tokyo sent down some tanks and planes and a few ships.

Saito, as usual, promoted "Asia for the Asiatics and down with white influence." Siam bit—hook, line and sinker—for this bait, discovering that even the name of their country was wrong—a product of imperialistic influences. They changed it to Thailand. They sent cultural and student missions to Japan; and the British, who had been influential in Thailand, began to feel the squeeze.

With his job well done, Saito bounced back to Tokyo for another short stretch in the war office, and then was sent over to Shanghai as army spokesman. He was now the Japanese army's "expert" on southeastern Asia, and the generals called on him again in the summer of 1940. One day the colonel telephoned me in Shanghai and said he was leaving for French Indo-China.

"What for?" I asked. "There's nothing doing there."

"Don't be too sure," he said.

Within a short time after Saito's arrival in Hanoi, it became apparent what Japan was up to this time. France had been crushed by the Luftwaffe and the Wehrmacht, and the Japs decided this was a good time to pick up the pieces of her Far Eastern empire. With Germany applying pressure in Vichy, and Saito making polite suggestions to the local French officials, the Japanese quickly blackjacked an "agreement." France yielded to Tokyo's demands for stationing a large force of troops in northern Indo-China, ostensibly to block shipment of war supplies through the French colony into China.

By the summer of 1941, Japan decided it was time to drop the mask and take over southern Indo-China, which she needed as a jumping-off place for attacks on Singapore and the Dutch East Indies, and to protect her flank while she assaulted the Philippines.

Once again, the advance agent of empire was—you guessed it—Jiro Saito. The colonel did his usual backstage job in Saigon, the capital of southern Indo-China. Then he emerged into the open as head of the military mission to supervise occupation of the strategic southern portion of the French colony.

The occupation of Saigon finally awakened the United States to the seri[illegible] of Japan's penetration of south[illegible] Asia. But by then, it was too lat[illegible] Japanese had seized their springl[illegible] They were ready for war.

Meantime, Colonel Saito move[illegible] Saigon back over to Bangkok. H[illegible] was to see to it that the Thais didn't [illegible] the mistake of trying to fight Japa[illegible] the zero hour arrived. Under Sait[illegible] rection, Premier Luang Bipul Son[illegible] created a propaganda smoke screen [illegible] land, he said in a series of thunderin[illegible] ments, was in imminent danger of [illegible] He intimated that the British were g[illegible] attack from Burma. He pledged t[illegible] Thais would fight to the last man [illegible] they didn't, not even to the first [illegible] Saito saw to that.

Thanks to Saito, a huge and st[illegible] hunk of Asia had been added to the [illegible] nese empire much more quickly and [illegible] than any of the other areas that [illegible] had taken.

Formula for Japanese Success

Two weeks before Pearl Harbor, [illegible] had flown up to Tokyo from Bangk[illegible] make a final report to the army [illegible] manders. During a brief visit, he en[illegible] tered an American correspondent [illegible] had known him well. Saito refuse[illegible] reporter's invitation to a drink, but [illegible] consent to say a few words on the [illegible] Pacific situation.

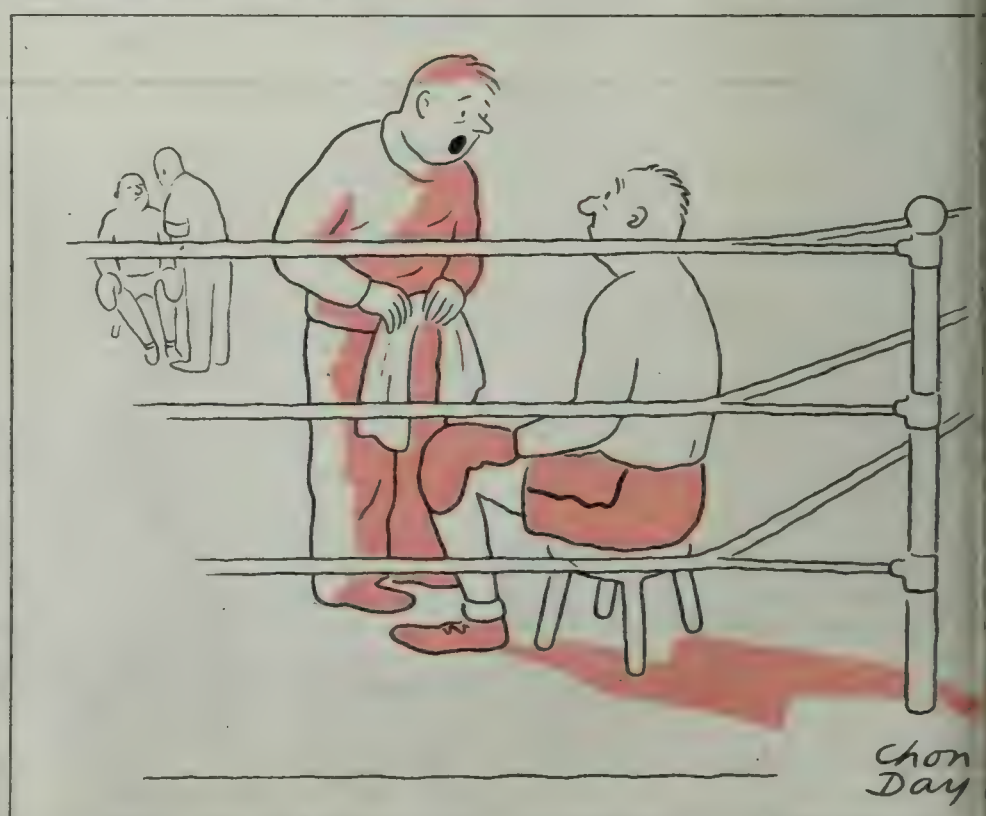
"You Americans think you are [illegible] good," Saito said. "As long as we ca[illegible] you thinking that, we will be okay."

Today, Saito is director of the d[illegible] ment of information of the Japanese [illegible] in the Philippines. That is his tit[illegible] least, but his actual job is probabl[illegible] more important and involved. When [illegible] heard from, the pudgy colonel was [illegible] confident.

In a radio speech beamed to the U[illegible] States, he said, "Our strategic pos[illegible] both in the north and the south are [illegible] strengthened day by day, leaving no [illegible] hole to the enemy. In the Aleutia[illegible] lands, our forces continue to ma[illegible] unshakable strongholds, fully pre[illegible] when the time comes to march from [illegible] to Alaska."

That was a few days before our f[illegible] smashed ashore on Attu. When the [illegible] nel read that news, I have a hunch he [illegible] rowed a banjo, retired to the back roo[illegible] some restaurant in Manila, and cro[illegible] softly: "I'm sorry for myself. So [illegible] for myself . . ."

THE END



"Remember, make him come to you—his shoes are in better shape"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

The Homecomers

Continued from page 17

d in the doorway watching Chance ey take the three horses around back, n seeing she wasn't going to follow, I admiring the looks of him.

is skin was weathered to the color of stubby pipe he smoked, and his hair, e the coonskin cap didn't cover it, burned to a straw color. Even in his ed linsey shirt and fustian pants and zled cowhide boots all gray with dust militia had no uniforms), Chance Finlooked to me like a soldier. "Pike," said, leaning his long-barreled Kenty rifle against the barn, "I fetched something," and untied a stone het from his blanket roll.

was sure a dandy, that hatchet, with yed squirrel tail hanging from the e, and I pitched right in to help unle and grain the horses.

hen we got in the house, Ma was wip- tears on her apron with one hand setting out more victuals with the r, and the old hewn-plank table was ut to bust under the load of waterpickle, chokecherry jelly, wild plum and other fixings Pa and Sam liked. ia was just coming down the ladder n the loft where we children slept. 'd put on her shoes and stockings and calico dress, the red one, and looked t pretty. "See?" I said, holding up the chet. "See what Chance brung me?" a quit sniffling. "Brought," she said, took a good look and her lips puck- up like she'd eaten a green persim- "The idea," she sputtered at Chance, inging that heathenish thing to a young Shame on you!"

"Now, Susanna," Pa said, "that—"

"Hush up," Ma snapped, "and get your os off that stool. Sit down, all of you, ore the victuals cool."

E SAT down, and Ma said grace all over again, including thanks for ging Pa and Sam safe home again, but er a word about Chance Finley. When 'd finished she looked up and straight Pa. "You were gone a spell," she said. Pa was mashing up a yam. "Yep," he ned, and set about telling of the march Yellow Banks on the Mississippi, then to Rock River to meet the regulars, d how they trailed the Indians clean to kon's Ferry before the fighting began.

"Where'd you get your hurt?" I asked n.

"Pecatonica, first off," he said. "Clouted h a tomahawk, that one Chance fetched k. Smashed my shoulder and I went wn like a poled ox. Sam, here, tangled h the red buzzard but lacked the heft d without Chance sashayin' in with his n butt, we'd been goners."

"Jiminy!" I bust out, looking at Chance. s face had gone red as the wild plum n and he spilled the sorghum sweeten- he'd been pouring in his coffee. De- 's eyes were real prideful and I thought: w we're beholden to Chance Finley, d Ma'll think better of him.

She didn't let on he'd been mentioned, ough, but went at Pa again. "Why," she ked, "didn't you come home, then, if e arm was useless?"

Pa laid down his fork, and his mouth l open. "Come home!" he roared, after minute. "Great snakes, woman, I'd 'a' issed the fightin' at Apple River and ellog's Grove and Bad Ax!"

"Well," Ma said, her eyes snapping, ou couldn't have been much use to the my, one-handed that way."

"Ho-ho!" Chance horned in. "He lifted saber off'n a dead regular and split Ins from hell to breakfast."

That put Ma's dander up. "Chance Fiy," she flared, "you shan't talk so at my ble."

Chance like to swallowed his Adam's apple. "Excuse me, ma'am," he mumbled, then said no more, and when dinner was finished, saddled his horse and went on to town.

THE next morning, in spite of the heat, Ma had a fire under the great kettle, boiling out the clothes Pa and Sam had worn in the war; and she had Delia pounding up sassafras leaves to make a fresh poultice for Pa's wound. Pa said the chewing tobacco he'd been using did right well, but Ma sniffed and sent him off to cut pieplant, about the only thing he could do one-handed.

I'd kept the garden patch weeded and the corn pretty well hoed, and Sam said that come Monday he'd go at the farming tooth and nail. First, though, he must clean up his and Pa's rifles and horse gear and tomorrow, being Saturday, we should go to town.

"No use," Ma fumed. "Your pa *would* spend the summer fighting Indians, so there's no money. Not even enough to pay at the ferry."

"Ho!" Pa roared, coming along with the pieplant. "What's money? We'll get what we need on jawbone."

"We'll do nothing of the kind," Ma told him. "I'll be beholden to no one. What we lack, we'll go without till it can be paid for."

Pa sighed and stood looking at the ground. I felt real sorry for him, and Ma, too. Ma wasn't mean by nature, just peppery; and at her wits' end about Pa's hurt, and Delia and Chance Finley, and about how we were to get the things we couldn't grow or make ourselves, like coffee and salt and cobbler's shoes, and tobacco for Pa.

"Well," Pa said, after a bit. "Let's go anyhow."

Ma shook her head.

Delia was in the doorway. "Please, Ma," she said, and there was something in her voice that made even Sam, who had no more feeling than a bullhide, look up from the gun he was oiling.

Ma didn't answer and Delia stood staring down the trace toward town, knowing, though, as well as I did, that Chance Finley wouldn't come, for he was a prideful man and Ma had galled his feelings.

The silence was awful. There was no sound save for the cicadas singing in the weeds and I was glad when a clap of thunder broke the tightness. "Shucks," Pa growled then, looking at the clouds piling up downriver. "Sam, this evening you see to the harness and wagon. We're going to town come morning."

IT HAD poured rain all night and when we set out the trace was deep with black mud steaming in the sun, and the air filled with buffalo gnats which near set the oxen crazy. Pa rode his horse, and Sam drove the wagon, me beside him. Behind us, on an extra plank across the sideboards, were Ma and Delia all starched and stiff in fresh dresses and sunbonnets.

The places we passed were, like ours, run-down and overgrown with sunflowers and plantain, for their menfolks, too, had been off to the war; and those less forehanded than Pa had no corn growing. "They're bad," Pa admitted, seeing Ma eying them, "but nothing to the up-north farms which those Indians worked over. Leastwise, we kept the war out of these parts."

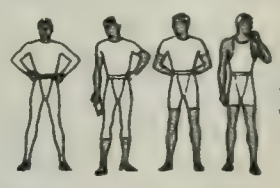
Sam straightened up real proud then, but Ma didn't say yes or no; just kept on taking the jolts stiff-backed.

As we neared the river, Pa rode ahead and talked to the ferryman, and when we'd been boated across I noticed that the

Of course you'll want the MATCHING SHIRT

_specially designed to be worn with REIS Scandals

• Here's the shirt men really go for! Neat, trim, cool as an ocean breeze, it's specially designed to be worn with Reis Scandals. Actually shaped to follow "leg-line" of the shorts. Buy both Reis shirts and shorts for greater comfort! Only Reis Scandals gives you the patented *Dart*-stitched, non-sag pouch which conforms to crotch contour and gives *real support!* Ask for Reis Scandals and matching shirts at better retailers everywhere.



★ Five styles — year 'round weights. ★

CHANGE TO REIS FOR GREATER COMFORT

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

UNDERWEAR SPORTSWEAR PAJAMAS • HOSE

ROBERT REIS & COMPANY 2 PARK AVE., NEW YORK CITY

New *under-arm* Cream Deodorant *safely* Stops Perspiration

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Safely stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Seal of Approval of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics. Use Arrid regularly.

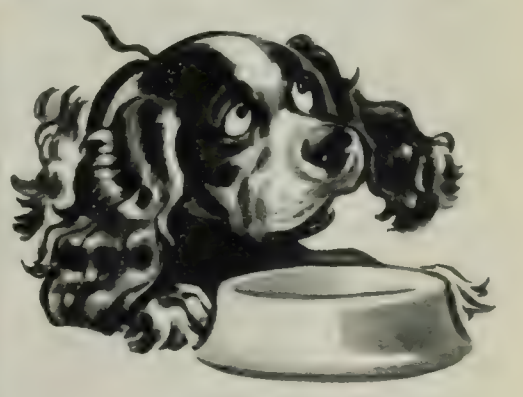
ARRID IS THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

ARRID

39¢ a jar

(Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars)

At any store which sells toilet goods



Hey! Where's my meat?

A guy gets a lot less for his tail-wagging in wartime. Family too busy to play. Boss off in uniform. And now —*no meat!*

Meat rationing *is* hard on dogs. Make up for it by giving your pet more eggs and milk and protein vegetables. Give him the meat vitamins —*and all the different vitamins he needs*—with Sergeant's Vitamin Capsules (Vitapets). Their vitamins A, B_1, D, B_2 and Niacin help protect him from Rickets, Black Tongue, Eczema and certain Fits.

Don't let rationing harm your dog's health, disposition or appearance. Start him on Sergeant's Vitamin Capsules. At drug and pet stores. Ask for *free* new Sergeant's Dog Book, too — or use this coupon.

FREE SERGEANT'S, Dept. 51-G, Richmond, Va. Please mail FREE, NEW, 1943, illustrated Sergeant's Dog Book to:

Print Name_____ Address_____ City State

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

flap on one of Pa's saddlebags was unstrapped. It hadn't been before, so I knew he'd been into it, probably to pay the toll with something in place of money.

That made me feel bad because Pa didn't have many small things of any worth save his hunting knife, a double-barreled pistol that had belonged to his Pa, and a gold epaulet he'd taken off a British officer who'd tried to saber him in a battle at Lundy's Lane in 1814. I didn't think the ferryman would want the epaulet so it must be the knife or pistol Pa had parted with, and I thought that quite a price to pay just so Delia could see Chance Finley. Pa thought the world and all of Delia, though; he would have done anything for her.

We turned out onto the prairie back of Chance Finley's mill. There was grass aplenty for the animals and we had our lunch, too, so's to have the rest of the day free for visiting. None of us said anything, but as we ate, all save Ma kept an eye on the mill and the cabin and lean-to beside it where Chance and his horse lived. They seemed deserted, and like the farms we'd passed, run-down and rank with weeds. It sort of gave you the creeps and I was glad when Pa wiped his mouth on his sleeve and said, "Well, let's march."

There were more folks about than you could shake a stick at, in and out of the blacksmith shop, the gunsmith's, and the store and post office which were one and the same. "Hi, Abe!" Pa hailed, then made us acquainted with a Mr. Lincoln who had been with the militia. Mr. Lincoln was from New Salem and as stringy and strong-looking as a piece of whang leather.

I WAS right glad we'd met him, thinking it would take Ma's mind off her troubles, but it seemed to work the other way because as we passed on, Pa told us that Mr. Lincoln was quite a card and smart as a whip, that he was fixing to study law or something. Pa wound up by saying, "He'll get someplace, that lad." Then Ma uttered the first sound she'd made since leaving home.

"H'mmm," she sniffed. "He'll get no place till he quits running off to the wars."

Not so much what she said as how, made us all look at her. I guess being in town before all those people, she was more mindful than ever of our frazzled clothes, and near to crying.

Pa looked all put out again. He stood pulling his ear for a minute, then stuck his good hand inside his shirt where it bulged with something I'd seen him slip from his saddlebags. "Wait a bit," he said, and went into the store. We stood in the shade under the roof of sod-covered poles that stuck out over the walk. It wasn't a walk, really; just a part of the road that was dry and tromped hard and free of weeds.

Pa was inside quite a spell and while we were waiting, Chance Finley came splashing up the street on his horse. I think Ma was the only living thing on this earth Chance Finley was afeared of but regardless of that, he rode right up and got off. "Howdy, ma'am," he said to her, then he and Delia stood looking at each other with something in their eyes I can't rightly put a name to.

Sam didn't notice, though. "Jeepers, Chance," he said. "When we left our outfit back of the mill, your diggin's looked like you'd flew the coop."

Chance grinned in a sickly way. "The coop," he said, "has been jerked from over my head. I don't live there any more."

Delia sort of sucked in her breath, thinking, I guess, like I did, that Chance was making ready to leave these parts.

"How come?" Sam wanted to know.

"Well," Chance explained, "I owed Shoake Swart a little money. The note fell due last month and he's taken the mill—lock, stock and barrel."

"Serves you right, young man," Ma snapped. "Why didn't you pay the man? Why'd you borrow in the first place?"

"Ma'am," Chance said, flaring up like I'd never seen him face Ma before. "When the militia was called, my old duds needed replacing and I lacked gunpowder and other needfuls. I borrowed that money so's I could go and do a job of fighting like was expected of me. That piece of work took longer than I figured on so I wasn't here to pay, nor could I have paid it now or next year, it looks like, what with nigh all the farmers save Shoake Swart having gone to the war and a mortal small grain harvest to grind. The mill's gone and that's that."

For once Ma was struck dumb and hadn't got her breath to answer when Pa bust out of the store, so excited he didn't notice Chance. Pa had a pound of tea, and a length of loose calico spilling out over his arm. "Here, Susanna," he said. "Here, kids," and handed me his hat filled with licorice and horehound.

"Conrad Griffen!" Ma snapped. "I told you—"

"They're paid for," Pa cut in. "Enjoy 'em."

"Paid for with what?" Ma demanded.

ALFRED by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE

COLLIER'S

"Alfred, the navigator is too busy to figure out how long it will be before you can pull the whistle again"

"Pa's knife or Grandpa's pistol," I said, feeling all choked up.

Ma was sure flabbergasted then, knowing what store Pa set by those things. She just stood there, winking fast and her lips trembling, and I think would have bust out crying save for the Swart outfit coming up.

Old Man Swart was driving a span of slick-looking mules hitched to a red-wheeled wagon, by far the finest layout I'd ever seen, and he and Mrs. Swart and Gabe were dressed fit to kill. Gabe, hopping down to help his ma, winked at Delia and I thought Chance might smack him.

MRS. SWART, a big fat woman with wide mouth and popped eyes like a frog, was pranked out in a rustly plum-colored outfit and bonnet that made Ma's duds look like two bits. "How do, Mrs. Griffen?" she said, eying Ma up and down and paying the rest of us no heed.

"Good day to you," Ma answered, sounding a little warlike.

Old Man Swart had driven off to tie the team, and Gabe stood with one copper-toed boot on the log sill of the store's open door, waiting on his ma and staring at Delia.

"My stars and body," Mrs. Swart went on, still eying Ma's dress and broken shoes. "Times are hard, aren't they? I'm glad my menfolks had more gumption than to fool away the summer chasing Indians."

MA'S little old hawk nose went up and her eyes fairly shot fire but she didn't get a chance to have her say for it was right there that Delia took holt.

"Mrs. Swart," she said, "these men who fooled away the summer chasing Indians, as you say, are soldier men and we're proud of them. My father is one, my brother Sam is one, and Mr. Chance Finley is one. To them and the rest we're beholden for our homes and scalps, and it's unseemly for the likes of you Swarts to belittle them or theirs."

Mrs. Swart was back on her heels, her mouth hanging open. Ma would have let fly then but Delia beat her to it again. "If I ever had a son," she said, jerking her head toward Gabe, "who turned out to be a white-livered ninny like—"

She didn't get any further for (and I could hardly believe my eyes) Gabe stepped out of the doorway and slapped her right across the mouth.

Quicker'n greased lightning Chance loosed a roar, took Gabe by the chest of his fancy shirt, swung him into the clear and fetched a haymaker that knocked the big dude slap-dab into Washington Street.

Mrs. Swart screeched like a wildcat, and a chunk of horehound slipped down my windpipe and I choked, but through the tears I saw Old Man Swart bob up and swipe at Chance with the butt end of his whip. Pa swung his good arm and clipped Swart on the ear. Being off balance, though, when he made the swing, he hadn't hit hard enough, and Swart only staggered a little, then turned on Pa.

Sam had been dancing around, looking for an opening, so he belted old Swart clean over Gabe who was just picking himself out of the mud.

It was over quicker'n scat and I looked at Ma to see if she was going to tongue-lash Pa and Sam for fighting, but her eyes were snapping and her cheeks all pink. She looked almost young and pretty, like Delia.

By that time folks had boiled out [illegible] store and from up and down the [illegible] and old Linus Whiteford, a major [illegible] militia, stepped right into the mid[illegible] things. "What's this?" he roared.

"Major," Delia spoke up. "[illegible] Swarts got the wrong sow by the ear [illegible] they tackled us Griffens. They in[illegible] Ma, belittled the menfolks and slapp[illegible] face, and we just naturally took them [illegible] like a busted watch."

"They're mad," Mrs. Swart sn[illegible] "the whole kit'n caboodle of them be[illegible]cause Mr. Swart got the mill for [illegible]"

"The mill?" Pa cried. "Chance F[illegible] mill?"

"It *was* his mill. We got it fa[illegible] square in a business deal because th[illegible]"

"They got it," Delia cut in, "like [illegible] got their farm, by taking advantag[illegible] soldier man. Chance—" She went [illegible] tell how he'd lost his property and I [illegible] hear a growling among the men. I [illegible] like far-off thunder.

"Swart," Tom Arnold said, shiftin[illegible] quid, "you may be the rightful own[illegible] that shebang now, but she'll fall to [illegible] before ary of us bring grist to be gr[illegible] There'll be little corn this year, but [illegible] there is and when there's more, we'll [illegible] it clean to Knoxville for milling."

"You bet!" two, three others [illegible] out. "Better turn it back to Finley, Sw[illegible]

The Old Man, standing out there [illegible] muck all over his worsted pants, w[illegible] to be tied. "I won't do it!" he ba[illegible] shaking his whip. "I got it legal!"

"Mebbe so, mebbe not." I turne[illegible] there was Mr. Lincoln again. "Ho[illegible] are you, Finley?" he asked.

"Rising twenty-one," Chance [illegible] proud as a turkey gobbler.

"Then," Mr. Lincoln said, fixing hi[illegible] eyes on old Swart, "You were doing [illegible]ness with a minor. The note you [illegible] wasn't legal."

CHANCE, just learning he'd [illegible] something wrong, looked surp[illegible] and worried as a pup with its first po[illegible]

Old Swart stamped his foot, spla[illegible] more mud on Gabe who was sticking [illegible] and holding his jaw. "Then," old S[illegible] hollered, "he got that fifty dollars [illegible] false pretenses. I'll make trouble if I [illegible] get it back."

"He's got to be paid," Ma said, be[illegible] stickler for right and fairness.

Pa started pulling his ear again. "[illegible] ain't got the money, Chance?" he a[illegible] hopelesslike.

"No," Chance said, and everybody [illegible] of groaned.

"You have so!" It was Delia agai[illegible] of a sudden like a woman grown. "T[illegible] are those hickory sticks you felled [illegible] winter. How much—" She swung [illegible] eyes around the crowd. "What's the w[illegible] of a hickory stick forty feet long a[illegible] good sixteen inches through?"

"Two dollars where she lays," [illegible] Drennan said.

Delia turned to Old Man Swart. "T[illegible] are thirty of them," she told him. "Sta[illegible] above high-water line opposite Pa's p[illegible] Twenty-five are yours whenever you [illegible] to drag them off. Take one more fo[illegible] terest."

Swart's little pig eyes were red [illegible] mad. "I don't *want* no hickory sticks!"

"You'll take 'em, Swart, and fo[illegible] hold your peace," Major Whiteford [illegible]

"Shucks, Delia," Chance grumbled [illegible] felled them logs to build us a house."

"Fiddlesticks!" Delia sounded fo[illegible] the world like Ma. "You can cut more [illegible] winter. Meantime, we'll make out [illegible] that cabin you have. There may be [illegible] grist to grind this year but there's me[illegible] the woods and fish in the river, and c[illegible] the cold there'll be pelts to barter. [illegible] make out."

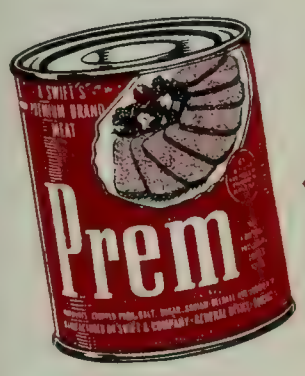
Ma never said a word. Delia had [illegible] soldier man.

THE END

Your Prem now comes 3 different ways

You will see Prem in

OBLONG TINS



You will see Prem in

ROUND

You will see Prem in

GLASS JARS

To make the Prem go

'ROUND

SUGAR-CURED *by the makers of Swift's Premium Ham*

They're all ***PREM****, the sugar-cured meat*
Quick, delicious, ready-to-eat
Packed ***3*** *ways to meet the demand*
Different containers but the same good brand!

Your first duty to your Country
BUY WAR BONDS

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

"Your husband has been telling me all about his wonderful Sir Walter Raleigh"

YOU'D BE SURPRISED how much more enjoyment can be had from a pipe that's cleaned regularly and loaded with Sir Walter Raleigh. Choice Kentucky burleys, blended for extra mildness, give this mixture an aroma all its own—mellow and fragrant right down to the last puff. Try *"the quality pipe tobacco of America."*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

PIPE TOBACCO

Smokes as sweet as it smells

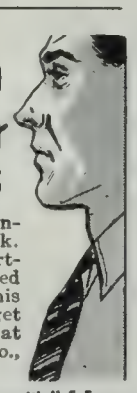
UNION MADE

TRY ASTHMADOR

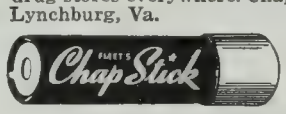
The medicated smoke of Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR aids in reducing the severity of asthmatic paroxysms—helps you breathe more easily. ASTHMADOR is economical, dependably uniform—its quality insured through rigid laboratory control. Try ASTHMADOR in powder, cigarette or pipe mixture form. At all drug stores—or write today for a free sample.

R. SCHIFFMANN CO.
LOS ANGELES, CAL., DEPT. P-17

When blazing sun **Cracks** your lips



Get quick relief with a soothing, invisible film of Fleet's Chap Stick. Gently medicated, it soothes the smarting—helps heal blisters and cracked skin. Only a *medicated* stick gives this quick relief. Be sure it's *Fleet's* to get the one and only Chap Stick. 25¢ at drug stores everywhere. Chap Stick Co., Lynchburg, Va.

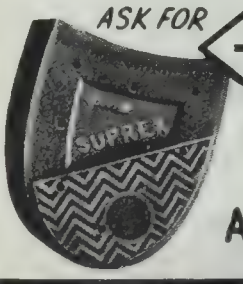


On duty with U. S. Forces from Alaska (40° below) to Africa (140° above)

JOHNNY SHOEMAKER SEZ..

"IF YOUR SHOES NEED FIRST AID, LET ME HEEL THEM"

ASK FOR HOOD



RUBBER HEELS AND SOLES

HOOD RUBBER HEELS ARE FIRST AID FOR WORN SHOES

CORNS GO *while YOU are on the "go"!*

No Need To Suffer Now!

Dr. Scholl's 4-Way Relief Acts Instantly

1. Sends pain flying
2. Quickly removes corns
3. Prevents corns
4. Eases tight shoes

BE ACTIVE and foot-happy! Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads relieve your misery from corns and gently remove them—*while you are on the "go"*. Instantly stop nagging shoe friction; lift painful pressure.

NOTE: When corns have formed, use the separate *Medications* supplied for removing them. The pads alone will give you immediate relief and prevent sore toes, corns, blisters from new or tight shoes—another advantage of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads over caustic liquids and plasters. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores and Toilet Goods Counters. Cost but a trifle.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Here Comes Gabriel

Continued from page 11

Rusty Fugate answered, "I ain't thinkin', Lieutenant. What's the use when orders read like that? When do we roll?"

Wisdom grinned and said, "Right now. Your tank is to follow directly behind mine."

Five minutes later, Wisdom's tank, Hades, backed out of the wadi and rumbled along the road. So they thundered along in fifth (high) gear, Rusty with his red head poking out of the turret like a curious turtle's. Presently Slim's head popped up. A few miles along the road, the usual problem offered.

The road branched, and it was not indicated on the map. The better road curved to the right; what seemed only a camel-caravan trail went to the left. Wisdom didn't think he had gone far enough yet to turn off, so they stuck to the main road and turned right.

Rusty pointed to the road where there were tank tracks not made by Wisdom's Hades. "Get back on that gun, Slim," he cried. "Them's twenty-seven-inch tank treads—and that's a big Jerry Mark VI."

The Mark VI is the German 56-ton tank that mounts a deadly 88-mm. cannon and is an unpleasant vehicle to encounter.

Slim's head vanished. He yelled to Zumer, "Is the safety on?" He meant the safety that prevents the 75-mm. cannon from being fired accidentally.

"No," said Zumer, "she's off."

Slim curled himself around the gun's breech and peered out of the sight. The tank's turret is made to be turned either by power or by hand manipulation, called "manual." The turret mechanism was in manual.

By the time all this was checked, Wisdom's Hades was just making a sharp turn around the base of a rocky hill. At the proper interval, Gabriel followed. At that instant, there was a flash two hundred yards ahead and the unforgettable whining crack of an 88 shell. The German gun had gone into action with the swift precision that makes the 88 so respected.

Three more shells came smoking at Hades. A fourth shell hit the tank on the front left sprocket, and that was the end of Hades.

Wisdom boiled out of the turret, with his gunner and loader after him. The driver and assistant driver got out of another hatch and they dived for the ditch.

There had been a time not so long ago when the sudden attack would have numbed Gabriel's crew, made them lose precious seconds. But not now.

In the Line of Fire

Bluegrass saw the 88 muzzle start to turn to knock out Gabriel. He saw the heads of the German infantrymen bob up, saw machine guns appear to kill Wisdom's crew. Gabriel was wide open. Slim was cursing like mad because the safety was on the 75 after all, and the turning mechanism was in manual, and he had to bring the gun to bear by hand.

Fugate yelled, "Bluegrass, turn!"

But it was an unnecessary order. Alvey had made a 90-degree turn with Gabriel. She leaped a six-foot ditch, angled off from the enemy 88. Now Alvey turned toward the German gun to cut down his silhouette and began backing slowly so as not to let the Germans get the direct range. At a distance of only two hundred yards—which was where the 88 was—this seemed highly unnecessary, and Slim Davis was profane about it.

"Hold her! Hold her, Bluegrass!" he yelled. "I got to shoot!"

The 90-degree turn had thrown the 75 way off the target, and Slim's hand was a white blur as he spun the wheel and swung the gun. It seemed like centuries b the 75 was on the target.

Rusty was shouting, "Fire, Slim, it! Shoot that thing!"

The backing up called for sight-rea ment, but Slim was magnificent. The mans were still trying to get on the when Slim fired.

The 75 slammed.

"Count your men, Adolf!" shouted footed Slim joyously.

Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat! The coaxial mac gun sprayed the German infantry.

The first high explosive hit the tank hind the 88 and blasted with black sm

Slim again let go. *Wham! Rat-ta tat!*

"Count 'em again, Adolf!" Slim y in glee.

The right side of the enemy gun smashed to pieces. The crew vanis The amazed German infantry—this five miles behind the enemy lines—lea up and took off down the road in a b Slim kept going.

Pasting the Retreaters

He blasted the gun position with 75, and pasted the retreating infantry his machine gun. Tanny got into ac with *his* machine gun.

Fugate, watching above, saw that 88 had been smashed into junk. The man infantry by now was well on way to Tunis.

"Hold up, Slim!" Fugate yelled. " gun's knocked out."

Slim cried, "Tanny, git me the high plosive or I'll wrap an AP (armor-pi ing) around your skull."

Before Fugate could get inside and h his arm, Slim had got off twelve rou and two belts of machine-gun slugs.

"A stupid waste of good ammunitio raged Rusty Fugate. "Look here, Sl when I say 'Stop' after this, you be stop."

The whole battle had lasted thirty- seconds! The stunned Germans had ne encountered such speed as this, such ac racy. And Fugate's Gabriel returned w as Rusty put it, "our morale plenty hig

Their big source of amusement wa radio call from Lieutenant Colonel Ha Gardiner. He had been paging Wisd and, getting no reply, had surmised son thing was wrong. So now he sent a m sage: "I know you can't call me, but y can hear me. I know you will go on w your mission and find the enemy. A you will bivouac where you are and f low orders."

Rusty laughed and shouted, "Colon there ain't a German in that whole vall We done captured it."

Which later proved to be the truth.

The second time that the Germans r into Gabriel and her crew was in the ug scrap before Sbeïtla. The Germans h come out of Faïd Pass and attacked wi the intention of capturing Tebessa. Th had come sixty miles on the way and th had to be stopped, to save a humiliati smear on the shield of American fighti men.

When some of the armor of the N Combat Command got cut up and had retreat, Gabriel and her crew came dow from Maknassy, went out on the left flan to cover the retreat and slow up the Ge mans. She was the farthest tank on th left flank.

The lads didn't like to be there. G briel's engine had been acting up; sh needed a new one, but they hadn't ha time to get it. Marylou was inside at th moment. Sitting down front, the young sters were munching on sardines an crackers. They talked about the tank's en gine and hoped it wouldn't stop on them

Jen Rusty up in the turret saw dust mals. Then he saw tanks—tanks with five ogey-wheels.

"erries—Mark IVs. Tune in company fre ency."

I called Captain George Johnson, ski er of B Company and reported that the were twenty tanks now in sight, mo coming, and three had already turn d off to the left to go around Gabriel. Th Germans had spotted the position and we going to flank it.

"When do I fire, sir?" said Rusty.

"Wait'll they get even with you," said Fol son's voice. "Then pour it on."

isty acknowledged the order. Slim na his long body out of the turret, watching and listening.

he three German tanks were now ly parallel on the left.

A thousand yards," said Slim thoughtfu . for he prides himself on judging et distances.

"Three thousand," said Rusty.

"That ain't no three thousand—"

said three thousand yards," Rusty ted, "and you better get in there and it out."

t ain't three thousand," said Slim.

e spun his crank, got his sight on the tank. *Wham!* The resultant black osion was way beyond the German .

"You see?" yelled Slim, excited and inant. "It was way over!"

was, indeed—so far over that the mans, not seeing the tank or hearing explosion, waddled on their way.

im was frantic with excitement; if this et got away—

"Okay, a thousand," said Rusty sheeply.

lim said, "That's more like it."

nstantly following the slam of the gun, inding white flash burst over the leadn German tank.

"Count off, Adolf!" shouted Slim. He d again and the second tank disapred in flames.

"Send up them APs or I'll bust you one, any," called Slim.

he third enemy tank was now backing tily off, and Slim's gun was tracking. fired again. A third blinding flash. s was stupendous. Three tanks deyed in three shots. Fugate tuned in npany frequency and yelled to John, whom he calls "the old man."

Adding Up the Score

"What's your score, Captain?" The ion against thirty-seven other tanks s just beginning. Fugate said gleefully, "We got three, sir." Then, as he saw the rd tank crawl painfully rearward, he ded disgustedly, "As you were! Only o, sir. One is getting away." He forgot turn off company frequency and yelled Slim, "Are you gonna make a liar out me now?"

Big Slim continued firing, and smoke plosions burst around the enemy tank; ere was another blinding flash, but the nk flopped into a wadi. To this day, usty Fugate doesn't let Gabriel claim it a tank destroyed.

Then it came.

Fugate heard a whistle, a scream, and ucked" into the turret top. "It's a hit!"

From Gabriel's stern came a blinding sh. Shell fragments whined. Rusty ised his head and groaned—still forting he was on broadcast frequency stead of interphone.

"There goes home and Mother," he id.

The enemy shell had just missed a dict hit, and blast and shrapnel had deroyed every vestige of clothing, blankets nd their other possessions.

Gabriel was out here all alone; the orers were to retreat slowly.

"Well, Bluegrass," said Fugate, "let's et out of here."

They backed around out of the wadi and went into blasting death. The Germans had somehow got some 88-mm. guns behind this advanced position where Gabriel was. Now she had to cross a slight rise of ground, be silhouetted on the skyline. The 88s opened up. Gabriel, being the last tank covering the withdrawal, was far behind. So the young crew saw what was happening to the other tanks.

Sergeant W's tank was hit by an 88 and flamed. Rusty saw the gun flash by a white Arab hut. Sergeant B, backing to pick up the men from Sergeant W's flamer, was hit in the treads.

"Slim, do me a job on that 88," yelled Rusty.

Slim did. Alvey began to sing. Zumer was feeding in shells as fast as Tanny threw them up from the front. Four other tanks found the target. The 88 ceased to fire.

But as the battalion went on the skyline, another gun opened up. Slim swore. All the time, Gabriel was mounting the rise to endure her own ordeal. The hidden 88 let go again.

Then Gabriel's engine gave a snort, a cough—and stopped.

Gabriel's Last Gasp

Frantically Alvey pulled everything in the controls, pressed the starter. Rusty grabbed his cigarettes. Slim swung from his gunsight and picked up Marylou.

"Get your cigarettes, Alvey, and let's touch a match to her," cried Fugate. "This is no place to dally."

They went up and out of the turret. Alvey came last. Just as he emerged, his posterior cocked skyward as he brought out a leg, an 88 shell passed so close above him that it sucked his clothing after it.

"Wow!" he yelled instinctively. "Lil, here's my heart, 'cause Jerry's done got my tail."

He dropped back through the turret, called to Fugate, "Lemme give her one more try, Rusty."

A rich mixture brought a few coughs out of Gabriel and she rolled up the hill in first speed. Shells whizzed in front of her, behind her, over her. A 47-mm. shell from a close position went through the rear sprocket and only took away a little steel; 20-mm. shells glanced off, and pinwheels of tracer tails danced above her turret.

But Gabriel got through, found cover, and then crawled painfully to an olive grove in the rear. Here the engine just gasped and quit, and nothing could get it started.

"A lucky tank!" said Rusty and went out to find a wrecker.

This was a huge platform trailer on which the tank was pushed. The crew got inside, for it was now dark. The ride was almost—but not quite—pure joy. After clanking tank roughness, this trip on a multiwheeled trailer was like riding in a rubber-tired hack. The men had been twenty hours up. They talked about how lucky they were, and how lucky Gabriel was, and what hot shooting Slim had done.

At the third echelon maintenance, where they drew a new engine for Gabriel, the order came through: "Sit in that engine. You're due back for the battle at Kasserine Pass."

"Up and at 'em! Here comes Gabriel!" sighed Slim. "Boy, we gotta really knock hell out of them once and for all. And come that time, Rusty, and we parade on Fifth Avenue in Gabriel, I'll buy you a new gold tooth."

Rusty Fugate patted Gabriel's battered flank. "Don't think you ain't gonna buy it, either, Slim," he rejoined softly.

They all laughed, because they knew now how war was and they took it with boyish humor, and you can't beat kids like that—not with military machines.

THE END

RING-FREE Motor Oil Conserves Gasoline 2 Ways

1. At any driving speed, carbon on pistons, rings and valves decreases motor efficiency—leads to loss of power—*wastes gasoline.* Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil removes carbon while you drive. That means better motor operation—*gasoline conservation.*

2. Short trips at 35 miles per hour and "stop and go" driving increase the dangers of motor wear. RING-FREE cuts down "stop and go" wear by reducing friction *fast*—by providing a tough oil film that clings to metal parts even though diluted by some of the gasoline fuel—a condition which is so common to low temperature operation.

This too, results in *gasoline conservation* (1094 Certified owner-driven road tests proved immediate average gasoline saving of 1.3 miles per gallon, after crank-cases had been drained and refilled with RING-FREE).

So to conserve *your* gasoline, change your motor oil to Macmillan RING-FREE at an independent service station.

GUARANTEE

Ring-Free Motor Oil is guaranteed to make your motor run smoother, give more miles per gallon of gasoline, reduce wear and repair; because it removes carbon, cleans the motor and reduces friction fast by thorough lubrication. Try a fill and if you are not satisfied that Ring-Free is doing these things, your money will be refunded by your dealer immediately.

MACMILLAN PETROLEUM CORP.
50 W. 50th St., New York • 624 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago
530 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles

Copyright 1943 Macmillan Petroleum Corp.

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Publisher
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Editor
JEROME ELLISON
Managing Editor

Lewis is No Traitor

IT BECOMES more and more popular to call John L. Lewis a traitor and suchlike, because of his coal-strike machinations while the country is at war. For our part, we don't care for Lewis' manners, mannerisms, purple prose, tactics, or anything else about him except those eyebrows. But neither do we think Lewis a traitor.

We think he is a logical product of muddle-headed thinking and acting about labor-capital relations in the United States for the last ten years. Lewis is the child, you might say, of the National Labor Relations Act—legitimate child at that.

In passing the NLRA, Congress failed to give labor responsibilities commensurate with its newly-won powers. As a result, the scales were loaded in favor of organized labor and labor leaders, and against the employer and the general public. While union organizers were given every conceivable leeway to organize all industries, employers were gagged as regards expressing to employees their private and honest opinions of labor unions. The National Labor Relations Board administered the act with consistent disregard for any interests other than those of organized labor.

The Supreme Court followed this lead in a series of decisions that ignored the public interest and left the door open for widespread abuses. Most notorious of these was the still unreversed ruling under which extortion and violence may be practiced by members of a truck drivers' union against interstate truck operators.

When the war came along, the War Labor Board was set up, but nobody has ever, up to this writing, found out exactly what its powers are. This is because it is an appointive body, not a statutory one, and its powers have not been defined.

All this has given aid and encouragement to ambitious persons like John L. Lewis. American public opinion has been divided, weak, indecisive on this trend toward conferring on labor leaders more powers and rights than are good for them or the workers they lead. The people could have halted the trend, but they didn't.

So let's have done with calling Lewis a traitor because, now that we are in a war and badly need the commodity whose production he controls through his United Mine Workers, he wraps a knobby thumb and forefinger around the national windpipe from time to time and squeezes none too gently. We, the people, let things go to a point where Lewis had the legal right and power to do just that. We, far more than Lewis, are to blame for his dangerous antics.

The thing for us to do is to insist that the War Labor Board be turned into a real war labor board with legally defined powers and Congressionally granted authority to summon witnesses, take testimony, and make decisions which can be enforced with jail sentences or fines or both. As long as the War Labor Board remains just a phantom, we can not justly complain when Lewis or any other labor leader snaps his fingers in its face and gives it the Bronx cheer.

In which connection, we reprint a recent London news dispatch to the New York Times:

> Some 330 Lancashire mine workers who held an illegal strike last month promised today that they would make up the coal production lost during the five days they had refused to go to work. On the strength of this promise, summonses issued against them by the Ministry of Labor were dismissed at Reedley today. They had left work as a result of grievances over weekend overtime pay. Submitting guilty pleas for them, their representative said they later realized they had made a big mistake.

Politics and the OPA

A MAN named Russell H. Potter resigned the other day as acting director of the Office of Price Administration in the New York district. In throwing up the job, Mr. Potter wrote an explosive letter of resignation which should have nation-wide public.

He quit, Potter said, because politicians were dictating the appointments to important OPA jobs. He went into detail to back up this charge—detailing to show that deserving Democrats had the inside track for these jobs in the New York district, and that Democratic bosses and one U. S. Senator (James M. Meade, N. Y.) were being more than zealous to see that only the "right" people were picked.

This is the thing which Leon Henderson strived to head off when he was running the OPA, and while he never succeeded fully, he did irritate the political brokers in Congress and the politicians into setting out to get him. This is also the thing of all things connected with the OPA against which American public opinion had better be on its guard.

Suppose the politicians get control of the OPA or of any rationing and price-fixing agency that may succeed OPA. In that event, your political leanings will have more and more to do with whether you get a square deal from your ration board. If you think and talk as the politicians running your ration board believe you should, and especially if you vote as they believe you should, you'll do all right in getting gasoline, tires, food, etc. If not—not.

This business of doling out scarce goods to a lot of people in wartime is such a delicate and difficult job, and calls for so much innate fairness, courage, human understanding and horse sense, that not but the highest grade citizens in each community should be entrusted with it. Politics should be ruled pitilessly out of the whole setup.

It's at least bearable, and probably inevitable in a democracy, that politicians should have control of such things as government contracts, real-estate assessments, appointments to dogcatcherships or magistracies, and so on. But the ration boards affect all of us where we live. We'll let the politicians fasten their hooks in them at our peril.

HOW GENERAL GIRAUD TWICE ESCAPED THE NAZIS

Collier's

JULY 24, 1943 TEN CENTS

©THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—AMERICAN HOME COMPANION

DO NOT CUT, TEAR OR DEFACE BOOKS OR MAGAZINES.

GEORGE C. MARSHALL, U. S. A.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

PUBLIC LIBRARY BURLINGAME CALIF A 672599 C 1/2F 1 JA44

Short Cuts to Social Success

by BOB HOPE

1. There are a dozen ways to be a social success . . . looks, clothes, money, brains, money, personality, family, money, youth, beauty, and your own checking account. Me, I became a social success by putting on a bi front . . . well, I didn't exactly put it on . . . I took my girdle off.

2. First, dress carefully to make the best impression. I never wear anything beyond ten days—I tire of things quickly, also that's when the free trial offer is up. Of course, if you really want to have something after ten days' trial, try Pepsodent. You'll have a bright smile that nobody can take away from you.

3. Next, always be friendly. Unless you're leaving town anyway, never greet a stranger by saying, "Well, what d'ya hear from your Draft Board?" Instead, give him something pleasant to think about, like . . . "Pepsodent—and only Pepsodent—contains Irium. It's the special film-removing tooth paste."

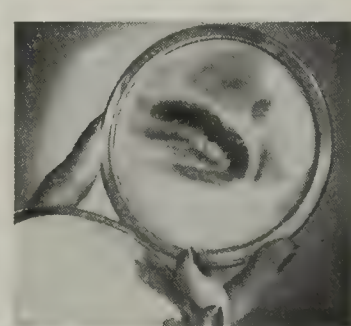
4. Learn to dance. I know what it is to be a wallflower. In fact, I once sat in a corner so long I had clinging ivy growing up both legs. Clinging ivy is bad enough. But film clinging to teeth is worse. It dulls your teeth and dims your smile. But Pepsodent with Irium sure gets rid of film in a hurry.

5. Above all, watch your manners. For example... when you drink tea, extend your little finger. This is not only polite, but in case anybody tries to steal your sugar, you can poke 'em in the eye. Otherwise, never point . . . unless it's to show how Pepsodent, the film-removing tooth paste, keeps teeth bright and film-free.

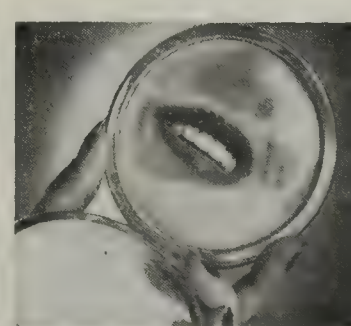
Only Pepsodent contains Irium

How PEPSODENT with IRIUM uncovers brighter teeth

Film on teeth collects stains, makes teeth look dingy—hides the true brightness of your smile.



This film-coated mirror shows the result when commonplace methods don't clean film away.



But look what Irium does! It loosens film—floats it away, leaves the surface clean and bright.

That's how Pepsodent with Irium uncovers the natural brightness of your smile . . . safely, gently.

Easy On the Eyes!

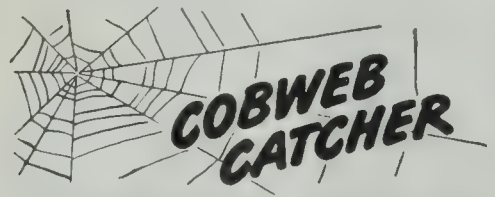
WE WELDERS USE *KLEENEX**TISSUES TO CLEAN OUR GOGGLES AND SHADES. IT NEVER SCRATCHES—SAVES OUR EYES FOR MORE PRODUCTION!

(*from a letter by* T. V. E., Belding, Mich.)

A Blow Hard!

SINCE I SWITCHED FROM SKIMPY UNDERSIZED TISSUES TO *KLEENEX*, MY HUSBAND USES THEM FOR HANKIES DURING COLDS! WHEN HE'S GOTTA BLOW—HE'S GOTTA BLOW!

(*from a letter by* F. DS., Denver, Colo.)



TIE *KLEENEX* AROUND A YARDSTICK, CANE OR BROOM HANDLE, THEN IT'S EASY TO WHISK AWAY COBWEBS WITHOUT STREAKING CEILING OR WALLPAPER!

(*from a letter by* F. B. C., Coshocton, Ohio)

WIN $25.00 (MATURITY VALUE) WAR SAVINGS BOND

FOR EACH STATEMENT WE PUBLISH, WRITE HOW THE USE OF KLEENEX TISSUES SAVES YOU MONEY AND HELPS WIN THE WAR. ADDRESS: KLEENEX • 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO.

Wish Mom could always get Delsey*—it's soft like Kleenex!

DELSEY Toilet Paper (★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
W. B. COURTNEY	European War Theater
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Russia and Far East
KYLE CRICHTON	Articles
HERBERT ASBURY	Articles
DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
ALLEN MARPLE	Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Articles
HENRY L. JACKSON	Wearables
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art
CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AMY PORTER	Articles
GEORGE CREEL	Washington
WILLIAM HILLMAN	Washington
FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
FRANK GERVASI	Middle East War Theater
JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
U. L. CALVOSA	Photographs
GEORGE DE ZAYAS	Hollywood
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor
JEROME ELLISON Managing Edi

ANY WEEK

WE AREN'T quite sure whether we should applaud or deplore the evidence you're sending us that under all this idealism that's going around there still survives quite a thick stratum of the practical. For example we've a letter from a brand-new rookie who was being hauled with a thousand other newly inducted soldiers to a Southern training camp by troop train. The rookies could gamble but only with the dice and cards purchased from the veteran noncoms in charge of the cars. Dice cost a dollar a pair. A deck of cards cost the same. From another recently drafted lad we learn that neither he nor his buddies had been in camp more than a week before being tapped for veterans organizations. The tapping is being done chiefly by mail. But in at least one instance an agent of one of the organizations was doing fine by arguing thus: "Join up now and get your benefits sooner. We aim to get our bonus bill before Congress before the war is over." And there's another from a sergeant who, before being inducted, lived pretty stylishly in a pretty stylish hotel which has been taken over for the duration by the Army. "We hope," the hotel's manager wrote to him, "that when the war is over and the officers who are now our guests return to the civilian status to which they are accustomed, you will again be one of our carefully selected tenants."

FROM Brigadier General Robert L. Denig, United States Marine Corps, we receive notice that Private James E. Sands who won the Navy Cross and whose portrait was on the cover of this magazine for June 12, is a Marine and not, as we took the trouble to say, a soldier—an Army soldier. To date we have received no protests from the Army.

NONE of the uniformed lads overseas from whom we hear show any enthusiasm for staying there and policing foreign parts, after the war. And yet from one of them we got a hint of something we'd like to see ourself. "All I want to see after this is over," he writes, "is the peace conference with F.D.R., Winston Churchill and Joe Stalin sitting around a table playing poker with what's left of the world. Somebody's going home without his pants, and it ain't going to be Winnie Churchill. Over here we wouldn't think of letting Winnie sit in on any of our sessions. That guy can draw deuces and lay down aces. I mean shrewd."

SO WE'VE received a manuscript from Stephen and Pattie Tower of St. Augustine, Florida. Stephen did the creating. Pattie helped with the punctuation. We may as well tell you that Stephen's seven and Pattie's ten. Looking over the general flow of war literature we feel you'd have never guessed it. Here it is: "Saturday something happen. A susprize attack it. On Australia about a mile out in the water that was a Jap sub. It had a anxious torpeato. Just then a American Firster come around the bend of Australia, the captain saw the sub, he turned the boat around. The Jap captain hear a strange noise, 9 American patrole planes came towards that sub. The captain said I whope you get the yellow rats. The boms came down the sub. That is all I ever heard of it now."

BUT we have just been informed that a singular lad of twenty-three had made so good at the Officer Candidate School at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, that he was not sent forthwith into battle but retained at the Field Artillery School as an instructor. A few days later he was assigned to instruct his first class. The lowest ranking officer taking the course was a major. After standing a few moments outside the classroom door, the new lieutenant gulped thrice and entered. Striding briskly to the front of the platform he said in a loud, clear voice: "I suppose there are at least ten thousand officers in the United States Army who know more about this subject than I do." He paused. Then: "But I see none of them here today—so I shall go right ahead and speak freely." From that moment the kid had the majors, colonels and brigadiers right in his pocket.

GOT us too. . . . W. D.

Vol. 112, No. 4. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1943, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

THIS WEE

JULY 24, 19

SHORT STORIES

RICHARD ENGLISH
Saber and Swing. Cavalryman W of swing, makes like crazy for th

BETTY DE SHERBININ
The Nazi's Sister. Was she, too, a another innocent victim?

EDWARD L. McKENNA
Gifts from Allerton. A proud man last to put his house in order.

THE SHORT SHORT STOR
Cancelin' Out, by Hugh Fullerton.

SERIAL STORIES

SAX ROHMER
Seven Sins. The fourth of eight pa

FAITH BALDWIN
You Can't Escape. The seventh of

ARTICLES

PAUL BRINGUIER
How General Giraud Twice Escape
The true account of a historic ad

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Diplomat on the Spot. The U. S. to Russia speaks out and the air is

BILL WOLF
Fish for the Frying Pan. Get out reel! They're there, waiting to be

WALTER DAVENPORT
Unanimous Arnall. Georgia's ne cleans house—and the lawmakers to a man.

JIM MARSHALL
Old Lady with a Punch. The old ing boat becomes an antisub mena

JOE BOOKMAN
The Truth About Silly War Songs. we have so few good popular song

VERNON POPE
Russian Commandos. These are fighters who have kept the Naz Black Sea.

ALFRED WAGG
Last Hours of an Empire. An ey port of the fall of Mussolini's "Gi

KYLE CRICHTON
Corinthian Pilar. The war's gift to —Katina Paxinou, idol of the Gr

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World.

WING TALK.

EDITORIAL
"I Will Advertise Thee What This I Do . . ."

COVER ROBER

O. W. I. Photo

Track of All Trades —and Master of All

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich development in rubber

THE endless band rubber track you see on this army scout car started out on a farm tractor. It was 'way back in 1931 that B. F. Goodrich was the first to develop rubber tracks for slow-moving agricultural tractors.

Now this track is being used on vehicles designed for fifty-eight different military purposes! It makes possible deadly tank destroyers, fast scout cars, gun carriers, and other combat vehicles. It's truly a "track of all trades"—and master of all, for the fast, sure maneuverability of the half-track units is one of the great military advancements of this war.

In between the first track and those of today was one of the most intensive research and development programs ever undertaken by The B. F. Goodrich Company. It was carried through in cooperation with the U. S. Army Ordnance Department and climaxed with the announcement that these tracks are now to be made with substantial amounts of synthetic rubber. Compounds using synthetic rubber have proved equal in wear resistance to natural rubber.

Rubber tracks enable vehicles to travel cross-country at highway speeds, to cross ditches and streams, to travel through mud or sand that would stop a pneumatic-tired vehicle.

Called "square tires" by some, this continuous band track, in which are embedded steel cables, resists wear on roads and cutting on rock and actually saves almost 500 pounds of rubber per vehicle as compared with the use of combat tires.

Today this great development, another "first" for B. F. Goodrich, is helping to win battles—tomorrow, through peacetime applications on farms and in factories, we hope it will help win the peace.

WHY BE A FIFTH WHEEL BECAUSE OF DRY SCALP?

5 DROPS A DAY CAN CHANGE ALL THAT...

KEEP YOUR HAIR NEAT...HEALTHY-LOOKING!

THE WAY YOU DO IT... Comb a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic through your hair... or rub it directly on your scalp. It keeps your hair well-groomed... checks Dry Scalp and loose dandruff by supplementing the natural oils of the scalp. As an extra aid, massage vigorously with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic before shampooing and rub a little on afterwards. For double care of both scalp and hair, there's nothing like 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. And remember: it's different... because it contains absolutely no drying ingredients.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC 40c and 70c

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Fearing that one of its vessels might be launched unchristened, and therefore be unlucky, a certain Seattle shipyard now stations a pinch hitter under the official platform so he can break a bottle of champagne against the ship's bow in case the lady sponsor misses through weak or wild swings.

The U. S. Marine Corps' 30-piece band is so popular in Great Britain that it has been invited to participate in the 1943 contests of the Scottish pipe band associations.

Delirium tremens affects only four per cent of habitual heavy drinkers, usually those who have indulged to excess for from 10 to 15 years. Three fourths of all cases are precipitated by a disease such as pneumonia, an accident such as a burn, or starvation or severe mental strain. In uncomplicated cases, attacks last from three to six days and are rarely fatal.

In many localities, the cost of maintaining the greens and fairways of a first-class modern 18-hole golf course is approximately $25,000 a year.

A modern cigar-making machine produces perfect cigars at the rate of one every seven seconds, or 14 times as fast as the most expert craftsman can do it by hand.—*By William Gordon, New York City.*

Since September 8, 1939, the government has created 17 new war medals and decorations, including two for merchant seamen—a Merchant Marine Distinguished Service Medal for heroism in submarine-infested waters and a Torpedoed Seaman Bar, which bears a silver star for each sinking survived.

Elementary aeronautics is now being taught to more than 250,000 students in over 14,000 American high schools. . . . Twenty-eight per cent of all manufacturing plants in this country are engaged in processing food.

With ordinary dice, the odds aga throwing a pair are 35 to 1, aga throwing the same pair two conse tive times are 1,295 to 1, three c secutive times 46,655 to 1 and f consecutive times 1,679,615 to 1.

In times of peace as well as war bridge may be built over any n gable water in the United States u the plans have been submitted to approved by the Chief of Engin of the Army and the Secretary of W

American submarines, when on alert on the surface, can subme entirely in 40 seconds, during wh time the ballast tanks have to opened and partly filled, the conn tower closed and all power conn tions switched over from the Di engines to the electric motors.—*Charles S. Neumann, New York C*

In Russia, the labor unions are c powered, for the duration, to sup vise the control and enforcement ceiling prices so they may be held line with wages that will maintain living standards of the workers.

Four years ago, the passengers an airliner, arriving at the New Yo Municipal Airport, watched th landing in a television set installed the plane, thus enjoying the uniq experience of having both an outsi and an inside view at the same tin

Since 1920, tornadoes have c curred in this country on an av age of one every 60 hours, with average property damage of $7 600. . . . Christian Science practitione still are not permitted by law to char for their services in Alabama, Mar land, Ohio and West Virginia.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesti or unusual fact accepted for this colun Contributions must be accompanied by sat factory proof. Address Keep Up with t World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New Yo (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted Collier's, The National Weekly. None of t items may be reproduced without express pe mission of the publisher

"THE INVISIBLE CREW" puts Superhuman Life Into Every U.S. Fighting Machine

TO ANY PILOT, his plane is alive. He calls her the "Susy Q" or the "Mary Ann." It's the same with destroyers . . . and tanks. They all have a special kind of life... superhuman. And to endow mere machines with this superhuman "life" is peculiarly a function of **"The Invisible Crew."**

Thus, Eclipse* Starters send the plane's engines into roaring action. Scintilla* Magnetos feed them the spark of life. Stromberg* Carburetors provide their "lungs" . . . Autosyn* and Magnesyn* systems, their unfailing "nerves." Bendix* hydraulic "muscles" lift landing gear, rotate gun turrets, open bomb-bay doors. And in the cooperative development of Radar, new Bendix achievements give to the U. S. pilot truly superhuman "sight."

Many a mother's son will be saved by this superhuman "life" in his machine. That thought inspires all the 2,500 Bendix engineers...and the many thousand Bendix workers. And the proof of their accomplishment is this: some or all of **"The Invisible Crew"** now fly with every U. S. fighting plane, sail with every U. S. fighting ship, and drive on toward victory with every U. S. jeep, half-track and tank!

SOME FAMOUS MEMBERS OF THE INVISIBLE CREW

PIONEER*—Flight and Navigation Instruments and Aircraft Equipment.
BENDIX* RADIO—Aircraft Radio Equipment for Navigation, Detection, Communication and Direction Finding, and Radio Compasses.
STROMBERG*—Automatically adjusting Aircraft Injection Carburetors, standard of the industry.
SCINTILLA*—Aircraft Magnetos, Spark Plugs and Ignition Systems.
BENDIX* PRODUCTS—Vacuum and Hydraulic Controls, Stromberg Automotive Carburetors, Universal Joints, Aircraft Gun Turrets, Aircraft Landing Gear, Wheels and Brakes.
ECLIPSE* AVIATION—Aircraft Starters, Generators and Superchargers, De-Icer Systems and other Aircraft Operational Auxiliaries.
FRIEZ*—Weather, Meteorological ...and Flight Recording Instruments.

PRECISION EQUIPMENT BY **Bendix** AVIATION CORPORATION

*TRADE MARKS OF BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION AND SUBSIDIARIES
COPYRIGHT 1943, BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION

BACK UP OUR BOYS BUY WAR BONDS

Every one of us can

HELP HIM FIGHT!

—by fighting gas and oil waste and driving *patriotically*

HE'S got to have more than Fire-Power to win! He needs, and gets, millions of eager horsepower! That horsepower transports him, fights beside him, supplies him, and it will bring him back to us. And it serves him equally back here at home.

Our civilian engines, carrying us to work, toting vital freight to keep our war machine humming—it's our *duty* to keep them fit, and drive them with care. So—

We watch our starts and stops. We cut out useless motor idling, reduce idling speed. We use our choke as little as we can. We drive at a steady, reasonable pace. We accelerate without wheel-spinning. We use our cars only for essential driving. And we don't waste precious gasoline and oil—and dollars—by operating a worn, carbon-choked engine!

When smoky exhaust and loss of power tell us our rings and pistons are worn, *right then* we should have our favorite repairman install genuine Sealed Power Piston Rings. They're packed in sets, individually engineered for each popular car, truck or tractor engine.

Sealed Power is turning out millions of these famous rings for our armed forces. On land, at sea and in the air, Sealed Power products are guarding fighting power. But it's still part of our duty to help keep home-front engines on the job. Your car, your truck, your bus or tractor, is part of America's supply line now! Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Mich., and Windsor, Ont.

SEALED POWER
PISTON RINGS
Pistons, Cylinder Sleeves
Valves, Water Pumps and Chassis Parts

© 1943 Sealed Power Corp.

Scrap metal is needed for every gun, tank and ship. Send your scrap to war

WING TALK

In addition to watching for enemy planes, volunteers of the aircraft-warning service help the Army and Navy find lost fliers. This trio is on guard at Staten Island, N. Y.

MOST of us by this time are familiar with the marvelous volunteer organization of civilians allied with the Army Air Forces over thousands of square miles of United States territory, functioning as the aircraft-warning system. But it is not so well known that the men and women of this vast, telephone-linked network have already furnished priceless service of another sort—an undisclosed number of rescues, and valuable information in the search for lost airplanes.

Not many days ago, two heavy, speedy Army fighter planes left an Eastern airdrome. At the controls of one was a young lieutenant who had logged only 10 hours in this type of thundering warbird. The other's book showed a mere eight hours in the "hot" model. Weather: fair to poor. Then, unexpectedly, the weather shut down, and they were far from the field.

Radio still linked the two pilots to the ground, and they asked for advice.

"Stay high," came back instructions by radio, with a message which included a compass heading for them to follow. Then a radio circuit to the nearest air defense wing information center was established, and AAF officers began to watch the big operations board on which aircraft positions are maintained 24 hours a day.

As one phone call after another buzzed in from ground observers who could see no planes but could hear engines, movable arrows traced a course across the great map in line with the direction the lost fliers had been instructed to take.

In the operations room, officers sized up the situation. Altitude? Mountains? Ceiling and visibility at near-by available airports? A lower altitude and a new course to fly were flashed by radio. The planes were clear of the mountains to the north.

More ground-observer phone calls and more arrows across the map. The planes were on the new heading. The combination of information from listening spotters on the ground and radio messages to the planes finally led them over a military airport, where they landed safely.

Such civilian-Army teamwork also explains why the Air Corps and the Navy many times know almost exactly where to start search procedure for planes that tal off and don't come back.

A YEAR or more back, productio managers of the nation's aircraft fa tories suffered continuous headaches ov the loss of trained men to the armed ser ices. When they protested to Washingto government officials chorused, "Hi women."

They did, but then the aircraft plan had woman-power problems in additio to man-power difficulties. The Waac Waves and Spars were recruiting th housewives the plants had trained to b plane builders. At the Boeing Flyin Fortress factories in Seattle recruite wearing skirts made considerable inroad Boeing officials protested to the Army an Navy recruiting offices in Seattle, and th Waves and Spars agreed to lay off. Th Waacs, however, kept right on, and it wa necessary to take up the matter with th War Department. As a result, the Depar ment issued a directive to the Waac re cruiting offices ordering that no woma aircraft worker be accepted until the pla secures a replacement.

A GROUP of aviation enthusiasts wer having a get-together in a hotel roo recently, celebrating the 25th anniversar of the Air Mail. Among them was E. A "Al" Johnson, an old McCook Field te pilot and one of the first to haul the ma over the Smokies, in the old Army DH' True of these sessions the prop-and-bu stories were running high. Al relate this typical incident of the old days:

I wanted to know the weather ahea so I called a farmer's house which wa located along my route to ask how th weather was at that spot. I knew it wasn good. His wife answered the phone.

"What's the weather like there?" I asked

"Oh, fine. Jes' fine," she said.

"Is it raining?"

"Nope, 'tain't rainin'."

"Is it snowing?"

"Nope, 'tain't snowin'."

"What's the temperature?"

"Wait," she said. "I'll take a look.

In a minute she returned. "Can't tel you," she said. "The fog's so thick I can' see the garsh-darned thermometer." ★★★

"I'M NOT PLAYING FOR MARBLES..."

This is it.

We're headed straight for the open doors of hell, and when we get inside they'll slam 'em shut and lock 'em. Maybe I'll come out alive, and maybe I won't.

I'll take that chance. I'll take it because I know, now, what I'm playing for over here. And it isn't marbles.

I'm not fighting for the right to wait in line for my daily bread.

'm not using a bayonet and a knife o carve myself a hole where I'll hide fear for the rest of my days.

In not betting my life out here so anyone back there can tell me where and what and how to worship.

I'm not outguessing madmen with machine guns in their hands for the privilege of being told what to say and when to say it.

I'm fighting for freedom!

I'm fighting for the things that made America the greatest place in the world to live in . . . that are going to *keep* America the greatest place in this world to live in!

So don't anybody tell me I'll find America changed.

Don't anybody tell me there's no future any more in America.

Don't anybody tell me there's a ceiling on my opportunity to make a million or be President.

Don't anybody tell me there's a bridle and bit waiting for me with *my* name on it!

That's what took the humanity out of the men I'm up against now. And I don't want any part of it!

I want to come back to the same America I left behind me . . . where our way of living has always brought us new and *better* things . . . and always will . . . the America where there's clean, hard work to do . . . where there's freedom, and justice, and opportunity for all . . . where, if you can think and plan and act on your own, there are no limits on how high you can rise, how far you can go.

That's what I'm fighting for.

That's America to me.

Keep it that way until I come back!

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT

Back Up Our Boys! A War Bond Dollar is a Fighting Dollar! Buy More War Savings Bonds and Stamps!

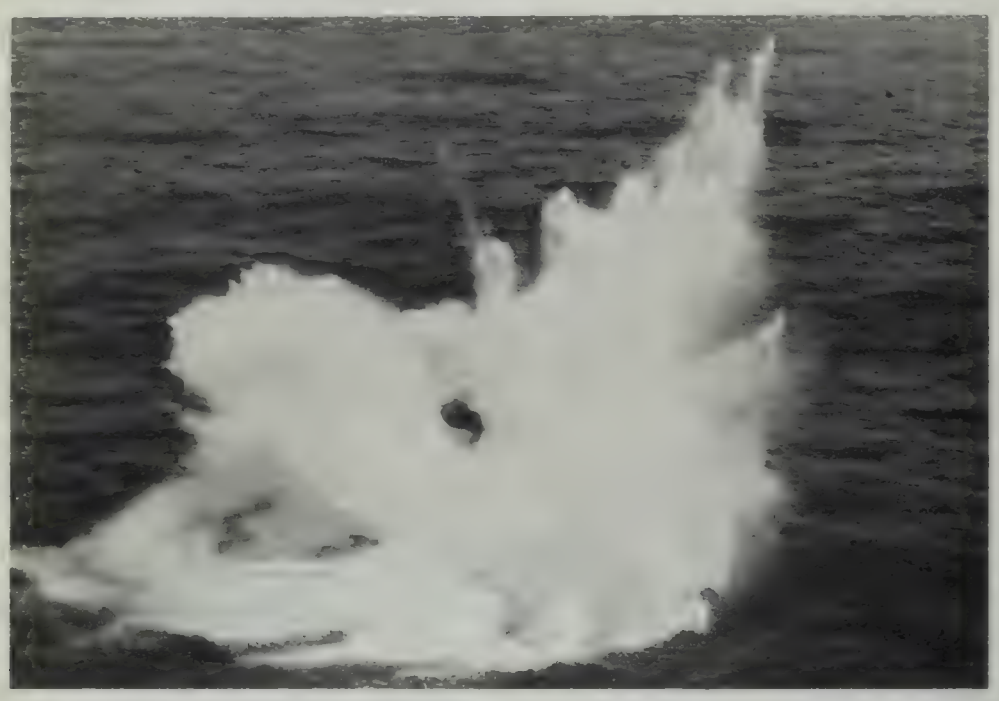
NASH KELVINATOR

In War, Builders of Pratt & Whitney Engines and Hamilton Standard Propellers.
In Peace, Nash Automobiles, Kelvinator Refrigerators and Appliances.

1. **Grumman Fighter,** attempting to land, veers to starboard side of ship. A sudden crosscurrent of wind could have been responsible.

2. **The plane clips** the tops of the Bofors 40 mm. guns with sufficient force to brea the tip of its wing. Pilot, nevertheless, skillfully keeps plane on even keel.

Official U.S. Navy phot



3. **Splash!** Plane will bob to surface, give pilot enough time to unfasten his safety belt and escape before plane sinks, nose first.

4. **Pilot dove clear** and was saved. Note wing tip completely broken off by impact with water. Note life raft automatically emerging from fuselage.

What does a lens-hawk do on a flat-top?

To a lot of people, an aircraft carrier is an unusual place to find a photographer. Yet he is an important member of the crew.

He's all over the ship, shooting his pictures under every conceivable condition . . . in fair weather . . . in wild, pitching seas . . . often in the midst of battle. He must be on the alert every second, ready to snap any action. He must be particularly on the watch for things that might go wrong, so that his photographic record of avoidable accidents can later be used to make good pilots *better pilots*.

For instance, the pictures shown here are an invaluable record of just one mishap. The Navy photographer who took them on a small escort carrier *did not* have the luxury of a movie camera. He used a hand-held aerial scouting camera manually operated, yet he got six clear pictures in a few seconds! Four are shown above.

Many a Navy pilot will study the pictures, will note the position of the plane's controls, note how it behaved, and will come away a wiser, surer pilot.

That's why there are lens-hawks on flat-tops!

Naturally, this kind of vitally necessary photography uses a lot of film. In fact nearly 80% of Agfa Ansco's production of films and photographic supplies goes to the armed forces or to industries serving them!

This means that while the war goes on you'll not have as much film for *your* camera as you used to have. But remember: somewhere there's a Navy photographer who's helping some other fellow fly the better for it.

AGFA ANSCO BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK

KEEP YOUR EYE ON ANSCO—FIRST WITH THE FINEST

OLLIER'S
NATIONAL WEEKLY
R JULY 24, 1943

OW NERAL GIRAUD WICE ESCAPED IE NAZIS

PAUL BRINGUIER

of the war's greatest es of personal valor, here for the first time

R the first time since he had taken command in Algiers, neral Henri Giraud was going to the theater, to a gala air for the benefit of the Red Cross. At seven-thirty, the siren sounded through the mild March night, and almost ately the antiaircraft batteries went into action.

s in the garden of the Summer Palace. I stepped back un- arble portico to seek cover from the bursting bombs, and, so, I heard a step. Turning, I saw that the general had behind me.

sky was filled with balls of fire. We could hear the Ger- ying above the city and dipping toward the harbor. The rackling of machine-gun fire stood out above the puffing ck-ack and the heavy clatter of bursting bombs.

ry pretty fireworks," I said.

t bad," replied the general.

wers of bullets and shrapnel fell in the garden. The bits of t the leaves like hail and fell noisily on the gravel.

ing my carriage," the voice at my side ordered the spahi

ut, General," I remonstrated, "do you think they will have e now?"

hy not?" was the answer. "In any case, they expect me t o'clock, and it is now a quarter of."

got into the blue car, which bore on its right fender a tri- lag, with a little white knot, the mark of the commander f.

ollowed in another car. The streets were dark and filled thick, oily, artificial fog which poured forth from enor- smokestacks on wheels and which was designed to con- e harbor. When we finally arrived at the theater, the g was closed and dark.

neral Giraud calmly got out of the car and approached trance. His aide-de-camp knocked at the door. Someone ally opened it. There was surprise and confusion on the face. Someone went to look for the director of the theater. ne else bade the general enter, and, with the aid of a flash- guided us to the box reserved for him. Naturally, there be no lights.

plosion followed explosion all around us. The building from their force. The actors, the musicians, the theater yees were all huddled in a basement shelter. The audience rudently stayed home. Only the general was there, sitting box in the darkness of the empty building, in his hand the tion which read: "Eight o'clock." Politely, he did not refer situation. He only looked as if he were wondering why the rmance did not begin. And it *did* begin, two hours later, the alert was over.

uring those two hours, in this interval of forced leisure, Gen- Henri Giraud told me in detail about his extraordinary ad- res since the day when . . .

n May 10, 1940, General Giraud commanded the Seventh , which made up the left, the active, offensive wing of the h army. Giraud entered Belgium, *(Continued on page 53)*

Above, General Henri Giraud reviews the victorious Allied troops in Tunis, North Africa

X does not mark the window in Koenigstein from which General Giraud escaped. Actually, he escaped from a lower level and let himself down the wall at left by sliding down a rope which he made from hoarded bits of string and wire

Hidden behind the bass-drum section, Private Ding-Dong knew the moment was at hand. He edged toward the microphone

SABER AND SWING

BY RICHARD ENGLISH

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

"For horses they're real solid," Ding-Dong said. "They like their jive. Eight bars of the Rebel Yell, they're sent but good." The effect on the U. S. Cavalry was a near disaster—for Private Ding-Dong Williams

SERGEANT BRENNAN had the President taped. While people thought Mr. Roosevelt was seeing Churchill or dreaming up new ways of giving Adolf the whips-and-jingles, he was actually spending his days seeing to it that Dusty Brennan never got a break. Not content with having slapped those draft-board greetings on him, placing one of Detroit's best mechanics in the cavalry, of all places, now he had thrown his Sunday punch. With the whole Army to choose, President Roosevelt had gifted Sergeant Brennan with the only living clarinet who went around fondly believing he was a cavalryman.

"But that's Roosevelt," Sergeant Brennan said bitterly. "For nothing he's gotta give me this Ding-Dong Williams!"

Outside the hutment where Sergeant Brennan was making it plain he and Roosevelt had reached a parting of ways, the Wyoming wind whistled across Fort Bixel. Bleak mountains scraped the horizon, and a troop trotting across the grounds, guidons fluttering in the sun, bent their heads into the wind. Flat and lifeless in the half-hour after noon mess, only the troop and Private Ding-Dong Williams were to be seen. Looking wistfully after the guidons, he was laboriously carrying gasoline tins over to the motor pool. Five days the nation's greatest scat man had been at Fort Bixel and not yet had one of the horses even glanced at him. Sighing, he went into a garage.

"From prayers I gotta brighten him up," Dusty Brennan moaned. "What's more, he's a jinx. The first day he's here, a horse bites me. There I was minding my own business when this hay-burner—" Unfortunately no one ever learned the name of the horse so worthy of a D.S.M. His glorious name was lost in one vast, shattering explosion. Followed by a series of first-rate earthquakes, dust flew, the floor kissed the ceiling, and the hutment slowly keeled over. Grabbing their sidearms the non-coms went racing out the door.

The nearest garage had blazed up, a raging inferno whose smoke was seen over in Larabee. While the post fire equipment was rushed to the scene a small party in blue fatigues suddenly appeared in the smoke, dazedly pushing a jeep from the garage.

Not until several buckets of water had been thrown on him was it seen that it was Private Williams—the late King of Swing—looking no more dazed than usual. He blinked unhappily at Sergeant Brennan.

"Private Williams wishes to report a fire," he announced bleakly. "I kinda lit a match to count the tins and the whole place blew up."

"Match?" screamed Sergeant Brennan. "You trying to act as stupid as you look? Who told you to be counting any tins?"

"Nobody," said Ding-Dong. "I just thought you'd like to know."

Never reassuring, Dusty Brennan's face curdled to an angry yellow. With his freckles ugly red blotches against his sandy skin, he roared, "From now on, you quit thinking for yourself, you hear? Give me any more of that lip, yardbird, I'll make you eat your clarinet!"

OVER Ding-Dong's eyes, always a little on the mellow side, spread a glaze seldom found outside the better confectioners. There were times when he suspected the Army didn't appreciate his services. No matter how hard he tried to be a good soldier, folks never let him forget he was a reed artiste.

"Why don't you let me work somewhere else then?" he asked doggedly. "I'm not supposed to be making around cars and things. I'm supposed to be in the cavalry. It says so on my papers."

"Oh," Brennan roared, "so your itty papers say oo are to be in the cavalry, do ums? Now, ain't that nice?"

While not caring for this baby talk Ding-Dong brightened. "With horses I won't be laying any eggs," he said eagerly. "I been reading Zane Grey books until I know what to do. When you get lost you just drop your reins and let your horse the way home. Gene Autry does that, only he sings to his horse as they along."

Tormented beyond reason by Roo velt's even shoving this off on him, "Do you go mentioning horses to me!" Brenn shouted.

Frowning at this treason, several bo legged veterans of the cavalry regim lounged forward, thumbs dug in th pockets, their fists on the ready. Count the house, Brennan made a hasty decisi hustling Ding-Dong across the par grounds. With the sun beating down them, Ding-Dong panted, "You should go pushing me, Sergeant. What'll peo think?"

Sergeant Brennan leered at him as shoved him into the motor pool's rep shop. "Why, I wouldn't dream of pushi you, baby," he said gaily, shoving him h the length of the building. To a corpo in coveralls he said, "Here's your n greaseball, Hazelhurst." And scowling Fort Bixel's latest contribution to the s ond front, he barked, "From now on, W liams, all the horses you're gonna see through the windows. You're staying rig here until you learn to take a different apart blindfolded." . . .

Lower than Hitler's future, Ding-Do went into Larabee that Saturday night on to find the streets strung with banne hailing the opening of the Frontier Da Celebration. Lost in the crowd of ranche

(Continued on page 69)

DIPLOMAT ON THE SPOT

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

ADDED FROM MOSCOW

ain folks of Russia know all Lend-Lease and what it's for them, thanks to some lly straight thinking of our sador to Moscow. Admiral ey's forthright diplomacy rned him the admiration erybody in Moscow, in- g Collier's correspondent

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

ASN'T a formal press conference. bassador Standley had just re- ed to Moscow from Kuibishev, rrespondents thought they'd drop e, he'd be glad to see them, but he o news." They sat in the comfort- rary of Spasso House, and the am- or told them of his long train ride rom Kuibishev, of how snow was in the old city, of how living con- had improved. It was so informal ne of the correspondents were tak- es, and Eddie Page, second secre- the embassy, who usually makes a ipt of press conferences, didn't notebook out.

as Ed Gilmore of the Associated who asked casually, "We're send- ite a lot of stuff over here, aren't r. Ambassador?"

ambassador said that was true. He from a Lend-Lease report by Ed- tettinius. And then the ambassador d a bomb that exploded there in mfortable library and was heard all e world.

er since I've been here," he said , obviously choosing his words, been carefully looking for recogni- the Russian press of the fact that re getting material help not only h Lend-Lease but through the Red and the Russian-American Relief, ve yet to find any acknowledgment t."

lie Page, reared in the careful stand- f the State Department, swallowed and looked stricken. The corre- ents stopped smiling, and Henry ro of the United Press asked, "Is off the record, Mr. Ambassador, or ve use it?"

se it." The admiral's eyes twinkled boys grabbed for pencils and paper. not fair to mislead the American e into giving millions from their ts, thinking they are aiding the Rus- people, when the Russian people do ven know about it. The American le are doing it because of their lly feeling toward the Russians, but Russian people don't know a thing t it. The Soviet authorities seem to ying to create the impression at home ell as abroad that they are fighting war alone with their own resources l."

e correspondents no longer have au- biles in Moscow. They had to rush the ambassador's residence two blocks to the subway. They rushed all right. They knew they had one of the biggest stories of the year. They hurried to the Foreign Office, where stories are censored, and threw the ambassador's quotes into typewriters. The censors looked and went white. The correspondents had not embellished the story; a story could be censored. They merely sent the exact wording of the ambassador's remarks, and the censors, who so cheerfully use their red pencils on our stories, could not touch a statement made by an ambassador. They passed it in full.

The next day the storm broke. Standley knew that he'd be criticized for his outspokenness. He knew that the protocol-minded, soft-tongued State Department would be horrified. The Communist newspapers in New York and London hit the ambassador with pens of vitriol.

It all began last October when Henry Cassidy of the Associated Press sent a series of questions to Stalin which Stalin answered.

In answer to a question regarding American aid, Stalin wrote bluntly: "In comparison with the assistance which the Soviet Union, by drawing off the main forces of Fascist troops, is rendering to its allies, assistance from the Allies to the Soviet Union is, meanwhile, of little effect."

This statement, given wide publication, bothered Standley, who knew exactly what aid America had sent. Shortly afterward, official Washington asked Standley to get expressions of opinion from Soviet authorities as to the effectiveness of American material being sent to the Soviet Union. Standley sent his naval aide, Admiral Jack H. Duncan, his military aide, General J. A. Michela, and the chief of the supply mission, General Philip Faymonville, to ask Soviet military, naval and trade authorities for such expressions of opinion. The Soviet authorities refused to comment. By now, Standley's blood was up.

He told the Soviet authorities that the Lend-Lease appropriation bill was to come up shortly before Congress, and that Congress, though generous, was apt to be sensitive if it believed that money it appropriated for Russian Lend-Lease materials was going down the well; that it was doing no good at all. Standley consulted nobody, but Standley's a straight thinker. He would smoke them out.

"Enemy of Russia"

And smoke them out he did, that afternoon early in March in the comfortable library in Spasso House. Congress, reading of the acknowledgment by Soviet authorities of the helpfulness of our material, unanimously voted the full appropriation to Russia. Standley, "enemy of Russia," had done a great deal more for Russia than American Communists who so glibly give the Soviet Union mere ineffectual lip service. The reason is, of course, that Standley knows and loves Russia. American Communists have little in common with, and little knowledge of, Russia at all.

Standley today is a very young seventy-one. He has the liking and admiration of every correspondent in Moscow and the admiration of every Soviet official. Standley and Stalin have a lot in common. Both

"The Soviet authorities," said Admiral Standley, "seem to be trying to create the impression that they are fighting the war alone." The correspondents stopped smiling. The secretary looked stricken. "Use it," the admiral said to the reporters

are realistic men of action who hate red tape. Each has only one interest—the welfare of his own country. It may come as a shock to American Communists to learn that Stalin cares as much about their plans to achieve political power in America as he does about the habits of Eskimos in Greenland. He broke with Trotsky because Trotsky cared more for international Communism than he did for his own country.

"If we prove that our type of government is better than any other," Stalin once told Trotsky, "the rest of the world will adopt it."

"During wartime," Standley says, "diplomacy must go by the board. We are wholehearted allies of Russia. Of what use is diplomacy between allies and friends? Truth is the only kind of diplomacy worth anything in wartime."

In appearance and in action, Admiral Standley (he prefers his old naval title to the conventional "Mr. Ambassador") is what we would call an old sea dog, but he is too vital, too youthful, mentally and spiritually, ever to be called "old."

He was born, prophetically enough, on the banks of the Russian River in California, and he was not a year out of the Naval Academy before seeing active

(Continued on page 30)

FISH FOR THE FRYING PAN

By Bill Wolf

ILLUSTRATED BY LEMUEL PALMER

Here's some information about the humble pan fish —perch, sunfish, catfish, bass, etc. They're not classed as game fish but, for their size, they'll put up a good fight. They're mighty good eating, too

TWO anglers, plug-casting from a boat under a broiling sun for bass and pickerel, were about to give it up as a futile task and call it a day when one of them happened to look beneath the surface and watch his underwater lure as he reeled it in.

He was amazed to see a huge school of yellow perch swimming behind and around the plug, following it and eying it speculatively, apparently trying to decide whether the lure was fish, flesh or fowl. He made another cast and the same thing happened.

An idea was born simultaneously to both fishermen. If the game fish for which they were casting wouldn't strike, why not consign them to Gehenna and catch perch instead?

Since yellow perch seldom, if ever, hit a plug, the anglers changed to fly rods, using small spinners and brightly colored flies as terminal tackle. There were no dull minutes in the next half-hour, and they wound up with a score of perch before the school moved on. That evening they sat down to a meal of the sweetest-fleshed fish in fresh water.

Yellow perch, you see, are pan fish —which simply means that they are good eating, as are all pan fish. There are many species loosely grouped as pan fish because of their savory flavor and the fact that they just fit nicely into a frying pan. The best of the lot probably are the yellow perch; but there also are white perch, the various sunfishes, the calico and crappie bass, the rock bass, and the catfish (which are superb on the table).

Their eating qualities (a considerable factor in these days of rationed food), plus the fact that they are fished for everywhere by nearly every angler from children on up to oldsters, make them the most important of all fresh-water fish, in numbers taken and consumed.

Not the least of their virtues, though, is their fighting ability. They are tough little monkeys, the lightweights of the fish world, who really should have a good press agent to show that they are as vicious scrappers as the heavyweight game fish.

Getting What You Fish For

The methods of fishing for pan fish vary, depending upon the kind of fish sought. Take those same yellow perch, for instance. Although they will hit glittering wet flies underwater and dry flies when surface-feeding, they are primarily a bait fish. Worms and live minnows will take more yellow perch throughout the year than will flies.

You rig up with two bait hooks on a leader, one slightly above the other on a dropper gut. Lead seldom is necessary to carry the bait down to the perch. You row your boat (or use an outboard if you have one) to the side of the lake from which the wind is coming. It is almost annoying to get the first bite, because you must throw over the anchor and go to work catching fish. Yellow perch travel in schools, and where you catch one, you can catch more. They will take the bait one after the other, almost as rapidly as you can bait up and pull them in, until the school moves on.

Sometimes yellow perch feed on the surface and then they will take a dry fly. They can be seen feeding along the shore and around the spatterdock and water-lily pads.

Although essentially a lake fish, the yellow perch also inhabits rivers, where the constant fight with the current makes it a stronger, more vigorous fish and a battler to catch on a fly line. In its natural range (Minnesota east to Nova Scotia and south to North Carolina), it has many names depending upon the locality, aliases such as ringed perch, red perch, raccoon perch and striped perch. The commercial catch in the Great Lakes sometimes exceeds nine million pounds.

If the yellow perch is the best eating of the pan fish, the bluegill sunfish (alias bream, brim, blue bream, copper-nosed bream, blue sunfish and dollardee) ranks first as the favorite pan fish to catch.

Sometimes, in late afternoon, the bluegills get together for a promenade near the banks. They cruise along in stately schools, a rippling patch of fish on the still water. They feed heavily then and provide perfect sport for the fly fisherman. A wet fly cast in or near the school and retrieved with short, easy twitches underneath the surface will take a bluegill on nearly every cast —if you have the right pattern. What is the right fly pattern? No one knows definitely what they will take. You must experiment, changing flies until you find one they like, and then stick to it. Remember, too, what the pattern was, so that you can use it the next time.

Most bass lakes also contain bluegill sunfish. If you are boat-fishing for bass with bass bugs on a fly rod, the bluegills will help pass away some dull hours if you give them a chance. Change to smaller bass bugs (those cork-bodied lures which look like huge insects when fished on the surface), and the bluegills will take them. Or put on small wet flies, let the fly sink under water and retrieve slowly.

The other sunfish are as much fun to catch although they don't get as large as the bluegills, which frequently grow to be a pound in weight.

The common sunfish (or sunny, or kiver, or pumpkinseed, depending upon the locality) is perhaps the best-known fresh-water fish. It usually is the first fish caught by a boy, and there are men who don't look upon it with affection because of memories of other, younger days.

This gleaming warrior with the small body and the big courage will take worms and wet or dry flies, if you persevere until you find a pattern it likes. Although the smallest of the pan fish, sunfish are good food fish.

A cousin of the common sunnie is the long-eared sunfish, the prettiest of all the pan fish. They run slightly larger than the sunnie and, in spawning season when they are most frequently taken, they are colored with the most brilliant red and orange breast and fins imaginable. Yes, they are good on the table, too, but I never kill them unless they are badly injured by the hook. They are too pretty to kill.

Larger and more important as food fish and sport fish are the calico bass and the crappie, other members of the sunfish family. These two fish occur frequently in the same water and are so much alike that many anglers can't tell them apart despite certain definite differences.

Both have a large dorsal fin. There are spines in front of this top fin, and the calico bass always has seven or eight spines, while the crappie bass has five or six. Furthermore, the calico bass is generally darker in its body markings than the crappie.

They have more aliases than a habitual criminal. Among them are: Grass bass, strawberry bass, barfish, bitterhead, lamplighter, ringed crappie, pale crappie, sacalait and *crapêt*. Under any name, however, they are sporting fish, delicately flavored, and so abundant that they are called, without much originality but lots of truth, the "fish for the millions."

Live minnows probably are the best bait for them, although they take angleworms, too. It has been my experience that they take a fly best in the evenings, just about dusk when they seem to feed on the surface. A small spinner sometimes will make the wet fly more effective.

"Goggle-Eye" Not an Epicure

A relative of the calico and crappie which rises far better to the fly (always the mark of gentlemanly fish) is the rock bass. It, too, is a member of the sunfish family and, when caught, glares at you with glowing red eyes, a characteristic which gives it the other names of "redeye" or "goggle-eye." It is readily distinguished by this marking, plus its olive-green coloring.

The rock bass is a glutton, eating almost everything, so the angler who doesn't care to use wet flies and spinners can catch it on worms, minnows, crawfish, crickets, grasshoppers and grubs.

A strange fish is the white perch. It is not so important as the preceding pan fish because its range is limited to the tidal region of the Atlantic Coast from Maine to North Carolina, but it is unusual in that it is found in salt water, brackish water and fresh water.

It fights well when hooked in fresh-water rivers and creeks, and it does not hesitate to take the fly, although it can be caught equally well on shrimp bait. The commercial catch annually runs into a million or more pounds, and tremendous numbers are taken by sports anglers.

The common catfish, usually known as the bullhead or horned pout, is strictly a bait fish among the pan fish, although it fights well on light tackle. Its table qualities are excellent if you like rich flesh. They are bottom feeders, and you must carry a worm down to them. They bite best in muddy water or at night, as every country boy knows. If the water is clear, stir up the stream bottom and fool the catfish into thinking high, muddy water is at hand. It often works.

Seldom considered as pan fish are the common chubs found in almost every stream, but their flesh is firm and good except during the warmest months. If cleaned and scaled and fried until crisp and brown, they can be eaten, bones and all, like smoked herring. Try frying them in butter sometime. Rural epicures often consider them the best eating of all, and they are easy to catch on a wet fly.

This matter of cooking pan fish is simple. A bit of care in the preparation will eliminate most of the bones. The anal and dorsal fins (from which radiate small bones) should be pulled out rather than cut off. The scaled, cleaned fish should be fried well in olive oil or butter and then eaten and enjoyed. A sauce is all right if you like to bother, and slices of lemon or lime help, but pan fish require little assistance from the cook. ★★★

YELLOW PERCH
WHITE PERCH
BLUEGILLS
CALICO BASS
ROCK BASS
CATFISH

INTERNATIONAL

When Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Arnal sat down on the settee in the gul torial mansion, they wrote a n Talmadge: "Thank you, Governo leaving the mansion so neat and

UNANIMOUS ARNALL

By Walter Davenport

While Ole Gene Talmadge sits sourly down in Sugar Creek, still a-wonderin' what hit him, his young successor has been doing a job of fumigating America's worst state government. It is a political record breaker anywhere and a miracle in Georgia

IF YOU know of a state governor who, in twenty-four days after he took office, saw his legislature accept and adopt unanimously every campaign promise he made in his bid for election, drop us a line. Mind you, we said "unanimously." Until then, we shall insist that our man holds the record.

It would be a record in our book, even if those ten unanimously passed bills were legislature darlings—salary boosts, pork chops, job grabs, logrollers, back-scratchers and road-building stick-ups. There'd be bound to be a few decent members.

It would be a record, even were the legislature new-manned by intelligent angels, from freshman page boy to president of the senate—not an old spittoon-shooter in the lot. Not that such legislatures are common. It would be a record, even if this new governor's predecessor, a symbol of all the misgovernment which these ten bills were aimed to correct, had overnight got religion and exhorted his erstwhile followers to throw away the wool hat and get a halo.

But all these ten campaign pledges were denials of all that the average legislature holds dear—all of them progressive, some of them radical, others not at first too popular.

And the legislature that passed them unanimously was composed largely of old-time tough-gut politicians and job moochers who for years had sat by and watched their state dying of administrative hookworm.

Moreover, this governor's predecessor strode the statehouse halls wringing his bony hands, crying out against "furrin ideas" and urging the legislators to have no truck with change. So we're asking you to match the record of the Honorable Ellis Arnall, since last March governor of the badly Talmadged state of Georgia.

Of course, we've got our fingers crossed. We've seen and heard a lot of political rockets whoosh, soar and die in mid-air. We've stood around while more impressive-looking men than Ellis Arnall started things they couldn't finish. We've run ourself groggy to behold the shining works of overballyhooed political sulfas, only to see them collapse the first time the legislature said "Nuts!" They've been either jack-in-the-boxes good for just one jump and a squeak, booby-trap operators or just political hot dogs served up by political mobs.

So we're keeping our fingers crossed, although Ellis Arnall looks genuine. Whatever else he may do or fail to do as governor of Georgia, there's his twenty-four-day record for more aspiring politicians to shoot at.

Gene Talmadge, Arnall's predecessor, left the state looking and smelling like something that Hitler wouldn't bot ration. He ran for a third term, o the only program he knew—To Road. He promised everybody every including protection against "nigge in' furriners who aimed to force Ge lovely daughters and her noble s sit side by side with niggers in sc He held fish fries, hymn sings, bart and hoedowns. He promised to go Washington and "kick cheers arou Georgia's ole folks got what was a-c to them." He busted four pairs o penders. Against him ran one o very few men who, during his admi tion, had conducted a state office w fear. He had served under Gene w much intelligence that had he not b Georgia boy himself, a product of gia schools and her university, Gene have called him another of them hig tin furriners sent down by the Roc lers and the Rosenwalds to ruinate supremacy. Ellis Arnall had bee state's attorney general.

Landslide with Social Significan

To the amazement of a vast numb people (including Ole Gene, who's back settin' on the courthouse ste Sugar Creek, glowerin' in the suns spittin' at the tumblebugs, madder'n a tooth), Ellis Arnall won by such a gin that his election too had a so unanimous look about it. Powerful t ers made speeches about it and w pieces for the papers aimed at te folks what had happened to Georgia done up in sociological jibber and ant pological oolie-droolie.

However, you'd be right in suspe that Georgia had merely got plumb t of being a comic-strip state. Her p had boiled to anger when Gene ca her university system to be dropped f accredited rating by the Southern Ass tion of Secondary Schools and Colle All this meant was that diplomas gra by the University of Georgia and o college units of the state's university tem would not be recognized outside state. And this major calamity to a l number of Georgia's young, and to t parents who had spent their hard-ear money to put the kids through, helpe dethrone Ole Gene. But all that's b published.

If you have any doubt that Geor was sick and tired of Ole Gene's effor Ku-Klux the whole state, behold what legislature did the moment Georgia th Ole Gene into Sugar Creek and as Ellis Arnall to take over.

He favored a bill abolishing Ole Ge board of regents, establishing a new a nonpolitical board. The legislature s "Yes"—190 to 0.

Next came a companion bill calling a constitutional amendment removing new regents from the whim of any g ernor. Under the old setup, Gene co and did fire regents who wouldn't dism teachers he hated, and overnight he a pointed regents who would obey hi The legislature didn't produce one d senting vote.

Immediately the university system w restored to good standing by the Sout ern Association. Diplomas from the U versity of Georgia are now recognized what Ole Gene calls "furrin parts."

Then, while Ole Gene ranted, Ellis A nall asked the legislature to pass a b reorganizing the State Board of Educ tion, taking it, too, out of the hands of t politicians and their contractor friend

(Continued on page 57)

"Be careful, Kenneth, he'll shoot!" Irma called out. Duffy backed down the first step, Mercer still facing him

THE NAZI'S SISTER

By Betty de Sherbinin

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

was something queer the girl. She was com- as well as charming, o one trusted her. A f the American colony nos Aires that mounts to a flashing crescendo

ED Irma Maller because I liked Looking back I think I believed story for the same reason.

and I had been in Buenos Aires o weeks; we wanted to be free to ips to Chile and the South. An governess who spoke English and seemed to be the solution where ys, aged six, were concerned.

We put an ad in the English-speaking papers. The results were not encouraging and finally, after interviewing a series of women between the ages of sixteen and sixty, I began to look regretfully at the travel folders on my desk and wonder if that would be all I was to see of Chile and the lakes.

Then Irma arrived.

She walked in as the others had done, stood facing me, watching me with unsmiling earnestness, her long hands fingering the crumpled remnant of my ad. She seemed to be about twenty-three, a young twenty-three, with a wistful face framed in pale yellow hair.

"My name's Irma Maller." She smiled brilliantly over her nervousness, and I realized with surprise that she was beautiful.

"I am Mrs. Carter . . ." Certainly the girl did not look as if she had ever worked as a governess. I could have taken her for a caller, for the young wife of one of Dan's associates.

She said, "I hope you haven't found anyone yet?"

"No . . ." There was no comparing her with the others who had come. Still, if she had never worked with children it was an impossible chance to take. "You have had experience?" I had to know that.

She surprised me. "I was with an English family."

"Here in Buenos Aires?"

"Yes. I worked a month on probation. Then they took me to England with them. That's why I took the job—to get to England."

"Any other experience?"

She told me she had gone to a convent in Buenos Aires. When she finished, the sisters employed her to help with English classes. This was perfect—I congratulated myself; the rest was formalities.

"The convent will give you a reference?" It was a matter of course.

"It has been moved—" she explained quickly.

"Then the English family?"

"They are still in England." She made no effort to fill in between the lines.

"Well, any reference you care to give." I pushed the pad on my desk toward her. She picked up the pencil uncertainly. She hesitated a minute, then conscious that I was waiting, she scribbled a name and an address. "You might add the name of the English family . . ." I said.

"Mercer . . ." And she wrote it down.

"We know a Kenneth Mercer . . ." He had flown down from the States with us—

(Continued on page 44)

Beal lashed some standard rations between two Mae Wests and waited until the plane got into position again. Then he shoved the Mae Wests out. They landed 50 feet from the raft. The Nazis paddled over and picked up the food

OLD LADY WITH A PUNCH

By Jim Marshall

ILLUSTRATED BY LT. J.G. SEYMOUR THOMPSON, U.S.N.R.

She never was built to fight and dive, but the big Catalina is proving one of our best slayers of submarines

THE boys were just finishing lunch, hot from the electric grill just aft the radioman's station, and Chief J. N. Cleary was sitting easy, piloting the big Catalina at a hundred knots on her patrol course. They'd seen nothing below except a couple of Spanish ships, one of them a tanker. The radioman had phoned to the base about the Spaniards, and the base command had said to leave them alone. Maybe they were—and maybe they weren't. Anyway, Operations would keep track of them.

Thousands of feet below, the tropic sea was burnished blue and gold in the hot sunshine, and around the big seaplane the white woolly clouds drifted silently. Cleary swung his glasses in a wide sweep and then stopped them on a dark speck some miles away. . . .

The siren yelled. The beat of the motors grew higher pitched. Men tensed at the guns, listening at the phones for orders.

Lieutenant J. E. Dryden, who had been working at the navigator's table just behind Cleary's seat, took over the controls. Cleary went to his post at the bow gun. Dryden swung the Old Lady up behind a cloud and then, a few minutes later, out into the open. The submarine now was a little way ahead. A few brief orders went over the phones to gunners and radioman.

Dryden shoved forward on the yoke, and the Old Lady stuck her nose toward the sun-washed blue of the sea and went creaking and whining down like a runaway truck, three times as fast as she ever was meant to travel and still hold together.

As the big plane came down, Cleary opened fire with the bow gun, and the stinging smoke smell drifted back through the plunging craft. Two German sailors, sun-bathing on the sub's deck, scrambled to their feet and then slumped back as the heavy bullets hit. One of Cleary's bursts went right down the open tower, so no one came up to man the deck gun. It stood there, silent, under its tarpaulin, while the crew cowered below, instead of heaving steel at the Old Lady overhead.

A few hundred feet off the water, Dryden and Lieut. S. C. Beal dropped their depth bombs and then yanked back on the yoke, hard, to get the plane out of the dive. Her snub nose came up smoothly and in a few seconds her two thousand horses were hauling her skyward again, while her waist guns chattered, spraying the boat below.

"You got him, sir!" said J. F. Connell, the machinist's mate, over the phone to Dryden.

The two bombs had hit less than fifteen feet from the U-boat, just aft the conning tower. As they watched, the sub listed drunkenly and then broke in two almost amidships. It settled back, and then bow and stern rose in the air, forming a V, and slid under. There was a heavy explosion, and green water geysered forty feet into the air. A patch of foam spread over the sea, and the oil slick glinted silvery green in the sunlight. It spread until it was a quarter of a mile long, three times as wide.

As the Old Lady circled in the blue, men began to appear, swimming i slick below. One by one they app until there were eleven of them. clung to odd bits of wreckage, and of them must have been injured, for by one they let go and sank until were only five left. They were ha onto a buoy.

Lieutenant Beal shoved a two-man out of the plane and watched it dro flating itself from the carbon-dioxide tle on the way down. It hit about t feet from the U-boat men. They left buoy and swam over to it. Three clim aboard and the other two hung on. plane circled again and the boys dro a bigger raft, but the five men below clung to the small one. Four of t seemed to be boys. They wore shor bathing suits. The fifth was an older, g haired man, wearing a shirt; he see to be an officer. The man in the waved at the PBY, but the boys sh their fists angrily.

"Better give them some chow, t said Dryden.

Beal lashed some standard rations tween two Mae Wests and waited u the plane got into position again. T

g him, sir!" yelled the machinist's mate. The th harges hit less than fifteen feet from the oat The sub listed and broke in two amidships

hold the Mae Wests out. They inflated going down la led fifty feet from the raft. The Nazis paddled r d picked up the food. The officer waved again. Th Old Lady climbed back amid the white, drifting ds and went plodding along again on her patrol rse She'd done her job again and, as her long, high, ar nded wing crackled, she must have thought: at heck will the boys want me to do next? I never b lt for this sort of thing—diving like a fighter, ng o be a dive bomber, taking a chance with the ai raft the Nazis toss at my fat old body. . . .

Ou our east, south and west coasts, we have about a 00 square miles of water that used to be happy hunt- gr nds for submarines. In this zone from Decem- 1-1, to August, 1942, U-boats got ships thick and . oil, wreckage and bodies on our beaches grimly . Today, sinkings in this coastal area are low and lower. The "safety zone," too, is being extended out—and in time it may meet the British zone, g west from northwest Europe. This is the gen- a, anyway.

job of making this zone unhealthful for U-boats r the direction of the Navy Sea Frontier Com- out Army and Navy squadrons work jointly, with of friendly rivalry. Each side is keeping score, er it's over, there'll be plenty of chortling. But in Combined Operations rooms, many of them far underground along our coasts or in offshore Army and Navy officers sit side by side, work- gether. Army and Navy planes patrol from bases under one master plan.

Tactics That Curb U-Boat Wolf Packs

h Army and Navy are mildly optimistic about re- They feel we have the job licked—that is, we are nd more on the offensive; month by month more d fewer merchant ships are sunk in coastal wa- his is the result of more than a year of hard, d work and the examination of thousands of pa- orts out of which has come a winning system for the submarine danger.

t to prevent anyone from becoming too optimis- lean over backward in adding up our kills. It has e almost a tradition with the pilots that they have g back either the periscope or the skipper's cap er to get credit for a kill. And then the examining s are likely to point out that the cap might have off or the sub might have tossed overboard a periscope, just to fool us. Subs *do* toss over wreck- d pump oil to make our men think the sub is *ver-* when it's really lying quietly ten fathoms down. our patrol pilots can't produce airtight proof of a g, they get only a "probable." The Navy figures bout four fifths of the "probables" are really kills. photographs of subs sinking—or apparently sink- ren't always conclusive evidence. What all this n adds up to is that the results of our antisub war- robably are a great deal better than they seem. ere are plenty of shiny new planes, swift and , riding the long ocean patrol beats from northern e 'way around to Texas; from Puget Sound to Baja rnia, and out among the Caribbean islands. They ot and plan their attack on a surfaced sub in the 30 seconds it takes the U-boat to crash dive, and drop their bombs in time to do the job. But some best work still is being done by the Old Ladies of loudways—the PBYs from Consolidated in Cali- .

e Old Ladies, with their high, square-ended wings at, chunky bodies, don't take a back seat for any slim youngster hatched three months ago. They were designed for modern high-speed warfare; were put together originally to haul tourists around aces like Catalina Island, and were "adapted" to requirements. The PBY is just a good, solid chunk orkmanlike plane, with two Wasps to haul her , blisters for heavy machine guns, and a glass nest r nose for a bow chaser, as they used to call them in sloop and frigate days.

he's a reliable old crate, and you can do housekeep- n her, sleeping four or five *(Continued on page 67)*

vy PBY-5A, amphibian patrol bomber, heads into lorida sunset after antisubmarine patrol. Fat and ly, the Old Lady was never built for high-speed ubmarine work. But she gets results just the same

Broadway and the movies give wide circulation to the Silly War Songs. Rhyming "Tokyo" with "smokio" and "jokio" induces nausea

Most of the war songs drench the U. S. with cockiness, often at the precise moment when we're taking a beating somewhere

THE TRUTH ABOUT SILLY WAR SONGS

BY JOE BOOKMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY SYDNEY HOFF

Have you been waiting for a truly rousing popular war song that all America will sing—and like? Well, you won't get it, and here's why

ON THE theory that they cared not who made a nation's Lend-Lease laws as long as they could write its songs, the Broadway song writers sprang to their pianos and retooled their muses, converting "June," "moon," "croon" and "spoon" into "scrap," "slap," "Jap" and "off the map."

Tin Pan Alley beat the automobile industry to all-out war conversion by several months. Within ten minutes after the first flash from Pearl Harbor, Benny Davis, who had participated in writing Margie shortly after World War I, was singing of arms and the man.

That Sunday afternoon, Davis was sitting in a Broadway restaurant which is the Mermaid Tavern of the modern minstrel, and when he heard the news, he cried, 'They asked for it—and they're gonna get it!"

He then dashed off a tune bearing this title, and on Monday it was published. Before the week was out, the 90-odd publishers of popular music were racing to produce the first Over There of 1942. From the presses poured ditties like Goodby, Mama, I'm Off to Yokohama; Slap the Jap; Remember Pearl Harbor; We'll Sing Hallelujah When We're Marching Through Berlin; Let's Put an Ax to the Axis; You're a Sap, Mr. Jap; He's My Uncle, Uncle Sam; Thank Your Lucky Stars and Stripes; Buckle Down, Buck Private, Buckle Down.

The trouble with these songs was that they were so synthetically forced and phony that nobody would sing them. Although war songs were plugged into American ears by radio and juke box, sensible persons simply refused to repeat such childish drivel as is contained in a number entitled I'm Uncle Sammie's Soldier Now, and in which the singer tells his sweetheart not to fear, because he will bring her home a Japanese as a little souvenir.

The war songs of early 1942 were written in the spirit of two small boys hurling threats at each other—We Did It Before and We Can Do It Again. This became slightly silly when the enemy began winning most of the early battles in the Pacific.

Arms Around the Army

The next trend was the Venus-for-Victory school of song writing, in which the stereotyped sex ballad was disguised by military camouflage. There was one called On the Shoulder of a Soldier Let Me Rest My Head Tonight. Another one, called The Old Army Game, announced that if anyone wished to be kissed, or wanted the loving they had missed, they were advised to put their arms around the Army, because love was the Army's middle name, was the ancient Army game.

The issue was stated even more bluntly by a song entitled I Wanna Be an Army Hostess. The lady explained that when a soldier held her hand, she was the happiest girl in the land. Probably, this Army hostess found one of the hearts which, according to Irving Berlin's song, are constantly being lost at the Stage Door Canteen. "A soldier boy without a heart," Mr. Berlin informs us, "has two strikes on him from the start."

Many war songs are so infantile that they'd be harmless, if it wasn't that, by debasing profound issues, they help to create a n ideology; a bad song, like bad mone drive the good out of circulation. In th of tunes apparently dedicated to the minded, my favorite is a masterpiec Stamp, Stamp Out the Jap With a I Stamp, which invites us to send up in the city of Tokyo and show the Nip that Uncle Sam does not jokio!

Where the song writers have failed u the complete absence of the sublime a heroic. The issues are life and death, fr against slavery, but there has not been ar to stir the mind and the heart, to crystall issues emotionally, as in Julia Ward H Battle Hymn of the Republic:

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the c ing of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where grapes of wrath are stored . . .

The war, and the need for genuine fol sic that knits us together, only highlights a lem that has existed for many years—ou of honest popular music and Tin Pan tendency to choke off any possible folk e sion and give us in exchange a counterf ticle. Is any improvement possible? To a this question, it's necessary to look bri the way in which popular songs are w selected and exploited.

A Chance for Local Writers

Before 1920, there were important musi lishing houses is Boston, Philadelphia, Ne leans, Chicago, Milwaukee and San Fra —making it possible for publishers to be the various roots of American life and t cover new song writers with fresh region terial.

Today, the "pop" music industry is co trated almost entirely in New York. Two combinations dominate the industry; the controlled by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (the bins, Feist and Miller music corporations the Warner Brothers group (Remick, Wi and Harms). Paramount Pictures control mous Music Corporation and Paramount sic Corporation.

The film companies are not so much ested in good music as they are anxious t that their music subsidiaries plug the film on the air, because every time a picture s played, the announcer must credit the m This is good publicity for the movie, but it' for music—because most picture tunes are uation songs," written to fit something i plot of the picture or tailored for one o characters, and not having any intrinsic h quality.

As a matter of fact, there is no relatio tween the merit of a tune and the numb times you hear it on the radio. Sollie president of Campbell, Loft & Porgie, o the large independent publishers, told "Merit is strictly one per cent of a song's p larity. Any good publisher, if he puts o heat, can get action and push his numbe plug song up there on the sheet."

Somebody once remarked of Harry Link professional manager of Leo Feist, Inc., o the smartest song pluggers in the business, he could set the alphabet to music and ma a hit song.

Besides the Hollywood-controlled publis there are some twenty other important i pendents. *All* the publishers have a pe nently closed door against newcomers. If other Julia Ward Howe *(Continued on pag*

"May I inquire what you are doing?" Destrée asked. "I have dropped a chip," Bernstein said. . . . "Ah! Got it!"

he Story Thus Far:

HE body of Sir Giles Loeder, a noted radio broadcaster, is found in the London home of rd Marcus Amberdale, late one night; it is and Lord Marcus himself, who at once tifies Scotland Yard.

With Detective Sergeant Bluett and a physi-n—I. Fawcett—Chief Inspector Firth hur-s to the scene of the crime. He interviews rd Marcus (an eccentric who is performing ne wrd experiments with a notorious woman own s "Mrs. Vane."

Gast Max, a brilliant French detective, is in ndo at the time, investigating a case which he laims) is of tremendous importance to whe world. While disguised as a taxicab iver learns that, shortly before the murder, Gis and a girl named Rita Martin had ited gambling establishment run by a "Mrs. olde Destrée."

This iscovery delights Sergeant Bluett. The gear digging into the past, has learned that ne had once been Sir Giles' mistress; he ong suspects that Lord Marcus killed Sir les, a fit of jealousy!

Gas n Max makes further discoveries. He Colonel O'Halloran, one of the big men nd Yard. He says that he is looking for fish"—someone who secures war cabi-ets and forwards them to Berlin! He t, in his opinion, Sir Giles Loeder may en, somehow, involved in the activities of spy ng. Then he tells the colonel that a "Mr. Francis"—who occupies an apartment Mrs. Destrée's—is a man to be watched.

Lor Marcus has an attractive cousin—Fay rige—who is a nurse at a R.A.F. hospital ar ndon. She had met Sir Giles once, when vied the hospital to collect data for his dio mmentaries. On that occasion, he had ven er an envelope (addressed to himself) on ude he had jotted down his telephone number. he her patients—Squadron Leader Dan Cor-ran had seen the envelope; and he had de-ted much time to the effort to decipher a mily meaningless sentence on it.

A stinguished Frenchman—who says he is de Brion, from Fighting French headquar-s—mes to the hospital, ostensibly to inspect meets Nurse Perigal, who introduces him Dr Corcoran. He examines the envelope. And he exclaims excitedly, "the same writing! have we here, my infants!"

IV

"WELL," grumbled Dan, "we have the remarkable words, 'Pythagoric buds,' written in capitals. I find Pythagoric in my dictionary. s bad enough. But in between the ls a lot of small letters have been t. That makes it worse." He looked om his armchair—and became si-

de Brion's face was transfigured; in-his entire body seemed to radiate y and his eyes to be on fire.

"hat is it, Doctor?" Fay asked in a d voice.

. de Brion turned to her. "It is the er to an enigma! It is a reproach to tupidity!" He returned the envelope an. "I can remember it. Take, oh, care of this! Heaven is on our side all—" and he extended his hand. give me! I must go. Au revoir, Dan oran, my friend. I must go."

"ow?" exclaimed Fay with such un-ealed disappointment that he came t in a swift turn, grasped her shoul-and looked into her eyes.

Ay car I left at the hospital. Even , I may not be too late. Au revoir, Fay. I believe your troubles will pass a summer cloud. God bless you ."

e snatched his hat and darted from room.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" exclaimed Dan, voice denoting stark amazement. He ed in his chair and looked at Fay. llo, what is bothering you?"

ay was staring into vacancy, and the y eyes were speculative. "I was only ndering, Dan, why a man whose name e Brion should carry a cigarette case h diamond initials G. M." . . .

The pall of blackout had fallen upon ndon when a car came racing to the in entrance of the War Office, and a n jumped out, spoke rapidly to the driver, and ran up the steps. Some slight delay occurred, and this he suffered impatiently. However, he was admitted.

Three minutes later, a staff captain rapped on a door upstairs, opened it and looked across an office the walls of which were almost entirely covered with maps, to a desk whereat Lieutenant General Sir Aubrey Bulwer (in his youth accounted the most handsome officer in the British army) was seated.

"Mr. Gaston Max is here, sir."

"Please show him in."

Gaston Max entered so promptly that evidently he had been immediately behind the captain, who retired and closed the door. One who knew the Frenchman well would have perceived that he was laboring under the influence of a powerful emotion.

"Sit down, Mr. Max. What can I do for you?"

But Gaston Max did not sit down; he crossed the room and stood before the speaker. "I have a question to ask, General. I beg that you will not hesitate to answer it—to relieve me of a terrible anxiety. The raid by Combined Operations . . . has it started?"

He leaned forward, his hands resting on the desk, and searched the lined, somewhat tired-looking face of the soldier, who met this strange regard and who seemed to hesitate. "I don't know that I'm at liberty—"

"General! I have made a request. Grant it, I beg! I know the entire composition of this force, the ships engaged, the names of the officers, the armaments and vehicles employed. I will tell you all this, in a minute. But I ask—has the expedition started?"

General Bulwer, manifestly most disturbed, seemed suddenly to make up his mind. He looked at a rather elaborate timepiece which stood before him. "The convoy with its escort left port almost exactly forty-nine minutes ago."

Gaston Max's normally pale face grew even paler, and he clapped an open palm to his forehead.

"*Mon Dieu!* I am too late!"

TEN minutes after Gaston Max had uttered that cry of despair it would have been difficult to decide whether he or General Bulwer presented the more haggard appearance.

"The details you have given me, Mr. Max, are correct in every particular. The plan of operations is almost equally so. I am appalled. All that can humanly be done I have done; but I fear that recall is impossible. The mere idea that this information is in enemy hands is nearly unendurable. They have gone—"

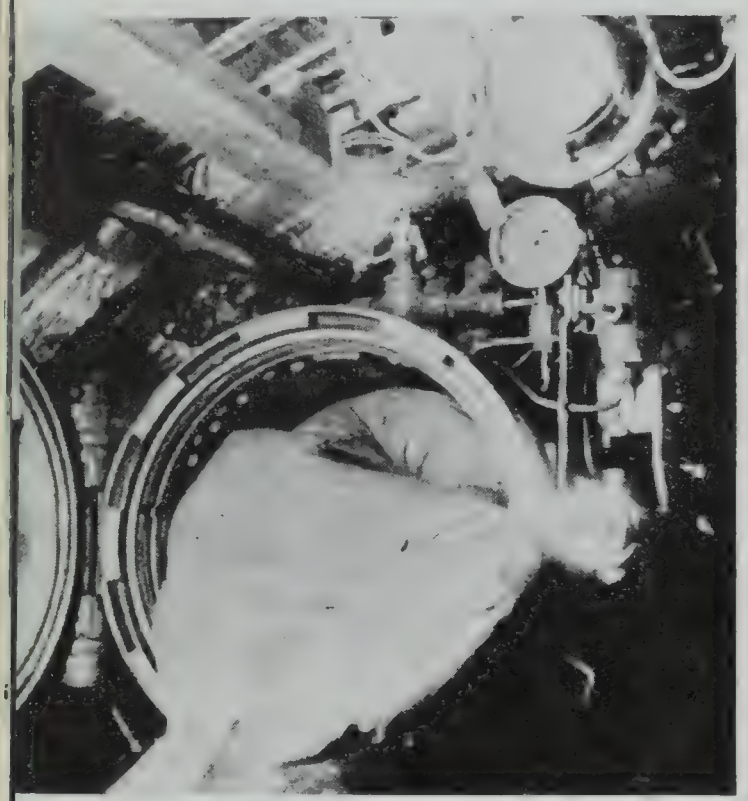
"To destruction, General—many of them, yes. For this information *is* in

(Continued on page 31)

A direct hit on the turret of a Russian ship supporting a commando raid ignites bag of powder used to load guns. Blazing powder is tossed from turret to deck

The turret is saved from explosion, but before the blazing powder charge hurled overboard the flames whip back and set fire to Seaman Pushkarev's

Start of a daylight commando raid. Two volunteer scouts leave their sub via the torpedo tube



Wearing Momsen lungs, these Red scouts swim to the shore of enemy-held positions

Quickly surveying terrain, scouts climb a hil nal the submarine: "Come ahead, the coast

Russian Commandos

THE scenes on these pages show a Russian commando raid on a German-held coastal position on the Black Sea. Taken from a new Soviet documentary film, Black Sea Fleet, these rare pictures tell why the Germans call the Russian commandos "The Black Death."

To the Russian people the Black Sea is as precious as the Ukraine. The Russian navy fights as fiercely for the Black Sea and the Arctic as the army fought for Leningrad and Kharkov. The giant land might of Russia is supported by her powerful Red navy.

Exact size of Russia's fleet is unknown. Her submarine fleet is generally credited with being one of the world's largest. In two years of war more than 800 enemy ships (2,000,000 tons) have been sunk. Fiercest fighters of the Russian navy are the Red commandos.

Grim tribute was paid the Russian commandos and their fleet the night of June 22, 1941—Russia's December 7th. Thousands of Nazi planes attacked, trying to knock out the Russian fleet. Like her army, Russia's navy was prepared: not a single ship was lost. Even the fall of the great naval bases at Sevastopol, Nikolaev, Odessa, did not give the Germans control of the Black Sea. There is, today, no stretch of seacoast in the Crimea or the Caucasus that can be called "German." The continuous day-and-night sorties of the Russian commandos have cost the Germans heavily in lines of communications cut, supplies lost, divisions wiped out.

Odessa, Leningrad, Sevastopol and Stalingrad—all are tributes to the Red navy and the Russian commandos as well as to the Red army and the Russian people. Commandos are men of a fierce and proud tradition. These volunteer marines and sailors seek hand-to-hand combat with Germans. They laugh a lot, and they say an hour of laughter is equal in calories to two hard-boiled eggs.

VERNON POPE

Carrying tommy guns and rifles with bayonets fixed, belts of ammunition their shoulders, the Russian commandos charge. The sky is rent with the fire from German coastal batteries and with savage volleys from Russian

EXCLUSIVE COLLIER'S PICTURES FROM SOVFOTO-ARTKINO

wder bag disposed of, a comrade comes to the rescue of the burning , seizes him, hands him down from the gun turret to the men on the deck

Two sailors defy burns to beat out the fire with their hands before the victim is seriously hurt. Pushkarev is one of the Russian navy's doughty "commandos"

e is relayed to the waiting torpedo boats. These fierce sea fighters he commandos, clear the way for the heavy warships that follow

Under terrific barrage from battleships' guns, the commandos strike. Their task is to cut enemy lines of communications and destroy mountain roads

ommandos advance in wave after wave. Many are killed. The Germans erattack but the Russians continue to advance. German snipers are dis- d from their positions as the commandos go deep into enemy territory

During a commando raid the cameraman catches a rare sight: Russian and German combatants in the same picture. Here, Germans (in the background) are seen in full flight. Enemy positions are demolished, and the raid is a success

"Sure, it's a boy," said Doctor Allen, and Allerton uttered a strangled sort of bellow and swept the doctor up in his arms

Gifts from Allerton

By Edward L. McKenna

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

He despised the public and never justified his own behavior. When mud was thrown at him he let it stick. And so, he thought, there was only one present he could make to the three people he had loved most

A GREAT long time since this, oh, maybe thirty-five, thirty-eight years ago or more, two men happened to meet and get acquainted in what was, and with the help of Heaven still shall be, one of democracy's great crucibles: a college lecture room. There Calzolari, whose fathers fought in Sicily against oppression, sits next to Cathcart, whose people were at the Brandywine, and Levy is near Llewellyn, and MacCullough close to Moran. These two were Allen and Allerton. It just happened that the alphabet brought them together.

Allerton was James Kenyon Allerton III, remarkable even then. Allen was just James Allen, not third, nor thirty-third. Allerton was the fourth son in rect descent to go to the university; A was the first man of his family ever to the inside of a college.

Along about the third lecture, A ton turned to Allen. "This man crashing bore," he said. Allen shrug "I wouldn't know," he said. "I'm on Pre-Med. We got to take this stuff." General," said Allerton. "You kn culture and all. It's some of the worst loney I ever heard in my life."

Just before their first quiz, Alle said, "You got any notes on this, Alle

"Sure, I got a few notes," Allen s "You want to take a look at them?"

Allerton took Allen's notes and le through them, and whistled. "Boy!" said. "I thought you didn't know anyth about this course."

"Well—well, you see, I got a scho ship," said Allen. "I—I hear you w pretty good, last Saturday, Allerton."

"You see the game?"

"No—I—I work on Saturdays."

"Yeah. Yes, of course. I'll tell something, Allen. Most of the jobs this club are yellow. Yellow! There about three good characters on this c Some are just dumb. Now, you take instance that Fothergill. Fothergill is yellow. I throw him a pass like a girl p ing bean-bag. Right in his mitts. He dr it. So we got to start all over, from thirty-five-yard line. 16 to 6? It sho have been 40 to nothing."

THAT was Allerton. Big, rumbl heavy, completely audible voice, h dred-and-twenty-five-dollar suit, four- lar shirt, three-dollar tie, fourteen-do shoes. This was Allen: hundred and tw ty-five pounds, suit, shoes, shirt, tie underwear all together for twenty- dollars and carrying his own lunch. Th cents a day to spend for a newspaper. was going to college; Allerton was be sent. Nevertheless, Allerton wasn't stu either. Brusque, contemptuous, indif ent and imperious, he had a mind smashing and hard as his body, and s eral successful generations behind him.

Once Allerton said to Allen, "Belo to a fraternity?" Allen laughed. "H could I belong to a fraternity?" he s

"Lot of nonsense, anyhow," said All ton. "You see, though, over in my hou you see, we want a fellow in, we defer dues. We take his note. You see wha mean?"

"I need every dime I got, to get throu medical school. I can't be fooling arou with stuff like that."

"Yeah. I see what you mean," said lerton. What Allen never knew, nev never did know was that Allerton h already paved his way into one of the b fraternities on the campus. "Fellow's g brains," he had said. "A nice little fello Doesn't bother you. Keeps his mou shut. When he has something to say, says it. All right kind of job. I'm n fooling. We tell him, pay for his pin. job that will be all right, for the fratern —and if there's any difference, I'll ta care of it."

After all his trouble, Allen threw it rig back in his face. It didn't please Allert at all—he was used to having his own wa Generally he got it. Ruthless, relentle he inspired dislike and hatred and th grudging admiration which is close to fe all his life, and maybe that suited hi

On the other hand, there was this Do tor Allen—oh, yes, he did become Doct Allen—who was by no means the mo brilliant man in the medical school. H brains were in his head, and then by faltering sort of transfusion in his hand They saw this, in the medical school; th knew he'd never be a Harvey, an Osler, one of the Mayos. He'd be just anoth man in general practice, another man work day and night for richer, for poore

(Continued on page 38)

Keep on your toes with Hemo—drink your Vitamins and like 'em!

JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO GIVES YOU:

The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!
PLUS
The Vitamin B_1 in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!
PLUS
The Vitamin B_2 (G) in 4 servings of spinach!
PLUS
The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!
PLUS
The Niacin in 3 servings of carrots!
PLUS
The Iron in ½ pound of beef!
PLUS
The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!

Borden's Hemo

IF IT'S BORDEN'S, IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

"MY, but it's grand to see how HEMO keeps our Beulah on her toes," breathed Elsie. "Now, if

everybody could have a glass of HEMO every day—"

"Ho! Ho! We'd be a nation of toe dancers!" chortled Elmer.

"Wouldn't hurt this country a bit if more of us had the *bounce* of toe dancers," laughed Elsie. "Why, Government authorities say that 3 out of 4 Americans may not be getting enough vitamins with their meals. And, then when you stop to think that food rationing and shortages—"

"I don't want to *think*," grumbled Elmer. "I want to read that new magazine you're hoarding. If you'll pass—"

"I never pass up an opportunity," said Elsie, "to say that JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO (mixed in milk) gives half your daily needs of Iron, Calcium, and Phosphorus; and Vitamins A, B_1, B_2(G), D, and Niacin—"

"When I went to school," hinted Elmer, "C came before D."

"We purposely omit Vitamin C from HEMO," explained Elsie. "You get it readily if you drink fruit or tomato juice. And—"

"Blow my horn!" groaned Elmer. "Lady, *please!* May I have the magazine *now?* It's almost time for you

to get the lunch anyhow!"

"Lunch!" exclaimed Elsie. "Why a glass of HEMO and a sandwich make a wonderfully nutritious lunch. *But why am I telling you this*—it's all right here in your magazine!"

▶ You can get HEMO made up in any flavor you prefer at fountains . . . Of course, you can prepare it at home *any time* for *only 2½¢ a serving!* A full-pound jar — 24 delicious drinks — costs only 59¢ at grocery or drug stores.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

ACME

British troops, occupying Pantel swarm through the rubble left afte bombardment from battleships and p

LAST HOURS OF AN EMPIRE

BY ALFRED WAGG

BY WIRELESS FROM MALTA

Mussolini's Gibraltar—Pantelleria—had a good battery on it. The men on the cruiser H.M.S. Newfoundland knew that they had to "get" Battery 20—or be sunk. How they got it is a thrilling incident in this eyewitness story of the fall of Italy's island outposts

PERHAPS you have never heard of "Aunty," but in Malta she's about the best-known citizen. Aunty runs an old-fashioned pub. I was sitting at a table at Aunty's a few nights ago when a piano, made by F. Weber, Berlin, was giving forth with a new tune and verse. The guy at the dirty yellow keyboard was a sublieutenant in the Royal navy. His friends about him were American and British officers. The verse being concocted was Pardon Me, Boys. Have You Seen the Lampedusie Floozie?

Perhaps you've never heard of Lampedusa, either. Frankly, I hadn't until recently when four islands became the special object of combined aerial, sea and finally land offensives. They were the last outposts of Italy's dead empire along the African Mediterranean coast. They were Pantelleria, Lampedusa, Linosa and a tiny lighthouse isle called Lampione, where the only occupants in fact—the lighthouse keeper and his daughter—had to give up waiting for a fleet to come and capture them, and left some square miles of rock to our merciful administration.

On the other hand, Pantelleria, largest of the four islands in the Sicilian Straits, had long been a mysterious secret—an Italian Gibraltar. Pantelleria's assault was a serious trial show for the masterful hands of our allied brass hats. They had to "show the boys how you do it." They had never before really seen all the armed services of sea and land blast and bombard together in one operation involving so many allies.

The boys at Aunty's were part of an operation that, in two and a half days, had cleaned up these four islands without a single casualty and had successfully driven off 25 dive-bombing sorties. The loss of aircraft was negligible. Our ships were undamaged except for a few fans shaken loose from our cruiser's ceilings and some smashed crockery in a destroyer.

I was assigned aboard H.M.S. Newfoundland, the flagship of the British cruiser squadron in the Mediterranean. Admiral C. H. J. Harcourt had recently chosen the Newfoundland for his flagship, since it was new and powerful.

In addition, tall, lean, red-faced Captain William Slayter, the saltiest of old-time British navyites, was the Newfoundland's captain and also Harcourt's chief of staff. This combination of brain power represented the best for the show that would be "helpful for the future of Allied cooperation wherever required."

"The Pantelleria Plan" was not a maze of complicated ideas, as you might expect. It was simple. It was sensible. It worked. There were no "channels" to clear before one force could come to another's aid. It was accomplished through synchronized waves of assault, timed so that the shore defenses were overwhelmed by mass attack.

From the bridge deck of H.M.S. Newfoundland, I'd watched three bombardments against Pantelleria. On the first day, our squadron went out and plastered the island in order to draw fire from the shore, so that we could spot gun flashes from the enemy battery positions. While we made successive bombardment runs on the island, aerial raids by American and R.A.F. bombers combined their efforts to make the raids continuous. When we ranged seaward, the turning bombers would let go at the defenses, and as we returned for bombardment, and smoke and dust drifted off the target from their bomb explosions, we took up the bombardment again.

On two occasions, our squadron bombarded Pantelleria before the "Big Do." Each time we were confronted with one battery just west of the town that would not stay put out of action. We called these guns on our map "Battery 20." Our personal fight with Battery 20 made Pantelleria a serious business for our cruiser. Our admiral said there was no doubt that the Italians were individually good fighters. Here was proof of individual bravery.

Forty-five Minutes of Hell

On the second bombardment, I went to the topmost part of our cruiser for the best view. I sat with the gunnery officer, Royal Marine Captain MacLeod, in the gunnery control tower high above the decks. He gave Battery 20 plenty of hell for about 45 minutes, but the Italians kept going even though they had only one gun left, and the other island defenses had ceased firing.

Then came the big day. We left Malta at night. The following morning, June 11th, about daylight off Pantelleria, we met assault craft and more destroyers from North Africa. It was the first day of the third year of hostilities since the back-stabbing of France.

The chaplain prayed, "In this hour of necessity, help us." Nine minutes later, enemy aircraft gave us our first air raid.

Fortresses and Liberators with escorts of Lightnings and Spitfires had been carrying out raids on Pantelleria all night, preparing for the zero-hour landing. As morning wore on, they passed overhead in a ring-around-a-rosy routine from North Africa, then over 80 miles of water to drop bombs while fighters strafed the beaches, removing opposition from the shore line.

It was a perfect day for a lan Visibility was very poor, and the air clammy, at times turning to a thin dr At 8:48, eighteen enemy aircraft driven off by our fighters, screening a of the landing craft. At 10:30, a formation of enemy Focke-Wulf 19 tacked our flotilla but fortunately dro their bombs harmlessly near the C destroyer Queen Olga. Our fighters little time in driving them off.

Over twenty warships, split into groups, opened fire on Pantelleria o'clock on June 11th, the signal hou the time of a massed attack. The bom had just dropped another packet. C clouds seemed to walk across the isl As a light breeze swept the corruptic the sky clear of the beaches, we op fire on the gun emplacements.

Closing in for the Finish

Under cover of our guns, landing moved up with a destroyer escort, fin their way safely into the harbor. Bat 20 dropped one 6-inch shell fifty yard our starboard, but other batteries on their last legs, firing faintly. bombers and ships' gunners had d their stuff. But while Battery 20 was ing and coming too close for comfor sinking our cruiser, the landing craft British infantry were making their toward shore. At 11:15, we wiped out center gun in Battery 20.

Shortly after that, another cruiser our squadron, H.M.S. Orion, disabled other battery farther to the west. Destr ers were tossing caution to the winds making for close range on shore to for machine-gun fire. Just after 11 the destroyer H.M.S. Nubian, which got near the beach, reported a white flying from the top of the St. Elmo se phore station which was silhouet against the sky on the top of the mountain ridge.

At 11:57, our first landing touched the beach three minutes ahead schedule. On the shore, several large plosions appeared; the Italians were sc tling and sabotaging stores of munitio By 12:06, flares from one beach signif that the boys were okay on shore. 12:15, enemy aircraft coming from Sic jettisoned their bombs far astern wher flight of Lightnings got on their tails. 12:35, the infantry ashore sent us a m sage: "White flag flying on Mount Ge hamar not confirmed means surrender whole island."

We sat back for a breather. A sai came around with a pailful of Corn pastries, which is the traditional Ro navy meal during action. They called "tiddyoggy." It's really a meat and ve table pie the size of your hand. I took "tiddyoggy" and sat next to our Capt Slayter who was doing a little first-cl munching, too.

At 12:44, a message came from Ma that the Italian commander at Pantelle begged to surrender on account of lack water. This was not the real reason th folded up. When our troops got asho they found ample supplies and canceled water boat. Six minutes later, we h another air attack from Sicily. The enem planes were wide of the target again.

By 1:30, the bombings were ordered cease. But the day wasn't over yet. T Italian invasion barges attempting to e cape were set afire and sunk. Twent seven aircraft, again from Sicily, raid at 3:30, but our fighters were circling t well and drove them off. By 4 o'cloc twenty of our tanks were aiding the troo

(Continued on page 66)

Every branch of the Armed Services uses the telephone. No. 5 of a series, Marine Corps.

Some day Johnny, front line observer, will climb out of his last foxhole into a world freed from fear of dictators. When that day comes, the telephone—now speeding commands on the battlefront and production on the home front—will help to place all peoples of the earth on friendly speaking terms.

Western Electric

IN PEACE...SOURCE OF SUPPLY FOR THE BELL SYSTEM.
IN WAR...ARSENAL OF COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT.

Su
=
Mur

A SHORT SHORT ST
COMPLETE ON THIS P

CANCELIN' OUT

BY HUGH FULLERTON

ILLUSTRATED BY DARIUS MEDE

NEVER in the history of our old home town has there been such a mystery as the disappearance of Old Benning Colvert, nor as much astonishment as followed its solution by Little Dan Brock, our local Sherlock.

Benning, the most hated and feared man in Highland county, disappeared three days after Christmas in the coldest week of the winter. He ate supper at his home in Beech Street, told his wife he intended to walk uptown, get the mail, and stop at his office to make sure the fire in the stove was banked. He left the house at 7:20. Both Kim Moyer and Wally Stevenson passed him. He turned into Short Street in which both post office and his office were located—and vanished. He wasn't seen alive again.

No one cared much, although some pretended to be sorry for his wife. He was the richest man in the county, and held mortgages, notes and claims against about half the population—all at usurious rates. The marshal and the sheriff held the theory that he had gone to Cincinnati in some mysterious manner, but when three days passed with no word from him the disappearance became a source of argument and dissension in the village.

The hottest center of argument was at Doc Cooper's little cigar shop where the Loafers' Club met morning, afternoon and evening. Seven or eight of us regular members were in the shop when Clibby, the town marshal, came in and stood Doc off for cigars known locally as "Twofers." Little Dan Brock, who had studied law and who spent his time reading detective stories, asked: "Found old Benning yet, Clibby?"

"Nary hide nor hair," said Clibby, licking the loose wrapper of a cigar.

"Kind of slow, ain't you?"

"I suppose you could do better," said Clibby, stung by the sniff that accented Dan's query. "I suppose you could find him and catch whoever it was killed or kidnaped him?"

"Reckon I could if I put my mind to it."

"Your mind?" Clibby repeated insinuatingly. "Reckon maybe you'd better get busy. I'm offerin' a reward."

"Maybe I will. Maybe you'll find him if the cold lets up so you can get away from the the stove for a while."

Clibby snorted, slammed the door and departed.

"Kind of burnt him up that time, Dan, didn't you?" asked Doc admiringly.

"Reckoned I would."

"Just how'd you go about solvin' this case, Dan?" inquired Dick Spruance.

"Well, first off, I'd start cancelin' out."

"Cancelin' out; how's that?"

"Elimination, cancelin' out, same as we done in arithmetic at school. Cancel out everything that don't count and what remains is the answer."

"I mind somethin' like that," Dick confessed, "when we was studyin' fractions."

"Yep; worked every danged time, too."

"How would you go about it with Benning?" asked Doc.

Dan, pulling out a package of fine cut, said, "Well, I'll proceed to elucidate. First off, did Benning leave town or is he still here? Train had been gone twenty minutes when he left the house. No bus run that night. Benning didn't have no hoss, and didn't hire one at Jake's livery. He couldn't ride a bicycle. No one seen any rig drive through town; besides, the road was drifted shut with snow down at Hoaglands. He didn't walk; came uptown without his galoshes, and no muffler. He'd have froze to death in five miles, walkin'. Cancels out every way of leaving town; consequently he's still here."

"It figgers that way," Doc admitted.

"Now cancel on did he suicide," Dan continued judicially. "Rope? Drownin'? Poison? Shootin'?—nope. Cancel 'em all. Crick's froze solid. So are all the ponds. Besides, no one'll drown himself in ice water. He was gun-shy; cancel shootin'. He didn't have no rope and none is missin'. Cancel hangin'. He'd have been found if he hung himself anywhere 'ceptin' in a closet—and they've searched all the closets in his house and office; there's no closets in his barn. Drugstore ain't sold him no poison. Cancel out suicide."

"That means murder," said Dick Spruance, solemnly.

"Uh-huh," Dan assented, nodding and adding to his chew. "Now cancel on the murder. How did the feller kill Benning? Gunshot would have been heard; cancel out shootin'. No blood on the snow anywhere; cancel out stabbin'. Leaves bashin' over the head, or chokin'. No sign of a struggle anywhere—and no man gets choked without fightin'. I figger that someone bashed Benning over the head. Probably laid for him in the alley by the post office, and bashed him with a club."

"But where would he hide the body?" inquired Dick Spruance.

"Got to cancel out again," said Dan craftily. "First off, ground is froze down two feet, which cancels ninety-nine hundredths of the territory. No one would tackle diggin' a grave in frozen clay."

"How come you figger he *is* buried?" asked Dick.

"Ain't cancelin' out that way," said Dan. "I figger he ain't buried yet, but will be."

"How do you cancel down to that?" demanded Doc. "And like Dick says, where'd the murderer hide the body?"

"Timmy Costigan reports someone stole a spade and pick from the section shanty last night. Cancels down to the body bein' hid, and that the murderer don't own no spade. Cancelin' on where he's hid—" Dan lighted a Twofer thoughtfully.

"Might have hid him in a haymow?" Dick suggested.

"Cancel out the haymow. No murderer ain't hidin' the body in his own haymow and besides Benning weighed 185; hard to carry up a ladder. Cancel out cellars, too; every cellar in town is dug into rock."

"Might be in the sawdust down at the sawmill," Doc offered.

"Nope; cancel that. Sawdust is froze solid and covered with snow. Only one danged spot in town that don't cancel out."

"Where's that?" demanded several listeners in chorus.

"Under the grandstand in the old fairgrounds. Dirt there's dry as a bone, and loose as ashes; easy diggin'. I reckon Clibby'd find the body hid there and maybe by watchin', catch the killer buryin' it—"

"Who do you figger done it, Dan?" asked Dick Spruance.

"Got to cancel out to answer that," said Dan easily. "More'n half the people in town have wanted to kill Benning some time or other. Cancel out all them that was at two prayer meetin's Wednesday evenin'; cancel out them that was at Odd Fe lodge meetin', cancel out them tha sittin' in the poker game in Henry's room; cancel out them that was a cockfight in the livery barn. Cance all of them that owns a spade.

"That gets us down to about five pe Cancel out Lawyer Roads, who own no spade but rooms at the Cancel out old man Hunt, who ha rheumatics so he can't spade any r cancel out Lavinny Pallisin, the old who is too old to garden; cancel out son White who has no spade but is la with pneumonia. What does that le

Dan looked around for an answer.

"Leaves Aboo-Ben Adams, don't it demanded. "He ain't got no spade wouldn't spade if he had one."

"Kind of serious, accusin' anyon murder," said Doc, "without no real dence. How you figure it's Aboo? never owed Benning nothing—Ben wouldn't lend him a cent. I know t

"Didn't owe him nothin' is cor said Dan. "But I heard tell that A wrote a check once and signed the w name. Heard tell that Benning got check and Benning used to say somet a bad check was better'n a good one. cels right down to Aboo."

The weazened little man bought more cigars, lighted one and said: Clibby I canceled it out and solved mystery. I'll be in to get the reward

THAT night Marshal Clibby, with deputies, found the body of Ben hidden under the grandstand and, hi behind a lumber heap, waited and ca Aboo-Ben Adams when he started to Aboo tried to run, but when captured, fessed he had been paying Benning years on a forged check; had waite the alley for Benning to come to his o bashed him over the head with a two four scantling, and hauled the body to fairgrounds on a sled.

The city papers pounced on the They called Dan Brock the local Sher Holmes, and printed his picture an story of how he had "canceled out" he solved the mystery.

"You did a fine piece of deduc analysis, Dan," I said, after buying sev beers and cigars for him. "I was t when you did it, and I followed it all at the time, but there's a couple of po I'm kind of shaky on when I go over my mind. I wish you'd tell me again actly how you canceled out."

"Just like arithmetic in school," Dan. "Plain science and logic. But between you and me and the gatepost not for publication, I seen Aboo drag Ben on a sled into the fairgrounds ab midnight that night and I didn't want old lady to find out I'd set in that po game that late."

Sugar and spice... and everything nice...

THAT'S WHAT BOMBERS ARE MADE OF

The sweets your little girl won't eat as often as she used to.

Your extra cup of coffee.

Those Sunday drives with the kids.

The evening picnic by a quiet lake after hot days in town.

That new car you're not going to get and tires you won't have to drive on.

12,000 telephone calls.

300,000 rivets.

Aluminum and steel from your washing machine and other civilized appliances.

...add bombs, ammunition, guns, trained crews...communication systems and safety devices.

AND THAT'S WHAT BOMBERS ARE MADE OF.

Note, if you please, our contribution to these great planes with which go our hopes for peace and justice . . . for we manufacture radio communications equipment that directs the invisible pathways under stars or through blackest night . . . also hydraulic systems that actuate bomb bay doors, and gun turrets . . . these and other hydraulic items such as the important ones which simplify landings of victorious but tired pilots, are but a few of the many units of precision equipment we supply to builders of fine aircraft.

Randolph E. Walker
PRESIDENT

AIRCRAFT ACCESSORIES CORPORATION

MANUFACTURERS OF

PRECISION AIRCRAFT EQUIPMENT
HYDRAULICS . . . . . ELECTRONICS

BURBANK, CALIF. • KANSAS CITY, KANS. • NEW YORK, N. Y.
CABLE ADDRESS: AACPRO

At 7 A. M. you feel like 30¢

WHAT A MORNING! You wake up feeling sluggish and headachy because you need a laxative.

And then . . . the minute you get up, you take a sparkling glassful of gentle, speedy Sal Hepatica.

At 9 A. M. you feel immense!

WHAT A DIFFERENCE! Taken before breakfast, Sal Hepatica usually acts *within an hour*. No discomfort or griping. You'll also be pleased to know that Sal Hepatica helps turn a sour stomach sweet again by helping reduce excess gastric acidity. No wonder, 3 out of 5 doctors, recently interviewed, recommend this sparkling saline laxative. Why don't you try it?

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy*

SAL HEPATICA

Sal Hepatica's active ingredients: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Ask your doctor about the efficacy of this prescription.

TUNE IN { "DATE WITH JUDY"—Wednesdays, 9:00 P.M., EWT
"NOAH WEBSTER SAYS"—Tuesdays, 8:30 P.M., EWT

Diplomat on the Spot

Continued from page 13

service with the Asiatic Fleet, in 1898. His naval career reached its apex in 1933, when he was made a full admiral. He was always an ardent advocate of a big navy and was never backward about presenting his views. As Chief of Naval Operations, he carried on a vigorous campaign for larger naval appropriations. Forces aligned against him were strong and well organized.

"The Federated Council of Churches, American Communists, various peace organizations and pacifists like Congressman Jeanette Rankin and Dorothy Detzer all thought I was a warmonger," Standley chuckles now. "I wasn't. But I knew—and the whole Navy knew—that Japan would attack us some day and that we weren't ready. One year, I arranged a naval problem of defending the Aleutian Islands, Honolulu, Midway and San Francisco, and they said that I was deliberately trying to stir up the Japs. We knew they'd attack us and we had to have some preparations with the little material we had."

As a representative at the Disarmament Conference in London in 1934, Standley received further confirmation of his conviction that we had better have a big Navy—or else. He heard Japan's Admiral Yamamoto insist that the 5-5-3 ratio, established in 1922, be adjusted and that complete parity be recognized.

The Japs walked out of the conference, as Standley knew they would from the beginning. That is what they had come to London for—to repudiate the 1922 agreement.

After Standley returned to Washington he was for a time Acting Secretary of the Navy. At every Cabinet meeting the President would turn to him and say, "Well, Bill, what have you got on your mind?" And invariably, Standley would say bluntly, "More battleships, Mr. President. We're going to need them."

Standley once won a battleship on the Army and Navy golf course in Washington. That is one game he really could (and can) play. Once he shot a seventy-seven on the Burning Tree course in Washington. This day he was just starting out with a foursome. He saw Jim Byrnes, head of the appropriations committee, Congressman McMillan of South Carolina, and Commander Bogart, Naval liaison officer for the committee, waiting to tee off. Standley turned to his partners and said, "I'm going to leave you, boys. I'm going over and play Jim Byrnes and try to get a battleship out of him."

Playing for High Stakes

Standley did more talking than playing that afternoon, and when the game was completed he had sold Jim Byrnes. An appropriation for the battleship was forthcoming, and a little over a year ago it was launched. It was the North Carolina.

"It was the first battleship we had launched since 1921, when we built the West Virginia," Standley says, shaking his head sadly.

Admiral Standley retired in 1937, and he couldn't wait to get out to that home he had always dreamed of in La Mesa, California. He had earned a rest, he thought, and he had twelve grandchildren he wanted to know better. He did a job first as consultant for the Electric Boat Company, and on his advice they began construction of what we now know as PT boats—mighty useful little craft.

Then Washington asked him to serve on the OPM and he said simply, "I'm in the Service. I'll do what you tell me to do." The OPM was a bit of a debating society in those days, and Standley hated it. Then the President appointed him a memb the Harriman Special War Supply Mi to Russia. He took active part in the cow conference and was instrument obtaining American-made Oerlikon aircraft guns for Russian merchant and icebreakers. He returned from sia full of praise for the Red army for Stalin.

"Russia will never quit," he said radio speech on his return. "The army is great. Have confidence in R and give her everything we can to She deserves it. Russia is doing thi

In his dealings with the Soviets he been honest and frank, and he dem honesty and frankness from them. esty he gets—frankness he hopes to

Reports reached Moscow recently Standley might resign. American c spondents, knowing the job he's d pleaded with him not to consider su step. Such men as Sir Archibald Cl Kerr, British ambassador to Mos went running to Spasso House to pro not officially, but as friendly colleag Other diplomats followed suit. All reassured by the knowledge that there no immediate possibility of the admi resigning.

Most Difficult Job in the World

We here in Moscow believe that St ley has the most difficult diplomatic in the world. His difficulty does not c from Soviet officials, with whom he's the most friendly terms—it comes f the awkward, unwieldy setup instit here by Washington. Supervision Lend-Lease is in the hands of Gen Faymonville, who works entirely i pendently of the ambassador or of military and naval attachés. This is q different from the London setup, w Averell Harriman and other Lend-L officials work hand in hand with our n tary and naval authorities and all co- erate with Ambassador Winant.

Various special missions which Moscow are also a cause of embarr ment to Standley in his official posit Russians, quite understandably, are n quite sure as to who, in fact, is the cial American representative. The re visit of Joseph E. Davies was a case point. Standley received little adva notice of Davies' visit, nor was he formed as to the official reason for Standley brought Davies to the Kre and then left him alone with Sta Davies was feted and banqueted w typical Soviet hospitality, and Stand quite definitely took second place.

The fact that Standley and Davies old friends and that Standley harbored personal resentment didn't obscure fact, quite obvious to the diplomatic co at the Kremlin and to correspondents, t Standley in his official capacity was g ting a shabby deal.

Upon his arrival Davies had nounced merely that he had come Moscow to deliver a letter to Stalin. C respondents and diplomats questioned necessity of the whole visit. Standley never too busy to take an hour off and over to the Kremlin to deliver a lett The Kremlin is on broad Mokhovaia A nue, just across from our embassy.

Any man with less moral courage a physical stamina would long since ha resigned his thankless job. But admir don't quit under fire, and as long as Star ley believes he can help the Russians any way at all he'll remain on the job unless his position becomes so absolut impossible that he has no alternative t to resign.

THE END

Seven Sins

Continued from page 21

emy hands. For hours I have been at ork, but not until an hour ago did I find yself in a position to produce definite idence—and it was an hour too late. I ll show you."

He spoke and moved in the dull man- r of a dispirited man. The general atched him feverishly; he had aban- oned his desk and was pacing the office e a wild thing trapped.

From an attaché case Gaston Max ew out a bundle of papers. "First, the y. For this key I have sought for onths. No wonder I failed. See."

General Bulwer halted in that febrile omenade, stood beside him and studied typewritten sheet.

"Observe the top line, in capitals, with ide spaces: P Y T H A G O R I C U D S."

"Yes, yes. What does it mean?"

"It means, my General, that fourteen tters of the twenty-six contained in the nglish alphabet are represented here. In eir proper order, those omitted are: e, f, k, l, m, n, q, v, w, x and z. Now, re- ard the second line, in which I have filled n these missing letters, in that order, be- ween the capitals:

"PeYfTjHkAlGmOnRqIvCwBxUzDS."

"Very well. What now?"

"Now, the third line, above which I ave written the alphabet:

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P
p e y f t j h k a l g m o n r q
Q R S T U V W X Y Z
i v c w b x u z d s."

"And what does that convey?"

"It conveys, with one small flaw repre- ented by the letter N, a scientifically shuf- fled alphabet! No letter, except N, is in its usual place! If you knew how difficult this is to do, you would appreciate, but yes, the cleverness of these scoundrels; for the formula has to be one that can easily be *memorized:* no code book is car- ried to incriminate. Hence, 'Pythagoric buds.' One remembers that; the remainder is automatic."

"And the information?"

"Messages, decipherable only by those acquainted with this key, have been cun- ningly, so cunningly, hidden in speeches openly broadcast from England—and lis- tened to and transcribed in Berlin! It was the sometimes strange language—sen- tences, oh! so tortured—in these broad- casts which first attracted my attention. But the code defied me. Yes, I, Gaston Max, was at a loss. A divine accident— perhaps the presence of an angel—put the clue in my hands. All those details which I have given to you have been transmitted to Berlin from time to time in this way. I have records of those speeches; but it has taken me all day to decipher the coded passages. *Mon Dieu!* It took me an hour too long!"

A phone buzzed, and General Bulwer literally sprang to the instrument. His ex- pression, as he listened, was tragic; he seemed to age before the eyes of the one who watched, a gray shadow to creep over his fine features.

He said simply, "Very good," hung up the receiver and, dropping into his chair, buried his face in his hands.

"No hope?" whispered Gaston Max.

The stricken man looked up. "They are just approaching the French coast."

GASTON MAX sank slowly down into a well-worn leathern armchair; and he, too, buried his face in his hands. The blacked-out War Office admitted no sound from a semideserted Whitehall. It was the soldier who broke that oppressive silence:

"You have one thing more to tell me: the name of the man for whom a firing party is waiting at the Tower."

Gaston Max looked up. "It is the name of a clever man, a dangerous man, an evil man—but a man who ceased to be clever or even dangerous, when under the influence of his ruling passion—women. He forgot, this poor fool, that he had (or so I suppose) been actually coding sen- tences for a broadcast, in his car, on the back of an envelope, when he met a girl so beautiful, and so sweet. He gave her this envelope because it bore his address. He may even have remembered the scrib- bled notes but have thought that they could mean nothing to her."

"And his name, Monsieur Max?"

"Sir Giles Loeder."

General Bulwer, clutching the edge of his desk, glared at Gaston Max as though he doubted if he had heard aright. "But, sir! *Loeder!* Gad, man! He knew *every- body!* The last time I met him (not long before his death) was at a luncheon where there were two cabinet ministers and an- other officer of the General Staff as well as myself! Are you mad?"

Gaston Max forced a wan smile; he shrugged. "It is because Sir Giles Loeder 'knew everybody' that he was one of the most dangerous Axis agents in England. But I have yet to learn, first, who killed him, and second, who was his chief. . . ."

A large Chinese vase rested on a lacquer

COLLIER'S "Okay! Okay! What's the gag?" WILLIAM BERG

"All I'm askin' ye is...'Why are ye needin' a shotgun?'"

MAN: I told you I need it on account of my secretary!

DETECTIVE: *Now who's afraid of a slip of a girl like her? What's she been doin'?*

MAN: Oh, things like this . . . I noticed we are buying less carbon paper, and I found she's using *one sheet* of carbon as many as *60 times!*

DETECTIVE: *Aha! An' your carbon copies are fuzzy as a goat's beard, an' ye cannot read 'em!*

MAN: Sure I can! She's started using Roytype Park Avenue carbon paper, and getting up to 60 clean, clear, legible copies from each sheet. Look, this test copy proves it . . .

This is the 60th copy made with the same sheet of Roytype Park Avenue Carbon Paper, a product of the Royal Typewriter Company. This same sheet of carbon paper has been used 59 times before! The test was made by the United States Testing Company, Inc., one of America's largest independent testing laboratories. See what a clear, legible copy this 60th one is!

Laboratory test No. 36351-NY, issued March 19, 1943

DETECTIVE: *Faith, it looks almost like a* first *copy! How does she do it?*

MAN: She tells me that Park Avenue is made by the Royal Typewriter people, and it's *deep-inked* by a special process that soaks the ink right down into the paper. Also, Park Avenue has an extension edge that lets you reverse the sheet, top to bottom, so all areas of the paper can be used!

DETECTIVE: *It's clever they are! An' this gem of a girl . . . why are ye after shootin' her?*

MAN: The gun's not to shoot her with . . . it's to *guard* her. She's such a smart secretary I'm afraid somebody will steal her!

Complete line of carbon papers

THERE ARE MANY different carbon papers in the Roytype* line, made by the Royal Typewriter Company. One of these . . . it may be Park Avenue, or it may be another . . . will exactly fit your needs, depending on the particular type of work done in your office. Your local Royal Typewriter Representative will gladly show you the whole price range of Roytype carbon papers and help you choose the weight, finish, and quality best suited to your requirements.

ROYTYPE
Carbon Papers and Ribbons made by the
ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY

*Trade-Mark Registered U. S. Pat. Off.
Copyright 1943, Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.

PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

stool. It contained a quantity of arum lilies and had the effect of dominating the square, thickly carpeted lobby of Destrée's apartment. Shaded lights were so disposed that this vase and the waxen white petals acquired startling prominence against a background afforded by the rose tints of a Persian prayer mat which hung upon the wall.

In an oval niche a green Buddha crouched contemplating these lilies; a tiny, shaded lamp burned before him. There was a note of baroque in all the appointments. A Burmese gong poised in a wooden support gleamed mysteriously from a shadowed corner, and near it, on a ledge, stood a violet-lacquered telephone.

There was no sound, until the silence was broken by a faint buzzing. A door opened immediately, and a man came out and went to the instrument. It was Mr. Francis, with whom James Wake had had some conversation recently; Mr. Francis of the catlike walk, the clean-shaven, heavy, expressive face, the dimpled chin. Tonight he wore "tails" and presented a notable figure, since many men had given up "dressing" altogether. The telephone conversation was brief.

"Okay. Bring him right up."

MR. FRANCIS adjusted his white tie before a mirror in a lacquered frame immediately above a dainty bureau. That magnified mosquito note of an ascending elevator proclaimed itself, perceptibly increased and then stopped. The sound of a distant clanging gate, a resumption of the whine, this time diminuendo, and Mr. Francis opened the door, just as a fair young man who wore the uniform of a celebrated infantry regiment was about to press the bell.

"Ah, good evening, Captain Fyne," said Mr. Francis, his chin dimpling. "I was expecting you. Mr. Olivar told me you were coming along."

"Wasn't sure if I'd come to the right spot. Is Teddie here?"

"I am expecting him. My name is Francis."

Captain Fyne, a distrait young man, accepted the outstretched hand. As they entered the lobby and Mr. Francis closed the door, Captain Fyne looked about him in growing bewilderment.

"Let me take your cap and cane."

These being surrendered, Mr. Francis flung another door open and ushered the visitor into a small room evidently designed purely for the alleviation of thirst. A man in a white jacket presided over a red bar, and there were several armchairs and small red tables disposed here and there. Actually, only one customer was present; he wore a dark lounge suit, had iron-gray hair perfectly groomed, a brief military mustache, and a cordless monocle which presumably was retained in place by means of hypnotic suggestion. A stiffly upright figure, a slow, easy manner and an ironic savoir-faire recalled the older diplomacy. Mr. Francis performed introductions:

"Ah, Mr. Michaelis, this is Captain the Honorable Peter Fyne, a friend of Olivar's. You may not have met."

"How do you do," said Mr. Michaelis, bowing formally. "Please let me offer you a drink."

"Oh, thanks," said Captain Fyne vaguely. "I could do with one."

"The barman was given instructions. "I know your brother Lord Abthorp quite well," said Mr. Michaelis. "Still out East?"

"Yes." Fyne nodded in his puzzled way. "As a matter of fact, in Cairo at the moment. Hope he doesn't push on before I arrive."

"Oh, I see. Enough soda? Good." Mr. Michaelis handed a tumbler to the new arrival. "You expect to be joining him, then?"

"Yes, rather; sailing next week."

"Well, well, here's the best of luck. If, which I trust will not be the case, I should miss seeing you again, please give my warm regards to your brother."

A tiny red light glowed just above the red bar. Mr. Francis went out, closing the door behind him. He returned in less than a minute accompanied by a slender young man of willowy figure, who carried his clothes with an almost feminine grace. His handsome features were so evenly tanned that, since the Riviera was no longer available to Londoners, one suspected sun-ray treatment or even some preparation in a bottle. His dark hair presented a series of glittering waves and his dark eyes were really beautiful, or would have been considered so if they had belonged to a girl. He wore a dinner suit, but a companion who followed him was attired in business clothes (or, alternatively, disguised as a stockbroker).

The trousers worn by this second visitor any competent stage producer would have condemned on sight as taken off the wrong hook. He had cultivated probably the smallest mustache in Europe: it looked like two full stops. And in profile his figure suggested that a finely developed torso had slipped down in some way to the neighborhood of the waistline.

"Hello, Teddie," called Captain Fyne, as the immaculate young man entered. "You have turned up then?"

"Of course, I have. I never miss a game when there is one going."

TEDDIE'S modulated tones were marred by a slight lisp which, however, some women had found fascinating. Mr. Francis entered behind the pair and closed the door again.

"As this is your first visit, Mr. Bernstein, let me make you at home. This is Captain the Honorable Peter Fyne, and Mr. Michaelis. Mr. Olivar I guess you know already."

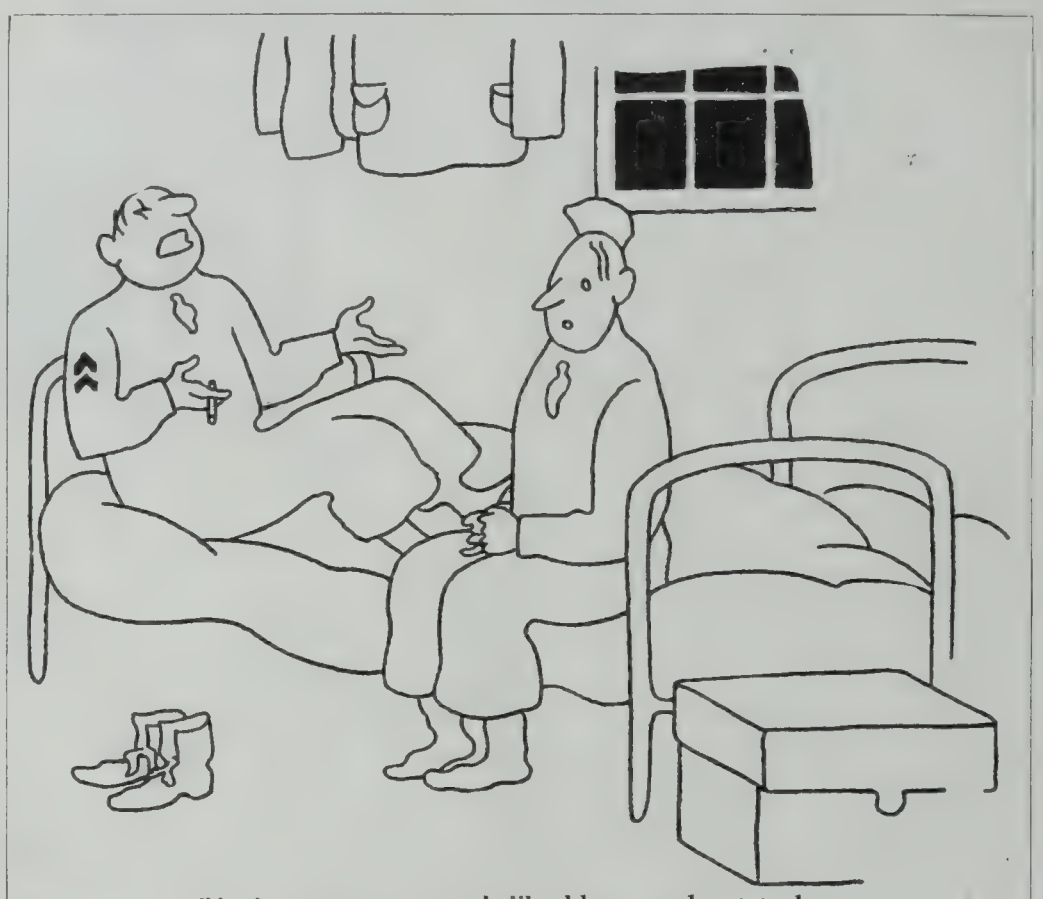
"Glad to meet you, Captain," said Mr. Bernstein. "How d'you do, Mr. M." He looked about him appreciatively. "Posh little place, ain't it? I'll say so."

He rubbed his hands together, hands which, in marked contrast to his rather pasty features, were distinctly red. He laughed on three rising notes of appreciation, "Ha! ha! *ha!*" revealing yellowish teeth, two of which were redeemed by gold coverings. Mr. Michaelis, who had stepped to a side table to light a cigar, rejoined the group. Mr. Bernstein, in reply to a courteous inquiry, suggested a double whisky and soda, which was promptly forthcoming.

"Ah! that's the stuff," he declared, sampling it and smacking his lips. "Goes down very well, that does. Not half!" He took another drink. "A drop of good stuff, that. What ho!"

CAPTAIN FYNE drew Teddie Olivar aside, and: "I say, Teddie," he began, and looked more bewildered than ever, "where did you find it?"

Teddie Olivar rolled his eyes, shrugged gracefully and accompanied the gesture with a movement of his shapely hands. "Really, Peter, one has to do it nowadays. I agree that the man is somewhat ungarnished, and his clothes are always shocking, but just look at my Tuxedo, for instance. How could I possibly be turned out as I am if there were no Mr. Bernsteins? And my wine cellar, Peter! Positively prewar. Mr. Bernstein again."



COLLIER'S "And suppose you work like blazes and get to be a full general? So what? There you're stuck!" GARDNER REA

"Oh, I see. Black-market king?"

"Black-market emperor, Peter. A really wonderful fellow. Old Huskin would be delighted to meet him, I am sure."

"So would the police, no doubt. But that reminds me. You said Lady Huskin was coming."

"My dear Peter, it is an old story—the jealous husband. Of course Poppy Huskin is simply prostrated, but the old man insisted upon her going down to Huskin Court tonight for one of those unendurable political dinners. Poor Poppy! She is so good to me, too."

Another door communicating with the bar was thrown open and a subdued murmur of conversation suggesting the presence of a number of people became audible. Above it rose a single voice: *"Messieurs! Faites vos jeux!"*

Sounds of movement followed, ejaculations, muttered instructions, then the whirring of a wheel, the rattle of an ivory ball.

As the woman who had opened the door entered the bar and closed the door behind her, one heard the voice of the croupier again: *"Rien ne va plus . . ."*

Destrée smiled around upon her guests.

Mr. Michaelis, who stood nearest to the door, raised her tiny fingers to his lips, with continental chivalry. Teddie Olivar dragged Captain Fyne forward.

"The loveliest and cleverest woman [illegible] London," he lisped. "This is my fri[illegible] Peter Fyne, dear. Needless for me to [illegible] Peter, that this is Ysolde Destrée."

Captain Fyne's bewilderment beca[illegible] something like hypnosis, as he bowed o[illegible] the extended hands of his hostess. [illegible] wore a sheer gown which appeared to [illegible] designed to reveal the beauty of her ar[illegible] and shoulders. A bejeweled floral or[illegible] ment with green leaves was like a cro[illegible] on the blackness of her gleaming hair, a[illegible] red sandals with golden heels seemed, [illegible] lightly did she tread, to make no impr[illegible] upon the carpet. She was dainty as a fa[illegible] and alluring as a secret vice; her e[illegible] gave no hint of reward or punishm[illegible] but merely beckoned.

Mr. Bernstein rubbed his red hands [illegible] gether and nudged Mr. Michaelis. "[illegible] the honors, old boy," he murmur[illegible] "What ho! Bit of all right."

Mr. Michaelis presented Mr. Bernste[illegible] adding, "A friend of Teddie Olivar, a[illegible] one who is reputed to be a very dari[illegible] player. So tonight, dear Destrée, you m[illegible] be on your mettle."

"I love those who are daring"—[illegible] smiled, and the fairy-bell voice was in h[illegible] mony with the fairy figure—"in love a[illegible] in play."

"That's okay by me," declared M[illegible] Bernstein, and his gold teeth added th[illegible] tribute. "I can see we are going to g[illegible] along fine. Now what about a spot [illegible] gambling?"

"But, of course," cried Destrée, throw[illegible] ing open the door behind her. "By [illegible] means let us gamble. Today, in this du[illegible] London, what else is there to do?"

THE gambling room was a long, re[illegible] tangular apartment across one end [illegible] which a roulette table extended. Th[illegible] remainder of the room contained car[illegible] tables, armchairs and settees; it was softl[illegible] carpeted and dimly lighted, since most o[illegible] the light had been concentrated on th[illegible] roulette table. Some fourteen peopl[illegible] men and women, were seated or standin[illegible] around the table when Destrée entere[illegible] with her new guests.

To one familiar with Monte Carlo i[illegible] would have appeared, at first sight, notin[illegible] its circular pit in the center to accommo[illegible] date a regulation wheel, that this table ha[illegible] been constructed for roulette. It was o[illegible] similar size to those used in the Casino [illegible] covered with green baize, marked out i[illegible] the usual way. Croupiers faced one an[illegible] other on either side of the wheel, stacks o[illegible] colored stakes ranged neatly before them [illegible] and two others officiated, one at either end [illegible] of the table. Play was not particularly [illegible] high at the moment, but counters were [illegible] marked in sterling values and not in [illegible] francs; so that Mr. Bernstein, peering [illegible] over the bare shoulder of a stout and [illegible] elderly lady who watched the wheel [illegible] through raised lorgnette, saw that the [illegible] highest single stake exposed represented [illegible] about five pounds.

He waited for the ball to fall and listened to the monotonous intonation of the croupier: *"Trente-deux, rouge, pair et passe."*

Remorseless rakes swept stakes away, those of a few lucky ones remaining to be paid out. Mr. Bernstein, glancing aside for a moment, noted a billiard marking board with cues in a rack attached to a wall behind the first croupier. He turned to look for Destrée; but Destrée had disappeared.

"Messieurs! Faites vos jeux!"

The game went on. . . .

IN THAT dimly lighted room where miniature lily pools stood upon lacquered tables and waxen blooms loaded the air with their heady fragrance, Destrée lolled on her divan. She smoked a cigarette fitted into the little jeweled holder, and her lips were parted in that enigmatic smile. No echo of the play reached this room. Its

Commando of the Tanks

Great speed and unequalled maneuverability make the M-5 light tank, built by Cadillac, the commando of the tanks. Commando-like, it strikes swiftly and surely with unfaltering pace wherever it can gain a foothold. Army Ordnance engineers, familiar with every phase of tank operation and the relative success of each type in action, joined forces with Cadillac engineers in developing the M-5. As a result, the M-5 incorporates all that is latest and best in light tank practice plus two innovations from Cadillac peacetime engineering. This accounts for its high speed and great maneuverability. Surrounded by the utmost secrecy, the M-5 had been in full production for more than a year before this phase of Cadillac's war production program became known. Hence it started hitting the enemy with demoralizing results before its existence was suspected. Thus Cadillac's forty years of "know how" is being most effectively used in the service of the nation. Other projects entrusted to us include precision-built inner assemblies for America's foremost liquid-cooled aircraft engine, as well as many other vital parts for the Army and Navy. All of these are products calling for outstanding skill and craftsmanship of the type upon which the Cadillac reputation and tradition are founded.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

ARMY E NAVY

LET YOUR DOLLARS WORK, TOO—
BUY
WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

MAGNATES WHO USED TO HAVE

MUCH SPORT FISHING FOR

MARLIN AND OTHER OVERGROWN

MINNOWS, MIGHT THEN HAVE PAID TOO

MUCH FOR WHISKEY. BUT,

MISTER, TIMES ARE DIFFERENT!

MANY OF THESE MEN NOW BUY

MATTINGLY & MOORE FOR IT'S

MELLOWER & MILDER THAN

MANY BRANDS THAT COST

MUCH MORE MONEY! TRY IT!

The best of 'em is

M&M

MATTINGLY & MOORE BLENDED WHISKEY

80 proof—72½% grain neutral spirits.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc.,
Louisville & Baltimore.

An Explanation to our Friends

If your bar or package store is sometimes out of M & M, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our prewar stocks to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other war products. (Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.)

silence was almost stupefying. At last, however, a faint tap sounded upon the door. The tinkling voice of Destrée spoke the one word: "Enter."

Mr. Michaelis came in, closing the door behind him. He crossed noiselessly, his footsteps deadened by the Chinese carpet, and stood for a moment looking down at her. She watched him with those sleepy eyes in which no message could be read.

"I am not sure that I am glad," he began, "that Olivar should bring his friend Bernstein."

She dimpled her satin shoulders. "What does it matter so long as he plays? Is he playing?"

"Yes." Mr. Michaelis, who was smoking a cigar, contemplated its cone for a moment, thoughtfully. "I saw Francis cash twenty pounds for him. But it is not always good policy to think only of the money. Your parties have been justly celebrated for a certain bon ton. It would be regrettable if vulgarity should be permitted to intrude."

"My dear Hugo—Teddie, who is so beautiful but so brainless, has his uses all the same; and his demands are not high. He brought us Poppy Huskin. Even you will admit that she was welcome. Others, too. He brought Mr. Bernstein at my own request. Our wine bill is excessive. Mr. Bernstein is said to be more—considerate." Destrée closed her eyes entirely, or seemed to do so.

MR. MICHAELIS contemplated his cigar again. "You admit that Olivar is brainless. This fact has its advantages—but it may prove destructive."

"You cannot possibly have forgotten," murmured Destrée, "that Giles had taken the bank with him on the night that he came to an end so regrettable."

"I have not forgotten," said Michaelis.

"Our—official resources are by no means unlimited." She dropped the cigarette into a little jade bowl. "And so"—she moved her shoulders again—"we must economize as best we can. The loss of so much capital is serious."

"But I pointed out to you at the time, when the arrangement was made, Ysolde, that a man who obeys two masters is the servant of neither."

"Precisely what do you mean, Hugo?"

"Well, I mean that what I may describe as our common fund should have been employed for the game. Loeder, in accepting a portion of the financial responsibility, admittedly was a welcome partner, at the time, as our resources were somewhat depleted. But in proposing himself as a backer, he was no doubt thinking primarily of his own profit."

"No doubt," murmured Destrée lazily.

"That—unfortunate misunderstanding, which led him to insist upon withdrawing his capital before the close of play, resulted in a dangerously awkward situation. As you remember, a run on the table after he had gone very nearly broke the bank."

"That is why we play again tonight. We must restore our fortunes."

"A perilous procedure. A link between Loeder and roulette is almost certain to be established by the police. It was my advice, and it remains my conviction, that we should lie low until the activities of Scotland Yard in this matter have worn themselves out a little. Normally, our risks are negligible, but if we should find ourselves called as witnesses in a murder case—this would be a different affair."

"It would be a truly unpleasant affair. But the situation was one for which I confess I had not provided."

Michaelis frowned. "It is our duty to foresee every eventuality. We know what to expect if we fail. There are circumstances concerning that unfortunate night which I find disturbing. I am not even sure that I enjoy your entire confidence in this respect."

Destrée stretched out her hand in a gesture of appeal. "Hugo, why are you distrustful?"

Michaelis clasped the tiny han stooped, and seemed to feast his eyes up its delicate ivory and coral. He press the slender fingers to his lips for lingeri seconds, his gaze fixed, now, upon De trée's provocative face. She made a pet lant *moue*, withdrawing her hand. "Te me what you are thinking."

"I was thinking that I would sacrifi everything in the world—if I were su of you."

"But what else? You were thinking something else."

HE PLACED his cigar in a bron bowl and, seating himself on th divan, passed his arm lightly around he shoulders. "I was thinking that many me have loved you, and wondering how man of them you have made happy."

She snuggled her glossy head against hi sleeve, like a contented kitten, closing he eyes. "What does it matter?" she mur mured. "I have always had greater inter ests; they have left me little time for love and so—" That expressive dimple ap peared upon one shoulder, the dimpl which came to life when she shrugged; hi arm tightened around her.

"You are so utterly maddening, Ysolde that sometimes I am afraid—"

"Afraid of what, Hugo?" the droopin lashes were partly raised.

"It would be difficult to express." He spoke with icy coldness. "Afraid, perhaps, that I might be tempted to—"

"Yes?"

"To tell you the truth."

"About what?"

"About yourself."

Destrée fully opened her dark eyes, but otherwise she did not stir. "Do you think it would be news to me?"

"No; but it would make you angry. There is no place for anger in our friendship. I watch you as every man watches the woman he loves. Your self-command is perfect—it is wonderful; but I was not alone in detecting your temporary loss of poise when Loeder brought the little brunette to Mrs. Sankey's. Before, I had doubted; then, I knew."

"What did you know?"

"I knew that he was your lover. You were unable to hide your jealousy—from me. I am not reproaching you. Your life is your own."

Destrée lay almost perfectly still, reclosing her eyes. "Perhaps, Hugo," she said, so softly that her voice sounded like an echo of fairy bells, "you may jump to conclusions—yes? But what does it matter? Tell me who else thinks as you do."

"Francis."

"Oh!" she smiled. "As Giles is dead, you find another to be jealous about. Poor Julian! Have you talked it over with him, Hugo?"

Michaelis stood up. "You are angry. It is my fault, and I am sorry."

"Truly, Hugo, truly, I am not angry. I know how much you care and, so, how could I be angry?"

"Yes—I care deeply and, so, I am always watching over you. It is why I am anxious tonight. After all, this man Bernstein is a stranger."

"And if the police should become rudely inquisitive? Well"—Destrée again extended that tiny hand, curling the fingers upward so as to resemble a half-opened lotus—"our arrangements have always worked perfectly. Why should they fail us now?"

Michaelis picked up his still smoldering cigar and considered the cone of ash.

"I hope you may be right, Ysolde."

AROUND the roulette wheel, excitement was rising. Teddie Olivar, gallantly investing the capital of his lady partner, was losing heavily on her behalf. Captain Fyne cashed another twenty

pounds. Spin after spin swelled the bank's coffers at the moment that Mr. Michaelis returned and strolled up to the table. To this slaughter of the innocents, however, there was one exception; and the exception was Mr. Bernstein.

A Babylonian mound of winnings lay within reach of his left hand. He occupied a chair behind which two or three spectators stood watching his method and occasionally endeavoring to follow it in a sporadic fashion.

Mr. Michaelis exchanged glances with Mr. Francis across the table, then strolled around to join him. "A run of bad luck for you, my dear friend."

"Others are losing; that will level it up for us. Teddie Olivar has earned his rake-off. I don't think he tries to lose; in fact, I doubt if that's possible. But he hardly ever wins. He has presented us with a hundred pounds of Lady Keffington's money. That's ten pounds for a night's work, plus his cut on whatever Fyne loses."

Mr. Bernstein's forehead displayed a few of perspiration. With the air of a field marshal planning a battle, he began to toss stakes onto selected numbers, calling out to the croupier: "Nineteen . . . twenty-one. . . . Shove that over onto eleven, old top . . ."

THESE arrangements being completed, the officiating croupier seized the crossbar and slowly reversed the wheel in a new spin, at the same time flicking the ivory ball into play. He had set it on its course somewhat too vigorously, however, for from the very first stud with which it came in contact, the ball leaped high in the air, dropped onto the green baize, and bounded from there to the carpet. Here, silently, it rolled away into shadow.

The man responsible glanced with a rather guilty smile toward Mr. Francis; and Mr. Bernstein became even more volatile than usual.

"That's done it!" he declared. "There goes me run o' luck. That's torn it! Money! Not half it hasn't!"

Mr. Francis rang a bell, and the white-coated barman came in. "The ball has been lost. Try to find it."

The man, using a torch, began to peer under chairs and other pieces of furniture. Several people joined in the hunt. The ball could not be found.

"Put another ball into play," said Mr. Francis. The croupier, taking one from a little box, hesitated for a moment, apparently uncertain whether he should reverse the wheel or let it pursue its present course.

"An entirely new spin," added Mr. Francis rather irritably. "The stakes remain."

The game went on. . . . *"Messieurs! Faites vos jeux!"*

A bell rang; it continued to ring—and a red light glowed immediately above the billiards marking-board.

"Here!" cried Mr. Bernstein, mopping his moist brow. "What's up now? A blinkin' air raid?"

Many of the players stood up. The bell ceased to ring; the red light went out. A door behind one of the croupiers opened and Destrée came in, languid and smiling as usual.

"Will you please all be so good as to take up your stakes and any counters you have before you? Put them in your pocket or handbag."

Mr. Bernstein was first to obey. "Lumme! It's the cops!" he exclaimed, transferring mounds of pieces from the cloth to his pockets with dexterity.

Teddie Olivar obligingly opened Lady Keffington's handbag which lay beside her, and bundled all the remaining stakes into it. "Safer with you than with me, dear."

"Will you please all come out by this door?" the bell voice of Destrée ordered. "Don't make unnecessary noise and you have nothing to worry about. The counters Mr. Francis will redeem later."

In a retirement which threatened to become a rout, the gamblers obeyed, to find themselves in a short passage, led by Destrée who carried a torch. This passage terminated in a tiled kitchen where the white-coated barman stood by with wraps, furs, hats and other belongings, which he returned to their several owners. A door was opened to admit the tang of chill night air as four croupiers joined the party.

"These gentlemen will lead the way," said Destrée quietly. "You will go up the fire ladder to the flat above; and provided you make no noise, there is nothing to be alarmed about. Mr. Francis will join you in a few moments."

"I say, Teddie," remarked Peter Fyne, "this will break me if I'm caught."

"Don't be so pettish, Peter," Teddie implored. "You are such an amateur of life. . . ."

Reclosing the door behind a final departing guest, Destrée returned to the gaming room. It was transformed. The table had been dismantled with the speed of a stage illusion; the wheel, the bank and the rakes had been packed into a wicker basket; the green baize cover, which was in two sections, each of these folding screenwise into three again, had been removed. The barman, his white coat discarded in favor of a black one, already was carrying the wooden sections off to some other room. Mr. Francis rearranged

"We're expecting great things from one of our new men"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

War-Economy Container

10% More Powder
No Higher Price

Powder in a revolutionized **NEW QUICK-FOAM FORMULA!** Feels more like a paste when you brush, yet gives you powder's money-saving economy. **NEW "WHIRLPOOL" CLEANSING ACTION** really gets down to work on dull, lack-luster tooth surfaces . . . helps bring out the flashing natural brilliance of enamel. And what a taste thrill in that **NEW WINTA-MINT FLAVOR!**

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

chairs. The roulette table had become again what it was in reality—a billiard table.

Mr. Francis shouldered the laden basket and made for the kitchen passage; despite the burden his gait remained feline, almost that of one who moves on tiptoe. Mr. Michaelis opened the door for him and closed it behind him. Then, stiffly upright, he focused his monocle upon the figure of Mr. Bernstein, crawling like a beetle about the carpet; but it was Destrée, hands on hips, who spoke:

"May I inquire what you are doing, Mr. Bernstein?"

"I have dropped a chip."

"Oh!" murmured Mr. Michaelis, "that is important. Let me help you to find it. I may add that it is too late for you to leave."

"I'll take my chance. Ah! Got it!"

He stood up, holding between finger and thumb a five-shilling counter, which, with a golden grin, he slipped into his pocket.

"Let us go into the bar," suggested Destrée. "Will you take a drink with me, Mr. Bernstein?"

"Not half! Just what I need. Go down very well, that would."

The doorbell rang. Following a suitable interval, the ex-barman opened the door. Chief Inspector Firth and Sergeant Bluett stood outside.

Then, the door being closed, Firth and Bluett were left alone in the lobby—for the man who had admitted them had gone to inform Destrée of their arrival.

A door opened and Destrée joined them. She wore a lace wrap over her evening frock, and her languor, her smile of mystery, had not deserted her.

"Good evening, Inspector." She glanced down at a card which she held and then up at the chief inspector, who towered above her tiny figure, perhaps wondering if he had grown out of his tweed suit or if it had always been too small for him. "Is there something I can do for you?"

"Do I address Mrs. Destrée?"

"I am Mrs. Destrée. Is anything wrong?"

"Weel—that remains to be seen, madam. In fact, I would wish, if it will no' inconvenience you, to take a look around."

Destrée continued to smile.

"I am entirely at your service, Inspector," she said quietly.

THE tall figure of Chief Inspector Firth—whose quest had been fruitless—was indistinguishable from the shadows of a boarded-up doorway, but nevertheless, Sergeant Bluett, coming around the corner, stepped in without hesitation, and was immediately swallowed up, too. Clouds drifted slowly across the sky from a southwesterly direction, obscuring the moon, and so still was Mayfair in those small hours that the police officers heard a clock chiming somewhere inside the building above them.

"Ye dismissed the squad?" The breadth of Firth's Scots denoted the depth of his annoyance.

"That's right." Bluett's tones sounded preternaturally gloomy. "I know where their scout was posted."

"Is tha' so?"

"In the one-way street leading to the front of Gatacre House there's a call box, right on the corner."

"I mind me of it."

"Well, that's where he was. He must have put a call through the moment he saw us drive up. He's only just gone; slipped through my fingers."

"It doesna' matter. We had nothing on him."

"I should have liked a dekko at his grid."

"And I should like to point out, Bluett, that thieves' slang is highly objectionable to me—and to the chief. It recalls some of the lowest characters we have known. I am thinking of Painter, the Hoxton murderer."

"I was thinking of Gaston Max."

"Is tha' so? Weel—we both ha' much to learn from him."

Silence fell. A car or a taxi passed along a neighboring street. Doors opened and closed; one heard footsteps and distant voices.

"Nae doubt ye know where the gambling party went. But it would ha' been straining our authority to follow."

"Where was that?"

"To another flat, either up or downstairs; like enough by the fire ladders, and taking the evidence wi' them. There's little doubt that Sir Giles was associated wi' this gang, and if we could ha' got them inside, there would be time for a little investigation of their private affairs. However, we haven't."

"They'll come out in one's and two's," murmured Bluett. "If some of them have cars, they are parked a long way off. I can see none."

"That doesna' matter. We know that Destrée is in on it, and I'll find out when I get back to the office where Mr. Michaelis lives. By heaven! but there's a woman for ye!"

"Destrée?" came Sergeant Bluett's voice out of the darkness. "I know. Got the nerve of a man."

"The nerve o' three men. I canna' imagine that woman weakening for a moment, Bluett. There's sma' doubt that those who stayed are her associates; and the one I should like to know more aboot is Mr. Bernstein."

"That's right."

"He will be awkward to check up on; there are many Bernsteins; and so I am thinking, Bluett, that you must do your best to cover him when he leaves."

"Oh," murmured Bluett, without discernible enthusiasm.

"I am going back, and I'll be leaving this job in your hands. I know I can count on you."

"That's right," said Bluett hollowly. "Do you want me to report tonight, or are you thinking of going home at any time?"

"Report in the morning. Good night."

"Good night, Inspector."

As the light footsteps of the chief inspector, who had a walk catlike as that of Mr. Francis, died away in the distance, Sergeant Bluett changed his position for another which he had in mind, and which would enable him better to see anyone leaving Gatacre House. He listened intently, questioning the darkness, for now the sky was heavily overcast, and there was threat of rain. Satisfied that no one was about, his new strong point gained, he sighed deeply and lighted a cigarette.

This cigarette had been smoked, and another as well, before his patience was rewarded. An elegant young man who wore no hat, and whose wavy hair gleamed effectively in dim light cast by the opening of the door, came out escorting an elderly lady who carried a large handbag, a lady to whom the young man displayed most courteous attention. A car, presumably summoned by phone, and in charge of a smart chauffeur, rolled up a few moments later. The cavalier, having arranged the lady comfortably in her place, stepped in beside her and the car was driven away.

Bluett succeeded in discerning the number, wrote it blindly in his notebook, and then resumed his vigil. He was about to light a third cigarette when at last came the signal for action.

THE door of Gatacre House swung open once more and a man came out alone, walked briskly down the steps, and looked about to right and left. He wore a black overcoat and a rather narrow-brimmed bowler hat. It was Mr. Bernstein. Apparently despairing of a taxi, he set off with springy step, swinging a tightly rolled umbrella in the manner of a walking stick.

Sergeant Bluett replaced the unlighted cigarette (his stock was getting low) and wearily set out in pursuit. As Mr. Bernstein wore creaky shoes and those of the sergeant were rubber-soled, the pursuit was a simple matter. On the frontiers of Soho an all-night taxi hove in sight and Bluett drew up eagerly toward his quarry.

"Taxi, sir?"

"No, thank you—" and Mr. Bernstein walked on.

A moment later, doubling like a hare, Bluett was racing back to overtake the taxi. . . . He had seen Mr. Bernstein approach a man who stood beside a stationary car waiting immediately t the next corner!

He overtook the taxi and jump the running board. "Scotland Yar said breathlessly. "Pull around like ning and try to keep that car in sight back on the next corner."

The unforeseen pursuit began; took an equally unforeseen direction ing down the Haymarket and int Mall, past Buckingham Palace guar phantom sentries, and out into Bu ham Gate. A theory that Mr. Ber was making for Victoria Station (alt for what purpose, at that hour, could not imagine) proved to be w In Buckingham Gate the car ahea pulled up. Then it started again.

Sergeant Bluett, deep in thought not so lost to externals as to fail t that Mr. Bernstein's car seemed to turning to its starting point. In fact was exactly what happened. At the spot on the frontiers of Soho, Mr. stein alighted. So did Sergeant B close behind him. The car moved off

"Take this card. Stand by for five utes, and then don't wait. Call a Yard in the morning."

"Okay, Sergeant—and here's a t think, I only think, mind you, that followed us back."

"Oh," said Bluett. "I can't hear thing."

AND now came the rain. For B who wore no topcoat, it mea drenching. But that zest of the chas herent in the human breast having possessed Sergeant Bluett, he hu eagerly forward through the rain, que about like a hound at fault. At the trance to a narrow courtyard he pa stood stockstill and listened. . . . Cr shoes were moving at its farther end.

Sergeant Bluett put himself throug knowledge-of-London test and prese formed a mental picture of the ter Straight ahead was a blank wall, bro by a gateway which communicated a mews. A once celebrated night club cupied all premises immediately on left except for a narrow block of ch offices adjoining. On the other side, recalled an indifferent Greek restau (closed now) with apartments above and this, so far as Sergeant Bluett co puzzle out, completed the picture. I which of these had Mr. Bernstein go

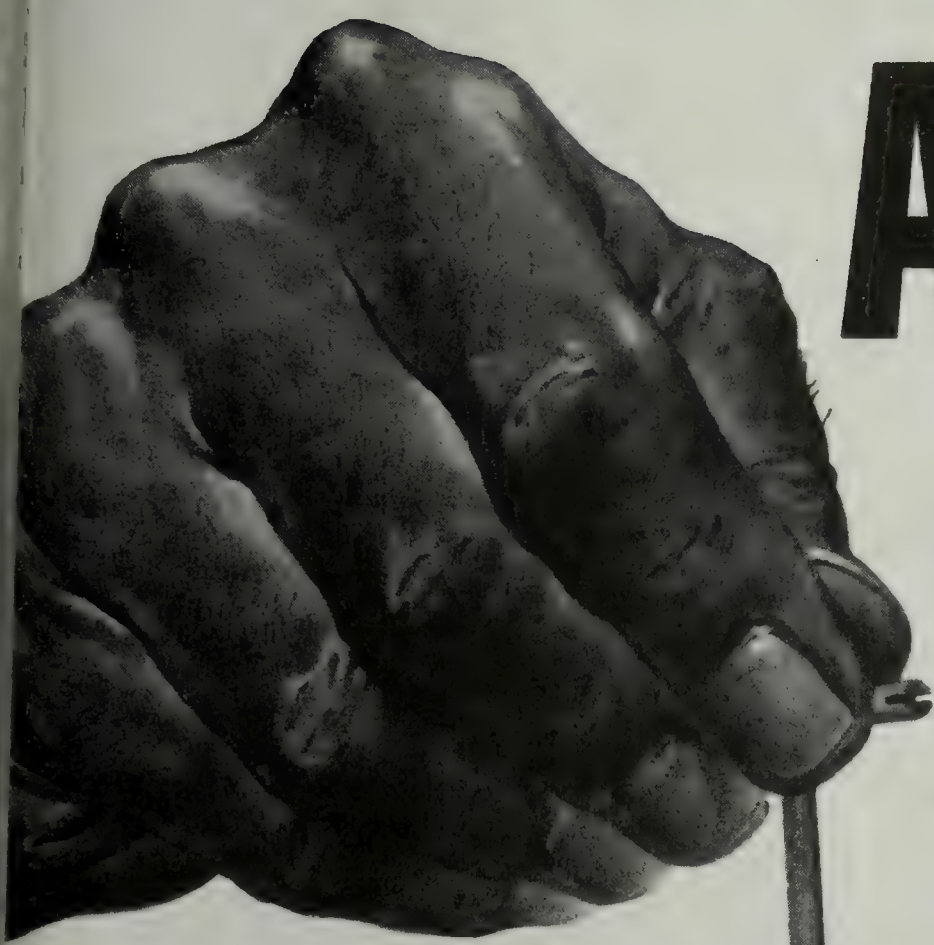
This problem was almost immedia solved. A faint light, that of a sha torch, appeared behind a first-floor w dow, slightly left of the restaurant, vealing crisscross paper strips attac to dirty glass; so that evidently blackout was in use. The light fa and the window became blind again. moment later, one immediately above and of almost identical appearance, aw ened in turn. The mystery was solv Mr. Bernstein had entered by a side d which evidently gave access to the apa ments above the restaurant. There w only one more floor, and this Blu watched intently.

Two tiny streaks of light appear right and left of another window high under the tiles. He knew what this p tended. The light was shining throu crannies of a blackout curtain. And no zest of the chase strong upon him, he d termined to explore farther; for one p sibility remained. Rain had ceased b the night was clammy, the paving slim wet. Did the lower door stand open f the convenience of tenants, or did ea of these hold a key? Upon the answer this question his future operations d pended.

Bluett approached the door and shone ray from his torch upon it. He saw a ordinary-looking house door, neglecte by the paintbrush for many years, and stood ajar!

(To be continued next week)

AUTO-LITE *means* AUTO LIFE



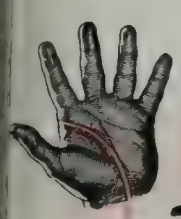
Check your car's Life-Line today

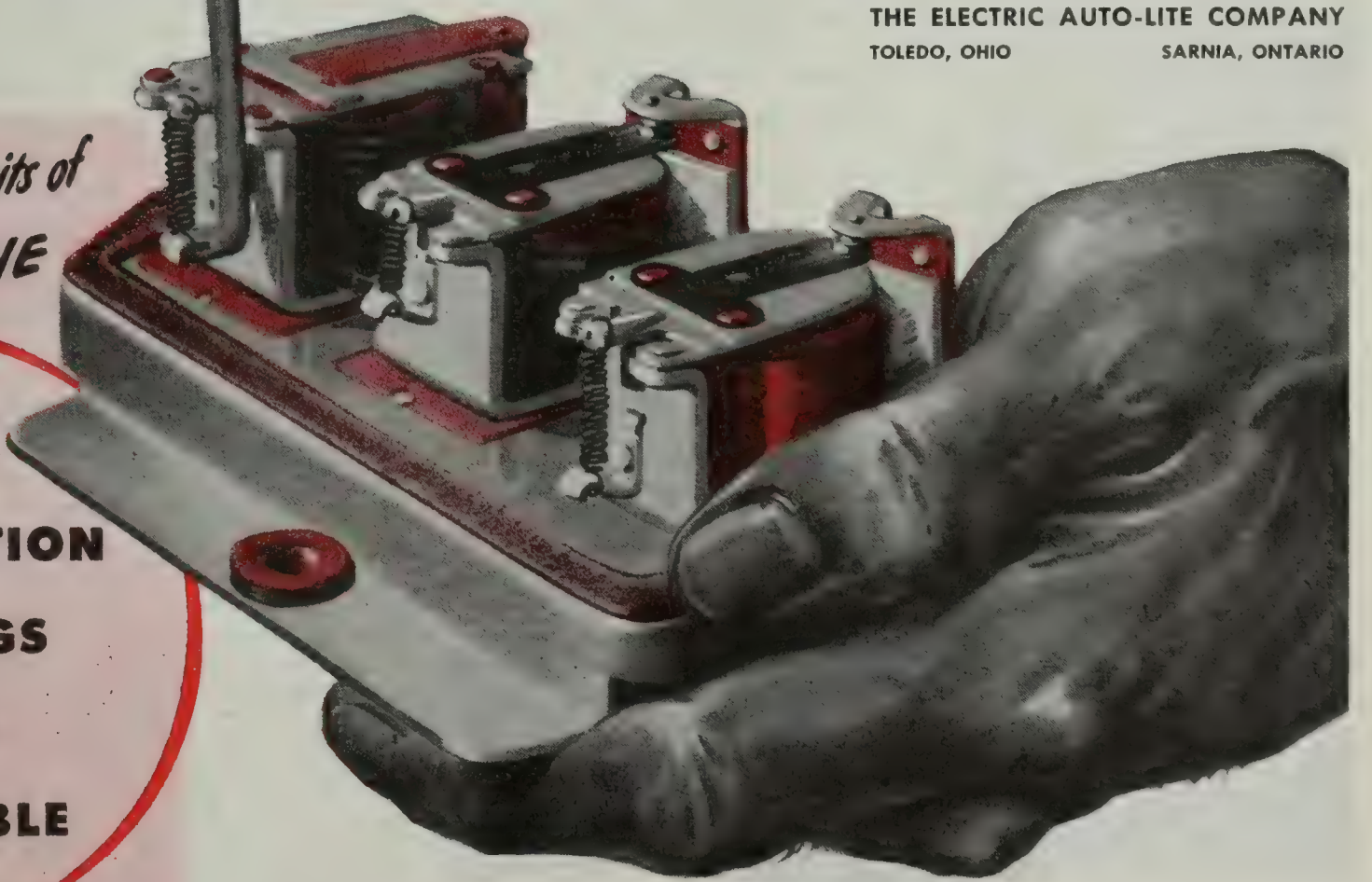
As the spillway protects the dam from the ravages of flood waters, the *voltage regulator* guards the electrical system—life-line of car, truck and tractor.

This complex mechanism does a dual job. It must function properly to maintain a constant voltage in the electrical system so all units operate at maximum efficiency. It prevents serious damage to battery and other electrical units when an over-supply of electricity is generated.

But the voltage regulator is only one of many units in the electrical system. Be sure the energy that brings your car to life flows freely from generator to battery to spark plug. Have every unit inspected and corrected, if needed, by one of the thousands of registered Auto-Lite service stations, your car dealer or service man. Your car will last longer . . . your gasoline coupons go farther.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO SARNIA, ONTARIO





These are the Vital Units of your car's LIFE-LINE

STARTING—
LIGHTING—IGNITION
SPARK PLUGS
BATTERIES
WIRE and CABLE

IN ITS 26 GREAT MANUFACTURING DIVISIONS, AUTO-LITE IS PRODUCING A LONG LIST OF ITEMS FOR AMERICA'S ARMED FORCES ON LAND, SEA AND IN THE AIR

Delivering real pleasure

DOWN from his chilly northland into millions of homes, this famous little lad—the Clicquot Club Eskimo Boy—has been bringing cool delight and tangy refreshment for more than fifty years. Everywhere he goes he means truly fine ginger ale—a mellow flavor and zestful sparkle that can't be beat for sheer pleasure whenever a treat is called for. Flavor-aging and perfect blending are part of the secret of Clicquot's wonderful taste. Try this wholesome drink for chasing summer wilt.

Gifts from Allerton

Continued from page 24

at every hour, the slave of a telephone bell and its eager and willing slave. They sent him out with their blessing, to lead a hard, a painful, a decent and an honorable life in the corporal works of mercy, as the Catechism says.

While he was doing this, James Kenyon Allerton III, was also improving the position from which he started, which wasn't precisely scratch. He began with the 33d National, in the correspondence department; at twenty-eight, he was cashier of the Market Square Title and Trust, which would have been sort of phenomenal for a young man whose uncle didn't happen to own the bank.

He met Allen, once, in town. "Hi, Jim!" he said—they were Jim and Jim to each other since the end of the sophomore year. "Come on! Have lunch with me, over at the League."

"Can't do it, Jim," said Allen.

"Come on, I'll buy you a drink."

"Never touch it."

"Well—well, look here. How you doing? You—you need any money—?"

ALLEN put his hand on Allerton's arm. "Jim," he said, "I always need money, and I never borrow any. I—I thank you for asking me."

"Not at all—not at all," said Allerton, stiffly and distantly. "Medical school costs a fortune. Everybody knows that. You want a little, say five hundred, a thousand, you know where to come. Money, money's the cheapest thing in the world. A fellow like you, I can't understand a man with your brains. . . . I—I could use you, Jim."

"No, you couldn't," said Allen. "Jim, I don't want a job—the way you wanted to play football—"

"I didn't want to play football, you dope. Stupid game. It was just something where you could show how good you are. All my people played football. So I played football."

"And none of my people were doctors. That's why I want to be one."

"Ah! Ah! I get you! I get you! 'None of my people were doctors,' hah? I bet you'll be one of the best darned doctors in the world. I—I'll never forget that. Like what that old goof—what was his name, the one we had in Anthropology?—always talking about Confucius. I don't remember a thing about his course, but I remember what he said about Confucius, 'Hold no unnecessary conversation with inferiors.' Come on, Jim. Come on, have lunch, hah? You don't find many people you like to talk to, in this world."

"I can't do it, Jim. I'll see you, fellow. So long, Jim."

"Okay, Jim. I'll see you again."

Jim Allen's firm, nervous, small, square hand met Allerton's huge hand. Then Allen went by himself to a cafeteria, because he couldn't stand to be patronized by anybody, even by a man of whom he was fond. Allen was a proud man and a young man, too. He didn't know that a man should take a favor from a friend, to please his friend. He didn't know an appalling lot of things.

He didn't know a young, poor doctor should marry a woman with money, or social position, or else not marry at all. He married a nurse, one Josephine McDonough, who gave him a son, and a daughter, and another son, before he was thirty years old. He still has them; Doc's still alive.

This day, his phone rang. "Doctor speaking," he said.

"Doctor Allen?—Doctor Allen?—Go ahead, Mr. Allerton."

"You, Jim? This is Allerton. Jim Allerton."

"Hiyah, Jim?"

"Are you free, Doctor?"

"Sure, I am. This is my office hour Doctor Allen laughed. "Where are you What's on your mind?"

"Could you come . . . ? No, I'll come Twenty minutes? Okay?"

"Okay, Jim. Don't knock over all the patients in my front office." There weren any patients, at that moment. However by some Providence, there were three in his shabby little office when Allerton arrived.

Allerton waited. At last, he came in Doctor Allen's open door. They shook hands; a doctor won't do that, for just anyone.

"Hiyah, Jim?" "Hiyah, Doc?" The stood there, shaking hands, beating each other on the back. "What's on your mind Jim? Come on in."

"Why, Doc, it's—it's this. I'm going to have a baby."

"Well, you look it."

"Hah—well, listen. I want to get some dope from you. Who's the best man in this town?"

Doctor Allen considered. "Why, Wagner, I guess. Terry, over at Jeff. Folkwagen—Mount Sinai. MacGowan, St Agnes. Vittorini, University. . . . Your first kid, Jim?"

"Yes. Yes. My first kid."

Doctor Allen asked him a few routine questions, the questions of which no prospective father needs to be reminded. "That's what I wanted to know. That's why I came," said Allerton, and put out a hand like a rock. "Soon as I found out—soon as I found out—" he said, "I want to get the best, the best in this town. I'm much obliged, Doc."

"You're welcome, Jim," said Doctor Allen. He sat there, gazing in front of him, after his patient, or his visitor, had left. He'd brought a few children into this world, all by himself. There was a little coal bill he was worrying about, and his payments on the house.

HE NEED not have worried. Four days later, his phone rang again. "Doctor Allen? Doctor Allen? This is Doctor Josef Wagner's secretary, Doctor Allen . . . Doctor Wagner, Doctor Allen—"

"—Hel-lo? Hel-lo? This is Wagner. Doctor Allen, a Mr. Allerton has come to my office A banker, or something. He is asking me to take care of a confinement."

"Yes. Yes, Doctor Wagner."

"He has suggested to me that you should be my consultant in this case."

"Doctor Wagner—I—I am an ordinary man, in general practice. I—"

"You are a physician, no? In these cases, it is highly important that the patient should feel confidence in the doctor. Your friend—this, this Mr. Allerton insists that you should consult with me."

"Doctor Wagner, I don't know this case. Allerton came to see me. He asked me: Who is the best man in town? He is not my patient—"

"So! So! And you said Wagner! Wagner, hah? He—this man! He thinks highly of you, Doctor. He tells me, you and he were in college together. So! So, I let you put the baby in the father's arms. It's very nice! It's very nice. I like to see young men, like that. . . . I'll call you, Doctor—"

Doctor Allen was there when the Allerton baby came, all right. He didn't put the kid in his father's arms—not then. Instead he went storming down the stairs. "Give you two guesses! Give you two guesses, Allerton," he said.

"It's—it's—"

"Sure, it's a boy," said Doctor Allen,

and Allerton uttered a strangled sort of bel w and swept Doctor Allen up in his arm. He was proud? Well, so was Doctor Allen, to whom the great Wagner had said "You have been well taught, Doctor. An easy case! An easy case! The first one, no Easy, hey, Doctor?"

That's the only son Allerton ever had, so r as is known. No, that's not fair. If he ver had another child it would have bee known.

"What did you make out of his wife, Doc" asked Mrs. Allen.

Doc shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know, Jo. Typical rich woman," he said. "Very beautiful. Very spoiled. Allerton—Allerton is crazy about her, I would say.

"You don't like her, Doc."

"I wouldn't trust her," said Doc. "I wouldn't trust her as far as I could throw her."

IMMEDIATELY after his son was born, Allerton sent Doctor Allen a check for a ousand dollars. This Doctor Allen promptly sent back, with his bill for fifty dollars. This was unpaid, until December twenty-third of that year, when a moving van drew up in front of Doc's door, with a living-room suite, and a Chinese rug, and the rug alone never cost a dime less than eight hundred dollars. The driver had a note: "Dear Doc. My son is well. If you send this back, you'll spoil a merry Christmas. I am sure Mrs. Allerton would send you her compliments, but she happens to be in Reno, Nevada. I will ask you, Jim, and Mrs. Allen, never to refer to Mrs. Allerton to me again. There has never, to my knowledge, been a divorce in my family before this. J.K.A."

"He's well rid of her," said Doctor Allen savagely. "A little tramp, that's all she is. You could see it all over her. This—this won't do Allerton any good, Jo. Mark my words. He's no angel, but he's too good a fellow to have this happen to him. It's a terrible blow to a man's pride, you know, Jo. He's an awfully proud man."

The years went on. Doctor Allen's prophecy seemed to be right. That's the saddest thing in the world, to see the friend of your youth not fulfilling his glorious promise, to see him deteriorate, become small and selfish, and timid or arrogant, or common, or lecherous, or dissipated before your aging eyes. It is so hard to be patient with the weakness of your friend. Have you, then, no weaknesses?

Every Christmas there was a present for Doc and Jo, from Allerton, beautiful things, silver, glass, Oriental prints and screens. Allerton was a collector.

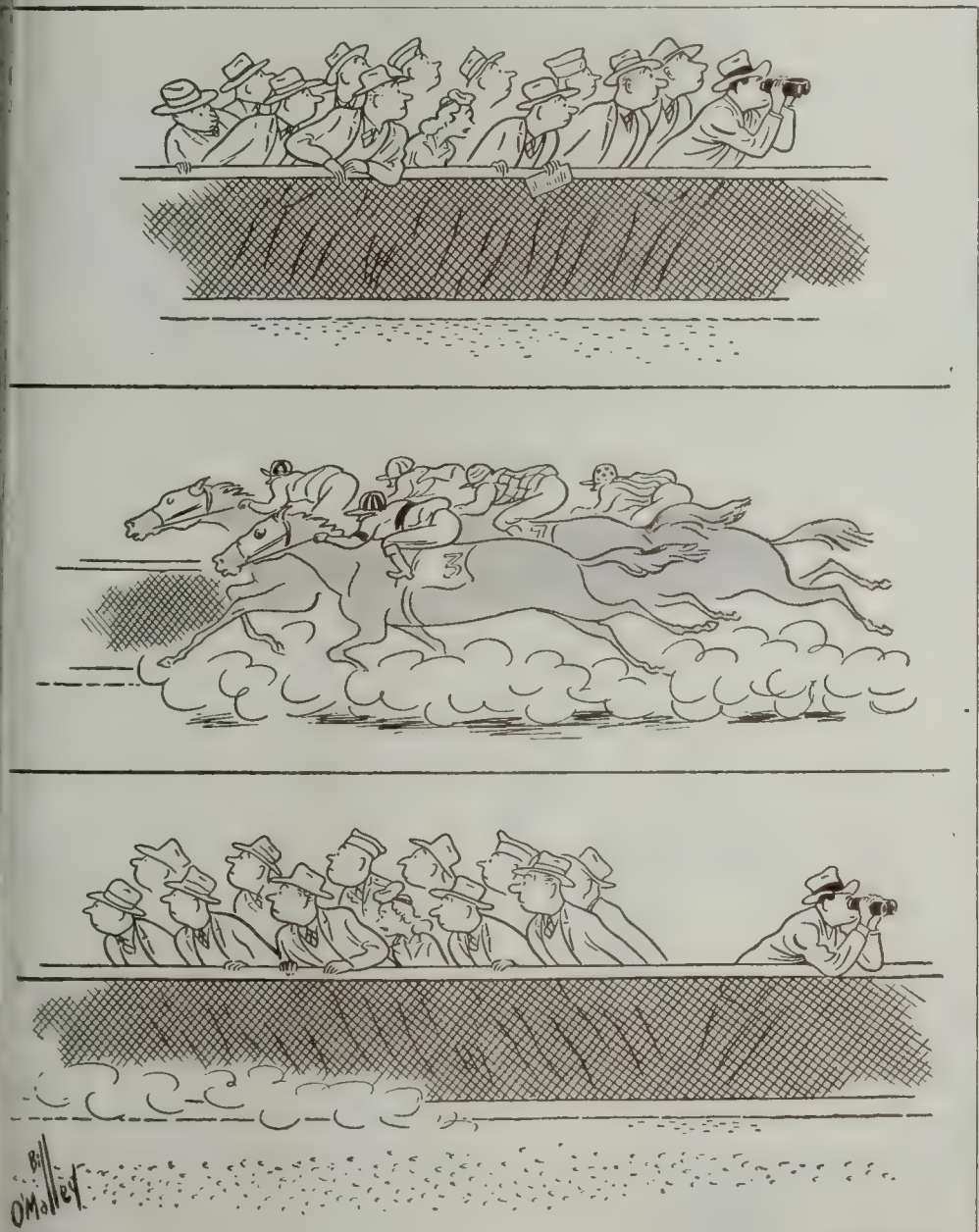
"You bet your life he is a collector," said Doc. "He's—the man's no better than a thief, Jo."

"I—I guess that's right, Doc," she said.

One time, when Doc needed a few hundred dollars, Jo said to him, "Doc—couldn't you give the bank the name of Mr. Allerton as a reference?"

"No, I cannot," he said. "A man with ancestry like that, with traditions like that, and he has plundered this state. He has the banks in this town under his thumb. He runs the contracts for this state, for this city, so that an honest man can't get anywhere with a city contract. He's a heel. No, I won't ask him for credit!"

"All right," Jo said. "But I like him. . . . Why, you feel like making a low bow to him when you meet him, dropping a curtsy. 'Mrs. Allen,' he says, and you feel yourself singled out from everybody else in the world. Then, do you remember, he said, 'I know your husband very well, Mrs. Allen. He and I were in school together. He used to help me through my examinations.' Doc, maybe he is a heel, as you say. But, Doc, don't forget I used to be a nurse, and I ought to know what kind of men are heels. He's not! He's—



• A great reforestation project covering thousands of acres is being carried on constantly in the state of Mississippi. . . . The "crop" to be taken from these trees is not just ordinary wood, but the *cellulose fiber* and *lignin* of which wood is composed.

FROM today's crop, trees are literally taken apart by an amazing explosion process. Next, the fiber is interlaced to provide equal strength in *all* directions. Then — in varying degrees of plasticity in different weights and densities — it is welded together again, using lignin's great bonding power to produce hardboards of remarkable properties.

These ligno-cellulose hardboards are known as the Masonite* Presdwoods,* and they are perhaps the most versatile materials the world has ever known. They have steel-like strength, yet they do not rust. Glass-smooth, they do not shatter or splinter. For certain purposes they can replace hard rubber, aluminum and other scarce materials . . . and do a better job.

Right now the Presdwoods are in the firing-line of war; they have more than 500 uses in America's great victory program. Naturally, they are not readily available for the usual civilian uses. But if your company is engaged in essential production, and you need a superior material to replace others on the critical list, just address an inquiry to: Masonite Corporation, 111 West Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.

*TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. "MASONITE" IDENTIFIES ALL PRODUCTS MARKETED BY MASONITE CORPORATION. COPYRIGHT 1943, MASONITE CORPORATION.

MASONITE PRESDWOODS

MASONITE

ARMY E NAVY

THE LIGNO-CELLULOSE HARDBOARDS

he's like the kind of man you'd want to have for your brother. I saw him looking from me to you, Doc, and honestly, it was as though he was putting his hand on your shoulder. The man loves you, Doc!"

"Well—well, I don't hate him, either, I guess. I—I hate the things he does. The man's reputation is bad, Jo. I don't mean with women, except for this affair he is carrying on. But, good Lord, that's enough."

"Well, you're having an affair with me, aren't you?" Jo said. "The way you behave, I wouldn't think I was married to you at all. I'd think I was just your girl. I—I don't believe that man is—is just a skunk. I could never believe it."

But what Doctor Allen thought about Allerton was the common opinion. Allerton was feared, he was hated. Fawning admiration was his, among the sycophants whom he despised. He was in the Circuit Court twice, for violations of the Sherman Act and the Clayton Act, and in the state courts time after time. Good people, the good, sound, honest people despised him. Time after time he was approached by political leaders and urged to run for a government office. "Senator?" he said. "I'm too busy. Sorry." He made senators, and state senators, and governors of this state, and governors of other states as if he were a child shifting bits of glass in a kaleidoscope, until he got the right design. He never ran for office.

Perhaps he was afraid. If anybody had told him, ever, that he was afraid, maybe he would have announced himself as a candidate. That's the way to work with a man like that. Also, no doubt, he was worrying about his private life, his back-street affair. And it wasn't any back-street affair, either. He was flaunting his beautiful sweetheart in the face of Philadelphia. He would not go anywhere without her. "I'm sorry," he'd say, "my evenings are occupied." Rapacious, brutal, contemptuous of inferiors and mediocrity, he swam through the world like a lordly swordfish scattering the mackerel.

PEOPLE love to see a great estate, in Philadelphia. They love to see a fine house and trees and gardens. But the place they love the best is still Valley Forge, and not a man ever saw it but pictured himself barefoot in the snow, yes, and hating, hating charlatans, connivers and common thieves. It isn't envy. It is smoldering and consuming hatred. Never was there a state in this nation, not even Virginia, which has said more plainly and flatly than Pennsylvania: A good name is to be chosen, rather than riches.

The people of this state love this state, just as the people of Paris love Paris. Allerton didn't have a good name, in this state. Money, power, everything else he had. He knew it, too, and maybe it made him just that much more flamboyant, domineering, imperious, objectionable. His place—he lived out near Paoli—was like a ruby among emeralds. By the way, he was a junior lieutenant in the Navy, in the last war, the skipper of his own converted yacht, and he took three men out of his crew, when the war was over, and made good places for them in his own organizations. It's said that his crew used to say, not "I'm off the 2920" but "I'm off the Allerton."

That was it, you see; the people who knew Allerton could never disregard him. The crew of his ship were proud of him, whether they liked him or not. He would take that ship wherever he wanted it to go, and that was right into the middle of it every time. Cold and hard, stern and courageous, he inspired that sort of loyalty from all the subordinates he had, ever. He could easily have died in that war. He might have died in this one. He'd be out there, now. Of that there is no doubt, but things happen differently. . . .

"Yes," said Doctor Allen, lifting the receiver. "Yes? Doctor speaking."

"Allerton, Jim. Jim Allerton, Jim—"

"Ah—hello, Jim! How are you, Jim?"

"Are you busy? Could I come to see you?"

"Yes, Jim. Come after eight. My office hours are over at eight. I'll see you then. Okay?"

"Yes. A little after eight. Okay.". . .

"Hiyah, Doc? Business pretty good, huh?" Allerton said as he entered Allen's office. "Nice—nice print you got out there. Hokusai. Flying birds. Flying birds, huh?"

"Yes. I liked it when you sent it to me, Jim."

"I sent it to you, huh? Well, what do you think of that? Well, it's a lovely thing. Now, Doc—"

"Yes, Jim—"

Allerton put out his hands, palms down. "Uh-huh," said the doctor. "Hands—hands bother you much?"

"No—they go to sleep. Go to sleep—I—I don't like to go upstairs. Don't like steps. You—you look me over, Doc?"

"Who's your doctor, Jim?"

"Don't have any doctor. You—you look me over, huh?"

"Uh-huh," said Doctor Allen. "How about taking your coat off, Jim? I'll listen to you, for a minute. Uh-huh! Uh-huh. Now, you roll up your shirt sleeve. Yeah. Yeah—well. Well, I tell you. You're okay. I'll give you a little stuff. Take it a little easy, that's all. None of us, none of us as young as we were, Jim. Can't be a young fellow all your life. You're—you're—oh, yes, I know how old you are. Why, that's only a young fellow. You—you don't drink much, I know. You smoke cigars. Well, you don't have to smoke cigars all the time. I don't think you should cut down too much. I'd say, take it a little easy, with the cigars. Yes—yes. Okay, Jim."

Allerton looked at him. "So, okay. Okay, Jim," he said.

"Give me a call. Give me a call. Long time, no see, Jim."

"How's the Mrs.? Darned good taste your wife has, Doc. The way she put up that Hokusai. Like the way they put the Winged Victory on the stairs. If you're too dumb to see it, then it's not for you. Well—I'll see you again, Jim."

Doctor Allen sat there. In his hands was a man's death warrant. Oh, maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow. In two years. In one year. In six months. And why did he come to see me? Doctor Allen thought. I'm a bad actor. I did the best I could. That business about the prints. The man knows.

. .

SIX weeks afterward, a bulky young man came and sat in Doctor Allen's waiting room, for his turn. Doctor Allen was doing pretty well; his outside room often was crowded. He nodded to this man as he closed the door.

"Yes," he said.

"Doctor Allen—I guess you should know me. Allerton."

"Well, good heavens!" said Doctor Allen. "You're—you're young Allerton—"

"Yes. And you're the doctor who brought me into the world, Doctor Allen."

"Well—well, I'll be—well! Well, I didn't bring you into the world, Mr. Allerton, but—but—will you smoke a cigar, Mr. Allerton? Well! Well, upon my word!"

"My father—my father always talked about you, Doctor Allen. He said—you'll forgive me, Doctor—'The best dat doctor in the United States.' I—"

"What's your trouble, Mr. Allert

"My trouble is—my trouble is, witl father, Doctor Allen."

"Yes. Yes."

"My father and I, Doctor, have be have been very intimate, all our lives. about three weeks ago, my father can my office—I'm with the Contin Trust. He was—he was in a very tentious mood as—as he often is. began to abuse me, about business ters. I am—I am a pretty good busi man, Doctor Allen. Is that door cl Yes—well. Then he began to—to quarrel with me about—about per things. I—I rowed on the '27 crew; I stroke. He—he said I was yellow. T laid down. That I let the university d That I—that I—"

"Just a minute, Mr. Allerton. known your father for thirty years. was always talking about people being low. I wouldn't take that too muc heart."

"I put him out of my office, Doctor len. I—we cursed each other. He c me yellow. If he hadn't been my fa I'd have knocked him down. He sa me, 'You'll have nothing but girl child I have two daughters, I—"

"I have two daughters, too," said tor Allen. "I have two sons, and I two daughters. I'd like to have had other kid, to make it a full house. Bu just as soon have it queens full, Mr. A ton. Smoke a—will you have a cigar You are—you are presenting to me most difficult problem in medical et I do not know exactly how to meet have an oath to consider, Mr. Allert

"Yes. Yes, Doctor."

"Your father is ill. He is very ill fact—in fact, he is dying."

"He is—he is. . . . I—I put him out o office, I—"

"Yes—Mr. Allerton—I know a g deal about your father. Now, Mr. A ton, I wish to ask you this, in my office: Do you know anything abo about your father's private—private li

"You mean, about his friendship wit

"Yes. That is what I mean."

"MY FATHER hadn't any private Doctor Allen. I know the lady whom he is associated. I have known since I was a child. She is a lovely, a b tiful woman. She's the godmother of of my children, Doctor Allen. Her reli will not countenance divorce. She—"

"Yes. Quite! Quite! Mr. Aller I know your father. I—I am very m afraid, Mr. Allerton, that your fa has gone to this woman, has insulted as he has insulted you. I have—I h every reason to believe that he knows number is up. He—he wants to clear everything. He's not—he's not a v liked man, you know. He's gone thro the world like a scythe. Well, I know loves you, Mr. Allerton. Other pec other people want a big stone monum and sorrowful friends to put a few fl ers on a grave. This man, this man, at end, and with the long journey be him, is trying to put his house in orde know this! I know this!"

"I'll go see Eleanore, Doctor. I'll her not to pay any attention to him."

"Yes. Yes, my son. Go to see her she—she is relatively a young woma

"Good heavens, no, Doctor! She is forty years old."

"An old hag," said Doctor Allen. guess—I guess— My dear boy, your fa is fifty-five years old. I know, becau am fifty-four. I tell you this, after a l life: When your heart is broken, ther still a refuge. Try to do something for relief of someone else. You can't fo your grief any other way."

Young Allerton sat there like a r "Do you know—do you know," he s

COLLIER'S "My shore leave is up in exactly three more dollars" FRITZ WILKINSON

Joan of arc

is stitching steel for fighting ships!

JOAN's a welder, of course—an arc-welder. She's helping to hurry another ship down the ways to war.

What's the magic of the welder's rod that builds boats so much faster and lighter? What's the secret of the blue arc blazing between Joan and her weld? *Electricity!*

Thousands of Joans—and Jims and Joes—busy on hundreds of freighters and fighting ships, burn up fantastic amounts of electric power.

But suppose, when war began, this power hadn't been ready? . . . Suppose America had had to wait? . . . A year—or two?

But America *did* have the power—*and no waiting! Enough* power for homes and ships and jeeps and planes. *Five times* the power this country had in the last war. *More* power than all the Axis countries *combined!*

And over 80% of this vast flood of power came from the electric companies under business management—at low pre-war prices.

Electric power is plentiful and cheap today—because experienced men and management knew how to do their job—because democracy gave them the freedom to do it *right.*

They *value* that freedom—for themselves and all America!

THIS PAGE SPONSORED BY A GROUP OF 118

ELECTRIC LIGHT and POWER COMPANIES★

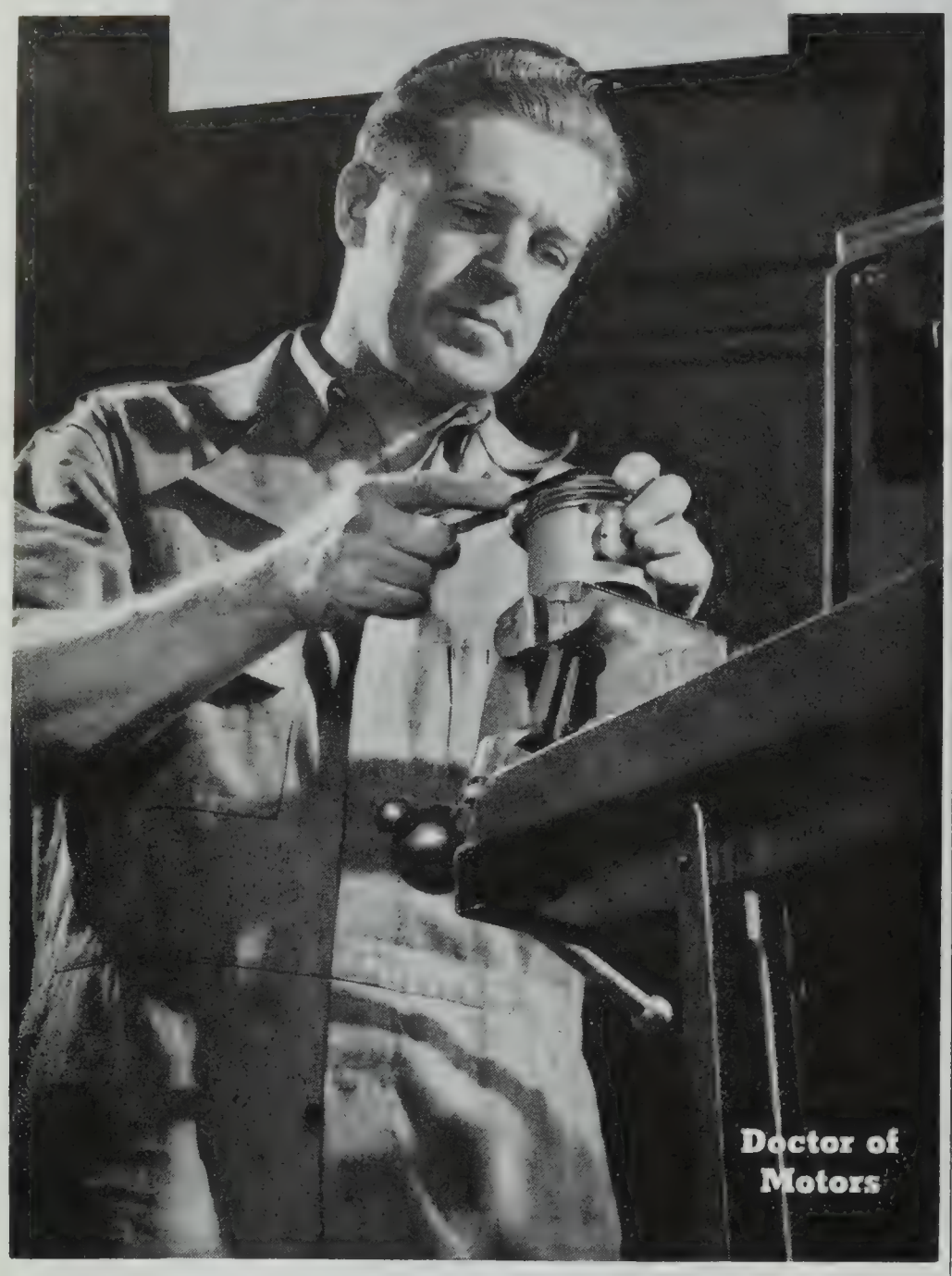
SELF-SUPPORTING, TAX-PAYING BUSINESSES

★*Names on request from this magazine.*

Don't Waste Electricity Just Because It Isn't Rationed!

• *Hear* "Report to the Nation," *outstanding news program of the week, every Tuesday evening, 9:30, E. W. T., Columbia Broadcasting System.*

He has earned the title DOCTOR OF MOTORS



Earned it? Of course, he has—the hard way! It has taken years of experience and study to acquire the skill which your Doctor of Motors possesses.

He has a deep sense of responsibility! No matter what the job, large or small, your Doctor of Motors is never satisfied until it is done *right* . . . until your car, truck, or tractor runs smoothly and economically.

The Doctor of Motors is a friend of yours—and of ours. For years he has demanded piston rings which save oil and gas—and increase power . . . and because we have *met* his demands, he is installing Perfect Circles in increasing millions every year.

The Perfect Circle Companies, Hagerstown, Indiana, U. S. A. and Toronto, Ont., Can.

PERFECT CIRCLE

PC

PISTON RINGS

THE NATION'S CHOICE

If your car is old enough to SMOKE— it's time to install PERFECT CIRCLES

BUY MORE BONDS TO HELP OUR FIGHTING SONS! THEY GIVE THEIR LIVES—YOU LEND YOUR MONEY

and his body shook, "my father is going to be indicted by the federal grand jury? My old man! My old man! I'll kill them. I'll kill them! I'll—I'll. . . . May I use your telephone, Doctor?"

"Yes, my son," said Doctor Allen.

"You don't need to go away, Doctor. I'm just calling Eleanore."

"I think nobody should listen to telephone calls," said Doctor Allen. "I have enough trouble, listening to my own."

He was strolling around in his outer office when the receiver clicked. Young Allerton came in. "Doc! Doc!" he said. "He saw Eleanore. I'm—I'm going to get my wife on the phone. Eleanore said that my father came in, drunk. He's never drunk. He never drinks. He quarreled with her. He said, 'I don't bring my bad name into any good house!' That's what's on her mind. And he called her—he called her a—a harlot. So I'll get my wife on the phone. My wife and I both are going to see Eleanore right now. Right this minute. I wouldn't let that happen to Eleanore. My father—my father is out of his mind, Doctor."

"Yes. Yes, of course, he's out of his mind," said Doctor Allen, but he knew better. Out of his mind? "I won't bring my bad name into a good house," huh? Fight with your son. Cut yourself adrift, before you go the long way ahead. Make it all of one piece and break it off sharp and clean.

At twenty to ten, his phone rang. "Doctor?"

"Doctor speaking," he said.

"This is Allerton. This is young Allerton. Doc. I'm—my wife and I are with Eleanore. It's okay. Everything is okay."

"Yes. Yes, my son. Well, well, give me a call. She—the lady is all right, my son? Give her a little bromide—James, I tell you. You go out to the drugstore. You say you want a bromide. Mention my name. Say, Doctor James Allen, no middle initial. Doctor James Allen of Twenty-fourth Street. You could—you could get anything in the world from a drugstore down there, with my name. And—and—ask her to take a little hot milk, Jim, I mean James."

"Yes. Yes, Doctor. Yes. God bles you, Doctor Allen."

"God bless you, my son." . . .

They picked up James Kenyon Alle ton at the corner of Fifteenth and Sprin Garden, shortly thereafter. He had bee drinking.

It's hard to tell how long he ha been drinking; probably since the day h tried to set his house in order. He died de cently and quickly, at St. Agnes. Docto Keegan smelled his mouth and called heart failure.

The church from which he was burie was full of people. In the front pew, ther were these five: his son and his wife, Do and his wife, and Allerton's sweethear White-faced, staring straight before he Eleanore touched the arms of the tw men by her side. "I'll sing. I'll sing," sh was whispering to them. "He'd hate coward. I'll sing all right for him, Ji I'll sing all right for him, Jim."

SHE turned at the end and nodded t the organist. She stood up, straight an small and put her hands back to her sid and sang. "I Know That My Redeeme Liveth," she sang, and her voice storme the skies without a catch or falter. Besid her, Doctor Allen had a little note in hi pants pocket, just in case. He had th note, two weeks before James Kenyon A lerton's son came in to see him. It reac "Doctor James Allen. Sir. You are a fak and a charlatan. You are a humbug and liar. I trusted you. You deceived me. give you this much credit: I think it wa because of your ignorance. You wer never anything but a cheap South Phila delphia quack. Doctor Wagner laughe when I suggested that I would have you when my son was born. I am only too gla that you were not allowed to put you clumsy hands upon my son. People lik you should be digging a ditch. Jame Kenyon Allerton."

"I never showed it to anybody," Docto Allen said to himself. "I never ever showed it to Jo. Now I don't have to show it to young Jim, or Eleanore. I don't have to show it to anybody."

THE END

The Truth About Silly War Songs

Continued from page 20

were to arise, she couldn't get past the reception desk of any publisher.

The situation is without analogy in any other field of creative work. Magazine editors and book publishers, for enample, look at every manuscript that comes in. If they didn't, such discoveries of the last decade as William Saroyan, Irwin Shaw, John Steinbeck, John O'Hara and Jerome Weidman would still be unpublished. But the music publisher takes the attitude that being young and unknown and not understanding the argot of Broadway is a stigma. Unsolicited musical manuscripts are invariably returned unopened to the sender. They are never, never read—but *never*.

Popular songs are, consequently, produced by the same clique of writers, grinding out their annual quota of six tunes, good or bad, and mostly indifferent. The song writers, like any other group of creative artists forced to turn out a quantity of work regardless of whether the inspiration is there, gradually tend to rely on formulas and a convenient repertoire of stock words and phrases. That is why every popular tune sounds more or less like every other popular tune, unless the music was lifted from one of the masters and then it will sound like Tchaikowsky or Chopin.

The intimacy of the Tin Pan Alley circle is further narrowed by ASCAP (the American Society of Composers, Authors & Publishers). Most song writers and pub lishers are members of ASCAP which, fo a fee, licenses to radio stations, theater and night clubs the right to perform song written by ASCAP members.

Since sheet-music sales have diminishe due to the radio killing off new tune rapidly, the main income of a song write is his quarterly ASCAP check. The quar terly check, however, is not based on th current quality or popularity of his song but on a combination of how long he ha been writing, how many hits he has pro duced over the years, and how many he i writing now—what ASCAP calls senior ity, availability and activity, but of th three, activity seems to be the least im portant.

A young tunesmith who wrote one o the top hits of 1940 receives a quarterl check of 36 cents from ASCAP! Although on the whole, ASCAP is a tremendously useful guild and saves many improvident composers from ending their days in poverty as did Stephen Foster, its unwitting effect is to put a premium on stodginess and to suppress new writers.

When a song is published, the campaign begins. The campaign is run by a professional manager, so called because he contacts members of the theatrical profession and persuades them to sing the new song. The professional manager usually has a staff of from four to eight determined individuals, who call themselves contact men

but are usually known as song pluggers. Today, the key element in plugging a new song is the band leader with a radio out t or "wire." A single performance by Jimmy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, Hal y James or Guy Lombardo during a late evening broadcast over one of the fou networks simultaneously reaches mi ons of listeners. Today, songs are mae overnight, played to death, buried in less than six months.

When a tune is played on the air waves, it ceives a plug. A checkup of every rad plug is kept for the publishers by an organization called Accurate Reporting Service, which issues a weekly mimeographed bulletin. Each week, in Variety and The Billboard, there are listed the sons with five or more plugs; the listing is own as "the sheet."

When a professional manager calls his sta into the office and says he wants a ce in song to make the sheet, it is known as "drive week." The song pluggers will the woo the maestros and say there's a dri e week on and they need a plug or the lose their jobs. The song plugger will ne, lie, weep salt tears, mind the maestro's ha , buy him ringside tickets for a fight—all to get the radio plug. Frequently, cash bri es are given, this being known as a p ola."

When a maestro loses the "wire," he is kn vn as a kolo, and the song pluggers ay d him. A song plugger defines a kolo th : "A kolo is a band leader without a wa , who doesn't mean a thing and can't do you any good." When a maestro re nises the plug and fails to deliver, he is id to have "thrown a curve." It is considered highly unethical to throw curves. An efficient staff of pluggers can, within six weeks, shove the tritest song up to number-one place on the sheet—number one requiring around 40 plugs. When it's in rst place, the recording companies will be compelled to put it on wax; the advertising agencies who select songs for the important evening radio programs which reach 20,000,000 listeners at a clip, will schedule the songs. Only a few pre-eminent stars like Bing Crosby or Kate Smith have the liberty of picking their own arias. The setup along Tin Pan Alley is well old and effective—at doing everything except stimulating good folk music.

Ordinarily, no one bothers much about Tin Pan Alley and its mechanisms for merchandising the alphabet; but during wartime, a popular song may have a variety of psychological functions—from stimulating recruiting, as did Rouget de l'Isle's Marseillaise in the French Revolution, to giving courage during a dark hour, as did Francis Scott Key's The Star-Spangled Banner.

Both Key and De l'Isle were amateur song writers; Key was a lawyer, and De l'Isle was a professional soldier. Good war songs have usually been written by amateurs. Yankee Doodle was written by a doctor, the lyric of Dixie by a Confederate general. Keep the Home Fires Burning, one of the most moving songs of the last World War, was written by an eighteen-year-old boy at the suggestion of his mother; she had grown tired of Tipperary and thought there should be a more serious song; the boy grew up to become a successful English playwright—Ivor Novello. There's a Long, Long Trail A-winding was composed by Zo Elliott, while he was an undergraduate at Yale University.

The Woods Are Full of Talent

What is needed, then, for Tin Pan Alley's salvation is an infusion of new blood. Music publishers must open their doors to the amateurs. There is many a mute, immortal Gershwin sitting around in Idaho and Maine and Oklahoma. The publisher's standard reply is that he can't do this, because all popular songs are so vaguely similar that amateurs are always suing him for plagiarism; the only way he can protect himself is to return the manuscript envelopes unopened.

I believe there's a simpler solution to this: Let ASCAP draw up a standard release form, which every nonprofessional would have to sign before submitting a song; the release would absolve the publisher of legal responsibility in the event that he later published a roughly similar song.

Tin Pan Alley has forgotten that the universe is not bounded by 49th Street on one side and 51st on the other. It is good to recall that Robert Burns, probably the sweetest singer of popular songs in our language, was an Ayrshire farmer when his first lyrics were published.

THE END

COLLIER'S "Don't get polite with me!" JOHN M. PRICE

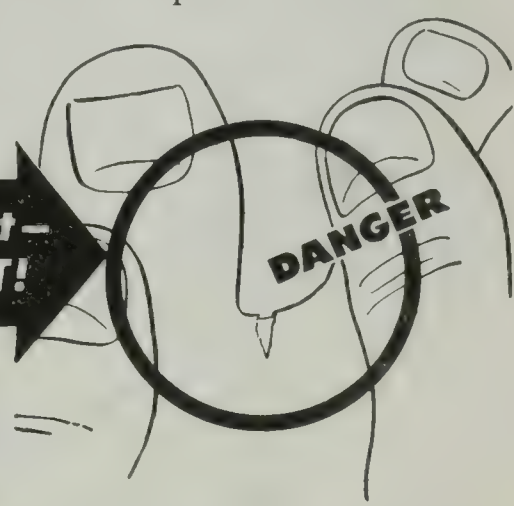
Athlete's Foot fungi feed on hot, perspiring feet

WARTIME DUTIES put you on your feet . . . making you vulnerable to an attack of Athlete's Foot that may cost you precious hours of work.

The extra perspiration that comes with wartime's extra walking irritates the tender skin between your toes and feeds the fungi which cause Athlete's Foot.

Then, when cracks appear, the fungi attack the flesh through the cracks and spread through the tissues. Inflammation of the toes, painful itching and flaking skin tell you you're a victim of painful Athlete's Foot!

Cracks warn you first—soak them TONIGHT!



Tonight look at the skin between your toes. If cracks are present, drench the toes with Absorbine Jr., *full strength.* Repeat daily, night and morning.

1. **Absorbine Jr. is an effective fungicide. It *kills* the Athlete's Foot fungi *on contact.***
2. **It dissolves the perspiration products on which the Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.**
3. **It dries the skin between the toes.**
4. **It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.**
5. **It eases itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.**

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. At all drugstores, $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, address W. F. Young, Inc., 201 M Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

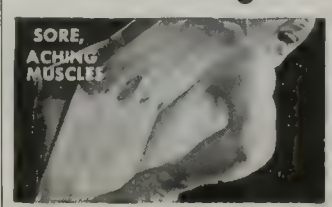
Proof that Athlete's Foot Fungi DIE AT TOUCH of Absorbine Jr.

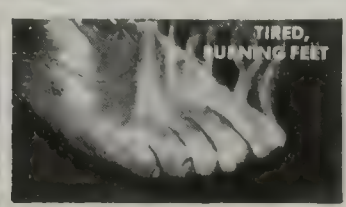
Fungi growing fast— Photomicrograph of Athlete's Foot fungi. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, irritates delicate nerve endings. No wonder Athlete's Foot causes severe pain!

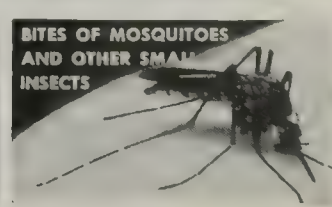
Fungi dead—Photomicrograph shows Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot fungi as they are reached. No longer can they grow and cause you so much pain and misery.

ABSORBINE Jr. Kills Athlete's Foot Fungi on Contact

Also brings QUICK RELIEF to these summer troubles







PROTECT THEIR FUTURE • BUY WAR BONDS

Let the Sun Peek Thru

The owner of a Johnson Sea-Horse sent us this picture of his children proudly running Daddy's motor. For us, now working night and day in the production of war material, it has a special meaning. It not only represents the freedom we are fighting for, but it suggests a solution to a serious post-war problem—the return from violence.

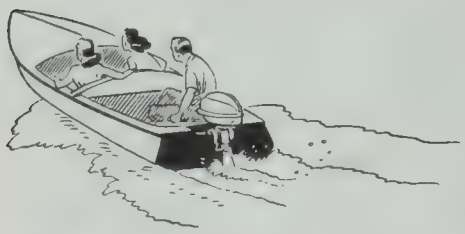
We all look forward to peace as a condition that will dissipate bitter hate. But will it—really? Learned men tell us that considerable adjustment is necessary to recover the wholesome attitude, nationally, that makes for balanced living.

In an atmosphere of blue skies and open water, perspectives have a chance to straighten out. Sunshine fills the heart, as in the case of these youngsters. You who have felt the influence of golden hours on the water know what we mean. You who have not, may yet experience this deep satisfaction. We hope, quite unselfishly, that when the right day comes, you will discover the friendliness of sun-swept waters. With—or without—an outboard.

JOHNSON MOTORS, WAUKEGAN, ILL.

JOHNSON SEA-HORSES

for Dependability



ARMY E NAVY

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR EXPERIENCE

The Nazi's Sister

Continued from page 17

an ex-soldier in his early thirties. "He was wounded in Egypt," I said.

"Seriously?" Her voice was quick and concerned.

"He didn't talk of it, but he limps." I watched her—there was color in her face. "You know him?"

She answered almost too carefully: "He is Mr. Mercer's brother."

"Then I'll ask him about you." Her face clouded. She might have been going to say something, but she closed her lips on the words.

We went on to other things. I told her what the salary would be. I explained that she would sleep in the house, have one afternoon and one evening off a week. I said she might be asked to give these up when Dan and I made the trips we planned. To my relief she made no protest.

I took her into the garden to meet the children. Dickie and Dannie offered willing hands. She repeated their names, treated them like little men.

She said she could come immediately.

Back in the study she lingered a moment. "Are you English?" I asked her. Her accent suggested it.

"My mother was English," she said quickly. "I was born in Chile."

I drew her attention to the travel folders on my desk.

"My husband and I are planning a trip to Chile," I told her. And then as it struck me what luck it would be to have someone handy who could help with the preparations, I drew out a list of documents I would need to travel. "Perhaps you can tell me something of this identification I am supposed to have from the Argentine government."

She was looking over my shoulder. "That's nothing. A cédula . . . you can get it in a few minutes from the Departamento de Policía."

"You'll be a great help," I said, "if you can straighten things like that out . . ."

"I'll be glad to." She was about to leave the study. Then she hesitated, looked back as if she had forgotten something.

"Mrs. Carter . . ." The color was in her face again. "You don't know how grateful I am about this." Her eyes contracted with earnestness. There was nothing to say. She jumped over the pause and asked unsteadily: "You are quite sure you want me?"

"I think we'll get on."

"Yes, I am sure we will." She looked at me with some confusion. And I could see she wished she had not turned back and embarrassed both of us with her gratitude. She went quickly from the room.

I HAD meant what I said, I thought we would get on. But several things confused me. There was no reason for a girl like that to be desperate for work. Well dressed, good-looking, intelligent . . . speaking two languages, there must be better jobs for her somewhere. This was only a temporary thing, pleasant enough work in its way, but a girl like that did not have to be grateful for it.

There was nothing to do now but to call the number she had left. Padre Barnes of the local Anglican Church was the reference she had given, and, as I hoped, he remembered me. His voice was rather like him—old, conventional, lit with a reassuring warmth that might not have been there when he was younger. When he mentioned Irma Maller, he spoke slowly, giving himself time to think: "She was confirmed in my church. . . . Unusual, always unusual . . ." And then abruptly: "Has she told you her story?"

"She told me she taught for the Sisters and was governess for the Mercers. She seemed attractive."

He hesitated again, "I think she should be made to tell her whole story. And then if she continues in your employ, people can only congratulate you on your broadmindedness and your faith in human nature." His tone was final. I tried another question. But the old man had had his say.

There was no time to think over this. The phone rang almost as soon as it was disconnected. A strange voice asked for Mrs. Carter, demanded to know if I had engaged Irma Maller as governess. I admitted I had. The voice informed me that Miss Maller was leaving her lodgings and taking some luggage with her. Miss Maller had said she was employed, promised to pay her bill when she was able. . . . The landlady only wanted to check. . . . It was a matter of business. . . . I would understand.

I began to have doubts about the whole thing. The girl was arriving immediately and I knew virtually nothing about her. I wondered what Dan would say. But after you have followed a husband around the world for ten years you realize your rating rises and declines inversely with the number of telephone calls requesting his advice on household matters.

Then I remembered Kenneth Mercer. Both Dan and I had liked him. If he knew Irma was all right, it would be all the recommendation necessary. Then and there I called Mercer and asked him to come in for drinks before dinner.

I was down by the gate when Irma arrived. She drew up in a roadster with a young man, and she did not see me or the twins at once. She had taken off her hat and the loose honey-colored hair made her look even younger than she had seemed that morning.

The engine stopped and I heard them talking.

The man was still in his twenties, dark-skinned, with the shadow of his beard throwing a cast about his mouth. His manners were controlled, stilted. He looked at the house and said, "You know this isn't for you. You're too beautiful to be a nursemaid."

"It's not right to be hungry or to [illegible] your landlady."

"You know you could come to me."

She laughed a little dryly as if the [illegible] ject were too old to argue about. "Th[illegible] only one thing you can do for me. [illegible] one." She looked straight at him.

"I know," he said. "Just give me a [illegible] more time."

She saw me as she was getting out o[illegible] car. I opened the gate for her, and [illegible] man followed her in, carrying her [illegible] suitcase. The twins went straight to [illegible] And as the man made no move to go [illegible] introduced him as Ricardo Duffy.

"I have been here before," he [illegible] nodding toward the house. "The M[illegible] Kenzies had it last year. They were [illegible] tached to your embassy." There wa[illegible] inference that the MacKenzies fig[illegible] higher in his estimation than plain An[illegible] can business people. "You could [illegible] done a lot worse, though." His ac[illegible] was surprisingly good, there was no t[illegible] of foreign inflection, nothing to acc[illegible] for his darkness, his straight Med[illegible] ranean features. "And you've a g[illegible] sized plot for the boys . . ."

"We took it because of that."

"You could have done much worse," [illegible] repeated, following us toward the ho[illegible] His eyes were quick for all his offhan[illegible] ness. He took in the corners of the gar[illegible] the car on the drive . . . and his gla[illegible] lingered on the door of the house.

AS WE came to the steps I stop[illegible] pointedly. He took the hint. "You [illegible] have to excuse me," he said as if he w[illegible] being pressed to stay. "Take care of y[illegible] lovely governess," he said to the tw[illegible] "Goodby, señora . . ." The Spanish t[illegible] seemed to amuse him. He turned [illegible] Irma. "I'll pick you up for dinner tom[illegible] row."

"I have only one night a week. I'll [illegible] you know when that will be . . ." He sen[illegible] her annoyance.

"Do that. Goodby . . ." He shook [illegible] hand, nodded casually toward me a[illegible] walked back to the gate.

"He did not want me to take the jo[illegible] she explained.

The maid came out for her bag a[illegible]

COLLIER'S "Well, what do you know—a lipstick in my pocket! Ma's been wearing my slacks again" GARRETT PRICE

"I am the wrath of many men...I am the hope of all"

"My name is Wright Cyclone. My job, now, is war.

"In every single pound of me is more power than in all the straining sinews of a work horse.

"Hours ago my steels and my aluminum were ore in the earth, my magnesium was mingled with the salt in the sea. Hours from now you will see me, speeding more and ever more bombers to enemy targets all over the world. In 42 different types of my country's planes you find me today.

"I am the result of 84 thousand separate and intricate manufacturing operations. I am judged and tested by 55 thousand individual inspections. And the materials that go into my creation are the product of the skills and the toil of many thousands of men and women in every part of America.

"More than a score of engineering sciences have contributed to my creation. In my cylinders 15-ton explosions create power at the rate of 16,800 blasts every minute—280 every second during the two million miles of flight that is my life expectancy.

"In the years of peace, my reliability and power were developed and proved through more than one billion plane miles of commercial airline service.

"My name is Cyclone. I am the wrath of many men, and my job just now is war.

"But I carry hope, besides."

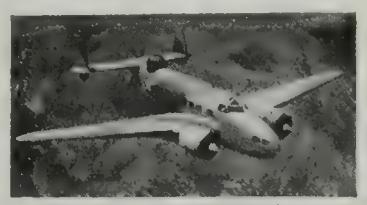
* * * *

Yes, hope! For this is power to help the world. Today, bringing Victory closer, American men and materials are flying in a matter of hours to the farthest corners of the earth . . . millions of tons of military cargoes are being moved through the sky . . . nearly 100,000 miles of new air routes have been opened in the past two years alone.

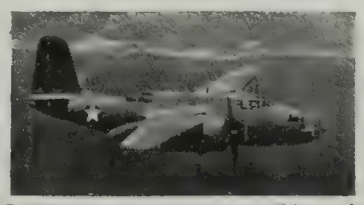
Wright Cyclone engines helped to make that possible . . . just as they will help to make the last day of this war the first in a great new age of air trade and transportation to come . . . LOOK TO THE SKY, AMERICA!

MMAN TBF AVENGER—largest car-based plane. Packing full-size naval edoes, it proved to be a surprise oon in the Battle of Midway.

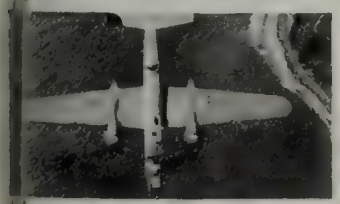
BOEING B-17 FLYING FORTRESS—one of the greatest planes in the war. Is striking heavy blows at Berlin and the Ruhr and is active in all war theaters.



LOCKHEED A-29 HUDSON—known as "Old Boomerang" for its ability to attack and return despite enemy fire—a medium bomber for land and sea patrol.



DOUGLAS A-20 HAVOC—tough, fast and hard-hitting, this plane has over thirty tactical uses in bombing, strafing, intruding and fighting.



RTH AMERICAN B-25 MITCHELL—mbed Tokyo, skip-bombed Japs in Bismarck Sea, spear-headed African paign, and fights on every battle front.

CURTISS-WRIGHT SB2C-2 HELLDIVER—the latest in a famous line of dive-bombers, and one of the most powerful, carrying bombs heavy enough to sink battleships.

BOEING 314 CLIPPER—largest flying boat of Pan-American Airways. Commercial planes and flying boats move great quantities of military tonnage.

MARTIN PBM-3 MARINER—roams over the oceans of the world, serves as eyes of the fleet, fights submarines, carries cargoes to strategic bases far overseas.

CURTISS WRIGHT

Manufacturing Divisions

CURTISS-WRIGHT AIRPLANE DIVISION
WRIGHT AERONAUTICAL CORPORATION
CURTISS-WRIGHT PROPELLOR DIVISION

★ *Buy War Bonds Today* ★

Irma was about to go into the house when I stopped her. "Just a minute . . ." She suspected what was coming and did not want to face it. "Your landlady called."

"It's quite all right." She was relieved it was nothing more. "I left most of my things there. I'll pay her when I go back for my mail."

"There's something else," I said.

She knew it was unavoidable. "Padre Barnes told you?"

I shook my head. "He suggested I ask you."

That pleased her. "He was a lot fairer than most people." She paused. "I was going to tell you this morning. But I could not risk losing the job." And then in a very sober voice she said her father was German, that he and her mother had left Europe during the first World War and gone to Chile. She had been born there. "I always wanted to go back to Europe and see it and know it, but South America was my birthplace and I belonged here. I never thought of myself as German."

"But other people did?"

She nodded. "When I came back from England." It was about the time war was declared. All kinds of charges had been whispered about: What was she doing in England? She was German, wasn't she? What was she up to in Buenos Aires? In the prevailing hysteria she had discovered that no British or American firm would give her work. "Perhaps the Germans would have had me . . ." She tried to smile. "But I never asked." The smile died as she watched me.

"I am glad I know," I said.

"And you believe me?"

I nodded.

She was free to go in after her things. She went, looking back once to smile, calling to the twins when the door was closed.

As I thought it over I was glad Irma's story amounted to nothing more than it did. I liked the girl. Without knowing it I had been afraid that her story would be something I could not ignore. As it was, she was only accused of German blood. That she should be suspected and accused by the English-speaking colony was past her control.

When Dan came in I was optimistic about the whole thing. He took a cautious look at Irma while he was saying good night to the boys. "She's too good-looking to be practical," he said. "Do you really think you will be able to leave her in charge?"

"She was with the Mercers," I told him. "I phoned Kenneth to come in and report on her."

Still no enthusiasm was registered.

"Her home's in Chile. She'll know just what we'll need to take. And she told me where we have to go to get a cédula . . ." But Dan is a careful man. "Fine," was all he said.

We were glad to see Mercer. Lean, tanned, steady-eyed, he was a man to trust; you felt that he had been a good soldier. Obviously he hated being out of the Army, but he did not complain. He had come to Argentina on business concerning family property. And although civilian life in a neutral city must have been alien to him, he was as silent about it as he was of his troublesome limp.

I told him we had found a governess. "She was with your sister-in-law."

"Yes?" His interest was casual.

"Her name is Irma Maller . . ." I stopped there.

"Irma?" He turned all his attention to the selection of a cigarette. "You've already taken her?" he finally asked.

"She's in the house now." Apparently, unless I asked, he would volunteer nothing. "What do you know about her?" I asked.

He did not answer right away. But moved across the room to take matches from the far table. And then, seeing that Dan and I were still waiting for his answer, he said, "I was on board when she went to England with my brother's family."

"She was satisfactory?" Dan asked.

"Personally I liked her very much . . . In fact, I saw her in London later." With purpose he added, "That was before the war, you know."

"She was pathetically glad to get this job." But if the news shocked him, he concealed it.

"It's the times," he said closely.

"You mean that people are willing to hold a grudge which is more than a generation old?"

"Then you haven't heard of her brother—there's no doubt he's a Nazi." Mercer's voice was level. He went straight to the facts. The brother had had a job in a British shipping company. Young Englishmen went home to fight, and Maller advanced quickly—until they discovered he was there to get information for German U-boats. His arrest was postponed while the authorities tried to trace his connections. But Maller got wind of it and escaped. Mercer's guess was that he had gone back to his people.

"And you think Irma's the same kind?" I could almost feel the sharp look Dan shot in my direction.

"I wish I knew." Mercer hesitated to give an opinion, obviously trying to avoid what might be an injustice to us or to Irma. "Frankly, it's a bit ridiculous," he said, "your asking me what I think of Irma Maller, when you don't know that three years ago I was going to marry her."

There was a minute of silence. Dan shifted uncomfortably in his chair. And Mercer, without being asked, answered the question in our minds:

"About the time of Munich I wanted to join the Army. Irma was against it."

"Naturally, if she were pro-German," Dan said, too conclusively for my liking.

"Any woman could have felt like that," I argued.

Mercer did not take sides. "Anyway we broke up," he said deliberately. He rose, tried to get back to a feeling of normality.

"I'd like her to stay," I said.

His eyes caught mine and for a moment I thought he might smile. But he only said, "She's good with children. And anyone who is interested in her will be glad to know she's looked after." He was ready to go. We both went with him to the front door.

Mercer was taking his hat from the rack when I saw Irma coming downstairs. He heard her, for he looked up as he turned around. She was standing with her hand on the rail. She had changed her dress, I noticed, and the blond hair was piled on top of her head. Mercer said nothing, but looked queer, the customary reserve, the quiet directness disappeared from his face.

"Kenneth." She came all the way down. He took the hand she offered, still without saying anything. And for a moment they just held on to each other.

"How is everyone?" she asked finally.

"Quite well." His lips rather than his voice said the words.

She reached for something to say. "I suppose the children have been sent to the country."

He nodded. And he must have begun to remember, because he let her hand go. And, as if it were an effort, he took a step away from her.

"At least you're out of it—I'm glad." She could not have said anything worse. It was like a slap in the face that brought him back to his senses.

"I'm not," he said tersely.

She saw her mistake. "We're so far away from the war . . ." she tried vainly. "It's hard to realize the things you've been through."

But he was not looking at her any more. He opened the door.

Dan walked with him to the gate.

Irma's face was expressionless. I took her hand and it was icy. "He didn't mean to be rude. He hates to think he's us

"What did he tell you about me asked unhappily.

There was no use pretending. "N can be sure about you, Irma," I "Why didn't you tell me about brother?"

"There's no use talking about hin it is proved he had nothing to do wit

"Then it is true?" Somehow I h pected her to defend him.

"He's all German," she said.

"Didn't you know that before?"

"We never got on. But I did not he was an agent until he disappeare was using me, too. He always around and wanted an address, so his mail used to come to me . . ."

Lord, I thought, I am a fool pe but I believe her. She's trapped an frightened. She made a mistake wit cer, circumstances closed around he she has no way out. If Dan will let n keep her with me. Perhaps I wo to Chile, but I'll settle this—if he me . . ."

She knew what I was thinking. "I you want me to . . ." she said, holdi to herself, trying to control the te her eyes.

"Where would you go?"

She shrugged her shoulders. Duffy would help me."

I had forgotten about him. "Ar sure?"

Like a flash she resented my crit "He's a friend," she said. "He'd sta for me. He's not grim and doubtin Kenneth."

"I don't think Kenneth wants to you," I told her, but she ignored me. my hands on her shoulders and spo earnestly as I knew how. "Irma, list me," I said, "I want to help you too this Rick, now . . ."

"He's a friend," she protested.

"Has he proved it?"

She nodded. "He can help me. knows important people."

"Who?" She tried to pull away, would not let her go.

"The head of the Departamento d licía . . ." she said in a low voice. knows him. . . . My brother's mail coming to me. . . . I opened it. . . . I mostly sailing dates, mailed fro Plata and Rosario. Rick took it str to the Departamento . . ."

Dan came up the steps; he lo quizzically at Irma. She t quickly and went up the stairs.

"I am going to keep her," I said.

"You know how it is—" he remi me. "No American or British firm in would give her work."

"That's why, Dan . . . even if it m my not going with you to Chile."

He put his hand on my shoulder. looks very unhappy," he said. I supp he understood.

And I kept my doubts to myself. I c not find much assurance in Irma's tru Duffy. But I had no right to guess a until I knew more about it.

The next morning Irma came to me asked for the afternoon off. I asked b it was important.

She said it was.

"Is it Rick?"

"I want to see him."

Somehow I was frightened. "Abou letter you handed over?"

She hesitated. "I should not have you about that. But the landlady ph that there was mail. I have to take him."

"Letters are still coming?"

She nodded.

"For heaven's sake, child, why don't take them straight to the police . . .

She tried to ignore the urgency in voice. "If I were openly in touch wit police the whole thing would fall thro The people who write those letters t

COLLIER'S "If it weren't for your absurd modesty, Mrs. Esterhazy, we could rig up some sort of tent" GARDNER REA

How to make a wish come true!

A wish filled with hope and promise.
Of Victory! Peace! Then a home of their own!
A home with happy, healthy children—secure and unafraid.
That's the heartfelt wish of all America.

Your peacetime home of tomorrow is well worth the wishing—for then even the most modest cottage can have electric servants to banish household cares and drudgery—to give more leisure for living.

After Victory, General Electric will go back to the job we know so well—*equipping homes for better living*—with even finer appliances.

To make *your* wish come true . . . buy War Bonds—to the very limit of your ability. For every Bond you buy helps bring our boys back sooner and safer—and is a solid investment in your own future happiness.

APPLIANCE AND MERCHANDISE DEPT., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

General Electric Consumers Institute *at Bridgeport, Conn., is devoted to research on wartime home-making problems such as: Nutrition • Food Preparation • Food Preservation • Appliance Care • Appliance Repair • Laundering • Home Heating and Air Conditioning. Bulletins and booklets are available through your General Electric Appliance Dealer, or from General Electric Consumers Institute, Dept. Col. 7-3.*

Listen to the News on "The World Today" every week day on CBS, 6:45 P. M.—E. W. T. On Sunday listen to the "Hour of Charm" on NBC, 10 P. M.—E. W. T.

Tick-Tock...Tick-Tock... IT WAS WORTH THE WAIT!

SOME DAY a drink will be put in your hand, and you'll take a sip . . . and pause in your talk while you take another, thoughtfully. And then you'll ask a question and the answer will be "That? . . . *That's Old Charter!*" And *you* will have made a friend for life . . . *For when we started with whiskey this noble by nature, then waited seven years while Time made it mellow and ripe . . . we were bound to wind up, as we have in Old Charter, with a whiskey that would get asked about . . . and remembered!*

THIS WHISKEY IS 7 YEARS OLD, 90 PROOF, STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

OLD CHARTE

A SUPERB AMERI
WHISKEY MATURED
7-YEAR PERFECT

my dress is still safe—the Departamento was it like that—until the time comes to make arrests."

"In the meantime you are letting all this information come to you—on Rick's word and handing it over to him for disposal."

"You have to trust someone." Her tone said there was nothing else to do.

"There is one thing you can do."

"What?"

"Call whatever his name is . . . the head of the Departamento."

She thought. "He'd never talk to me."

"He would if you used Duffy's name."

The idea dazed her. She did not want to think that Duffy might be replacing her brother. She pushed back her doubts and said stubbornly, "I trust him."

"All right then—you're free when I come back from lunch." Talk would settle nothing. I saw no other course to take.

When I came back early that afternoon, she was waiting anxiously for me. And I knew something was very wrong. She came down toward the gate to meet me, "I called," she told me. "I called the head of the Departamento."

"And they never heard of Duffy." I knew by her face.

She nodded, told me how her doubts had taken hold, how she had fought her way through switchboard by switchboard until the final conversation brought a list of denials. The head had never heard of Ricardo Duffy, never received letters from him, had never heard of her . . .

As we walked to the house I began to think this was one time I needed Dan. "What are you going to do?" I asked her.

Irma did not know. "Rick told me to meet him at Retiro station at three."

I called Dan at once. But he had gone to some plant outside. Something would have to be done quickly, I thought. As things stood, Irma was as implicated as Duffy or her brother. "You'll have to put it off," I said.

"He'd be suspicious . . ." We sat looking at each other. Irma glanced at the clock. "We've less than an hour . . ."

The maid stood in the doorway, "Señora . . ." I looked up blankly. "Señor Mercer is here," she said.

Irma turned to me. "Don't tell him," I said suddenly. "You mustn't tell him."

And as she heard his steps coming toward us she burst into tears.

Mercer stood in the doorway looking at her. "What's the matter?" Irma had thrown herself over the arm of her chair and was sobbing hysterically. Mercer went toward her. "Stop it," he said. "And tell me . . ." He looked at me half questioningly and half accusingly.

I told him as quickly as I could.

WHILE I talked, Irma straightened, dried her eyes, watched Mercer with steady defiance. When he heard that Duffy would be waiting for her, Mercer frowned and asked sharply, "How long have we?"

"About forty-five minutes." She looked at the clock, not at him.

"Then come on."

She hesitated, looked uncertainly from Mercer to me.

"Come on . . ." he insisted. "We're going to take that letter straight to the police—to the man you spoke to, if he'll see us."

As she rose he grabbed her arm. "We'll have to hurry."

Involuntarily she followed his orders. "And Duffy?"

"Duffy will have to wait . . ." They were already at the door. He called over his shoulder: "I'll take your car, Mrs. Carter."

I opened the desk drawer to get my keys. They were alone in the hall. Kenneth lowered his voice as he spoke to Irma. "You've told Mrs. Carter the truth?" he asked steadily.

Her answer was half angry: "I have told the truth." And something in me relented at that reassurance.

COLLIER'S "I could like you from the sound of your voice, too" SALO ROTH

When they were gone I fidgeted with the papers on my desk, calling cards, invitation, the neglected papers about the Chilean trip—I had never filled them in.

It was twenty-five minutes to three. At three Irma was to have met Duffy in Retiro station. Under the clock, probably . . . that was the place people always met in stations. What if I turned up instead of Irma? What if I held him a few minutes, stalled him. . . . After all it was Duffy that really counted.

At fifteen minutes past three I walked across the station. And there he was waiting.

First I was relieved that he had not gone. Then there was stage fright. Now that I had found him what would I say? And just as I was filled with impulse to turn away before he saw me, Duffy came forward.

"Mrs. Carter . . ." he said.

It was not a time to flutter. I took hold of myself, looked at him indifferently. "Well, I finally got here."

"I was waiting for Irma," he said.

"I know that," I said. "Irma sent me halfway across town and out of my way at that, to tell you she won't be here for another hour." I had the idea if I sounded annoyed about it, he would have less nerve to question.

"Why?"

Why indeed? I eyed him grimly. "This isn't her day you know. She has to wait until the maid can take over."

"Oh . . ." he said almost gently. "But she will be here in an hour?"

"I expect so."

"Well, thank you, señora. . . ." He had his hat in his hand—and sought to pacify.

And now what? "It's difficult," I complained, "this finding your way around a strange town and a strange station. Especially when you don't know the language."

"It must be . . ." he commiserated. "If there is any help I could offer . . ."

I looked at him coldly. "What are you going to do until Irma gets here?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

Well, I thought, it wouldn't hurt to try. "I'm on my way to get something called a cédula. If you'd come with me and explain what it is I want, I could make up in time what I lost coming down here."

"That's the Departamento de Policía," he said uncertainly. "It isn't near."

"I had to take a taxi to get here," I was not giving ground.

"My car is outside . . ." he said.

I sat beside him. "Don't drive too fast," I instructed. "Traffic terrifies me."

He wasn't suspicious. He was bored at being pushed into such an errand. But he wasn't suspicious.

He parked in front of the Departamento, moved lazily to open the door for me. The car ahead of us caught my attention. It was mine. Rick, I remembered, had seen it on our drive. If he recognized it now, he'd know this was a trap. In desperation I looked up at the building before us. With my heart knocking against me, I made some allusion to it. Duffy's glance followed mine, with eyes focused upward and ahead we started to climb the steps. We were nearly to the door when Rick stopped. "I wonder if my car's all right there?" He turned to look back.

"Ask the guard. . . ." I was breathless in spite of myself.

He studied the street and when he turned back, looking at me for explanation, it was not so easy to find words. "That looks like your car down there . . ."

The last lie was not quick enough. "It can't be . . ."

BUT the door had opened and he was not looking at me. "Irma . . ." he said. Mercer was there, too, with a policeman.

They were not ten feet away as Duffy swung quickly between them and the car. He backed toward the steps and reached for his back pocket.

Mercer moved to follow.

"Be careful, Kenneth . . ." Irma called out. Duffy backed down the first step, Mercer still facing him. Irma had my arm. "He'll shoot. . . . It isn't worth it."

Then Mercer lurched to a crouching position and threw himself at Duffy's feet. Duffy swung backward, toppled over the steps.

Irma's hand tightened until it hurt. "Kenneth . . ." she said. The policeman was there now. He had Duffy's gun, was pulling him to his feet. Irma went toward them.

Mercer got up; Irma was helping him. "You shouldn't have. . . . It was not worth it. . . . He was ready to do it, Kenneth. You might have been killed."

He was straightening his coat, examining a scratch on his hand. "And not the first time . . ."

"Oh, Kenneth . . ." She stood there looking at him, trying to smile. . . . But as she tried the tears ran down her cheeks. She wanted to laugh, but she sobbed instead.

He looked at her a moment. . . . The beginning of a smile worked deeper into his face. "It's the first time anyone cried about it." And then she was sobbing on his shoulder and his arms were tight around her.

THE END

COLLIER'S "No ticket? Good Lord, man, how do you expect the return of your laundry without the proper receipt?" JACK MARKOW

CORINTHIAN PILAR

by Kyle Crichton

The Greeks have a word for capable Katina Paxinou, who plays Pilar in For Whom the Bell Tolls—and so has Hollywood. The word is "actress"

OCCASIONALLY Hollywood finds itself in a position where it has to hire an actress. This annoys everybody but the actress. The agent doesn't like it because, after the emergency has passed, his client will probably never work again. The studio doesn't like it because it would prefer to use one of its little beauties who has a luscious figure, a face of magnificent loveliness and inanity—and a box-office future.

This is known as a crisis and was solved at Paramount by hiring Katina Paxinou, the Greek actress, for the role of Pilar in Hemingway's For Whom the Bell Tolls. Events were even more interesting in this case because the studio had paid upward of $200,000 for the book, and it either had to be a successful picture or somebody would get slapped smartly on the knuckles by the front office.

There was the further problem of getting a good actress for the part of the heroine and when Zorina, the dancer, was found inadequate after a week of shooting, Ingrid Bergman was rushed into the cast. Miss Bergman is also an actress. With Sam Wood as director and Gary Cooper as star, both from the outside, Paramount was saying in effect that there was nobody on the Paramount lot good enough to appear in the principal roles of a Paramount picture. Their action, in the circumstances, can be taken either as a confession of failure or as the beginning of wisdom.

Madame Paxinou is one of the great actresses of the world. With her husband, Alexis Minotis, she ruled the Greek Royal Theater and had such a position of eminence in the European theater that her appearances in Berlin, Paris and London were artistic events. She is another favor for which we have to thank Herr Hitler. She was in Athens in December, 1939, before the Nazi invasion of Greece, and was called on by a high official in the Nazi Ministry of Public Information, who made her a fabulous offer to do a play in Berlin.

"I already have a commitment in London," she told him.

"Ah, England!" he said ironically. "In three days more, it will be nothing but a poor, unimportant little island."

Just what he had in mind was not clear because it was three days before Christmas, and nothing occurred on that holiday that caused England to glide into the sea. In any event, Paxinou said that she had given her promise, had no objection to playing in a place, no matter how small or unimportant it might seem to the Nazi supermen—and went forthwith to London.

When Ghosts Stopped Walking

Her season in London in Ibsen's Ghosts (done in English) was interrupted by a disaster that seemed at the time to mean the end of our pleasant world, to wit: the capitulation of France, the evacuation at Dunkirk, the fact that the little island stood alone in a world in flames.

That ended Paxinou's acting career for the time being. Instead, she worked day and night helping nurse 30,000 evacuated French soldiers quartered in the White City Stadium. Those were also the days of the most ferocious Nazi air blitz of London, and for ten months she lived through it.

"Day after day, night after night, it never let up," she relates. "Being busy was a relief. The brave ones were those wh kept their courage and their sanity whil they hovered each night in bomb shelte or in the subways. They had little slee or food, and it seemed that the bombing would go on forever, month after mont year after year, into eternity."

Then came what seemed to be a solutio to her personal problems. She manage to get passage on a steamer bound fo America. She packed secretly and got t the point of embarkation with word to n one, as she had been requested by th British authorities. On the second day ou the ship was torpedoed and sunk. Paxino spent eighteen hours in an open lifeboa until picked up by a British destroyer

On her second attempt to leave, th results were almost equally harrowing be cause her hotel was bombed on her las day in London and she lost everything sh had with her, clothes, jewelry and money She finally managed to get to Lisbon an the clipper brought her over from there

Her husband, Alexis Minotis, had gon back to Greece after the fall of France t look after his relatives. There he foun Madame Paxinou's mother, her two broth ers, her four sisters and her 16-year-ol daughter by a former marriage, Iliana.

When the Germans entered Athens

(Continued on page 68)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Not for long, my son

Don't weep, little Jon. Don't fear, my son.

We do not wish to send you far from home. But this *isn't* home—not any more. Here in Holland the windmills are still. The Strangers have taken the canal boats and now there is no food. They have boarded up our churches. The schools are empty. And your father—who can tell where they have taken him? What "home" here now?

The fishing boat is ready, Jon.

Don't cry, little blond head; you go to *friends!* They say that in America little boys still awaken singing. They say that there is food in the morning and at midday and at night. And schools where children laugh. And Sunday, families still go to prayer—and pray unharmed.

It's not for long, my son. The Americans will make it short for you and me. All America—and all the United Nations—everywhere—the soldiers in the field, the sailors on the sea, the flyers in the air! And the Allies in their homelands! All the free peoples will make it short!

Soon—soon we'll be together again—you and little Katrina and Father and me! The dikes will be whole again! The little boats will once more sail on the canals. The windmills will turn—how they will turn! Spring will come and tulips will blossom all over our Holland!

Soon, my Jon! Not for long, my son!

★ **MAKE IT SHORT!** ★
BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS! TODAY!

CONTRIBUTED TO THE WAR EFFORT BY CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO., PEORIA, ILLINOIS

Out of the Ground Into the Sky!

This good old American soil is on its way out of the ground into the sky to help win this war.

It is Bauxite ore . . . the basic source of aluminum.

Reynolds is digging it out of peaceful hills in Arkansas and, as if by magic, changing it into finished metal. Just when we need it most, *America has a great new independent source of aluminum.*

Experts called it a miracle. But it wasn't a miracle. It was foresight and courage and experience. And even more, it was the skill and the sweat of thousands of Reynolds workers.

Long before Pearl Harbor, Reynolds saw the coming need and staked all its resources to mine Bauxite in America and build mammoth new plants. When war came, Reynolds was ready and rolling with vastly expanded facilities across the country.

Today, Reynolds workers are bringing hundreds of millions of pounds of aluminum . . . *out of the ground into the sky.*

REYNOLDS METALS COMPANY

General Offices, Richmond, Va.
Parts Division, Louisville, Ky.
37 PLANTS IN 13 STATES

How General Giraud Twice Escaped the Nazis

Continued from page 11

ed it, and approaching the Dutch er, prepared to attack the Germans n t swamps and tulip fields of the Low tries.

t on May 13th, Huntziger's army way at Sedan under the formidable ts of the German Panzer divisions. ut was followed by that of Corap's , and the entire French front was dis- d at its very heart.

the 14th the confusion was com- . All communications were broken; orders came through. The soldiers ht refuge from the incessant hammer- f the Stukas by falling to the ground eeing to the rear. At dawn on the Giraud was ordered to take com- of these battered armies and to re- lish the front between the Meuse and Oise.

the afternoon, he arrived at the scene attle and took command. For three he fought, while all about him the y was collapsing. On the 18th he had moved from his post at Wassigny, but Germans were so near that this section become an advance post.

e persisted, however, and ordered a terattack. But he had only human ies in uniform to oppose the armored ps and the Luftwaffe. He learned that as General Rommel who commanded troops facing him. On the 18th, the ance guard of the enemy dug in near ssigny. Giraud resigned himself to ting his post to the west—to Le Catelet nd left with three officers for that e. They arrived at Le Catelet only to it deserted and in flames.

eneral Giraud, who had marched for rs, could go no farther. The old wound his right leg was giving him serious ble. He ordered two of his officers to d for the French lines. He himself lay n to rest. Only his aide-de-camp, Lieu- nt Tannery, remained with him.

Surrounded by Germans

t dawn, the two men resumed their rch. At six o'clock, they came upon a t German car which they put out of nmission. But a German armored col- n appeared. The general and Tannery into a farmhouse. German tanks sur- nded them, enemy soldiers appeared m everywhere.

Just twenty-six years after his first cap- e by the Germans, General Giraud was in a prisoner of the Germans.

Impassive and erect in his long khaki atcoat, his red cap on his head, Giraud ived at Rommel's military headquar- s, where the German officers clicked ir heels before him. That same evening was transferred by plane to Bonn, on Rhine. Two days later, he was taken the castle at Koenigstein, which the zis had decided to use as a prison for icers. A number of high-ranking Po- h officers were already confined there. the time France had given up the strug- , all the French generals—about 120 in mber—were prisoners at Koenigstein.

During that first evening at Koenigstein, iraud was already concentrating upon e problem of his escape. At first sight, e difficulties appeared insurmountable. oenigstein is an old fortress with high alls jutting out over a crag about 120 et high, and the rock itself is on a hill hich dominates the valley of the Elbe. o get out seemed impossible.

Life among the prisoners gradually set- ed down to a routine. The prisoners in- inctively regarded Giraud as their leader. was he who advised them, he who arbi- ated their disagreements. His face, his ord were their symbols of hope.

Toward the end of the year, the German authorities demanded that all the imprisoned officers sign a paper pledging themselves not to make any attempt to escape or again to take up arms against the Axis. Those who signed the paper, they promised, would have greater liberty, as well as permission to walk about freely outside.

Giraud assembled his comrades and pointed out to them that their only possible course of action was to refuse to sign the paper. From that moment, the guards watched him even more closely. He was allowed only one short walk on the rampart each day, under the watchful eyes of a sentinel.

During the first days of his imprisonment, the general, with the connivance of an invalid prisoner who was being repatriated, had managed to send a code to his wife in France. He was thus able to correspond freely with her, though their letters seemed harmless to the Germans.

When he chatted idly with his jailers, Giraud carefully studied the plan of the fortress, the topography of the region, the customs of the inhabitants and the police regulations He procured a railroad timetable and memorized it. At the same time, he perfected his knowledge of German.

"I got this one for the Harry James engagement at the Paramount"

COLLIER'S JAMES GIBSEN

He already spoke it very well, but now he set about acquiring a local accent.

Months later, in October, 1941, Madame Giraud established contact between her husband and two officers who had set up in unoccupied France an organization to help imprisoned officers escape from Germany. These two men were Colonel de G and Commandant L (for understandable reasons, I do not give their real names). An active correspondence now developed between the general and these officers, and a plan for the general's escape was soon afoot.

Obstacle Race to Freedom

These were two major problems: the escape from the fortress and the flight from Germany. The only solution for the first one was to descend the walls and the rock. As for the second, escape by plane was ruled out because there was no landing place near by. Nor could a car be used; cars are stopped every ten kilometers in Germany. There was still the train.

Giraud spent three months fashioning a rope from the cord which had been used to tie the food packages which his wife had sent him—only to find that it was not strong enough. Finally he received from France, concealed in a carefully prepared ham, a roll of copper wire about 150 feet long. With this he reinforced his rope. In the same ham was hidden a pair of thick gloves, made of wool and rubber.

Giraud now considered how to procure some German money. He managed this by selling some of the food which his wife had sent to him, on the black market in Koenigstein. By this bit of business, which his jailers transacted for him, he acquired 800 marks.

In February, 1942, Colonel de G and Commandant L sent Giraud the complete plan for the venture. A young Alsatian who was familiar with the language and the country, was to bring civilian clothing and a false passport into Germany, as near as possible to Koenigstein. The message concluded with the question: On what day and at what hour did the general plan to flee from the fortress?

The general had already noted the only spot on the rampart from which escape was possible, an out-of-the-way corner which might be overlooked by the sentinel's eye. From this spot, he would have to descend over 140 feet down a thick, perpendicular wall. There were two daytime roll calls in the prison, at eight o'clock both morning and evening. The general's cell looked out over a patrolled highway, and a patrol passed every quarter hour. Giraud therefore had fifteen minutes in which to escape from the citadel without being seen, and twelve hours to flee from the region before his absence would be noticed. His friends in France thought surely he would plan to escape by night. But Giraud answered calmly: "I shall leave Koenigstein at ten o'clock on the morning of April seventeenth."

They did not dispute Giraud's orders, however. Soon, on March 27th, came an answer from France: "The guide will be waiting for you at one o'clock in the afternoon on the 17th, on the railroad bridge at Schandau, five miles from Koenigstein."

It was impossible for the general to travel from Koenigstein to Schandau in broad daylight, in his French uniform. However, he had a waterproof coat which could pass for a civilian garment and he also had a pair of civilian trousers, and in a second ham which his friends sent him, was a comical little Tyrolean hat.

On April 17th, Giraud was ready. From his hiding place in the floor under the bed he took out the rope and gloves. Then he made up a bundle of his clothing, in which he packed a razor, a rough sketch of the surrounding country, and some food.

A little before ten o'clock he went to the window. The patrol came along. Today it was under the command of a sergeant whom the general knew well, an enthusiastic amateur photographer.

The sergeant saluted. Giraud asked him: "You don't have your camera today, Sergeant? Too bad! You could have taken an interesting picture of me."

The German laughed and went on. A moment later, the general climbed out of the window and hastened toward the spot he had chosen in the rampart.

He fastened his rope to the battlement, letting it hang down into space, then hung his parcel about his neck and put on his gloves. Clumsily he hoisted his stiff leg over the parapet and proceeded down the rope. He made the descent methodically, pressing his feet and his knees against the wall for support. In just one minute and forty-eight seconds he had reached the hill. He walked forward several meters as rapidly as possible, then crouched in the bushes and peered out through the branches toward the citadel. There was no movement.

Disguised for Traveling

His gloves, he now saw, had been torn in his descent, and his hands were bloody. He opened his parcel, took out his razor and shaved off his mustache, and donned the waterproof coat and the Tyrolean hat. Then he arose, walked out to the road, took his bearings and calmly set out for the station at Schandau.

Arriving at the meeting place a little early—at half past twelve—he sat down on the parapet of the bridge and ate his lunch. At exactly one o'clock, a young man appeared, carrying a valise. He looked at Giraud, came closer, and said, "Good morning, Heinrich."

"Good morning, Francis," replied Giraud.

Immediately the young man stopped. "I am at your command, General," he said.

During the long months of preparation, everything had been carefully planned. Nevertheless, there was one unforeseen incident right at the beginning. It had been planned that Giraud should go into the woods near Schandau and change into the clothing Francis had brought him. But the foliage was not yet thick enough to provide a safe screen. And so, still clad in the garments in which he had made his escape, the general went with his guide to the station and boarded the train.

Giraud had a second-class compartment, which was connected with a first-class compartment by a lavatory. He went into the lavatory, locked himself in, and after a few moments, emerged into the first-class compartment clad like a wealthy bourgeois, his eyes concealed behind gold-rimmed spectacles. In his pocket he had papers bearing the name of a German businessman who dealt in hides.

The train rolled on; twilight approached. In Koenigstein they discovered the general's escape. A description of the fugitive was broadcast, the frontiers were watched, and a reward of 100,000 marks was offered.

But the Nazis made mistakes. They de-

IN DUST-PROOF CARTON

Pro-phy-lac-tic
NYLON
Tooth Brush

"BC" contains not just *one* but *several* effective ingredients that dissolve quickly and act in a hurry. Use only as directed on the package.
10¢ and 25¢

scribed Giraud as a large man with a heavy mustache, who walked with a limp.

The general could not change his figure. But he no longer had a mustache, and although he habitually dragged his wounded leg a little, he could, by great effort, force himself not to limp for a few moments at a time. Hence, whenever he felt that he was being watched or whenever he had to enter a danger zone, he tensed his nerves and muscles and walked normally.

Another German mistake was the assumption that Giraud would try to reach the Swiss frontier, which is very near, and that in any event, he would push westward. Instead, the general and his companion had boarded a train for Berlin.

Though every policeman in the Reich was looking for him, and notices bearing his description and offering a reward were posted everywhere, Giraud and his guide traveled across Germany for seven days, from north to south, from east to west, never leaving the railway station or the train, sleeping in coaches or in waiting rooms, and eating only what the general had brought with him from Koenigstein, and Francis had brought from France.

Their schedule was constantly being upset by the complete disorganization of German rail service. Trains would stop unexpectedly and go no farther; it was no longer possible to make proper connections between trains; certain trains were taken off without notice, and so on. However, the two succeeded in sticking pretty close to the original plan.

On the second day, Giraud was sitting alone, napping, in a waiting room on the outskirts of Berlin, waiting for the next train. (Sometimes he traveled with Francis, and at other times they pretended not to know each other). A German guard touched the general on the shoulder and asked for his papers. The latter, pretending that he was not fully awake, muttered that he was an Alsatian businessman.

"Oh, so you are an Alsatian," said the German. "Well, you ought to be feeling good, now that Alsace has finally been annexed to the Reich."

The former military governor of Metz restrained himself with some difficulty from jumping down the German's throat.

On the fourth day, they reached the Czechoslovakian border. Giraud was sitting in a corner of the compartment reading the newspaper when he heard a disturbance in the corridor. He investigated. Three plain-clothes men, apparently the Gestapo, were examining the papers of all the male passengers and making them stand up in order to verify their height.

Trapped in the Train

I'm the one they are looking for, the general thought. This time he was really lost. No escape seemed possible. The train was speeding rapidly ahead. The trapped man returned to his corner. He had perhaps ten or fifteen minutes before the policeman reached his compartment.

Facing him, there sat a young German officer, who wore on his uniform many decorations and the insignia of the Afrika Korps. Obviously, he was one of Rommel's soldiers home on leave. The general looked at him tenderly, in the manner of a good German, proud to find himself face to face with a hero.

"I see," he said, "that you belong to our glorious Afrika Korps. I know Africa well; my business has often taken me there." The number-one desert-warfare specialist of the French army, who had been stationed for years in Morocco and Algiers, smiled briefly. "So I can appreciate better than most the marvelous strategy of Rommel and the bravery of his army."

He launched into a eulogy of Rommel's tactics. The young lieutenant was delighted. He replied warmly. In ten minutes they were friends.

The police officers were nearing the compartment.

"Doubtless," Giraud said, "the decisive push toward Egypt will come soon. I hope, Lieutenant, that you will return in time to enter Alexandria behind the Field Marshal."

The Gestapo agents entered. Giraud raised his head, as if in annoyance at being interrupted. The officer, also annoyed, waved them away. The plain-clothes men hesitated a moment, glanced at the officer's decorations, then bowed out.

The young lieutenant never understood why the bespectacled merchant, apparently overcome by sudden fatigue, soon let the conversation die.

Thus, borne on the enchanted carpet of chance, Giraud crossed Alsace and entered occupied France. The old state frontiers had almost entirely vanished in German-occupied territories. It was now possible to travel without special papers from Germany into Holland, Belgium, Czechoslovakia and occupied France. The difficult thing was to get out of the occupied zone.

The general arrived at Chalon-sur-Saône. Some Frenchmen had already offered to help him get over into the unoccupied zone, when he learned that, at the military frontier, the Germans were detaining every man who was over six feet tall. This time there was nothing he could do. Giraud coolly turned around and went back to Germany.

From there, he made his way toward Switzerland. He could not now get over the frontier by train or by any ordinary route. He had to cross into Switzerland like an outlaw.

Together with Francis and a mountaineer friend from France, the general crossed the mountains. Their guide left them in a cabin near the frontier, where for eight hours, Giraud and Francis remained hidden, while German patrols passed to and fro constantly, and lookout men watched the passes and footpaths.

As nightfall approached, two Nazi guards passed, close by the cabin. They stopped, and the fugitives heard one of them say, "Come on, let's go and eat. We'll come back and take over the watch by and by."

Giraud and Francis knew that the road would be unguarded for a few minutes. They rushed out. Giraud, limping, gritted his teeth and summoned his will power to the greatest effort yet.

Two hours later they were in Switzerland, exhausted but safe. They took a to Geneva, where friends facilitated t entry into unoccupied France by affix false visas to their false papers.

According to the carefully laid plans his friends, Giraud was scheduled to rive in France, at the Bellegarde bri at noon on the 24th, exactly seven d after his departure from Koenigstein.

That morning Colonel de G and C mandant L were waiting with heavy he near the customs post.

At noon, an automobile came rap across the frontier and dashed by the post without stopping. General Gir got out of the car, took off his hat and tended his hands to the two men w stood there watching him, almost o come with emotion.

"Good day, gentlemen," he said.

Three Historical Telegrams

One of the general's first acts was send a telegram to his wife. There i story behind the wording of that t gram. Giraud's wife had in her possess two other telegrams of the same sort, of them a very old one.

In 1915, Captain Henri Giraud, sever wounded, had been taken prisoner by Germans, but had escaped before he entirely recovered. He remained hid in Belgium for several months bef Edith Cavell helped him to Holland. Fr there, he sent the following telegram his wife: "Luggage arrived safely. In g condition. Affectionately, Henri."

In 1940, the eldest son of General raud, who was also named Henri and w was a captain, was taken prisoner by Germans. He escaped in 1941, and wh he reached unoccupied France, he t graphed his mother the same message s by his father twenty-six years before.

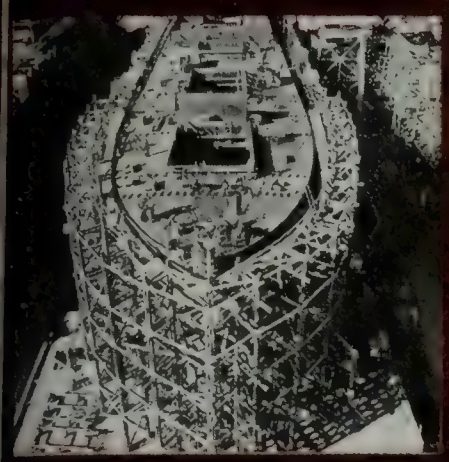
It was on the evening of April 24th t the third message reached her: "Lugg arrived safely. In good condition. Aff tionately, Henri."

The general's escape had caused a gr furor. All Germany was seething w rage. The French traitor, Laval, had b called back to the government. Gira was called to Vichy to see Pétain.

"I am glad to see you, Giraud," said aged Pétain. "But I should like you to t with Laval."

Just then Laval entered. "What y have done is unpardonable, General," said. "Your escape has upset all my forts to arrive at a profitable plan of c

COLLIER'S "The admiral wishes you to join his party" P. BUSCH



WOOD PLAYS A VITAL PART in building "Liberty" Ships, about 350,000 board feet per ship are needed. Much is re-used.

UNCLE SAM'S HARD-HITTING PT BOATS are made of light, wood construction for strength, high speed and maneuverability.

WOOD - WINGED AIRCRAFT are exceptionally strong, resist fire, and do not "flower" when struck by enemy bullet.

IN CONCENTRATED WAR PRODUCTION AREAS, thousands of prefabricated homes like these are solving housing problems.

MOVING FOREST GIANTS

UP TO THE FRONT

AMERICA'S vast timber resources are beating the drums of war. Mighty forest giants are on the move from logging camp to mill for processing into strategic war materials: shipyard scaffolding . . . . PT boats . . . . airplanes and airplane hangars . . . . war worker homes . . . . crates for shipping . . . . explosives . . . . assault boats . . . . and scores of other vital uses.

In the movement of these forest giants, REO trucks are in the thick of the "fight." With traditional REO superiority, they master the heaviest loads, conquer the roughest roads, and in every way measure up to their time-honored reputation as "America's Toughest Truck."

REO MOTORS, INC. - LANSING, MICH.

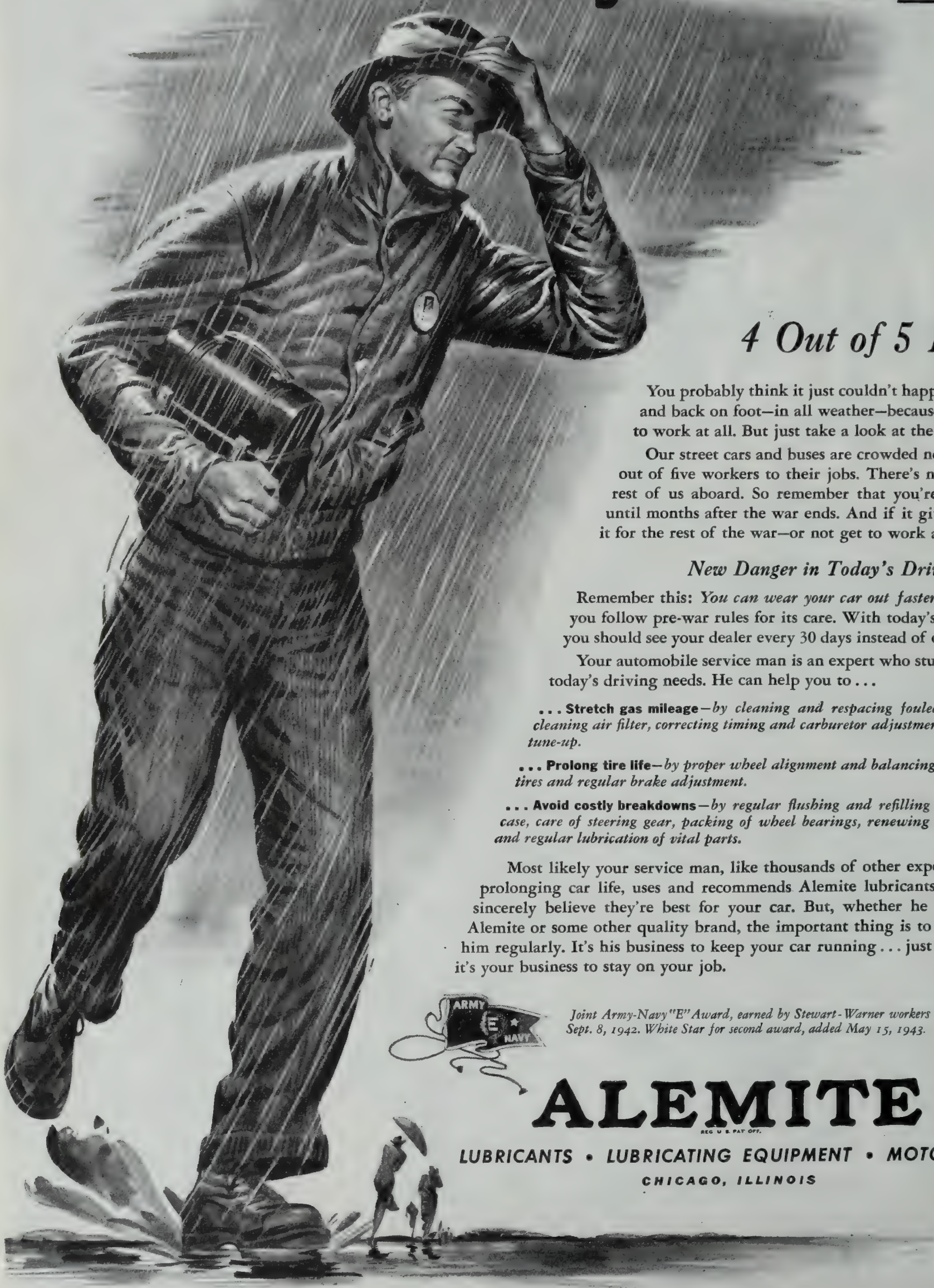
To Reo's many years of experience in building commercial transportation equipment is being added the technical "know-how" gained in meeting the challenge of a world at war. That experience will later be profitably used in building for a world at peace. Meantime, Reo will continue full speed on war production.

REO

AMERICA'S TOUGHEST TRUCK

WILL YOU HAVE TO "HOOF IT"...

or not get to work at all?



4 Out of 5 Risk It!

You probably think it just couldn't happen . . . *you* slogging to wo and back on foot—in all weather—because it was that or not gettin to work at all. But just take a look at the facts.

Our street cars and buses are crowded now . . . carrying only one out of five workers to their jobs. There's no way they can jam the rest of us aboard. So remember that you're driving your last car until months after the war ends. And if it gives out, you may hoof it for the rest of the war—or not get to work at all.

New Danger in Today's Driving!

Remember this: *You can wear your car out faster by driving less,* if you follow pre-war rules for its care. With today's reduced mileage you should see your dealer every 30 days instead of every 1000 miles.

Your automobile service man is an expert who studies and knows today's driving needs. He can help you to . . .

. . . **Stretch gas mileage**—*by cleaning and respacing fouled spark plugs, cleaning air filter, correcting timing and carburetor adjustments, and motor tune-up.*

. . . **Prolong tire life**—*by proper wheel alignment and balancing, rotation of tires and regular brake adjustment.*

. . . **Avoid costly breakdowns**—*by regular flushing and refilling of crankcase, care of steering gear, packing of wheel bearings, renewing oil filter and regular lubrication of vital parts.*

Most likely your service man, like thousands of other experts at prolonging car life, uses and recommends Alemite lubricants. We sincerely believe they're best for your car. But, whether he uses Alemite or some other quality brand, the important thing is to see him regularly. It's his business to keep your car running . . . just as it's your business to stay on your job.

Joint Army-Navy "E" Award, earned by Stewart-Warner workers Sept. 8, 1942. White Star for second award, added May 15, 1943.

ALEMITE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

LUBRICANTS • LUBRICATING EQUIPMENT • MOTOR OIL

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Another Product of
STEWART WARNER

loration with the Reich. You will have to go back to Koenigstein."

Giraud gazed in stupefaction at this strange Frenchman. Were they all mad, these people of Vichy? Under the steady gaze of this true soldier, Laval merely stared and lowered his eyes. Giraud saluted the marshal and left the room. Three times more he was recalled to Vichy.

Finally Laval said, "If you will agree to meet the ambassador, Otto Abetz, in the occupied zone, the matter could perhaps be settled."

They guaranteed that Giraud would be allowed to return to the unoccupied territory. The general, as a matter of fact, preferred to discuss the affair directly with the Germans rather than with French traitors. But to go into the occupied zone, into a territory under the military control of the Nazis! Finally, the general agreed.

He left Vichy in an automobile with Laval and Darlan. They crossed the line of demarcation, bristling with German soldiers, and arrived at Moulins, where the meeting took place in a little room of the provincial town hall. Giraud was seated between Laval and Darlan, both of them silent and surly. Facing him sat Otto Abetz, his face heavy, his head shaved close. With him, Abetz had brought a German general who had left one of his arms somewhere in the Ukraine.

"Your escape is a scandalous and deplorable affair," said Abetz. "In the interests of future Franco-German collaboration, you will have to return to Koenigstein. If you do so, we will set free fifty thousand French prisoners, perhaps more.

"What guarantee will you give me that this promise will be kept if I do return?"

"The word of Germany," replied Abetz.

"I am afraid I have no confidence in Germany's word," was Giraud's answer.

Abetz rose, his face livid with fury. "I do not believe that we have anything more to say to each other. You are disregarding the interests of your country, General." He hesitated for a moment. Was he going to have Giraud arrested by his soldiers?

The general looked at him steadily, divining his thoughts; but Abetz did not quite dare to go that far. He shook hands with Laval and Darlan, and gave Giraud the Nazi salute. But then something unforeseen occurred. The maimed German general who had accompanied Abetz extended his one remaining hand to the French general, as if to say that he, a soldier, was ashamed of the attitude of the Nazi chief.

In the car which took them back to Vichy, Darlan and Laval maintained a stiff silence.

At last, the general spoke softly: "He is a boor, that German is. I shall remember him."

This incident meant an open rupture with the government. From that time on, the general never returned to Vichy, but remained in Lyons with his family and friends, under the close surveillance of Laval's secret police. Later, he made contact with those Frenchmen of the underground who were fighting against the occupation, against the German yoke, and against the traitors of Vichy.

The Fight for Freedom

On May 19th, several patriots who had just been smuggled into France from North Africa came to see Giraud. They asked the general if he would accept leadership in the fight to tear France away from the rottenness of the Nazi-Vichy propaganda, give it enthusiasm, and battle against the one enemy, Germany.

Giraud answered without a second's hesitation, "Yes!"

Conferences were now held daily. Giraud took charge of the movement around him, the various anti-Nazi groups in France were organized, and underground activity increased.

Giraud's personal situation, however, grew more and more precarious. The Vichy police and the Gestapo watched him closely. He changed his residence several times, but the police gave him no rest. Toward the end of July, he made up his mind to flee from their vigilance. And so he disappeared from Lyons. The police and the Gestapo tried in vain to get a trace of him, but to no avail. The underground had swallowed him.

As a matter of fact, he was in a quiet little house in Marseille. He never left it. Every night, men came to this house for long conferences. Sometimes a woman sang, in order to prevent the crackling sound of the short-wave radio from being heard, as communication was established with London and Algiers.

By October, the great armada had been assembled and had left the ports of the United States, Ireland and England. In North Africa, too, everything was ready. The patriots of whose loyalty Giraud was certain had been notified and arms had been distributed. Each one knew his particular task. All awaited the secret order which would reveal the hour of the Allied landing and which would be radioed from London.

Early in November, it was learned that the ships had reached the rendezvous point and were headed toward Africa.

On November 4th, General Henri Giraud left his hiding place in Marseille in a car, accompanied by several associates and his youngest son, Bernard Giraud.

That night they arrived at the place agreed upon for the departure, near the small village of Lavandou, on the rocks of Esterel. It was there that a submarine was to come to pick up General Giraud.

The weather was dirty. It rained, and there was a high wind. The men spent the night in a vacant house. The next day, they learned that the convoy was approaching the coast of Africa and that a part of it had just entered the Straits of Gibraltar. It appeared that the secret had been well guarded.

The Germans had noted that an enormous fleet of ships was gathering, but they thought that it meant either an Allied attack on Dakar or a landing in Tripolitania. Apparently they never thought of French North Africa.

By nightfall, the weather was clearer and the sea had calmed. At midnight Giraud's party boarded a cutter and in the darkness set out toward the open sea. About three quarters of a mile off the shore, they began to flash the signals that had been agreed upon, with a flashlight. Soon, other signals answered theirs.

Soon a large black mass appeared. It was the submarine. A voice called to them in English, and the password was given. The boat drew up alongside. The general started to mount to the bridge of the submarine, but his stiff leg was troubling him. He miscalculated the distance and would have fallen into the water if an English officer had not caught him.

All the men were soon transferred to the submarine with the exception of the sailor who manned the cutter. He was to stay on in France to continue the fight.

Giraud bade him "Goodby and good luck!" And just as the submarine submerged, he added, "Good luck, France! I'll soon be back . . ."

THE END

COLLIER'S "Well, George—the hall rug won't slip any more" PAUL CARRUTH

Unanimous Arnall

Continued from page 16

Moreover, teachers would be as immune from the vengeance of thwarted politicians as the regents would be. The legislature passed this bill unanimously.

Whereupon, the new governor hauled off with a bill that murdered the ancient, luscious graft of executive pardons. Until this outrageous attack upon tradition was made by this upstart governor, you could get your favorite murderer, rapist, burglar, arsonist or any other variety of criminal out of a Georgia jail by the following routine: You mortgaged the farm, hocked the furniture, borrowed from a politically favored loan shark and called in one of the numerous shysters who was also an administration shill. You turned all the money over to this legal light and ran home, so that you'd be there as soon as your malefactor. There is no evidence that Ole Gene ever countenanced this racket. He was merely opposed to change.

By statute and constitutional amendment and at the behest of young Mr. Arnall, the legislature unanimously deprived Georgia governors of clemency power. At the same time, it created a nonpolitical prison commission which would thereafter deal with that sort of thing. And if you think that this commission can be manned by the governor's stooges, appointed for their political adherence to the governor, you should read the act which creates it. Pardons and paroles are no longer for sale in Georgia.

The new Prison and Parole Commission didn't have to wait long for work to do. Immediately after Arnall took office, 350 applications for pardons and paroles were laid upon his desk by agents of the old system. He bundled them together, sent them to the commission and announced that "trading and trafficking in clemency will hereafter have no place in Georgia's public affairs."

Without a dissenting vote, the legislature passed an Arnall bill depriving the governor of the erstwhile sacred right to fire the state's comptroller general and state treasurer. Hitherto, these two officials were not much more than the governor's yes men. The governor was comptroller general and state treasurer—or else. Furthermore, the same legislature waved Ole Gene away as it decreed unanimously that it should hereafter elect the state auditor, that the governor should not appoint and thereby control this most important official.

Thoroughly warmed up by this time, the legislature created a State Finance Commission to help the governor's fiscal operations and to serve as a board of appeals from budgetary rulings. Not a vote was cast against it. And then, urged by Mr. Arnall, it removed the governor from arbitrary membership on all state boards and commissions and took from the executive the unchallengeable right to strike from the budget the names of state employees for no better reason than that said officials were displeasing to the governor and his political expediencies. Not a dissenting vote here either.

A Habit with the Legislature

The next bill Mr. Arnall asked the legislature to pass had to do with emergency financing. Owing to the loss of twelve or fourteen million dollars that the state used to collect in gasoline taxes, Georgia was pretty sick financially—$35,961,630.38 in debt. We shan't say more about these purely local measures except that the boys upstairs passed them unanimously. It was becoming so much a habit with the Georgia legislature that several light-minded persons were talking about drawing up a bill abolishing the legislature, signing Ellis Arnall's name to it and laying it on the speaker's desk.

But the legislature was busy unanimously passing a bill (Arnall-born) to permit boys and girls of eighteen to vote. Ole Gene's supposed to have fainted when this happened, his friends explaining that it was Gene's theory that no man knows enough to vote right until he's at least fifty, and then he has forgotten. Anyway, the legislature passed it in the form of a constitutional amendment which will be voted on in August.

So that's what Ellis Arnall, new-style governor of Georgia, did in twenty-four days. He's young—thirty-six. He's a short, round, genial man. A sort of class-reunion type—the fellow who was voted "most likely to succeed" and then crossed them up by doing it. His wife, eight or ten years younger, was Miss Mildred Slemons of Orlando, Florida, a furriner.

Arnall's a very smart chap. Got nice humor, too. When he and Mrs. Arnall took up residence in the governor's mansion, they took one look around and then sat down and wrote Ole Gene a note:

"Thank you, Governor, for leaving the mansion so neat and clean."

THE END

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE

By Faith Baldwin

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

The Story Thus Far:

ENGAGED to a girl who really loves him—Linda Wheaton—in the little town of Benfield, in New England, Rix Anderson jilts her, runs away with her best friend: "Peg" Reynolds! Feeling that her only salvation lies in hard work, Linda goes to New York City. There, Tony Dennison—a young lawyer whom she knows slightly—gets her a job with the law firm where he is employed.

Tony is, very decidedly, "the right sort." In love with Nelda Heron, daughter of one of the firm's wealthy clients, he takes Linda to Connecticut, for a week end at the Herons' country estate. There, among the guests, they find a young married couple—*Rix and Peg!* And there Linda makes two distasteful discoveries: (1) that Rix and Nelda are interested in each other; (2) that Peg is frightfully distressed, unhappy.

Peg has a heart-to-heart talk with Linda. She says that Nelda, a conscienceless schemer, will marry Tony—and "play around" with Rix. Convinced by what she herself actually sees and hears, Linda warns Nelda not to ruin Tony's life, and Peg's. But Nelda refuses to take the warning seriously.

At the time Linda talks to Nelda, she is again week-ending with the Herons. Rix is also there; he is alone—Peg, he says, is visiting friends in Westchester. While Linda (disgusted by Nelda's attitude) is preparing to return to New York, Rix comes to her, tells her that Peg has disappeared.

Rix is wild with anxiety. He implores Linda to go with him, in his car, to Westchester. And Linda goes. On the road, Rix assures her that, if he finds Peg, he will never see Nelda again. . . . They go to the Weldons, whom Peg has been visiting; they go to Rix's apartment in New York; they query the police, the hospitals. Tony drops in to the apartment and finally they learn that a young woman answering Peg's description is at Bellevue Hospital.

Losing no time, they start for Bellevue, in Rix's car. Tony drives and expresses his opinion (none too flattering) of Rix. As they speed through the traffic, Linda's thoughts are anything but pleasant. The tears creep under her tightly closed lids; they run, warm and salty, down her cheeks.

VII

AT BELLEVUE, she and Tony waited. They did not talk much. Tony smoked and offered her his case. Linda shook her head. She wasn't crying now, except, bitterly, in her heart. They were not alone in the waiting room. There was little they could say to each other.

Once during their waiting, he spoke to her. He said, "I'm sorry if I hurt you, Linda."

"You didn't," she said. "There's no need for apology."

He said, "Of course Nelda was upset . . ." He broke off.

"Naturally," said Linda, moving stiffened lips, "she would be . . ."

"She likes the Andersons," Tony said, lamely.

Well, it was clear enough. Nelda need not have said much. Merely: "If Peg's done anything foolish, if she's run off and left Rix, of course, it was because of Linda Wheaton. She just told me last night—" Was it last night, thought Linda wearily, or a million years ago?—"that she was once engaged to Rix and that he'd jilted her."

Fine. A lovely bit of table-turning, thought Linda. Nice going, Nelda, and all that sort of thing. She thought absurdly: But Tony's known me longer than he has Nelda. He's known me long and well enough.

He never really liked me, she told herself forlornly, or really knew me or he wouldn't have thought that. He couldn't have.

Tony said, "He's been there a long time now . . ."

It wasn't long. It simply seemed so. Half an hour multiplied by eternity.

Linda thought: What are they saying to each other?

They were saying very little.

Peg was as white as her pillows, as weak

Matters were made worse for Linda the solicitous attitude of the office fo which had missed her on the previous d She received their inquiries with remo

as a new-born kitten, even her lips w white. What she said she whispered, w long pauses and with difficulty. But was, the doctor said, out of danger.

Nurses, doctors, interns, police. It a nightmare, a horror.

"You see," she said, "I thought that and Nelda . . . when you said I co divorce you. I knew for sure about baby, Rix. I was afraid to tell you. wouldn't believe me. Because I had you that before and it wasn't true. time it was true. By the time you wo have had to believe me, it would have b too late because you and Nelda—"

All that took a long time to say. doctor said that she would not lose baby. She must be quiet, she must h care. With care and quiet she would all right.

RIX sat there beside her and sudde bent his head to her breast. She so—helpless. She was like a child who been lost. A child, carrying his child. the first time in their relationship he an urgent sense of tenderness and p tectiveness toward her. Their marri had been founded on the crazy chemis of a desire too strong to be denied. T had played at marriage as children a game and, like children, had tired. Or had. They had talked and eaten, laug and slept together, but they had not b truly married. They had quarreled as c dren quarreled. He said, "I—if you'll f give me, Peg . . . I'll be good to you promise. I'll make it all up to you . . ."

"You aren't angry? About the bab

"No, darling, no."

She said, "I do need you, Rix—"

It was odd, how that made him f Perhaps no one had ever needed him fore. Not Linda, she had been too stro that sturdy little girl. Certainly not Nel who could manage her own affairs and too. But Peg . . . who dared try to herself for needing him, wanting, and la ing him.

He said, humbly, "I need you, too—"

I'll try, he thought, walking back to waiting room. He might not be a sig success as a husband. You don't refo altogether, at his age. But he had ne tried before. There'd be upsets and qu rels and all the rest of it. He might ever be entirely faithful, not his mind, any event. But for the first time in life he faced responsibility and accepted And he thought: I do love her, better, mo than any woman I have ever known or w ever know. And he knew as well as knew anything that no woman would e love him as much as Peg did.

In the waiting room, "Let's get out here," he said abruptly.

Linda stammered, "But Peg . . . ?"

"She'll be all right . . ." said Rix, face haggard, his eyes bloodshot. "Le get out," he said again, as Linda put hand on his arm. "I—"

He was conscious of strangers, of cu ous faces. He had been questioned and had heard explanations. He was very tir

"Wait a minute," said Tony. "Her where I come in, perhaps." He took Ri arm and led him to a corner of the roo Linda followed. No one else was the Tony said, "Tell me what happened."

Rix spoke as if it were a story he h learned by rote. He said, "She took t train to New York and went to a sma cheap hotel off Broadway. She told t clerk that her husband would join her the morning with the luggage. She sign a false name. It seems that she meant take the suitcase but she thought she hea the Weldons talking in their room as

From the heart of America to every front

Fighting Trucks *by Diamond T!*

DEPLOYED on the longest battle-lines the world has ever known, millions of gallant young men, turned warriors, are hurling back the enemies of all free men. There is hardly a household in the land that is unrepresented—certainly none is unaffected.

To serve these men—to furnish them with much of their vital motor equipment—Diamond T men and women are working their hardest. The Army-Navy "E" badges on every overall or coat tell of their tasks being well done.

For all that Diamond T or any other freedom-fostered company is, or ever hoped to be, is bound tightly to the courage and skill of American fighting men. To support their courage and skill, we have doubled and redoubled our facilities to build Fighting Trucks . . . to build them as excellently as human ability and experience can contrive . . . to build them at a pace that outstrips the peacetime heavy truck output of the entire industry!

So, from here in the very heart of America, go thousands of giant Diamond T tank transporters, big "Six-by-Six" prime movers and the famous armored half-track "Tank Destroyers" of our army, crated and stenciled for those battle fronts that need them most. And the heart of America goes with them, every one.

DIAMOND T MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CHICAGO
Established 1905

DIAMOND T MOTOR TRUCKS ★

NEW WPB ORDER MAY ENTITLE YOU TO WORLD'S FINEST ANTI-FREEZE

The War Production Board, by its recent Limitation Order, has prohibited the sale of "Prestone" anti-freeze for use in passenger cars, station wagons and taxis. The purpose of the order is to free for more essential uses the supply of ethylene glycol base anti-freeze left over by the armed forces.

Following is a partial list of uses for which the sale of "Prestone" anti-freeze is permitted: TRUCKS AND BUSSES—The freight hauler, the grocer, the farmer, the milkman, the factory operator, the moving man—anyone who operates one or more commercial trucks or busses. STATIONARY ENGINES—Equipment for dredging, farming, excavating, hoisting, mining, etc. FARM EQUIPMENT—Tractors and other farm equipment, as well as trucks.

IF YOU'RE ELIGIBLE—GET YOURS NOW

War supply hazards being what they are, the prudent operator will lay in his next winter's supply of "Prestone" anti-freeze *right now, this summer*. This is the one way you can be absolutely sure of having an adequate supply when the cold weather starts.

IF YOU OWN A DELIVERY

truck or service fleet, the order makes you eligible for the all-winter protection of "Prestone" anti-freeze. Put it in and stop worrying about cold-weather breakdowns and the shortage of replacement parts.

IF YOU OWN A BUS...

"Prestone" anti-freeze can help you keep America's war workers on a war schedule. Special ingredients in "Prestone" anti-freeze protect against rust and corrosion—a further protection against parts replacement.

SAME PRODUCT AS ALWAYS

SAME AS LAST YEAR
D. P. A. Retail Ceiling Price
$2.65 per gallon

IF YOU OWN A TRACTOR

working either for industry or for America's vast war farming program, you can insure it against winter with "Prestone" anti-freeze. The same applies to stationary engines and all construction equipment.

IF YOU OWN A TRUCK,

you again are eligible for "Prestone" anti-freeze to keep those essential wheels moving. No need to idle your engine during cold-weather stops to avoid freeze-up—"Prestone" anti-freeze saves you precious gasoline!

The words "Eveready" and "Prestone" are registered trade marks of National Carbon Company, Inc.
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation
UCC

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

ONE SHOT LASTS ALL WINTER YOU'RE SAFE AND YOU KNOW IT!

PROTECTS AGAINST RUST AND CORROSION!

It can't evaporate or boil away!

It creates no fire hazard!

PRESTONE ANTI-FREEZE

TRADE MARK

pened the door. So she left, in panic, without. She said it might have bumped gainst the stairs or wall. She had money pay advance, so the clerk didn't queston h It was that kind of hotel. She dn't to sleep. She just lay down on e b She was trying to make up her ind. the morning she made it up. She d th sleeping medicine with her. She d h it ever since she had the flu, orth after we were married, but had ken ry little. Now she took a lot. A amb maid tried to get in the room in e m ning. She went in with her key, arn nothing, thinking that Peg had ne t. She called the manager and he t an mbulance . . ."

Tob said, "We'll manage somehow. ed e of sleeping medicine, by acci- . I'll see the doctors, Rix, and . . ."

R xaid, "Thanks." He tried to smile. ory was so short with you. It would ter because of my family." He swal- ed "I'd be grateful for anything you d Dennison," he said.

I spoke to Tony. She said, "I'm go- k home with Rix and see that he is s nething to eat. We'll take a taxi."

"B—"

ne said firmly, "We'll take a taxi. I n f something for him and then he t to bed . . ."

"L la," said Tony, "if you walk out of re thout me . . . !"

But he was gone, with Rix beside her. I he took a cab and drove uptown in enc toward Rix's apartment. Once da said, "Rix?" and he answered, "If u n't mind, Linda, I'd rather not talk w." His mind was crowded with mem- in images . . . Peg, as he had first seen . der Linda's familiar, comfortable f, er integral sultriness so alien in that w gland setting, as if a tropical plant, v with fragrance, secret with promise, en transplanted into a tidy New d garden, its borders so neatly d, its prim posies swept with cool or touched with a gentle sunlight. s remembering Peg's eyes the night d told him that they must be mar- nd again her eyes as he had seen a little while ago, still drugged, a azed with long sleep, but frightened, pealing; frightened of him, appeal- him.

WHEN the cab stopped he got out, completely forgetting Linda, and a moment later that she was paying ver. He said, his hand in his pocket, orry, Linda. I was thinking of ing else."

at's all right," she said. "Let's go up- I'll get something to eat." Her head ht, her hat bound it. She took off t and swung it in her hand. This ould never end. And what if it never he thought. Everything's such a e, it doesn't really matter much. y went on upstairs to the apartment. ift at door and elevator had changed v and Linda was faintly relieved. She xpected curious glances, perhaps questions, or merely, "Mrs. Ander- sn't returned yet, sir." She shivered, ng how nearly Peg had not returned. he living room, closing the door be- him, switching on lights, Rix said tly, "I didn't tell you . . . Dennison here, and all—but Peg is pregnant. —" he swallowed hard—"that's why she did it. She thought I n't believe her . . . until, too late. hought I really meant it about the ce . . ."

da said, "Oh, Rix," pitifully, think- Peg, half out of her mind, wholly it, perhaps, with jealousy and grief. ere, at the Weldons', trying to reach nd then walking down the hill and g into the cab, taking the train, go- the shoddy little hotel, lying on the n that strange room trying to make r mind.

He said, clearing his throat, "She—she didn't take enough of the stuff to make it necessary for drastic measures. She took enough to make her sick, of course, but . . . Well, anyway, she'll be all right. The baby, too. If she has rest and quiet. Linda, she said a funny thing just before I left. She said that when she came home she wished my mother could be here."

"Aunt Alice?" Linda's blue eyes were bright. She said, "But that's wonderful." She thought: She's liked her all along, Peg has, wanted to be friends with her. She's known instinctively, about the kindness and strength and love that's in Rix's mother. She's wanted it for her own and hasn't known how to go about claiming it. She said, aloud, "Why don't you send for her, when Peg can come home?"

"How can I?" he asked miserably. "She'd have to know then and . . . she'd never forgive me."

Nor Peg, thought Linda, though neither Rix nor Peg would understand that.

She said, "Well, she doesn't have to know, does she? Tony will arrange things somehow. I mean, so there won't be publicity." A thought of the possible headlines flashed before her eyes and she shivered again . . . Attempted suicide identified as wife of Rix Anderson of Benfield. Oh, New York wasn't Benfield; they'd not play up Rix's absurd name, here.

"Yes," he said, "I know, but that won't help much."

"Don't be silly," she told him. "Try to be sensible. All you need tell Aunt Alice is that Peg nearly lost her baby and has been in the hospital and needs her when she gets home. That's simple enough, I should think."

The tension in his tired face relaxed a little. He said gratefully, "Thanks, Linda. I suppose . . . well, it would be swell having her here."

Linda said, "Lie down on the couch and I'll fix some supper. What time does that maid of yours get back?"

"Some time tonight," he said vaguely. "Peg told her not to bother about dinner or anything."

Linda found eggs, and scrambled them, with milk, the way Rix liked them, put bread in the toaster and coffee in the percolator, and hunted out a jar of jam, some crackers and cheese. When everything was ready she went to call Rix and found him sleeping, his face drained of emotion, innocent in slumber as a tired child's. She looked down on him and shook her head. She felt a troubled tenderness, such as you feel for someone you have known all your life. And pity. But nothing more. She thought: This is where I came in—or rather where I go out. They'll have to work it out between them, he and Peg. I don't want any part of it.

HERBERT HOOVER'S ARTICLES

In response to the great number of requests for reprints of "New Approaches to Lasting Peace," by Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson, the four articles have been made into a booklet which can be had at cost—25 cents a copy.

Address Box H
Collier's Weekly
250 Park Avenue, New York 17

She leaned down and touched his shoulder. Half waking, he said, "Peg?" drowsily and then again with an increasing anxiety. Fully awake, he tried to smile. "Sorry," he said. "I was dreaming."

They went into the small kitchen and ate their little meal. Halfway through, Rix set down his coffee cup and asked her, as if for the first time he were aroused out of preoccupation with himself, "Look, Linda, why was Dennison so sore about your being here?" He frowned. "Why shouldn't you be?" he demanded. "You're our oldest friend."

AT HER slight involuntary smile he had the grace to color, to shift about awkwardly in his chair.

"Oh well," he said, "you know what I mean."

She said, calmly, "Tony can be very useful to you in this matter, Rix. I wouldn't antagonize him any further if I were you."

"I won't," he promised eagerly. "I'm sorry about that. I was beside myself. I'm grateful to him, of course, and always shall be. But you—why was he sore at you? I heard a word or two and . . ."

She said, "Oh, nothing, except that I fancy our mutual friend Miss Heron has made him believe that if Peg had done anything foolish it was on my account. Linda," she said wryly, "the home wrecker!"

"Well, of all the fool notions," he said blankly, staring.

"How unflattering to you," Linda said, "in a sense." But her attempt at facetiousness was no good, no good at all. She pushed her hair back from her forehead and ate some toast which she did not want. It nearly choked her.

Rix said, "Look here, I'll tell him the truth—"

"You'll tell him about yourself and Nelda?" asked Linda. "No, I don't think so. It won't do any good. And it would certainly throw several monkey wrenches into that situation. I don't want to break up another home," she said, and tried to smile.

"But he hasn't any right to think that," Rix told her, "and if you're upset about it . . ."

She said, "I'm not upset. Why should I be? I'm not interested in the big-brother attitude. I can take care of myself, and if that's what he thinks of me, so much the better for his peace of mind and for Nelda. Besides," she added with half a sigh, "I needn't worry about Nelda any more, need I . . . I mean, you and Nelda?"

He gave her a grave, direct glance.

"No," he said, "you needn't. Nor Peg. I told her so."

"Okay," said Linda. "Then everything's all right."

A little later she was ready to leave. She said, "You turn in and get some sleep, Rix. You can't see her again tonight."

He had just telephoned the hospital. The report was good.

"I can't thank you enough," he said. "I'll never be able to thank you."

"For what, silly?"

"For standing by . . ."

He put his arm around her as they stood together at the half-opened door and kissed the top of her head, lightly. She experienced no emotion whatever beyond a sudden dreadful fatigue and a longing to be off, out of this apartment and all that it stood for in anxiety and waiting, misunderstanding and near tragedy.

His arm tightened. "You're a swell kid," he said.

The elevator door clanged shut. In his preoccupation Rix did not hear, nor Linda in her fatigue. But Tony just stood there and looked at them. He said, "Sorry to interrupt. I've arranged things, Anderson. There won't be any publicity, and of course it was an accidental overdose. She'll be able to come home in a few days and your own doctor can—"

LINDA didn't hear any more of that. She had released herself from Rix's absent-minded hold and was walking unsteadily away from them, ringing the elevator bell. She leaned against the wall until the car came. She got in and went down and to Rix's car. It was still parked outside.

She beckoned the doorman. "You'd better have the car put in the garage," she told him, with a great effort, "or telephone Mr. Anderson and see what he wants done with it. I don't think he will want it again tonight. But he may," she added, wondering if in a case like Peg's there was a danger of relapse. She leaned into the unlocked car and began tugging at her suitcase. She thought in despair, "I can't lift it. I can't."

The doorman asked, "Is there something I can do, Miss?"

"My suitcase," she began. He didn't know her. He had seen her come in with Rix, but how did he know it was her suitcase? Perhaps he believed she was trying to steal something! At the thought, illogical anger seized her and nervous tears filled her eyes. She said childishly, "It is my suitcase, I tell you. You can telephone Mr. Anderson and see if it isn't. And I wish you'd take it out of there and call a cab for me."

Tony, coming out of the apartment to stand beside her, said, "Here. I'll take that." He lifted the suitcase out and gave the doorman a coin. He said, "Never mind the cab."

"But I *want* a cab!" wailed Linda.

He took her by the arm and propelled her toward his own car. "Get in," he ordered grimly and she mustered her last ounce of strength to crawl in and sit there like a small and graven image. The doorman watched them drive away and

COLLIER'S "I gave him a cigar. That'll get rid of him for a while" REAMER KELLER

scratched his head dubiously. He was not quite sure whether he had witnessed an attempted . . . no, an accomplished burglary, plus abduction or not. He ambled back to his post. Perhaps he had better ring the Anderson apartment and make sure.

He hoped his suspicions were entirely unfounded. Otherwise, his lack of instant action might be difficult to explain to an irate tenant, manager and, he shuddered, the police.

TONY drove in silence for a block, then, halted by a light, he reported unnecessarily, "I'm taking you home."

"Naturally," said Linda, with a sodden sort of sniff.

"Go on and cry," he suggested, without sympathy.

"I'm not crying and, if I am, is it any of your business?" she inquired with a small, moist show of spirit. "I've been up since all hours, practically all night," she added, remembering the session in Nelda's room, and her own vain attempts to sleep thereafter. Came the dawn, she thought, and what a day!

He said briefly, "Perhaps this will teach you not to be such a little fool." The lights changed; they drove on. He said, "You aren't really in love with him, Linda. You just think you are, from habit."

"Is that so?" she inquired, somewhat aroused. "What makes you think so?"

"You couldn't be," he told her. "You aren't that kind of a girl. You—oh, of course you were hurt, badly, by Rix Anderson. And it was a shock to meet him again. When you told me you were all over it, I knew better. I knew your roots went deeper than that, and that you couldn't get over anything as quickly. But perhaps I was wrong, perhaps you were over it," he suggested, "and this is just a sort of crazy flare-up—and now," he ended, "you've learned your lesson."

She thought wildly: I'll laugh, and then I'll cry again, and then I'll be hysterical and first thing you know, *I'll* land in Bellevue too! Aloud she said:

"Tony, I wish you'd get it through your head. I'm not in love with Rix. He's not in love with me. I came up to town with him to find Peg because he was distraught with anxiety. After all, I am an old friend, not only his friend, but hers. So I did what I could to help, and that's all there is to it."

"Does that explain that touching little scene which greeted me when I got out of the elevator?" Tony demanded.

She asked blankly, "But why do you care? I mean, it's so absurd. He put his arm around me, yes. It didn't mean anything to either of us, personally. I was glad he did because I was just about ready to drop, I was so tired. And you're acting like a stuffed shirt, Tony Dennison."

"Thanks," he said, startled. "You change faster than any woman I ever met. I wonder if anyone really knows you."

So now I'm a woman of mystery, she thought wildly, me, Linda Wheaton from Benfield. The Garbo of Benfield, corner of Main and Elm—this is fantastic.

"I don't change," she began stubbornly, "that is, I mean—"

"You don't know what you mean. When I first met you," he said, "I darned near fell in love with you myself. I mean I could have except that Rix was in the picture, solid as a wall, and you were all decked out with 'No Trespassing' signs. The thing I liked so well about you was your—well, your happiness, it shone through you like light through crystal. You were gay and gentle and full of fun, and so sure of yourself . . . of the world and your future. It was perfectly wonderful. I was sick to death of girls who were, or pretended to be, cynical and complicated. You were as simple as sunlight and just as welcome. Then next time I saw you, you were different. Here, in New York. The happiness was gone, and you were working at having fun. You were harder and on your guard. It troubled me, but I thought I understood it. It was a sort of camouflage. You'd been hurt; you didn't want to be hurt again. I thought: Well, at least it was a protection. Against the sort of men who didn't know how sweet and—"

"If you say innocent and trusting, I'll murder you!" said Linda.

"I wasn't going to," he said, "but that covers it. Men who didn't know you and took you at your own apparent valuation. Well, I thought, New York's full of wolves, and here's Red Ridinghood, fresh out of New England. But that funny little armor you had acquired, even though I hated to see it, I felt would serve you. I watched you and Tom Yorke . . ."

"Tom," she said, "is a reformed wolf, if he ever was one. He has asked me to marry him . . . Look out!"

Tony dragged the car back into a proper and suitable position, and the taxicab into which he had nearly sideswiped was spared. The wild-eyed driver stopped his cab by the curb and just sat there breathing prayerful imprecations.

"Tom," said Tony, shocked, "isn't a marrying sort of guy!"

"He isn't marrying me," agreed Linda, "if that's what you mean, because I don't want him. And you needn't go running to him with that," she added, "and I'm sorry I told you. I wouldn't have done so—I'm not the put-it-on-the-billboard type—only you make me so darned mad!"

"WELL, anyway," said Tony, recovering, "I thought your new attitude would protect you against Rix Anderson. But it didn't. And I'm disappointed in you. Not that I can't understand you wanting to get back at Peg—I suppose most women would—but to go to such lengths . . . ! Of course," he conceded, "if you're really in love with him I suppose there's no telling what you would do." He shook his head. Incalculable girl. He had always liked her so much. He had pitied her, protected her, been her friend. He had never been angry at her before. He was now, clean through. Angry at, disgusted with. . . . He said firmly, "I'm ashamed of you, Linda. When I think of that poor girl . . ."

She said, "We're passing the club. Stop, for heaven's sake. Well, think of her," she added, "all you want. But forget me. Good night."

She made a dignified exit marred by the fact that Tony had to leap out with her bag and carry it up to the club steps. He said, "Sorry you're sore, Linda. It was for your own good. And besides," he added in a burst of candor, "I'm so disappointed in you. I thought you were different."

"Well, I'm not," she said, breathing fire. "I'm just like anyone else, only more so. A menace," she amplified, "a home wrecker, a—a so-and-so. Spell it any way you like and add a broomstick for camouflage . . . See if I care!"

"Linda!"

THE club door opened, Linda seized her bag and fled. The club door closed and young Mr. Dennison returned to his car a very puzzled and perturbed young man. In addition to all this uproar, he had quarreled with Nelda. She had been very much annoyed with him when he had torn himself away from her and the joys of a Southampton Sunday, with the avowed intention of following Linda to see that she came to no harm.

He hadn't, now that he thought it over, believed Nelda when she'd told him that if anything came of this escapade of Peg's . . . "If she has run off and left him—and it would be like her to be dramatic—it's Linda's fault. I saw the two of them in the garden last night . . . Rix and Linda, and when I taxed her with it—honestly, Tony, I can't countenance such goings on under my roof, now, can I? She told me brazenly that she had been engaged to Rix, that Peg had taken him away from her but that Rix had realized his mistake . . ."

Because he hadn't believed her he had come to New York. Yet maybe he would have, anyway. Now, he didn't know what to believe.

It would take a little time to make his peace with Nelda. She was, and he had known it all along, accustomed to having her own way. Her arrogance was part of her, it suited her, it became her as did her heavy silken hair and her narrow eyes and the atmosphere of luxury and ease which surrounded her. Women were the [illegible] he thought. They could certainly me[illegible] your life. He was crazy about Nel[illegible] course; he hadn't thought he'd a ch[illegible] He'd rather enjoyed carrying the [illegible] and then out of a clear sky . . . Con[illegible] think of it, he hadn't demanded any [illegible] of her, hadn't even asked her to m[illegible] him. He'd just found her in his arm[illegible] evening and she'd said dreamily, "Bu[illegible] can't be married for months yet, Tony[illegible]

After that, all was as merry as a [illegible]riage bell, or nearly so. They had [illegible] differences of opinion, naturally, b[illegible] had told himself that was just a matt[illegible] adjustments. And now Linda . . . and [illegible] ex-fiancé of hers and his volcanic [illegible] not only getting entangled with each [illegible] but disrupting the course of his and Ne[illegible] romance. It was all too much. He tho[illegible] I think I'll join the Navy, and f[illegible] after a moment, that it was an exce[illegible] idea. The law could wait, a war cou[illegible] we'd get into it, sooner or later; bet[illegible] in on the ground floor, or rather, on [illegible]

Also he had a strange suspicion th[illegible] mother wasn't as happy in his engage[illegible] as she had been at first. Of course N[illegible] didn't pay much attention to her; [illegible] didn't realize, perhaps, that older p[illegible] liked the little attentions . . . Nelda [illegible] too used to being the center of things [illegible] self. Not like Linda. Linda was ch[illegible] ing with old people.

Linda again!

He thought: Well, I suppose I'll se[illegible] in the office tomorrow and she won[illegible] speaking to me. He wondered what [illegible] was doing now, probably telephoning [illegible] Anderson, he decided. Serve her rig[illegible] Peg recovered and, in her sane mind [illegible] vorced Rix and let Linda have him [illegible] proper happy ending, Tony told hi[illegible] and wouldn't she rue the day!

He went through a light and it too[illegible] his charm, his integral tact and his [illegible] experience to talk himself out of it. [illegible] had been by far the worst day he had [illegible] lived through, he informed himself glu[illegible]

LINDA, meantime, had gone to [illegible] room in the club. Cynthia, enter[illegible] ing an elderly couple, friends of her [illegible] ents, in the lounge, saw her trekking [illegible] followed by the slower footsteps of [illegible] night duty boy, who carried a bag. T[illegible] was something about Linda's back . . . [illegible] the way her hair was wild about her [illegible] . . . and her hat in her hand . . .

The elderly couple departed. Cyn[illegible] went upstairs and knocked at Linda's d[illegible]

"Who is it?" asked Linda, muffled[illegible]

"Cynthia . . ." She thought: She's [illegible] crying, but hard . . . "I have a message [illegible] you . . . I—"

Linda got up and padded to the doo[illegible] her bare feet. She said, "Come in. W[illegible] message?"

Cynthia came in. She said, "Get b[illegible] to bed. Not that you'll catch cold, [illegible] too hot. I'll sit here. No message," [illegible] said, firmly, and sat herself down. [illegible] just that something's wrong. You d[illegible] want to tell me, I suppose. You're not [illegible] type which confides, and heaven know[illegible] can spot 'em a mile off. Only if somethi[illegible] really unpleasant in Denmark and I [illegible] help, I'd like you to know I'm at y[illegible] disposal."

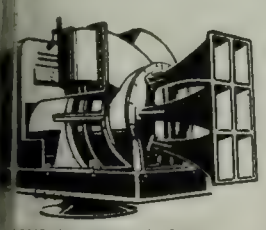
Linda sat up in bed. There was no l[illegible] in the room except a faint glow from [illegible] street. She was a small shadowy shape [illegible] thin nightgown. She said, in a loud, [illegible] tonished voice, "I haven't a friend in [illegible] world. That is, not here. In Benfi[illegible] maybe, but this isn't Benfield," and b[illegible] into tears.

Cynthia let her cry. After a time [illegible] vanished into the bathroom and retur[illegible] to report practically, "Here's cold wa[illegible] Nice wet washcloth. And I found s[illegible] spirits of ammonia. Drink this and d[illegible] say anything more if you don't want [illegible] I have some sleeping medicine in my ro[illegible] If you promise to let me in with it, I'l[illegible]

COLLIER'S "Most elaborate set of signals I ever saw" MISCHA RICHTER

Horsepower Wins Wars

Tractors powered by Chrysler Industrial Engines are extensively used by our Armed Forces for pulling airplanes into and out of hangars and repair shops as well as for other hauling jobs around air bases.



RYSLER AIR RAID SIREN

MILITARY victories culminate on the field of battle. They begin at the forge, the factory, the shipyard, and on the farm.

Thus the horsepower that contributes the efficiency of war-time manufac-e, agriculture or essential construction contributing to victory just as surely that which motivates actual fighting ts.

The Chrysler Division, Chrysler rporation, contributes horsepower h to the fighting and to the prepara-ns for fighting. Its industrial engines are being applied to more than a score of essential uses directly connected with the war effort.

RYSLER MARINE TRACTOR

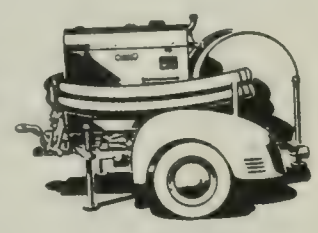
Among these uses are to furnish power airport tractors, airport gang mowers, welders used in many kinds of construction, generator sets for firing cannon, industrial lift trucks, emergency fire-pumpers, air raid sirens, air compressors for a variety of uses, farm tractors, farm combines, mechanical shovels and buses.

BOFORS ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN

In some cases, the United States Government is specifying Chrysler Industrial engines as the power plants in equipment it orders. They are meeting the drastic requirements of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guards, O.C.D. and O.D.T. for all kinds of service at home and abroad.

Power, flexibility, and smoothness are combined in these engines. Their Superfinished parts insure long life and economy of operation under the most exacting conditions of widely diversified programs.

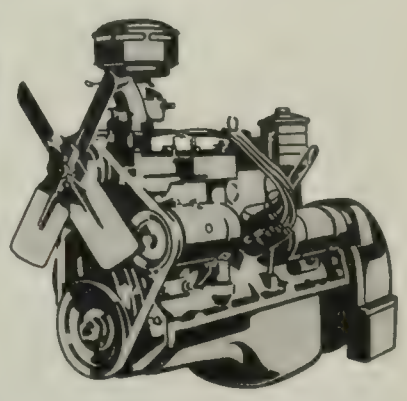
Chrysler tank, automobile and marine engines by the thousands also are playing an important part in our vast wartime transportation.



CHRYSLER FIRE PUMPER

CHRYSLER

DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION



WAR PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER DIVISION: Industrial Engines . Marine Engines . Marine Tractors . Navy Pontoons Harbor Tugs . Anti-Aircraft Cannon Parts . Tank Engine Assemblies . Tank Parts . Airplane Wing Panels Fire Fighting Equipment . Air Raid Sirens . Gun Boxes . Searchlight Reflectors

[BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS]

NATIONWIDE CHRYSLER DEALER ORGANIZATION OFFERS OWNERS SERVICE FACILITIES TO MEET THEIR WARTIME TRANSPORTATION NEEDS

get it, give you a pill, tuck you up, and forget this ever happened."

"Sleeping medicine!" repeated Linda, in what amounted to a whispered scream. "If I as much as hear the word, I'll—!"

"Okay, okay," said Cynthia. "But you're wrong about not having any friends. You can't escape friends, you know," she said quietly, "any more than you can escape other important things . . . like birth and love and death, like trouble and taxes and having fun . . ."

"I tried," said Linda, drearily.

"Tried what?"

"To escape."

"I see," said Cynthia. A good deal became clear to her in that moment. Linda . . . she liked the little thing so much. Linda was—friendly but she wasn't friends. She was fun to be with but she didn't let you come very close. "Someone has hurt you," said Cynthia. "Someone must have hurt you very much."

Linda said, "I don't care now. I mean, you can take just so much, can't you, and no more? It began back in Benfield."

She began to talk and Cynthia listened. It was a simple story, as Linda told it. She didn't try philosophizing or analyzing, or go into the psychologies. She merely said that she had known a man all her life and that they had been engaged for a long time and she had been very happy. "I was happy anyway," she said. "I loved everything. My home. My people . . . even my job. But I didn't want a job that would last, because I wanted more to be married and have my own place and kids. I didn't care about a career, big or little."

BUT the engagement had been broken. In a word, Linda had been jilted. Her man had run off with her best friend, so here she was in New York, looking, after all, for a career and not wanting friends, old or new, and, heaven knows, not wanting a new love.

There'd been one friend, however. A man. She liked him, and he was in love with another girl. That's what put their friendship on a solid basis. But then back into the picture came her ex-fiancé and her ex-best friend, now man and wife.

From then on, it was a little involved, but Cynthia was patient. She sorted out all the relationships after a while. And then she asked a few questions.

She asked, "So you went to Miss Anonymous and asked her to lay off your former and now married boy friend? And she wouldn't? Why did you do that?"

"I didn't want the man she was engaged to to be hurt," said Linda. "And that was plain or fancy two-timing. The worst kind."

"And after the ex-boy friend and his wife were reconciled tonight," said Cynthia, "why were you still so upset? Wasn't that what you wanted? You don't care for him now, do you?"

"No," said Linda, "and haven't for a long time, longer than I knew."

"And you've forgiven her?" Cynthia pursued relentlessly.

"Of course . . . I—I'm going to see her as soon as they will let me," said Linda. "I'm so terribly sorry for her, Cynthia."

"Naturally," said Cynthia. "But what I don't understand is, why all the tears? Now . . . those which you can't write off to reaction. Everyone's happy again, and the menace has been removed from the life of your friend, the happy and unsuspecting fiancé of Miss Anonymous." She sighed. "Your passion for discretion makes discussion difficult," she complained mildly.

"His name's Tony," said Linda.

"Tony then. Tony has been restored to his fiancée's arms and will never know that she was faithless," said Cynthia.

"Don't joke," said Linda mournfully. "Darn it. Don't you see, Cynthia, he—Tony, thinks I'm the cause of it all. He thinks I plotted to get Rix back." She spoke the names now, unconsciously, "And that it was *because* of me that Peg tried to do what she did. Because of me. Not because of—"

"Miss Anonymous," interrupted Cynthia hastily. "I understand."

Linda said, "I can't believe it. We've been such good friends. If he didn't know me better than that, what was his friendship worth? How do you ever know whether you can trust people or not, Cynthia?"

"YOU'RE trusting me," suggested Cynthia, "although I admit you aren't in your right mind. Look. You can, you know. If tomorrow you want it all forgotten, it shall be. I won't mention it again. Not ever."

Linda sighed, damply. She said gratefully:

"Please . . . I've wanted to talk to you about everything long before this. But I couldn't. I was afraid. I thought: I won't make friends, I won't be hurt . . ."

"Well," said Cynthia after a while, "I was hurt once, rather badly. No one knows about it, even Sally. I won't go into it. It's a long story, rather sordid in spots and dreadfully boring because it happens so often. It's a funny thing that it happens generally to the kind of gals who know all the answers and are pretty sure it couldn't happen to them. You must have wondered why I took this job. It isn't too exciting. Well, I took it because I once had another job, an exciting one, one I was trained for. Didn't Sally ever tell you I was a laboratory technician? Well, I was . . . and I met a man while I was working in a laboratory. I fell in love with him and he was married.

"He had been separated from his wife for a long time. He told me. It was perfectly true. He said he would ask her to divorce him. That wasn't true. He didn't want a divorce, he didn't wish to remarry. He liked playing the field. So," said Cynthia, "I exploded right out of the lab and into the club. It was safer here and quieter. I wouldn't run into him or any of his friends or do the kind of work which reminded me of him. That's what I thought when I took this over. It was some time ago. Now I'm groping out of the fog. And in a little while I'll go back to the work I was meant to do. I have a hunch that women with my training are going to be needed, and badly, before long."

She was silent. And after a moment Linda said, "Thanks, Cynthia."

"Don't thank me," said Cynthia. "One good confession deserves another. I might add here that I had a good friend who saw me through this. You've not met her. She's a nurse and she's gone to England. I don't know what I would have done without her. It's odd, but none of us are very strong. Very few can stand on their own feet. We need someone's shoulder to cry on, we need an ear to listen and a hand to clutch, the strongest of us."

"I suppose so," said Linda slowly. "I felt that way about Tony . . . a shoulder, an ear, a hand. He saw me through that awful day when I met Rix and Peg again. I didn't ask him to, he was just there. Now, of course, he won't be there any more. And I can't set him straight," she said, "can I, Cynthia?"

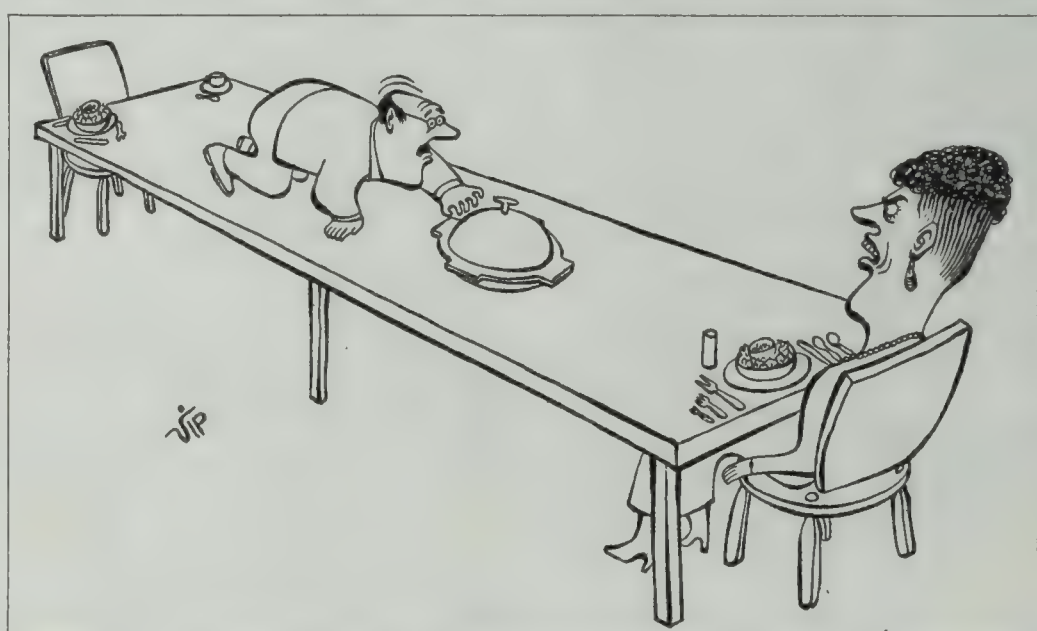
"No," said Cynthia, "you can't. Not unless you wish to destroy his happiness with Miss Anonymous, who sounds to me as if she'd be a lot better off for slight immersion in boiling oil."

Then she got up and said, "I'm going to get that pill. You can take it and sleep with a clear conscience. I'll telephone your office in the morning—we have the number, downstairs, I think, on the emergency book—and tell them you won't be in. You haven't slept. You're washed up. You sleep all day and we'll go out to dinner and a movie and you'll turn up Tuesday with a shining morning face . . ."

"But—"

"Hush your mouth," said Cynthia, "and listen to Momma."

When she had gone the room seemed very empty. She came back presently with the sleeping tablet and a glass of fresh cold water. "Drink this," she said, "Alice in Wonderland."



COLLIER'S "Haven't I told you a thousand times not to reach?" VIRGIL PARTCH

Linda chuckled, feebly. She obeyed. She said, "I wish you wouldn't go away just yet, Cynthia. I wish you'd sit there and tell me what you think about it all."

"I think you're crazy," said Cynthia gently, "and I think you're in love with your good friend Tony, because if you weren't, why would you—"

Linda sat up. "Oh, for goodness sake," she wailed despairingly. "Of course I am. I've been, ever since that day when I saw Rix again and—Cynthia," she cried, "I'm such a fool and now it's worse than ever!"

"Of course it is," said Cynthia soothingly, "but there's nothing you can do about it tonight. Lie down, infant, and for heaven's sake go to sleep."

ON TUESDAY morning, and with reluctance, Linda returned to the office. She did not feel like the prodigal son; she felt more like the fatted calf, being led to the slaughter. She felt like nothing on earth. She felt on the verge. On the verge of what . . . ? Of any number of things, a highly complete nervous breakdown, a volcano with stomach trouble, or manslaughter. It didn't matter. Well, maybe there was something she could do about it, she thought, hysterically, in the elevator.

She could enter a sanitarium, she could flee the impending eruption, and she could curb, by drastic measures of self-discipline, her primitive desire to strangle Miss Nelda Heron with a s of her own sleek golden hair. Didn't s one do that to someone in a poem b Browning? I must, she muttered men ask Professor Phelps.

In short, Miss Wheaton, taking u briefly interrupted secretarial duties in a bad way.

Matters were made, if anything, sli worse by the solicitous attitude of t fice force, which, it appeared, had n her, en masse, on the previous day. I received their inquiries in a hair-shirt tude of deep remorse. What a brut had been, fending off friendly over So darned engrossed with herself an stupid little ego that she couldn't r nize the sincere give and take of ord friendliness when she encountered it was grateful to find herself alone a in the Powell office. Mr. Powell, nately, was not in town and unopene ters glared reproachfully at her fro massive desk. Work, the panacea; the ultimate physician. She seize letters and a letter opener.

She thought: If Anthony Den walks in at that door I'll drop dead jump out of the window!

Either method would be an eff way to terminate their acquaintance pondered further, with a small, if w giggle.

The morning passed. He did not c So what? So, if he didn't she would dead or jump out of the window. Oh thought Linda, by nature no Lad Shalott.

CYNTHIA had made things very Cynthia had said, sitting beside waiting for the sleeping medicine to stuff, "You see, it's as I said, you escape . . You can't escape friends or or life in general. You can't escape hurt. Until, or unless, you die. T part of being alive, Linda, you little You came to New York wrapped your pride, but it didn't do any good it? You wanted to be hard, invulner and ambitious. You wanted to ride r shod, using everyone you met, men women, to further your own aims. you didn't know exactly what your were and you hadn't had much exper in riding roughshod or any other Also you were yourself. Definitely can't escape what you are, what you been for over twenty years, your character."

There had probably been more of pearls of wisdom, but Linda herself been unstrung, the sleeping pill had pa a powerful wallop and in the midd lecture number one, continuation c in how not to live alone and like it, had fallen asleep.

Came noon, came lunchtime, and had not put in an appearance. I went out to lunch with several of girls in the office. She had joined in the rest room where they were eng in keeping their powder dry and thei stick red. She asked with unusual tim if anyone was going her way.

During lunch someone remarked Tony had gone to Westchester to c with a client who had a bad disposi arthritis and a very important suit.

The afternoon went by. Linda phoned Rix at his office. He reported he had seen Peg briefly and that she much better. Linda could see her i evening if she wished. He'd stop a club for her. Also he had telephone mother. She would come to New and take over at the apartment an there ready to receive Peg on her re Everything, said Rix, was wonderfu

That's what *he* thought!

She was getting ready to leave her door opened and Tony walke His greeting was not gushing. "What pened to you yesterday?" he deman

(To be concluded next week)

N THERE PITCHING WITH THE FARMER

Buses Deliver Manpower to Help Harvest America's Crops

r fighting men and workers are counting food from this year's harvest . . . so are our es all over the world. And the American ner will never let them down. Against vy odds, he is coming through with a crop. w he is calling for manpower to save it!

For the answer to this call, the farmer is ending on his old friends, the highways. In r as in peace, it is over these highways that p must come. And it is here that intercity ses roll . . . connecting America's 6 million ms with every other place in the nation . . . giving the farmer direct access to neighboring towns for marketing . . . for buying farm supplies . . . bringing vitally needed manpower to his very gates.

Moving manpower is a specialty of the motor bus lines. And they are working at this specialty as never before—in war plant areas, at induction centers and military camps, in cities and rural communities alike, carrying all types of war-busy people who move back and forth along three hundred and thirty thousand miles of highways.

This flow of manpower by highway must not be slackened. With all the experience and resources at their command, the bus lines are concentrating on their ever-growing wartime job . . . *keeping the highways at work for victory!*

★ ★ ★

HOW INTERCITY BUSES KEEP THE HIGHWAYS AT WORK FOR VICTORY

The traffic load of the intercity bus lines has increased more than 75% within the past year . . . 692 million passengers in 1942 ★ Because they average 45,000 miles per tire and carry millions of passengers, buses use only a fraction as much rubber, per passenger, as do private cars ★ Bus lines have pooled schedules and equipment, eliminated all non-essential services, accomplished near-miracles in conserving manpower and materials ★ Buses are playing a vital part in building America's great army . . . carrying the great majority of all inductees requiring intercity service ★

MOTOR BUS LINES OF AMERICA

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MOTOR BUS OPERATORS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

GIVE YOUR CAR MILITARY CARE—

KEEP OIL CLEAN

To keep your car running longer—do the same as the Army does with jeeps, tanks, trucks, half-tracks and other equipment. Ban dirty oil from the engine. Don't let dirt, dust, grit and sludge that get in oil, grind away at vital engine parts.

Every time the dip stick shows dirt in the oil—put in a new Purolator oil filter element at once. Purolators effectively remove abrasive impurities from the oil stream. Purolators keep oil clean—keep engines healthy.

Next time you change the oil, have your service man put a new Purolator element in your oil filter. Prices as low as $1.

Remember, too. You can give trucks and tractors the same protection as your car . . . Purolator protection that keeps oil clean, helps keep them running longer.

Purolator Products, Inc., Newark, N. J.—founder and leader of the oil filter industry.

STOP AT THIS SIGN PUROLATOR OIL FILTER SERVICE FOR OIL FILTER SERVICE

Last Hours of an Empire

Continued from page 26

of the British First Division ashore. At 4:30, we left for the next objective of the clean-up campaign. The blitz switched to Lampedusa. A few Germans had retreated to the south end of Pantelleria but were cleaned up later.

That night our cruisers and destroyers bombarded Lampedusa at 11:00 P.M. Wellingtons of the North African command hit the island a few seconds after we ceased fire. Star shells and bomb flashes made me think of home on the "Glorious Fourth" of July. At 2:00 A.M., we repeated the dose. At 6:30, we repeated with bombs and shells from the seaside. By this time, shore batteries became active and shaved a little paint off our side with one of those too-close shots and deposited shrapnel aboard. We finished the allotted firing and stood off on account of bad weather until late afternoon.

The Walrus plane whose pilot, Sergeant Cohen, claims to be the first to whom the islanders attempted to surrender, was forced down on an airfield between bombing raids, and the next sortie by bombers caught him on the ground. He dived for a fox hole with several Italians. After the raid, he fixed his plane and went back to the base with the news.

In the meantime, we saw the white flag flying and dispatched one company to take over four to five thousand Italian soldiers. When the surrender was received aboard the flagship, a message from the destroyer H.M.S. Lookout, dispatched with the infantry, reported: "Second in command agrees to the terms of unconditional surrender, but the governor is resting at a point about thirty-minutes' walk inland."

About the time of the capitulation, Italian gun crews ashore were getting out white sheets and attempting to signal us their surrender. Some of our sailors watching the shore through binoculars reported a lone girl in a red dress pacing up and down along the sea wall. This unknown lady (whom no one saw again) was named by the soldiers and sailors "the Lampedusie Floozie."

Surrender Without a Fight

Two more islands remained. Linosa, the larger of the two, was sought next, this time with only one cruiser and two destroyers. That evening as we left, H.M.S. Lookout was dive bombed 25 times as 100 aircraft raided our new island possession. There was no damage except that the boys were a little shaken up.

Following daylight, we took Linosa without firing a single shot. Linosa's commander had learned the fate of Pantelleria and Lampedusa, so he chucked in his hand. We arrived, saw the white flag and dispatched a small force which Captain Slayter described to me as "two men and a boy in a whaler," to take over the garrison of 169 prisoners and establish the control of the island. They found four soldiers waiting on the beach to surrender and take the officers by donkey to the commander, who was peacefully asleep in his quarters. From there, we took over Lampione, which had been evacuated a few days before.

Back at Malta, everyone was feeling pretty cocky after long years of isolation and this hanging-on business which would draw the sap of life out of anyone. They cheered the ships as we returned to the harbor.

Next morning, I walked to a hilltop with a Maltese shopkeeper who pointed toward Sicily across the narrows and said, "Those Italians have been bombing us for three years. Now it's our time for revenge."

King George VI visited Malta a fe days later. Long viewed as the inspirati for the island's heroic resistance, his pre ence brought crowds pouring into th streets. Children scrambled onto the per ous, high bastion. Women wept, while th visit keynoted the personal affection, d votion and emotions of the people towa their King.

Setting the pace of the day's spirit, 9 A.M., the King's flotilla entered the Grar Harbor of Malta amidst handclappin and the church bells of the three citi about the harbor swelled the voice of th people's rejoicing. From a special da over the top of the bridge of his cruis H.M.S. Aurora, the King saluted th anxious crowds.

A Great Day for Malta

Laughter and gaiety, restrained for long time, had its fling today. I stood one side of the customhouse steps as th King alighted from the brass-funnele antiquated barge. Lord Gort greeted th King, and the Royal Malta Artillery ban played the national anthem. Then th King stepped forward to inspect the guar of honor, steel-helmeted artillerymen un der the command of Major H. R. Mica lef. The King did not return Micallef snappy salute but, instead, put forth h hand.

From the balcony, harking to the ar cient days of this capital, the King re ceived a terrific ovation from the peopl whose spirit through the dark days c bombardment now found voice in what localite described as a supreme occasio for the Maltese. Through flag-decke streets where gusts of wind whirled th pink and red azalea blooms overhea the King passed on a visit which include every hamlet and village in this sma island.

At the dockyard, the crews of Malta naval station literally glistened in thei summery whites, while, in contrast, jus behind the dockyard officers and perche high upon a heap of wreckage, was a ma chinist who had seen two wars and bec crippled in the blitz. He waved a tin worn flag while, with wet eyes, he san the anthem and was joined by his pal

A parish priest almost made the Kin cry. The priest was stocky Canon Em manuel Brincat, the son of a dockyar policeman now a parish priest at Senglea which is the dockyard colony overlookin the Grand Harbor and which is the mos bombed town in all the Mediterranean. I was his honor to show the King wha little remains of his parish. The pries spent more time with the King than an other islander with the exception of Lor Gort. The combined army, navy and air force personnel was presented to the Kin to the tune of brass bands.

Clad in solemn black robes and a blac beaver hat trimmed with purple cords Canon Brincat, gray beyond his thirty eight years, just waited quietly on foo between rows of kiddies and grownups His parishioners once had 10,000 homes now they have 1,707.

The King saw shelters under the rock terrain which were responsible for savin lives and therefore only 80-odd peopl have been killed in spite of the world' worst destruction.

Today, the sky line is a jagged, lifeles row of blasted, crumbling walls. Thei only semblance of victory is in these peo ple who stood silently about their Kin and their priest as they viewed the statu of Our Lady of Victories, by a miracl still unscathed, and believed to be a goo omen by the parishioners.

THE END

Old Lady with a Punch

Continued from page 19

en, feding them chicken à la king, ham nd eas, pancakes, or hot soup and coffee om a electric range. In tropical rainorm she leaks all over, but she'll keep ngin along all day, steady as a battleip.

Wh the war started, nobody thought e of Catalina would last very long; she oulpe replaced by something faster and tter rmed and armored. She was comratively slow, she wasn't meant to dive, nd se was as big as a house—a fair tart fo a smart antiaircraft U-boat crew. Bu they put her to work—up North here t got down to 20 below and down outhwhere it ran to 110 above in the tropees' shade. The boys took her out an opped smoke bombs and dived the ind dy onto them and practiced bombg tt way, and she took it and heaved ere skyward again and went on. They owe gadgets into her—radiophones, ow ns, sights, rafts and other things, nd ey put retractable wheels on her. Sh went out and did jobs her builders ever ntended. She slugged it out with e ck guns of submarines and sent wner bullets and bombs to sink the ide. She was a lady and she bore no alie. Once a sub was sunk, she did hat he could, commensurate with her own afety, to help its crew keep on livp. he piled up a long record of sunken bs but she did more than that.

Sh piled up experience—and experices what sinks subs. Every time she ug, her crew turned in long, detailed pos about everything—wind, clouds, sun; what the sub did; what the Old Lady did, and the result.

Getting subs, for instance, is a matter of split-second timing. From the reports, the Old Lady's crew know that, if she sights a surfaced U-boat so many miles away, she has just so many seconds to get over the spot and get her depth bombs away, assuming that the sub spots the plane, and crash dives at once.

Back at the bases Army and Navy men, working together, keep track of the Old Lady. They know where every other ship and plane in their zone is, too. The men in Combined Operations sit tense, listening to the reports that come in over the radiophone until the Old Lady sends a signal that she's got another one—or they grow grim and silent when a rattle of gunfire comes through the phones, and then there is a sudden silence that never will be broken. Sometimes the luck runs out, and the Old Lady doesn't come back. But that doesn't happen very often.

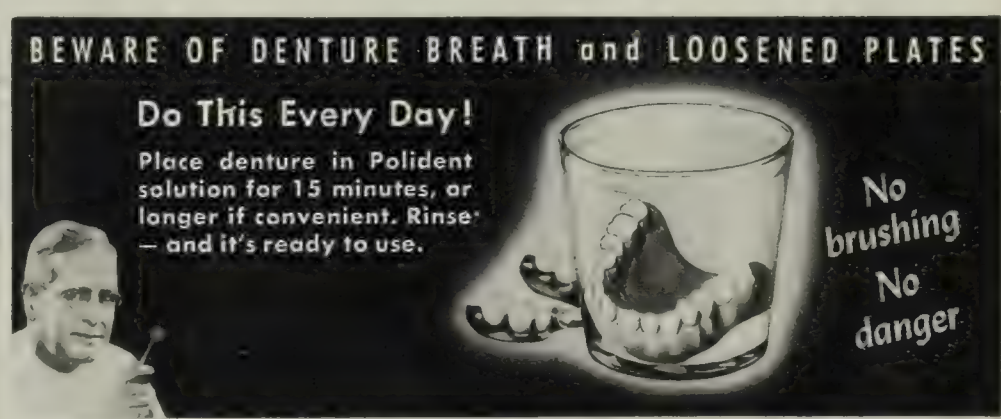
Occasionally when it seems safe, the Old Lady slides down onto the water and picks up survivors, but not as a rule. Down on the water, she's duck soup for any other sub that might be lurking around, and if there is any kind of heavy sea running, it's too risky to chance getting on and off again safely. But, generally, the shipless men below get a raft and some food and water, if there's time. Maybe that isn't total war, but it's the way the Old Lady plays it. Since we're winning, maybe that's the right way, after all.

THE END

FALSE TEETH WEARERS

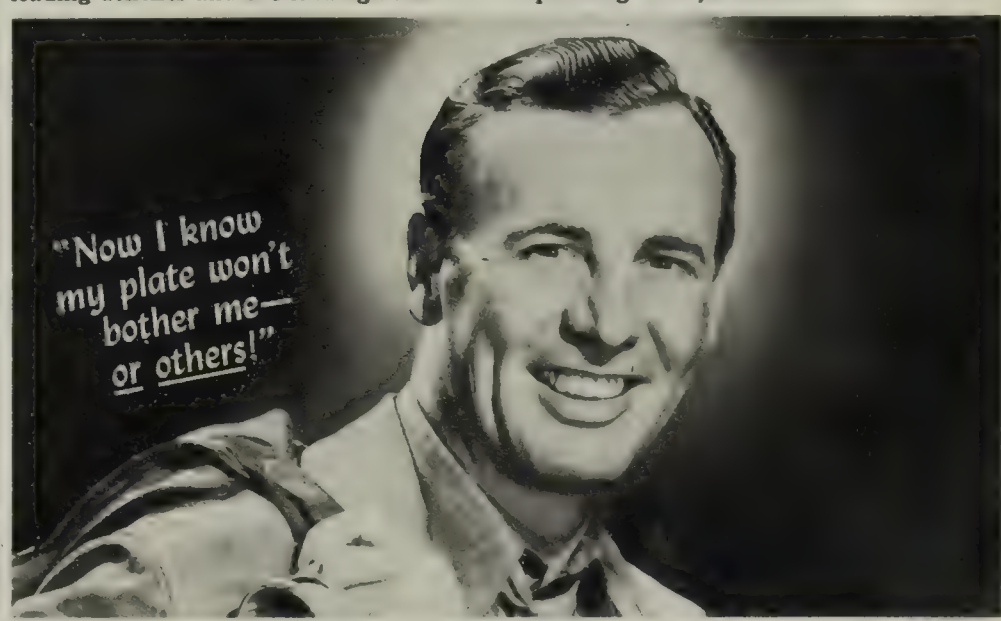
WHY RISK THESE TWO DANGERS BY BRUSHING PLATES OR BRIDGES WITH MAKESHIFT CLEANERS?

Brushing your plates with tooth pastes, tooth powders or soap, may scratch the denture material which is *60 times softer than natural teeth.* These scratches cause odorous stains, film, and food particles to *collect faster and cling tighter* . . . resulting in Denture Breath. Remember, *you* may not know you have it, but others *do!* Besides, brushing with makeshift cleaners often wears down the delicate fitting ridges designed to hold your plate in place. With worn-down ridges, of course, your plate loosens.



PLAY SAFE—SOAK YOUR PLATE CLEAN IN POLIDENT

The safe, modern way to clean dental plates, partial plates and all removable bridges is to *soak* them clean in Polident every day. Polident is approved by many leading dentists and the leading makers of modern denture materials. No brushing, no danger, yet the daily Polident bath works into the corners and crevices no amount of brushing can reach—leaves your denture sparkling clean, odor-free.



WHAT A WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENT—DOUBLY SAFE!

Millions call Polident a blessing. No fear of Denture Breath—no risk of wearing down and loosening the plate. Polident used daily, maintains the original, natural appearance of your dental plate for less than a penny a day. Today—get Polident at any drug, department or variety store. 3 oz. size—30¢; 7 oz. size—60¢. Money back if not delighted.

FREE—Booklet on Care of Dentures. Send post card to Hudson Products, Inc., Dept. C-7, 8 High St., Jersey City, N. J.

POLIDENT *The Safe, Modern Way to Clean Plates and Bridges*

BUY WAR BONDS

FROM THE HEART OF CALIFORNIA

I speak for ROMA

WINES true to type . . faithful in flavor . . sound of character . . reasonable in cost . . . America's largest-selling wines.

Roma offers
a wide choice of
APPETIZER WINES
TABLE WINES
DESSERT WINES

Before you buy wine —buy War Bonds

ROMA WINES

TUNE IN to the Roma Show. On your local Columbia Station—every Thursday night. Thirty minutes of fun and music by stars of the stage, screen, and radio. See your local paper for station and time.
Roma Wine Company . . . Fresno . . Lodi . . Healdsburg, California

Corinthian Pilar

Continued from page 50

Minotis managed to get away, but the Turks turned him back at the border, and a Gestapo officer who had seen him play Hamlet in Berlin had no difficulty in recognizing him through his disguise as a British merchant. Taken back to Athens, he was given his chance of playing Goethe's Faust in the interest of Nazi *Kultur* or of being jailed. He escaped again, disguised as a fisherman, but in the Aegean, ran into heavy naval firing which threatened to halt his flight.

Finally he reached Smyrna and was given a British passport as a captain in the British army. At the request of King George of Greece, he was flown to New York by clipper and joined the king's staff in Washington.

In the meantime, Paxinou had presented Hedda Gabler in New York, an artistic success but a financial failure, and she was amazed when movie scouts asked her to make a screen test. Having expert advice as well as her own good theatrical sense, she refused to take a New York test. These cannot possibly be done as well as a Hollywood test, and she knew that since she wasn't a flaring beauty, the results might ruin her forever on the West Coast.

How She Got What She Wanted

The matter lingered until Paramount agreed to bring her to Hollywood on contract to make a test. With their money involved, she knew they would take care to get the most out of it. She tested for Pilar in company with Akim Tamiroff and won the role. Critics have agreed that she either steals the acting honors in For Whom the Bell Tolls or comes close to it.

"They are kind enough to say that it is because I know something about war," she explains, with the faint suggestion of a lifted eyebrow, which seems to mean that she is just as certain she could do it well if she had never heard about the war.

She was born at Peiraeus, the Greek port, the daughter of a wealthy grain broker named Basil Constantopoulos. Her first ambition was to be a singer and she entered the Conservatory at Geneva, Switzerland, at the age of thirteen. She was there for three years, won the Conservatory's gold medal and went on to further studies in Berlin and Vienna. [illegible] sang in opera in Athens under Dim[illegible] Mitropoulos, now conductor of the M[illegible]neapolis Symphony. Then she decided [illegible] wanted to be an actress, a profession [illegible]garded among the upper classes of Gr[illegible] as slightly better than scullery work.

"I ask your blessing, dear mamma," [illegible] said to her mother.

"If you walk out of this house into [illegible] theater," replied her mother, not touc[illegible] by her reverence, "you will not walk b[illegible] in again."

She walked and, sure enough, she di[illegible] get back. It was all of ten years an[illegible] series of successes that swayed even [illegible]stern parent and brought an end to [illegible] feud.

She joined the Cottopouli stock c[illegible]pany and stayed there two and a [illegible] years, possibly because she had lived s[illegible] a sheltered life that a weekly salary see[illegible] insulting to her, and Cottopouli was no[illegible] one to be aggressive. In short, he paid [illegible] nothing.

While with this charming society, [illegible] came to America in 1930 and playe[illegible] six-months tour. This was in Greek, [illegible] her expatriated countrymen thought [illegible] was great. She returned to Athens to [illegible] the newly formed Royal Theater un[illegible] Fotos Politis and in due course she [illegible] her husband became the Lunt and F[illegible]tanne of the Greek theater. They pla[illegible] in revivals of the Greek classic dran[illegible] She won renown as Clytemnestra in A[illegible]chylus' Oresteia. In 1939, the Royal T[illegible]ater company went to London to pre[illegible] Electra and Hamlet.

Now Katina Paxinou is in Hollywo[illegible] She is not beautiful, she is not young, [illegible] will never pose for leg art. The best [illegible] can hope for is a series of character ro[illegible] and in these she will be overshadowed [illegible] a high-school girl who has been discove[illegible] in the corner drugstore by an agent [illegible] is crazy about chocolate malted mi[illegible]

She will have to live on the fact t[illegible] she was once Pilar in For Whom the [illegible] Tolls. This is a great role; it may be [illegible] only important part in the movies. [illegible] *transit gloria mundi;* which, transla[illegible] loosely, might mean: Sex is a wonde[illegible] invention, and what would Hollywood [illegible] without it?

THE END

COLLIER'S "I didn't think I'd make it tonight, but luckily my wife had to go to a Red Cross meeting" MARTIN GARRITY

Saber and Swing

Continued from page 12

and cattlemen, professional horsemen who looked dubiously on the cavalry calen Ding-Dong stood on a street corner, trying to lift his spirits by counting heavys. But there were no kicks in it with half the townsfolk growing beards for the celebration. Nothing carried a hoot to one who so bleakly realized he would be the first soldier ever to leave a cavalry regiment equipped only for life in a milling station.

Film around a group of laughing cowboys a tremendous woman hove in sight, stopping with the suddenness of a transport throwing over its anchor when she sighted his cavalry uniform. Glowing, he studied the campaign hat with its chin-strap and the handsome cavalry boots.

"That's a solid set of threads, soldier," she boomed.

"Ma'am," he said politely. "You dig that jive!"

WHILE he had taken it for granted Wyoming had its share of cats, he was surprised to meet such an outsized alligator. Under the street light was a moon face with high cheekbones, tawny wide blue eyes and a broad mouth. Beneath her tweed sports coat were the shoulders he had always preferred in his doghouse men.

"Mate," she beamed, "me and jive are ol' swing partners. Hit me when it's mellow I'm a gone filly. Them long-underwear artists! If it wasn't for my career I'd take time to do something about them."

"You're solid," he admitted. "You front a combo of your own?"

Her gaze clouded. "You kidding?" she demanded shortly. "Or don't you believe posters? They got them up all over town and they all got my picture on 'em. Give me the grip! I'm Lady Rose Marie, the champion female wrestler."

Then his eyes widened she accepted his stunned silence as a fitting tribute, pressing him a card. Handsomely embossed was a picture of herself wearing tights, an American flag woven across her bosom. Not only did she make it clear she could lick any living woman so foolish as to weigh a hundred and sixty-five the afternoon of the match, she volunteered she was wrestling there that week, giving the Beer Days that feminine touch.

"Stop around some night and I'll throw some of the local talent right in your lap," she invited. "You like 'em blonde or brunette?"

"Neither, thank you," he said fretfully. "Besides, I wouldn't know them anyhow." Not wishing to be thought impolite, he added, "My name's Williams. The Army calls me Charles but the cats call me Ding-Dong."

The levity with which he took one of the proud names of their time brought only a frown. "A smart guy, hunh?" she said pacingly, but before she could make up her mind where to throw him, he was spotted under the light. Widening slowly, her eyes took on the light common to pilgrims who have blundered upon Mecca. "Oh!" she breathed, "you *are* Ding-Dong Williams!" Lips forming into a maidenly pout, "Two champs meeting like this and nobody here to take their pictures!"

"It's just as well," he said darkly. "I'm having a hard enough time staying out of Army bands. With reeds they want me to kill Japs!"

"Brother," she cried, "you're coming with me!"

Never was the issue in doubt. Having a good thirty pounds on him, Lady Rose Marie seized him and towing him through the crowd like a demented trailer, she charged toward the USO. Scattering cowards in her wake, it developed she was not only a champion lady wrestler but a 200 per cent patriot, always anxious to cheer the visiting firemen. By the time she dragged him into the old red brick building housing the service center he was numbly aware that he was about to be with reed, ready or no.

"You oughtta be ashamed," she snorted, "loafin' around street corners when the USO's filled with hepcats!"

Crowding the tiny floor were couples making to the music of a strictly-from-hunger combo. While Ding-Dong stared at the Waacs present, Lady Rose Marie bore down on the matron in charge. Behind her was a coffee bar where soldiers were chinning with one another while they dunked their sinkers.

"Ma'am," Lady Rose Marie boomed, "you better put out that Standing Room Only sign. I got Ding-Dong Williams here and he's really ready!"

Her thunderous voice so unnerved the hostess she was only too willing to concede that whatever else the stricken young man might be, he was of vast importance. When she announced from the stand that a Private Ding-Dong Williams had graciously offered to play one of his renditions (she secretly suspected him of being a harmonica expert) the shouts deafened her.

With a whoop the soldiers came racing from the coffee bar. Lovesick parties surged from the lounging room, their loneliness suddenly forgotten. The dance floor was a struggling sea of chili-bowl haircuts. When Ding-Dong stepped on the stand, borrowing a clarinet, the sight of that famous sober face and dark hair so neatly split in the middle brought whistles and catcalls. With a nervous smile Ding-Dong turned to the piano.

He was a grinning colored boy.

"Hold That Tiger," Ding-Dong said thickly, suddenly itchy. "When I gotta give, I gotta give. You hit it, I'll throw it away."

From the minute he lifted the clarinet the room stilled. Bursting out with the authority of a block-buster, Ding-Dong was gone before his suitcase man was even set on his skins. Riffing it, licking it, only the piano stayed with him on the first chorus while he hung it up there for the boys to rise and shine.

"Hit it, man!" cried the colored piano. "Send me solid, boy!"

GONE with the boogie beat, Ding-Dong drove it away, cloud-bound, and jumping jive hit with all the staccato greatness of a reed man who had always been up in the buggy. While he rose higher and higher, sharper and sharper, the brass caught that juke-box getaway and were blasting it in behind him, hitting it on the nose as he jammed the chorus again and again, never hitting the same phrase twice. When he brought them into full ensemble, throwing the stops away, the bass took it on a slapping beat. When the slush-pump man went out of his mind, the whole building began to jump. Then he was really taking his licks where he found them, Ding-Dong Williams working in one.

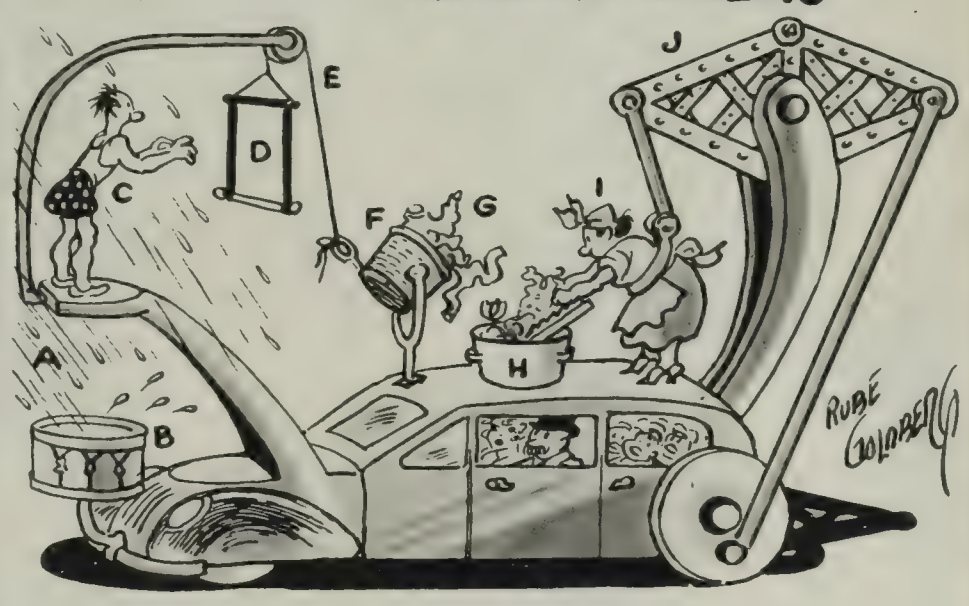
"Rock me and sock me!" yelled the keyboard. "Never goin' home!"

With that Ding-Dong sold out. For the first time he was in there on Stealing Apples with an alley clarinet letting its dirty tone play out all the indignation welling within him. With a clarinet warm and loving in his mouth, he told Sergeant Brennan what he thought of him for keeping him away from the horses. The other cats were hugging the beat on Henderson Stomp. But not Ding-Dong. He was beating Brennan eight to the bar.

Beneath him the soldiers could stand it no longer, letting themselves go in Jitter-

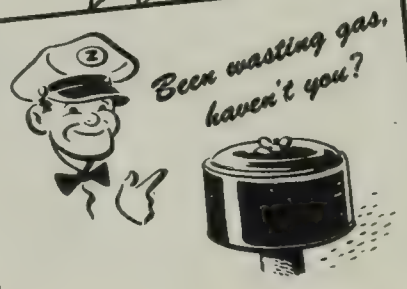
"S-T-R-E-T-C-H GAS COUPONS"

SAYS RUBE GOLDBERG



RAIN (A) BEATS ON DRUM (B)— TRAPEZE ARTIST (C), THINKING DRUM BEAT IS SIGNAL TO START HIS ACT, JUMPS TO TRAPEZE (D), CAUSING STRING (E) TO TIP BASKET (F) AND DUMP SOILED CLOTHES (G) INTO TUB (H)— CONSCIENTIOUS HOUSEWIFE (I) STARTS WASHING CLOTHES VIOLENTLY, MOVING WALKING BEAM (J) UP AND DOWN AND STARTING CAR—IF THERE IS NO RAIN, STAY HOME AND SPEND THE ACROBAT'S SALARY FOR MORE WAR BONDS.

There's a practical way to save gas, too—just sound your Z for PENNZOIL



Dirty air cleaners waste gasoline. They reduce the air your engine gets, make the fuel mixture too rich. Have your air cleaner washed and recharged as the maker directs.

* * *

For other gas-saving and car-saving tips, write for the FREE 16-page, illustrated booklet, "How To Keep Your Car Alive." Address Dept. AC, The Pennzoil Co., Oil City, Pa.

OIL IS AMMUNITION— USE IT WISELY!

Sure, OIL can save GAS!

That's right. PennZoil Motor Oil *can* help you travel farther on each gas coupon.

Special refining of pure Pennsylvania crude oil enables PennZoil to keep your engine clean and operating with the least possible drag. When valves and piston rings are free from sludge and varnish, they can seat properly to seal in each explosion and put its power to work. Thus PennZoil saves fuel by reducing both engine-drag and power losses.

Since a clean engine delivers more miles per gallon of gas—and wears less rapidly—buy your motor oil with care. Next time, sound your Z for PennZoil!

SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication

*Registered trade mark

PENNZOIL GIVES YOUR ENGINE AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

Enjoy Life with ENO

Full of bubbling, cheery life—that's how you feel when you're wide-awake internally! Try crisp, good-tasting Eno in a glass of water whenever you "overdo"—eat, drink, smoke unwisely. Helps overcome ordinary sluggishness, acid indigestion! Try 30¢ size!

ENO . . . THE REALLY PLEASANT SALINE

FIRST THING IN THE MORNING WHEN NEEDED

TAKE CARE OF YOUR CAR

DU PONT No 7 POLISH AND CLEANER

Improved FOR ALL CAR FINISHES

DU PONT No 7 POLISH

MAKES CARS SPARKLE!

Keep Perspiring Feet Dry and Sweet

Excessive perspiration often makes your feet uncomfortable — socks or stockings damp, as well as causing disagreeable foot odors. Try dusting your feet and shoes with Allen's Foot-Ease. Easy — quick — convenient. It acts to absorb excess perspiration and prevent odors. If you are breaking in a new pair of shoes or if you are wearing an ill-fitting tight pair, there's nothing like Allen's Foot-Ease to relieve the friction that makes feet feel so uncomfortable. For real foot comfort, be sure to ask for Allen's Foot-Ease today!

ALSO KILLS LICE & TICKS

PULVEX FLEA POWDER

25¢ AND 50¢

bug and Balboa. When the hostesses were exhausted the boys grabbed one another in wild shines and shags all through When My Sugar Walks Down the Street. Lady Rose Marie had herself a time, laming two men. Throwing the Armed Forces around like dumbbells, she shook the place to the foundations.

Driving his combo to a powerhouse finish, Ding-Dong closed the session on a full stop. For a split second there was an unearthly silence. With a solid roar then, the soldiers grabbed him up on their shoulders, carrying him triumphantly to the coffee bar. Not until he had signed a dozen autographs painfully including his middle initial could Lady Rose Marie get him out into the night air. Numbed from blowing his blues away, he stared at her.

"You're cute," she said, taking his arm. "You wouldn't be married, would you?" She gave him a little squeeze, wrenching several ligaments.

"No, ma'am," he said, disentangling himself. For a lady muscle artiste she was awfully impulsive, and he quavered, "What's more, I'm not going to be. Being married's got no dignity. People are always fighting and things."

Lady Rose Marie brought up a great sigh. "A girl can ask, can't she?"

ROUNDING the corner that took them to the bus station, with only the deepening shadows of the buildings about them, she stopped suddenly. "Wait a minute, toots," she said, glancing over her shoulder. "I want a word with you private."

Having made sure they weren't observed, her voice softened to the dreamy rumble of a freight train. "You must have a lotta influence with the Army," she said wistfully. "Look at the way those soldiers go for you. How about you making a pitch for me with the Waacs?"

"The Waacs?" he said faintly.

"Yeah," she sighed. "Boy, would I be something in one of those uniforms!" Hardening, "But they keep turning me down just because I'm muscle-bound. Every time I take a physical they reject me just because I can't scratch my own back, the stinkers. That's where you come in."

"Me?" he asked, fearing things were sort of getting out of hand. "I got nothing to do with the Waacs. That's one service I haven't been in yet."

"So what? You can throw your weight around with some brass hat, can't you? Just tell him you got a lady friend who can throw any six Waacs he mentions."

While he was seeking to explain he didn't have any influence with anything that didn't have a reed on one end, heavy feet were nearing the corner and then a bulky figure swung around the building.

"Well, if it ain't our little glamor boy," Sergeant Brennan leered, hands on his hips. Looking over Ding-Dong's bulky companion, "Where did you pick up this skirt? With a truck?"

Lady Rose Marie gallantly shoved her escort aside, demanding, "Who's calling who a skirt around here? You don't look so tough to me, soldier."

Only too happy to prove it, she suddenly dived under his arms, and Sergeant Brennan was aboard her broad back as she whirled 'round and 'round in an airplane spin. "I'll teach you to go talking about a lady's weight!" she cried, before catapulting him twenty feet down the street.

WHEN the sun rose over Fort Bixel Monday morning Ding-Dong was already lurking at the stables. "Lissen, Williams," Sergeant Brennan had moaned as Ding-Dong helped him to his hutment, "you keep your trap shut about what happened, I'll fix it for you to be with those horses." Unable to contemplate the insults he would rate if it was ever learned a dame had thrown him halfway home, he was as good as his word. That very afternoon he had limped over to the CC, reporting that a jerk with no more brains than Williams was only fit to go around with a broom.

Armed only with a currycomb and the best of intentions, Ding-Dong was loosed on the horses. Down the long row of stalls he sweated, doing his best to be friendly. Unfortunately, while the cavalry mounts stolidly accepted his attentions, they were strictly G. I. and Ding-Dong didn't smell like any cavalryman to them. By noon chow call he was fretfully aware they were if anything, on the long-underwear side, taking their rations where they found them. Not a one of them acted like Gene Autry's horse, neighing and always biting the nearest bandit.

Only Nasty had the martial spirit he had expected in war horses, making several attempts to kick Ding-Dong where it would do him the least good. Nasty was by Nightmare out of Side Pocket, a big handsome sorrel with a mean gleam and cold distrust of anyone less than a colonel. By the second day, things had reached a state where the mere sight of Private Williams set Nasty to pawing and snorting, anxious to resume their battle.

"What am I going to do?" Ding-Dong queried the stable sergeant. "He won't even let me come near him. All the time he acts like Sergeant Brennan."

"You lay offa Nasty," the sergeant advised. He was a grizzled balding party with seven hash stripes. "He's Old Leather Britches' mount, see? And Colonel Morgan likes his horses like himself, full of pepper, get it?"

Learning Nasty's owner brought a glimmer to Ding-Dong's eyes. Colonel Morgan was Bixel's commanding officer, a bristling little man lurking behind a fierce cavalry mustache and widely suspected of sleeping on nails and eating recruits for breakfast. "Oh," said Private Williams, "maybe the colonel's right, hunh? These horses don't have that upbeat."

"A colonel's never right," the sergeant said coldly. "Thirty years in this man's Army I been watching them dream up ways of getting their braid. You just keep using that brush, Williams. In the Army, we don't want horses with personality. We want horses that do what you tell them."

"Yes, sir," said Ding-Dong, "you like 'em more solid than ride-out."

But all that afternoon he brushed coats and hauled feed bags with a faraway look in his eyes. Here was his chance to rise and shine, maybe even ending up with a horse of his own. The whole post knew the CO was grimly determined to i the local cowboys, eagerly awaiti chance at the closing-day ceremoni that Saturday his best troop had b vited to give out at the Fair Ground Larabee, filled with ranchers and riders, would be tougher than a Pe audience. And if Colonel Morga found out Ding-Dong had been side, furnishing him horses that ga crazy, he would be so overwhelm would take him right off the stable probably starting him as a guidon

Cornering the sergeant, "Mayb said hopefully, "you could let m with the horses a while? Then if them gets sick at night you got som to go for a doctor."

WHILE the sergeant had his opinion of anyone who wan sit up holding hands with a horse, h sented. Anything was better than to reason things out with his new Ding-Dong, permitted to set up a co empty stall, thoughtfully brought w his precious licorice stick.

His indoctrination course for lacking oomph opened to full st exactly ten o'clock that same e With Fort Bixel ghostly quiet at ligh Ding-Dong left his bed and, under t night light, set himself up for a on jam session. Hardly had he licke Rampart Street Parade before his ence's eyes flew open. Ignoring thei bred bewilderment, Dr. Williams w work. The stables were far fro hutments and Gold Coast, and that old feeling, he let out the stop

Needling his charges with all th wild and eager in Dixieland ji widened their eyes with Ride, Red, and I Want to Learn to Shimmy My Sister Kate. Horses who had had their minds on anything more than their next meal began to twitch tails. Growing more stimulated, th gan to think darkly of certain cavalr who were, oddly enough, their Longing for the days when they had rugged individualists, loping where whims took them, they were soon p their stalls, neighing for action. Com come all, they were ready.

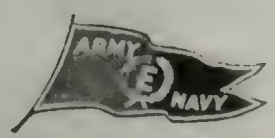
Within forty-eight hours Ding- knew he had them. No longer cou mounts take their jazz or leave it The Rebel Yell helped. Never havin any cats who had personally hear Rebel Yell at Gettysburg, he invente

"We'd better retreat, men. Pop just walked into our booby trap!"

COLLIER'S TONY BARLO

MH Electrons ARE COMING!

Electronics applied to Temperature or Industrial Control is a Minneapolis-Honeywell development. Based on peacetime experience in these two important fields, Minneapolis-Honeywell engineers have been able, at the call of our armed forces, to apply electronics to vital combat and protective devices now in active use on our fighting fronts. Laboratory research and wartime testing definitely point the way to the creation of revolutionary M-H Electronic Temperature Controls, which promise, for every home-owner, a new kind of effortless comfort; and M-H/Brown Electronic Instruments for Industry, which promise, for every manufacturer, vastly more efficient and economical production. M-H Electrons, your silent super-servants are coming! Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co., 2720 Fourth Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn. In Canada: Toronto. In Europe: London, England, and Stockholm, Sweden.



INSTRUMENTS BY **BROWN** FOR INDUSTRY
MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL
TEMPERATURE CONTROLS

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

New lighters are scarce. Our fighting forces are getting them. So make yours last by using RONSON 'Flints', Wicks and RONSONOL (Fuel). Both your lighter and pocketbook will benefit.

for all lighters—ask for

RONSON

LIGHTER ACCESSORIES

by RONSON, World's Greatest Lighter

IMPORTANT—More so now than ever! Keep your lighter 'fighting-fit.' If your RONSON (pocket or table model) needs attention, for servicing at minimum cost, send it to RONSON, Service Dept., Newark, N. J.

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS, WORLD'S GREATEST INVESTMENT!

"MAN Bites DOG"

Here's a Barber who approves a Safety Razor Blade

"Always wondered if a safety razor blade could be hollow ground like my barber's straight-edge razor. Now you've done it – and Pal was sure worth waiting for."

V. O. LaCoss

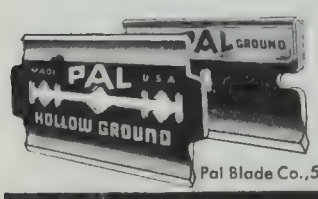
Wichita, Kan.

PAL BLADES ARE HOLLOW GROUND LIKE A BARBER'S RAZOR

They flex in the razor—shave with just a "Feather-touch" stroke.

PAL

"hollow-ground" RAZOR BLADES



4 for 10¢

10 for 25¢

Double or Single Edge

Pal Blade Co., 595 Madison Ave., N.Y.

SAVE STEEL: Buy PAL Blades—They Last Longer

of his own, noodling around until he settled on a shrill E above C. Hearing that high call to battle, the horses went out of their mind, two of them kicking the boards loose in trying to get at Nasty. Now he knew what sent them, Ding-Dong took them on a night ride that lasted until the sun was streaking the parade grounds. Colonel Morgan was taking them out on a rehearsal that day and Ding-Dong wanted them to be real broncs.

When Colonel Morgan brought the troop in from the field that afternoon Private Williams was eagerly waiting at the stables, ready for his promotion. Decked in his parade best, trying to look like a Northwest Mounted policeman under his campaign hat, his large eyes were glowing. Now he had found his mounts all fired up, the colonel would probably order him into the saddle at once, even asking him to bring his clarinet along on bivouacs.

"Who's been doping these horses?" the colonel roared in a voice that exploded like a trench mortar. His frosty blue eyes bulging from his weatherbeaten face like overripe grapes, he grabbed Ding-Dong. "Look at 'em!" he stormed. "Just look at 'em! They'd make a jar-head mule look like Man o' War! Who's running this stable anyhow?"

While the sergeant came running as fast as his bowlegs would bring him, Ding-Dong, bolted to the floor with chagrin, stared at his long-eared hepcats. Glazed eyes met his, several of the more enthusiastic jitterbugs falling asleep then and there. Tails dragging, too spent to even flick the flies from their backs, they looked like remnants from a milk route.

"Why," the sergeant stammered, "I don't know what's happened."

"They're just knocked out," Ding-Dong said unhappily. "Maybe they hadda little too much jam last night."

"Jam?" roared Old Leather Britches. "Who's been issuing jam to these horses?"

"Well," Ding-Dong said bleakly, "now you mention it, it was me."

Trying his best, he tried to explain he had only been making with his clarinet after taps. "For horses they're real solid," he said. "They like their jive. Eight bars of the Rebel Yell, they're sent but good. You see, I was just trying to get them off that downbeat so they'd go like crazy over at Frontier Days. Only I sorta overdid things."

Brought up in the best Jeb Stuart tradition, Old Leather Britches came apart at the seams. "But that's not Army!" he croaked, already fearing this would reach the attention of the Cavalry Journal. "Not at all!" For all the campaign ribbons on his chest he was still a great believer in living as long as possible and he was edging toward the door. Ruddy with anguish, he gasped, "Call out the guard, sergeant! This man's a psycho!"

WHEN he first entered the post hospital Ding-Dong was quite touched by all the attention he received. Not until two days had passed in which people kept peering at him through the little square in the door did he begin to wonder if this was strictly union. By Saturday morning when a nervous young medico kept tapping his knees and asked him if his mother had possibly been frightened at the way he grew up, Ding-Dong was becoming a bit worried. If he hadn't known better he wouldn't have answered at all.

"You leave my mother outta this," he said. "When I lost my lip she was the only one who understood. Everybody else thought I was washed up."

"When you lost your lip?" repeated the medico, his own paling. "I—I see you got it back all right."

"Naturally," said Ding-Dong, wondering if this doctor was real bright. "Hot men are always losing their lips. Twice I've lost mine just like that!"

"That's very interesting, Ding-Dong," the doctor said shakily. "Very. Well, I'll look in again Monday. Don't start chewing your mattress now."

When he left, Ding-Dong sat there a long time, fretting if being a psycho wasn't sort of a first cousin to a reefer. With people treating him like a broken-down oboe player he was beginning to feel like one. Growing more and more nervous, he paced his little room. Now he thought of it, it looked sort of like a cell. His despair mounted when peering from the one window he saw Colonel Morgan leading Troop 3 into Larabee for the closing day's ceremonies. Like all Saturday noons, the fort was almost deserted. Drearily realizing all the other soldiers would be out at the Fair Grounds watching his beloved horses, Ding-Dong sank down on his bunk.

"Hey, you," said the guard, "you got a visitor."

Looming behind him was Lady Rose Marie, big as life and looking it.

"What's this I hear about you being with strait jacket?" she demanded through the door. "You're not letting them get away with that, gate. How you going to get me into the Waacs while you're cooped up like this?"

WITH her big, homely face staring at him through the little square, all his misery came pouring out. Brokenly he told her how he had only been trying to give the horses a little oomph and then, when they got overtrained, the colonel had him locked up. Nobody would believe the horses had liked their jive. Whenever he brought it up they acted like he wasn't real bright.

Lady Rose Marie's brows met in a dark frown.

"That's the Army," she said bitterly. "They got no imagination. When they're not wanting a lady to scratch her back, they're locking up the number-one licorice stick. How you going to prove anything from in there?"

"That's it," he said miserably, "if they'd only let me go out to the Fair Grounds—" And then, lowering his voice, "Where's the guard?"

"Him?" Lady Rose Marie brightened. "You're right on the beam, Ding-Dong. What'll you bet he listens to reason?"

Within five minutes she had not only turned up with the guard's keys but had bustled Ding-Dong into her car. While they roared over the dusty road between the shaggy buttes Private Williams fell into a silence only short of a coma. Like it or not, he had to show Old Leather Britches he was telling the truth. Unless he could get the horses to prove it he would be spending the rest of the war cutting out paper dolls and things. Things.

"Quit frowning," she said. "You wanta look like a top kick?"

Not a store was open in Larabee. Over at the Fair Grounds, clouds of dust hid the rodeo riders bulldogging the last of the Brahma steers. Watching them from the wooden stands were townspeople and soldiers, brawny ranchers and cattlemen, all of them sweating in the sun. Dazzling in his dude-ranch getup, the Frontier Days master of ceremonies was bellowing at the crowd. Competing for their attention was a forty-piece cowboy band from Cheyenne.

"And now, folks," cried the announcer as the rodeo riders, having triumphantly circled the arena, galloped through a chute, "we have the cavalry troop from Fort Bixel! On your feet, everybody!"

With the Star-Spangled Banner the crowd's dust-choked voices boomed across the arena as the troop came loping in behind the flag, guidons waving. Led by Colonel Morgan they promptly broke from parade formation. Squadrons wheeled and turned, cutting the sharp patterns so dear to the cavalry. The audience, politely resigned to being bored after the breath-taking feats of the rodeo brethren, settled into their seats. Only the plump drum major from Cheyenne, bulging uncomfortably in his chaps, had his back

The Pipe that makes a Good Tobacco Taste Better . . .

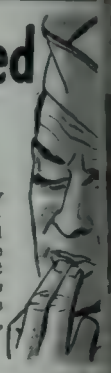
Men who choose tobaccos with care—make Royalton their pipe preference. For they know that good tobacco *and* this superb pipe complement each other to afford the utmost in smoking satisfaction.

$5.00

Wherever Better Pipes are Sold...

© 1943, Henry, Leonard & Thomas, Inc., Ozone Pk., N.

Lips Sun-parched and Swollen?



Use Chap Stick for fast relief. Gently medicated, it soothes the smarting—helps heal blisters and cracked skin and take down the unsightly puffiness. Use Chap Stick before exposure to *prevent* dry, parched lips. Be sure it's *Fleet's*—the one and only Chap Stick. 25 cents at all drug stores. Chap Stick Co., Lynchburg, Va.

Fleet's Chap Stick

On duty with U. S. from Alaska (40° to Africa (140°

WAKE UP YOU LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to G

The liver should pour out about two pin liquid bile onto the food you swallow every d this bile is not flowing freely, your food ma digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sun the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing free make you feel "up and up." Get a package t Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow ly. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and

Room with Bath $2.00 up

HOTEL LOWR

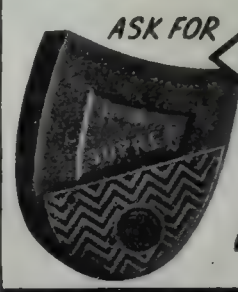
ST. PAUL, MINNESOT

GARAGE • COFFEE SHO

JOHNNY SHOEMAKER SEZ.

"REPAIRING CURES THOS RATION BLUES. SAVI A COUPON.. SAVES YOUR SHOE

ASK FOR HOOD



RUBBER HEELS AND SOLES

GET ANOTHER LIFE FROM OL SHOES WITH HOOD RUBBER HEE

rned to the troops. He was being very rt with his musicians.

"Wake up, fellowth," he pleaded. Right through the Thtar-Thpangled Ban- or of the reedth wath faking it. Leth hit p ying like enemy alienth."

Hidden behind the bass-drum section Private Williams winced. Not until the drum major had turned his vast expanse of checked shirt to the crowd did he peek out from under his wide-brimmed hat. Just his heavy vest, already itching under his vast, curly chaps, Ding-Dong hoped no one would ever learn he had served in a band with such a crummy beat. He hadn't had any choice. It was the band around, and having lured the clarinet off the stand with ten dollars, he just made it onto the stand as the horses appeared. Now, with less chance of being shot for a deserter, he gazed bleakly at Colonel Morgan's men and their mirthless horses.

Reeling through intricate cuts and Old Leather Britches' disposition as bad as Nasty's. Magazine cameramen perched on the roof, had long since stopped, lighting cigarettes. Relapsed into traditional silence, the crowds watched the cavalry with a regrettable lack of enthusiasm. While the band blasted into I'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight, Ding-Dong knew the moment at hand. Edging toward the microphone he forgot his own troubles in wanting to make that crowd sell out.

ROLLING across the arena went the Rebel Yell. Held high and piercing, it cut through the dust, cleaving the silence like a wild shriek.

Give with the break, the mounts quivered, balked, ears pricking.

Holding it on that E above C, Ding-Dong's eyes grew as glazed as his horses' gaze was away. Grabbing There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight for a get-off, he broke into Copenhagen. The band still in there trying for a tie, he blew the books away. Biting into it took a ride-out chorus, filled with wild and licks, hardly aware that the great-stick riding since Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders had broken out all over the place. Nasty, giving one wild leap, took Old Leather Britches crashing right through one of his most cherished maneuvers, scattering cavalrymen throughout the Fair Grounds. With Ding-Dong's battle cry sounding as wild and compelling over that telephone, the other mounts, not considering Nasty a single buck, took things into their own teeth. Bucking, leaping, they started to unsaddle their riders that they might be alone with the clarinet.

Hardened cameramen almost tumbled from the roof in their furor at catching a true spectacle of the Old West. Ding-Dong, splitting the air in the wildest jam session ever heard north of Denver, wasn't aware of it. The plump drum major, quite beside himself, had seized God Bless America and found not even that was sacred. Out of this world, his guest clarinet grabbed that, too, working in twelve bars of Way Down Yonder in New Orleans.

FIGHTING their mounts all over the grounds, the cavalrymen stayed with them, as rodeo riders, perched on the fence, sought to reach the safety of the stands. From sheer necessity the yellow-legs, anxious to avoid a medical discharge, gave a performance never equaled outside the Pendleton Roundup. Colonel Morgan, as shattered as Nasty, bent to his back, furiously challenging the sorrel's efforts to scrape him off against the fence. Then, as suddenly as it had started, the stampede was over, Colonel Morgan taking eight bows while he wondered how his arteries had ever held out.

Lady Rose Marie, taking no chances on Ding-Dong being brought down by the MPs, had seized him from behind, was already streaking him back to Fort Bixel, glassy-eyed but happy at an afternoon's work well done.

That very evening Old Leather Britches, properly offhand at the information that eleven rodeo riders had already sought to enlist at Bixel, had Private Williams brought to his quarters under heavy guard. When the door closed, he turned on him, his eyes blue slits in an icy face.

"Well, Williams," he barked, "what have you to say for yourself?"

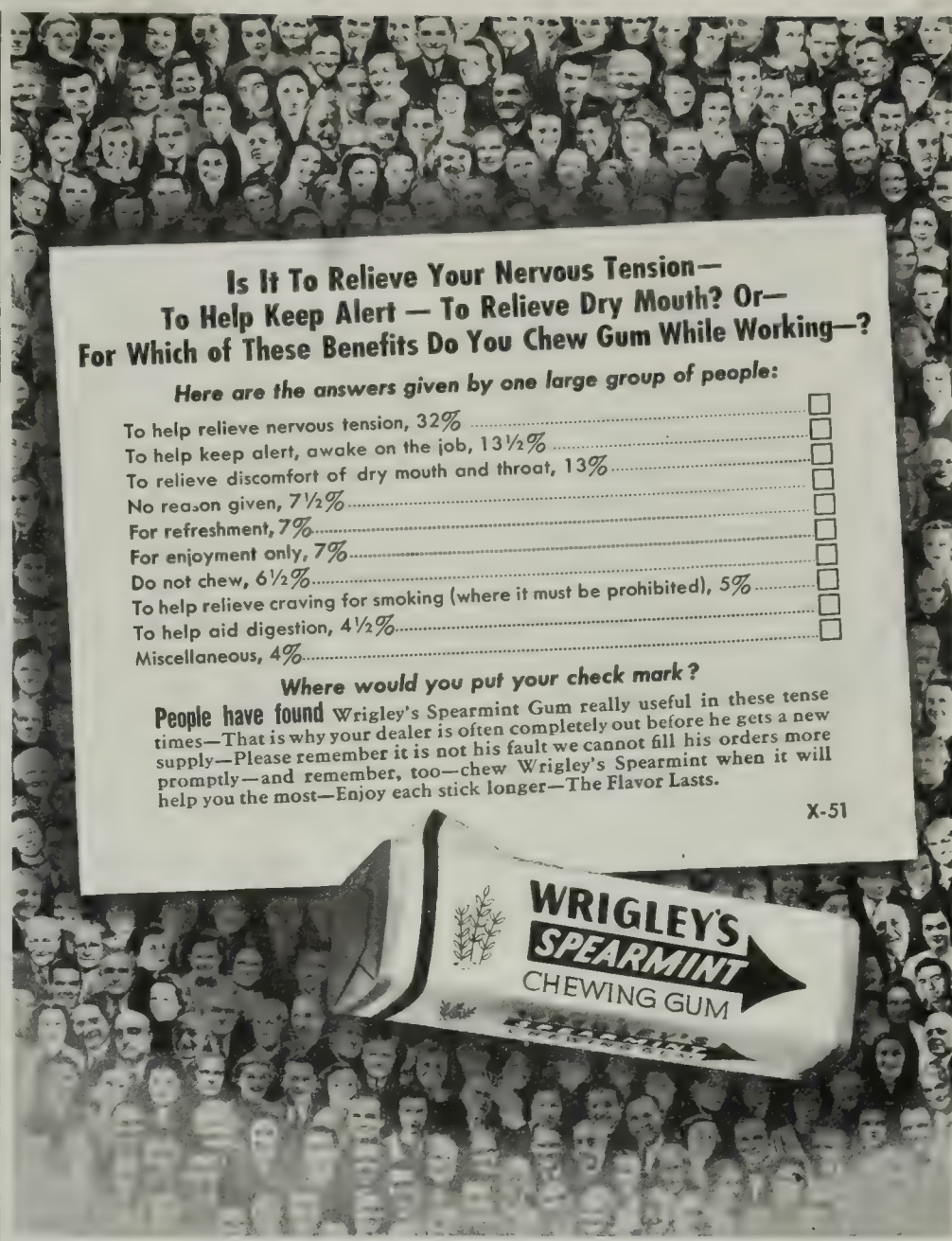
Harassed as he was, "Nothing, sir," Ding-Dong said blankly. "I like the hospital real well. They bring me my meals and everything."

Filling the air with sulphur, the colonel informed him it was only through the Grace of God and awkwardness he wasn't court-martialing him then and there. Only too well aware that the case of the clarinet and the jitterbug horses might become a *cause célèbre*, he coughed then. "While it may not have come to your attention," he said, "we gave Larabee quite an exhibition this afternoon. Under the circumstances, I am even going to overlook the fact that a hospital guard was found thrust in a laundry hamper. But, dammit, I can't let any man undermine the whole cavalry! Monday you report to the Air Corps. And see to it you take that infernal clarinet with you!"

THE END

"Her own life is drab and uneventful, so we let her share ours"

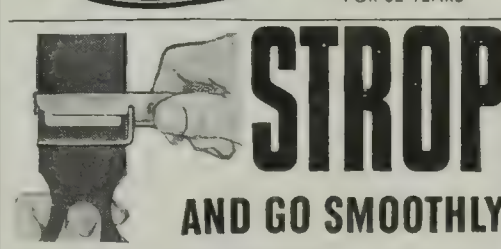
GEORGE PRICE



Batteries have gone to war,
In the air, on seas, on shore;
You can't buy them as before:
When it's over there'll be more.

BRIGHT STAR BATTERIES

UNFAILING SERVICE FOR 32 YEARS



STROP AND GO SMOOTHLY

with ENDERS *SPEED* SHAVER

With an Enders Speed Shaver—you don't have to worry about blade scarcity. You can buy the new Enders Strop outfit and make every double-thick Enders blade do the work of a dozen ordinary blades. Here is your chance to really *save* steel and get "new blade" smoothness every shave. Get an Enders Speed Shaver at your drugstore.

Send $1 for Enders Special Stropper—can be used only on Enders Speed Blades. No C.O.D.'s.

ENDERS *SPEED* SHAVER

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., DEPT. C, MYSTIC, CONN.

When you are sizzlin', try a bottle of Squirt...the lively, bubbly grapefruit drink that really quenches thirst. No matter how hot or busy the day...stop for Squirt and start fresh!

BIGGEST SELLING GRAPEFRUIT DRINK IN THE WORLD!

*A Trade-Mark of The Squirt Company (Copyright 1943, The Squirt Company Beverly Hills, Calif.)

PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
JEROME ELLISON Managin

"I will advertise thee what this people shall do..."

Numbers 24:14

WHAT made millions of us ransack our homes and yards and collect millions of pounds of aluminum and iron and copper for the government? Of course we wanted to help win the war. But what stimulated us on a particular day to start assembling the piles of old metal that became mountains of salvage?

What induced millions of us to buy War Bonds on a particular day? Yes, we wanted to use our dollars to help defeat and destroy Hitler and Mussolini and Hirohito. But who gave us the words and the urge to write our names down on pieces of paper at a set time and place? It is easy to delay where money is concerned.

The answers are obvious enough. Advertising was the tool our government used. Advertising is the tool our allies and our enemies also use. In London and in Moscow, as well as in Washington, in the dictator countries as well as among the democracies, advertising is the mechanism through which governments seek to bring about unity of action.

We and all other peoples have made fresh and important discoveries about advertising during these years of total war. To advertise is to make generally known. What we are learning is how various things are made generally known — how actually to inform people so that they will act.

The discoveries made are far-reaching in their meaning for us now and in the long future. Much has already been learned. More remains to be discovered. Already, informed statesmen recognize in advertising one of the great forces through which millions and tens of millions of people can be persuaded to act in unity for a common end.

For essentially advertising is the art of persuasion. Persuasion is the oldest and still the most valuable of all the weapons of statesmen. When Julius Caesar got ambitious he went to a Greek teacher of rhetoric to learn ingratiating speech. Mr. Churchill, best of the moderns, talks in the same tradition.

Advertising has not always kept such good company. When Barnum was creating sacred white elephants with a can of paint, advertising had some of the character of a trollop. There are still people in Washington, and elsewhere, who think that nothing, including advertising, has changed.

In Washington they are the people who think that advertising is just an extra and wholly unnecessary expense added to the cost of living. What they have never learned is that the high American standard of living and, in truth, the mighty industrial machine of America, is today the hope of all free people as a direct result of advertising.

For the American standard of living is founded on mass production. Advertising created the active desires that made possible national markets. The needs of national markets rise to the vast factories that have become our help an refuge in this terrific struggle. Without advertising, our ductive capacity would be only a small fraction of wha today.

Good men and bad men have advertised. Sound pro and shoddy products have been brought to the attention o people. The businesses that grew great through adverti however, produced honest commodities. Anything w known has to be good if it is to survive. No amount of a tising will persuade people long to accept a poor produ a wrong idea.

Not even all business men have understood the meani the advertising force they were using. Some of the cons spokesmen have been hostile thinking that if advertising eliminated, the cost of a toothbrush or a motorcar or a insurance policy would be so much the less. There was ne more mischievous fallacy since Aesop wrote his fables. Cu advertising and you have severed the spinal column of national markets — the source and motive force of Amer productive energies.

Yes, this magazine derives its revenues largely from ad tising and so we are an interested witness. There's no den that. An interested witness, if alert can, however, give a f ful record and an honest interpretation.

Consider the facts for yourself. Like many other human vities, advertising has developed and progressed, remarka during recent years. It is an art, not a science, and it is an based on some very imperfect sciences. In its present uses vertising borrows the techniques of some of the social scie — psychology, statistics and such. These are not perfect. are the graphic arts that the advertiser also uses.

But make no mistake, advertising has arrived in this Our government faces a problem — inflation, for example such a matter the interests of every separate group are in flict with our interest, as a whole people.

How are we going to behave and vote? As members of sn groups, farmers, unionists, merchants, manufacturers? O citizens of a great nation, intent upon the common good?

Perhaps the only force that can lift us above our petty, se rate interests is national advertising. It has the power, if a thing has, to persuade us to work together, to forget our c flicting interests for the wartime, and to strive for the comm safety of us all.

That's a job for any man. We will do it and, in large p through advertising. We are learning some new things in t war and one of them is a clearer understanding of the nat of advertising.

Collier's

JULY 31, 1943 TEN CENTS

THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY · PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S · THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE · WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

SHORE-TO-SHORE INVADERS SEE PAGE 12

HANS GROENHOFF

DO NOT CUT, TEAR OR DEFACE BOOKS OR MAGAZINES.

THE LONG ROAD BACK

Radioed from Moscow

★ ★

GOD IS GOOD

An Unforgettable Story

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

672559

Old Friends are Best

YOU may not see them for weeks, months, years, but when the emergency arises there they are . . . willing, solicitous, trustworthy.

Many of you can remember your old family doctor and his little black bag with Listerine Antiseptic tucked in the corner. You felt better the minute he entered the house.

You can remember, too, the first time you were hurt and facing the danger of infection—a cut finger, a skinned toe, a cold coming on—how Mother brought Listerine Antiseptic out of the medicine cabinet to help you through your trouble. You felt good about that, too.

Aside from keeping abreast of the advances in medicine and bacteriology, doctors haven't changed greatly, nor has Listerine Antiseptic. In any home, their friendly presence lends, as always, a feeling of protection and confidence.

Make a friend of Listerine Antiseptic. It is a trustworthy first-aid in countless little emergencies when your doctor, deluged with really serious cases, may be delayed in coming.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

BECAUSE OF WARTIME restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Rest assured, however, that we will make every effort to see that it is always available in *some* size at your drug counter.

More than sixty years in service

Motorola Radio ENGINEERS

ARE PROUD OF THEIR PART IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THIS MIGHTY WEAPON

The entire American radio industry early in 1942 was called upon to quickly assume the job of turning out a vastly increased quantity of military radio communications equipment. How efficiently this order was carried out can best be attested to by our armed forces . . . on land, on sea and in the air. Without question, America and its Allies have the best communications equipment in the world, and it is these superior "eyes and ears" of modern warfare that are helping to win our fight for Victory and a lasting Peace.

HOW RADAR DOES ITS WORK

"By precise use of radio waves, the location of enemy ships and planes are plotted swiftly and exactly as they sail or fly beyond reach of the most powerful field glass. Mist and cloud . . . not even the blackness of the darkest night can hide the enemy from the electronic tube and its associated equipment."

(OWI release, May 14, 1943.)

Motorola Engineers are famous for their pioneering of many significant electronic principles. Specialists in the field of Portable and Mobile A-M and F-M radio equipment, they will be as ready for the American public on V-Day as they were when America called them into national service.

Expect Big Things from Motorola— They're in the Making!

For the development and production of Radio Communications Equipment for our armed forces, the Motorola organization was awarded the Army-Navy "E" with added Star for continued excellence of performance. Motorola is proud of the part it has been privileged to play in the speeding of Victory.

ARMY E NAVY

Motorola Radio
AMERICA'S FINEST FOR CAR AND HOME
GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION CHICAGO

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
W. B. COURTNEY	European War Theater
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Russia and Far East
KYLE CRICHTON	Articles
HERBERT ASBURY	Articles
DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
ALLEN MARPLE	Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Articles
HENRY L. JACKSON	Wearables
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art
CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AMY PORTER	Articles
GEORGE CREEL	Washington
WILLIAM HILLMAN	Washington
FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
FRANK GERVASI	Middle East War Theater
JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
U. L. CALVOSA	Photographs
GEORGE DE ZAYAS	Hollywood
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor
JEROME ELLISON Managing Editor

ANY WEEK

WE WISH to warn you that you may be suffering from actinomycosis and not know it. So why not write today to the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C., who, according to Mr. Frank Kavanaugh of Kansas City, Kansas, is in a somewhat bitter pet because he had a vast number of books on The Cure and Prevention of Actinomycosis (Streptothrichosis) or New Treatise on Granulomatous Botts in Man and Beast, and no takers. Mr. Kavanaugh has written to the Superintendent of Documents urging him to adopt the OWI's policy of advertising the war and to Sell Actinomycosis To the People. "Who knows?" demands Mr. Kavanaugh. "Washington is probably rife or something with actinomycosis which, as everybody knows, is picked up from streptothrix parasites. If you have a mess of granulomatous botts it's ten to one it's actinomycosis. Your Superintendent of Documents is eager to help you shake them off in spite of the paper shortage. Go on. Be a good guy and send for your copy."

A WOMAN we know has a colored maid and between them there is a bond, since both have sons in the Army. "What branch of the service is your son in, Emma?" asked the employer. Emma seemed a trifle vague. "Whut you mean branch, ma'am?" Her mistress explained: "Is he in the infantry, the artillery, the engineers, the cavalry or what?" Emma brightened. "No, ma'am, Sidney ain't in nothin' like that. He's in the corporals."

WE'VE received several protests from customers who insist that this and other magazines are saying that some of the men in our Armed Forces drink, use profane language and even gamble. And certain subversive publications have hinted that the lads get women on their minds. We are guiltless. We know from experience that soldiers, sailors and Marines never swear, drink, game or have truck with women. Moreover, we civilians can't be too careful of the example we set to our fighting men. We are now on the trail of a rumor that a Georgia town is about to pass an ordinance requiring all civilians when taking a drink indoors to draw the shades lest passing service men see, and be tempted. Tempted to bust in perhaps.

BUT Miss Daisy Haig of Los Angeles, California, informs us that some perfectly horrible language was used not long ago in the presence of a number of Jap prisoners. And by civilians, too. Moreover, there were American soldier guards present. Until the bus in which Miss Haig was riding reached Manzanar, California, it was filled with civilians. At Manzanar there is a large Jap concentration camp. An Army captain boarded the bus there, told all the passengers that they would have to give up their seats to Jap prisoners who were being transferred. And he made them do it, too. The Japs got on, grinning. Some of the civilian passengers got off, swearing dreadfully. But some stayed on, standing and saying things that must have shocked the Japs, to say nothing of corrupting the Army guards, including the captain. What would those civilians think if this were to get back to Japan, and Jap soldiers began swearing in front of American prisoners? But those Californians are probably ashamed of themselves by now.

ANOTHER military note comes from a Chattanooga gentleman who, in his haste, failed to mention his name. A country boy, he reports, from the Deep South was doing sentry duty at Fort McClellan. It was along toward midnight and the country boy from the Deep South was getting a bit nervous, not being used to being out so late at night. It is the habit of officers to try to surprise sentries by creeping up on their posts and making strange noises. This happened to the country boy from the Deep South. He not only heard the strange noise but saw the noisemaker, who was hiding behind a bush. Whereat he laid down his rifle and yelled: "Who is there? Answer quick before I come around that there bush and punch hell outa you." If we had this contributor's name we'd write to tell him the story has the odor of World War I corn. But it's just as well. He'd only write back saying, "So what?" . . . W. D.

Vol. 112, No. 5. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1943, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

THIS WEEK

JULY 31, 1943

SHORT STORIES

BEN HECHT
God is Good to a Jew. At la persecuted soul finds its hav peace. Pa

MARK HAGER
Froze in August. The Widow kins solved her manpower pr —for keeps. Pa

MARY FREELS ROSBOROUGH
Straight from the Heart. A girl a family to turn to, when bad falls. Pa

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
The Ten-Cent Miracle, by C Ormonde. Pa

SERIAL STORIES

SAX ROHMER
Seven Sins. The fifth of eight Pa

FAITH BALDWIN
You Can't Escape. Conclusion. Pa

ARTICLES

HARRISON FORMAN
Gissimo, Junior. The son of Ch Kai-shek takes on a job—under worst possible conditions." Pa

GURNEY WILLIAMS
Shore-to-Shore Invaders. Our E neers Amphibian Command is re with the boats. Pa

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
The Long Road Back. Marvel physical rehabilitation are formed by Russia's phycholo surgeons. Pa

FRANK GERVASI
Mission to Salonika. The perfect opens our air offensive in the vant. Pa

DANIEL P. MANNIX
Me, Chicken Hawk! Autobiogra of a bird that's not exactly m best friend. Pa

DAN PARKER
Passing of the First Floor Back. "National Sports Alliance, Red I is no more. Pa

HOWARD E. KERSHNER
We Starve Our Friends. And yet could feed Europe's hungry c dren. Pa

J. D. RATCLIFF
Co-op Hospital. How Dr. Mich Shadid brought health, at cost, to community. Pa

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Pa

WING TALK. Pa

DAVID O. WOODBURY
Your Life Tomorrow. Pa

EDITORIALS. Pa

COVER HANS GROENHO

Some heartening facts for those who worry about Cancer

ALL OVER the country, medical science is waging an intensive battle against cancer.

What progress is being made? Are more lives now being saved?

The answer is "Yes!" The proof is to be found in the growing thousands of patients who have been cured of cancer and who literally have new leases on life.

Although it is now generally recognized that cancer is curable, medical men would like to impress the public with one important point:

The chances of cure depend directly upon *how early* the disease is recognized and treatment begun. Cancer, in the beginning, is a local disease, confined to a small area. If not treated, it spreads until cure is very difficult, often impossible.

Doctors know that people sometimes delay examination of a suspicious symptom through a tendency to "wait and see." If you are one of these, or if there is such a person among your family or friends, your own peace of mind calls for an immediate examination. Encouragingly enough, authorities tell us that only a comparatively small percentage of such symptoms prove to be cancers upon examination. This is borne out by the following report of a leading cancer clinic . . .

Of several hundred women who applied for examination because they had suspicious symptoms and suspected cancer, only 11½%, or slightly more than one in ten actually had the disease. Imagine the relief of the other 88½% who learned that they did not have cancer!

Thus, the symptoms which rightly cause people to think that they may have cancer do not *always* mean that cancer is present. However, they usually do indicate that something is wrong which needs medical attention. The difference can be determined only by a careful examination. It is always best to play safe. The presence of any of the following symptoms warrants an immediate visit to the doctor . . .

1. Any unusual lump or thickening, especially in the breast.

2. Any irregular or unexplained bleeding.

3. Any sore that does not heal, particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips.

4. Persistent indigestion, often accompanied by loss of weight.

5. Noticeable changes in the form, size, or color of a mole or wart.

6. Any persistent change from the normal action of elimination.

The tremendous strides which medical science has made in treating cancer will become even greater as each of us *fights cancer with knowledge*. Metropolitan will send you upon request a free booklet, "A Message of Hope about Cancer."

COPYRIGHT 1943—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

75th ANNIVERSARY—1868-1943

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln,
PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 83-C, "A Message of Hope about Cancer."

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

FLORSHEIM *Quality*

THE SOUNDEST SOLUTION TO RATIONED QUANTITY

AMERICA WILL MARCH TO VICTORY

ON THE LEATHER YOU SAVE

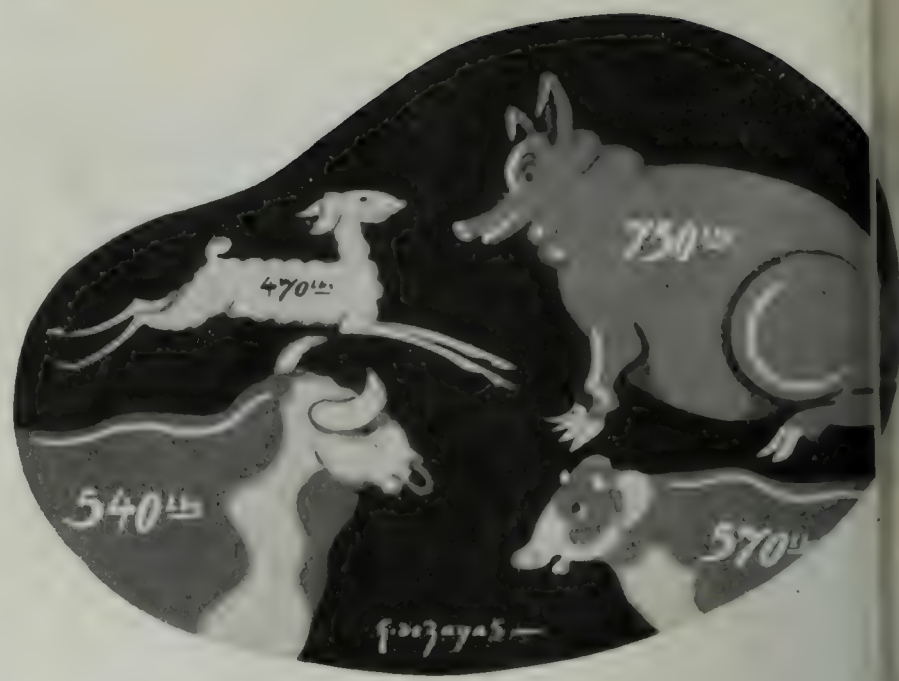
Don't buy shoes unless you really need them, there will be enough to go around . . . but if you *Must* buy Shoes—Buy Good Shoes. Quantity only is rationed—Not Florsheim Quality.

Illustrated left to right: The Exmore, The Milburn, The Westfield

Most Styles $10.50 *and* $11

Florsheim *Shoes*

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

For every 1,000 pounds on the hoof, sheep and lambs produce 470 pounds of usable meat, beef cattle 540 pounds, veal calves 570 pounds and hogs 750 pounds.

Although capital punishment was still imposed in prewar Belgium, death sentences were commuted automatically to imprisonment for life since an execution in 1863 at which the bungled work of the guillotiner caused a witness to go insane.—*By Ensign William Mittendorff, Ocracoke, N. C.*

A remarkable "single-sex" family, which produced 35 sons and no daughters in four consecutive generations, was discovered a short time ago in California. The head of the family, an only child, had three small boys; his grandfather, 12 sons; and his great-grandfather, 19 sons.

Besides being a fortress, the Rock of Gibraltar is also a Crown Colony that, with barely 18,000 civilians, is not only able to pay its governor $30,000 a year, but also to finance itself in every other way, the major part of its revenue being duties on liquor and tobacco.

Water is not found in the lungs of many persons who have drowned. A number of these victims, when sinking the first time, suddenly develop a spasm of the larynx which tightly closes the throat and causes suffocation through the absence of air rather than the presence of water.—*By T. T. Taylor, Terrell, Texas.*

The bargain basement of a large Boston department store regularly reduces the price of every piece of merchandise one fourth after it has been on sale for two weeks, one half after three weeks, three fourths after four weeks and then gives the article to charity if it is still unsold at the end of five weeks.

A new study of the consumption of dentifrices discloses that 74 out of every 1,000 Americans never use any kind, not even salt or soda. . . . Owing to its greater weight a wedding ring for a man generally costs from 50 to 75 per cent more than the matching ring for the bride.

A remarkable new machine, 7[illegible] feet long and costing $800,000, is [illegible] in the production of airplane en[illegible] in a plant in South Bend, Indi[illegible] With 162 tools, it cuts and finishes 30 cylinder heads simultaneously in [illegible] hours, or 151 times as fast as the [illegible]mer method.

During the nine years of its e[illegible]ence, the Federal Communicat[illegible] Commission has revoked the lice[illegible] of only two standard broadcast r[illegible] stations and refused to renew thos[illegible] only 15 others out of more than 9[illegible] applications.

Everyone in Capetown, Union [illegible] South Africa, stops his work dail[illegible] 12 noon to observe a two-min[illegible] period of silence, the men with ba[illegible] heads, to honor their dead war her[illegible] The period begins with a gun si[illegible] and ends with the bugle call, "[illegible] Last Post," the country's equiva[illegible] to taps.

The 2,516 miles of track abando[illegible] by our railroads in 1942 include[illegible] stretch running through Promont[illegible] Point, Utah, the historic spot wh[illegible] the tracks of the Union Pacific fr[illegible] the East and those of the Central [illegible]cific from the West were joined [illegible] May 10, 1869, completing Americ[illegible] first transcontinental railroad.

Since 1917, Russia has publish[illegible] 15,000,000 copies of books by Am[illegible]can writers, over 6,500,000 hav[illegible] been the works of Jack London a[illegible] 2,000,000 those of Mark Twain.—*Mary Louise Sayre, New York C[illegible]*

The Allied and Axis air forces [illegible] today about 400 types of war plan[illegible] . . . Hitler is pronounced "Gitler" [illegible] the Russians because their langua[illegible] has no H sound. . . . At least 1[illegible] brands of leg make-up lotions a[illegible] creams are now on the market a[illegible] their 1943 sales are likely to rea[illegible] 50,000,000 bottles and jars. . . . T[illegible] sea lanes traveled regularly today [illegible] Allied convoys have a total length [illegible] 80,000 miles.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesti[illegible] or unusual fact accepted for this colum[illegible] Contributions must be accompanied by sat[illegible] factory proof. Address Keep Up with t[illegible] World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New Yo[illegible] (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted [illegible] Collier's, The National Weekly. None of t[illegible] items may be reproduced without express p[illegible] mission of the publisher

BOB JONES is a "trouble-shooter" for an aircraft manufacturer, an expert at breaking bottlenecks. One turned up on a midwest assembly line last night, so Bob put his tool kit and himself on the first outbound Airliner. He'll be at work on the job in a few hours and the line will start rolling again.

MADELAINE MERRILL, movie star, sold a million in War Bonds at a rally in Boston last night. Tonight she will try to beat that record in New Orleans. On this tour, Miss Merrill is traveling by scheduled Airliner to every important U. S. city, *gaining* precious days and weeks for her important work.

SEAMAN ED GORDON'S orders read: "Report San Diego Naval Base Saturday." That means tomorrow. But the Airlines will get him there with time to spare—and would, had he been ordered to any base in the U. S., for the Airlines serve every important U. S. city and over 60 foreign countries.

They Get There *FIRST...* By Air

J. L. ROBERTSON bought some special dies in New York for his Texas war plant. They're riding in the cargo compartment up ahead, along with other important war shipments marked "*Rush by Air Express.*" Mr. Robertson has learned that whether it's men or materials, *Air Transport gets there first.*

MARK ANDREWS, star reporter, is on his way to make a trans-Pacific hop in a "flying freighter," a transport plane operated by the Airlines for the Army or Navy Air Transport service. Mark's dispatches will tell how Airlines personnel speed vital fighting supplies to every front in this global war.

When you travel by Air *make reservations early; please cancel early if plans change.*
When you use Air Express *speed delivery by dispatching shipments as soon as they're ready.*
Air Transport Association, 1515 Massachusetts Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C.

HELP YOUR OWN, OR YOUR NEIGHBOR'S BOY . . . BUY BONDS!

THE AIRLINES OF THE UNITED STATES

.AIR TRANSPORT GETS THERE FIRST...PASSENGERS...MAIL...AIR EXPRESS

Can your scalp pass the FINGERNAIL TEST?

1. SCRATCH YOUR HEAD and see for yourself. If dryness or loose ugly dandruff is spoiling the looks of your hair, you need the new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula today. Safe 3-action grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff!

2. YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS with Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Gives you well groomed hair without that slicked down look. Contains no alcohol. Made with soothing Lanolin*. Get a bottle today. Two sizes, 60¢ and $1.00.

Try it today!

NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

NON-ALCOHOLIC FORMULA

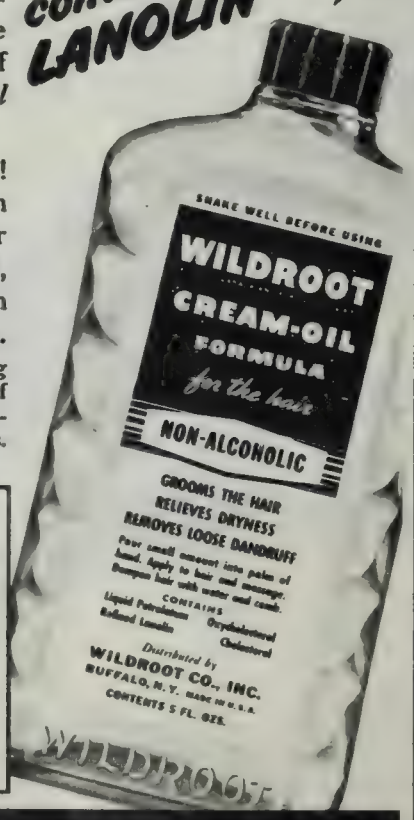
GROOMS THE HAIR . . . RELIEVES DRYNESS . . . REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

Don't worry if you find loose ugly dandruff under your nails when you try the Fingernail Test! New Wildroot Cream-Oil made with Lanolin* removes loose dandruff and relieves dryness. Keeps your hair *well groomed all day* without that greasy look!

Get a bottle of Wildroot Cream-Oil today! Discover why 76 out of every 100 users, on a recent nationwide test, prefer it to hair preparations they had been using! Mild, pleasant odor. Equally good for women and children! Grooms and relieves dryness.

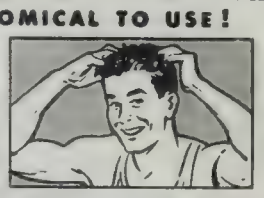
*REFINED LANOLIN is an important soothing ingredient that closely resembles the natural oil of the skin. Wildroot Cream-Oil is scientifically homogenized for uniformity! Get a bottle today. Two sizes.

contains LANOLIN ★



EASY AND ECONOMICAL TO USE!

Just pour a few drops into the palm of your hand. Rub hands together and apply to your hair.



Massage briskly. Dampen hair with water if desired. Then comb or brush in usual way.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Wing Talk

HANS GROENHO

Although primarily a fighter, the P-38 Lightning can handle almost any job from low-level bombing to spanning the ocean

THE kid's name is John V. Bendoritis, and his home is in Eagle River, Wisconsin. On April 28th, precisely at 8:45 in the morning, he wheeled a four-motored Liberator bomber into the wind on a certain desert landing field bordering the Mediterranean and took off in a cloud of red dust for Naples. He had just barely come over, and it was his seventh mission.

In the big ship with him were nine other men. Three of the ten are now living and all tell the same story. The other two survivors are a waist gunner named Joseph E. Tamuleircz of Millis, Massachusetts, and the copilot, Lieutenant E. E. Reynolds of Amarillo, Texas.

It was a lovely day with a few cumulus clouds over the blue sea, and Lieutenant Bendoritis and his men felt pretty good. They had a load of 500-pound demolition bombs in their bays, which they hoped shortly to dump on the Vittorio Emanuele mole and adjoining quays.

They circled around over the field for about half an hour, picking up the rest of the formation, and then headed out to sea. This was about 9:15 A. M. At about 9:50—Lieutenant Bendoritis remembers because he was checking his instruments—they went down to about thirty feet above the water to get a true reading on the altimeter at sea level before starting the usual long climb into the stratosphere.

LIEUTENANT BENDORITIS had one hand on his wheel and the other on his altimeter adjustment knob—a little gadget like the one with which you set your speedometer.

He says the next thing he remembers is the wheel starting to move in and out of its own accord, as if somebody or something had taken over the controls without his knowing about it. He glanced across the cockpit at Reynolds but the copilot's hands were folded in his lap. Bendoritis still wasn't very worried and he reached for the wheel with both hands.

"I don't know whether I ever got that other hand on the wheel or not," he said, "because just then we hit the water, and the whole front of the plane broke off."

The next thing Bendoritis remembers is a big wave of green sea water which washed him out of the cockpit and into the Mediterranean as the plane sank.

"I saw Reynolds swimming around near me. He seemed to be having trouble getting his life vest down from around his neck, so I started over to help. Then I felt a pain in my left leg and figured I must have sprained it, or something. I turne over on my back to take a look, and th sea was all red behind me."

One more look was all that was necessary. He didn't have the leg.

Fliers in the American Air Forces hav a saying which they reserve for times whe they are quite sure they are going to di and on that day Lieutenant Bendorit said it twice. He said it to himself onc when the plane first hit the water, an again when he saw the red-tinged sea.

The phrase is, "This is it."

HAVING made up his mind that th indeed was "it," the lieutenant aske Reynolds—quite calmly under the circum stances—if he had his .45 along. "I kne I was bleeding to death," he pointed ou "and I thought it would be a lot bette that way. I was already feeling a littl weak and I don't remember what Reynol said about the gun, because just the something bumped into my arm. It was hunk of board with a package tied to it.

There then took place, some fifty mile out in the tossing water of the oldest se known to man, one of those miracle which never cease to make men wonde

The hunk of board nudged the lieu tenant under the arm and bumped agains his chest. It was too small to serve as support, so he pushed it away. It nudge again. This time he looked down to rea the lettering on the little pouch. It saic "U.S.A. MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

Lieutenant Bendoritis says he was little too far gone to be surprised. H reached into the pouch and drew fort a modern, foolproof, Army tourniquet which, with the help of Reynolds an Tamuleircz, he applied to what was left o his leg, thus saving his life.

The rest of the story is quite a commo one off the coast of Africa these days The three men found a life raft floatin near the wreckage of their plane an climbed aboard. At four o'clock the were picked up by a British navy patro boat, and Lieutenant Bendoritis and hi crew were back in an American Fiel hospital in Libya some hours later.

He's not only going to get well, but th surgeon says, with the amputation te inches below the knee, he can have thing fixed up so he'll be able to dance.

Lieutenant Bendoritis has other ambi tions. He wants to fly a Liberator ove Naples again, but it's doubtful if they wil let him do that. They don't want to strai his luck, if it was luck. ★★★

COTTON can be tougher than METAL

The tail assembly of a long-range Bomber looks big enough to fly to Tokyo by itself.

These tail control surfaces—rudder and elevator—are cotton fabric, stretched over a metal frame. The part out there in the screaming wind—the part that "gets her nose up" or "sets her down" in a safe landing—has too tough a job for metal. Metal "flutters" on this job—may deteriorate through "fatigue."

IT'S COTTON—with a college education. At the "University of Petroleum," Shell's research laboratories, they found how to get *methyl ethyl ketone* from a petroleum gas. Its high solvent power has a vital function in an airplane "dope" which tautens the fabric . . . seals it against weather . . . adds to its fire-resistance . . . smooths its "skin."

When it gets its final coat of camouflage paint, you don't know it's old "King Cotton"—it looks just like the metal surfaces of the plane . . .

Practically every achievement of Shell Research now has a war application. That's the way we want it. But these achievements are not of the kind that will be demobilized with peace. The plane in which you will some day fly away on a peacetime family vacation will probably be molded plywood—made stronger than steel by resins derived from petroleum.

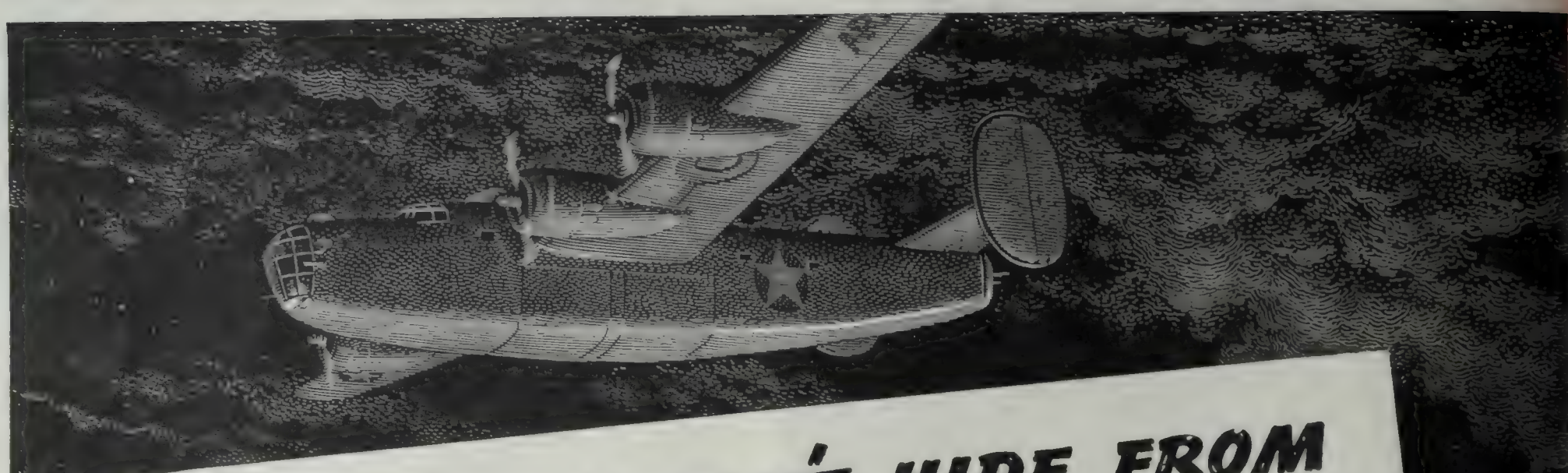
Throughout your everyday life, you will enjoy seemingly "impossible" conveniences and advantages—growing from research which never pauses.

SHELL RESEARCH—

SWORD OF TODAY

PLOWSHARE OF TOMORROW

SHELL



THE ENEMY CAN'T HIDE FROM RADAR

No longer can the enemy lurk securely in the black shadows of night or wrap himself for a sneak attack in a blanket of fog or clouds. Radar is on guard . . . the miraculous radio weapon that locates unseen enemy targets, warns against the approach of hostile forces, pierces the veil of fog, clouds and darkness.

★ ★ ★

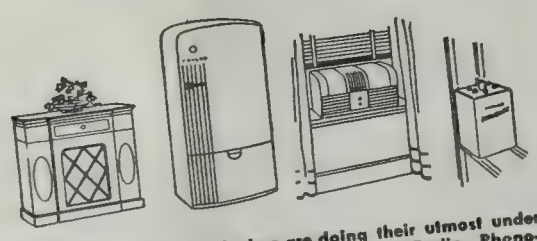
A FEW WEEKS AGO, Radar was a closely guarded secret. Today, it is officially revealed . . . and the real story of Philco's vital contribution to victory can be told. Throughout its long years of leadership in radio, Philco research has made important contributions to the science of ultra-high frequency waves, upon which Radar is based. When our sea and air forces called upon the electronic industry of America to produce Radar *quickly* and *in quantity* "to turn the tide of Axis conquest," the research and production experience of Philco was *ready*. **And, with the close cooperation of the scientific branches of the Army, the Navy and the government, Philco delivered!**

That is the story of Philco at war. When Victory is won, these wartime achievements will be translated into new miracles of radio, phonograph and television entertainment under the Philco name, famous for *quality* in millions of homes.

PHILCO CORPORATION

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

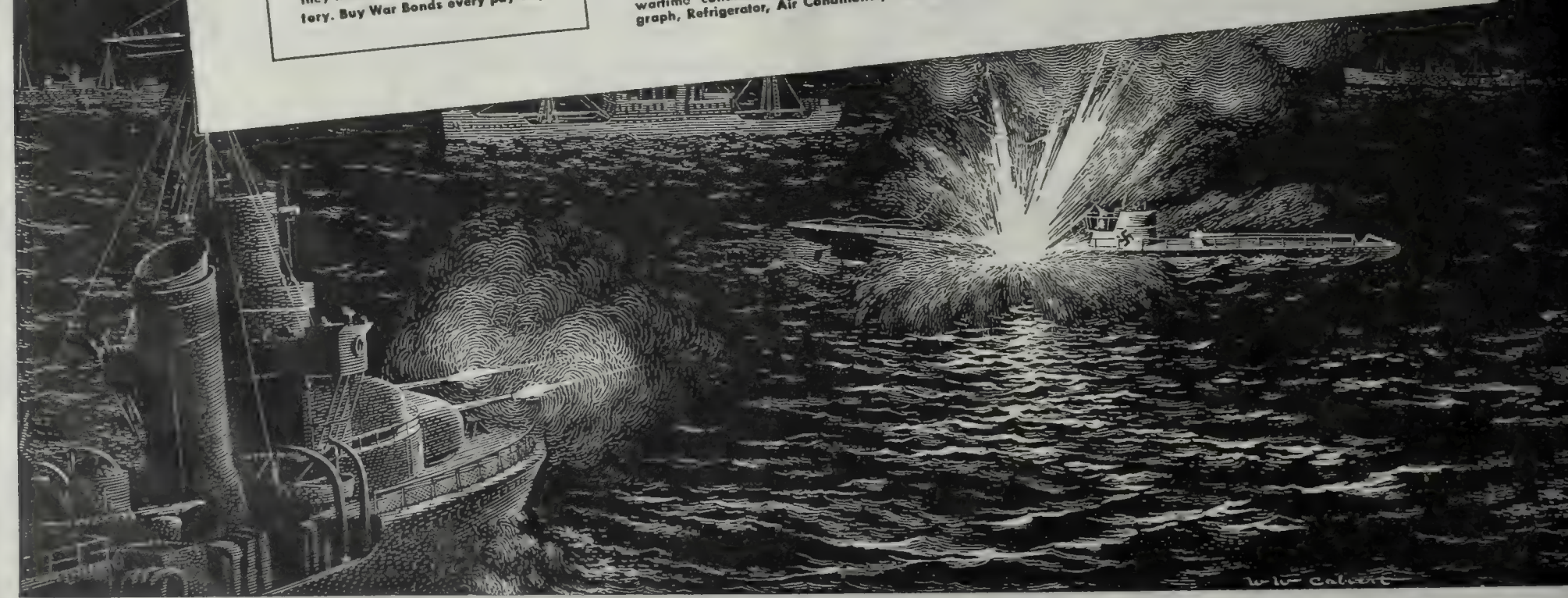
Every War Bond you buy helps to give our fighting forces the weapons they need to hasten the day of victory. Buy War Bonds every pay day!



Philco distributors and dealers are doing their utmost under wartime conditions to service your Philco Radio, Phonograph, Refrigerator, Air Conditioner, Storage Battery.

Listen Every Friday Evening to "OUR SECRET WEAPON"

Hear Rex Stout, celebrated author, expose Axis lies and propaganda as heard over Columbia's short wave listening posts. Consult your local newspaper for time and station.



COLLIER'S
HE NATIONAL WEEKLY
OR JULY 31, 1943

ISSIMO, JUNIOR

B'
HARRISON FORMAN
DIOED FROM CHUNGKING

ang Kai-shek has a son who is te a person in his own right. Nmed Chiang Ching-kuo, he is lding a model state to serve asan example for New China

Young Chiang enforces hard justice in New Kannan. When an expectant mother pleaded that she could not pay her jailed husband's debts, he said the state wouldn't either, then gave her free prenatal care. He dispensed dunce caps to women caught gambling and sentenced them to six months' hard labor

RECENTLY the wives of some wealthy merchants and bankers of New Kannan in South China, ght playing mah-jongg, were brought re Commissioner Chiang Ching-kuo. Don't you know gambling is forbid- in New Kannan?" said Chiang.

Yes, but—" the women stuttered.

There can be no 'buts' about the law," ng interrupted. "The law explicitly 'No gambling,' and you know very the penalty for violation."

Thereupon, Chiang pronounced pun- hent: Wearing paper dunce hats ribed "Gambler," the women were pa- d through the streets and forced to l for three hours in front of a monu- t to fallen soldiers in a city park amid humiliating comments of their fellow ens; then they were sentenced to six ths at hard labor, cracking stones for struction of the city's new streets.

trong stuff perhaps, but only by such rmined measures was it possible to sform into a model of enlightened ernment a district which four years possessed all the wickedest vices of China—a district of opium-sodden, dit-ridden towns and villages reeking filth where gambling and prostitution rished, and the corrupt gentry ruled uthless feudal barons.

ucked away in a corner of South China hin a few minutes' flight from Jap air es, New Kannan is bigger than Massa- setts, with a population of nearly two lions. Its administrator, Chiang Ching- , is the 32-year-old son of Generalis- o Chiang Kai-shek. But don't think w Kannan is a soft job that his son ds by grace of parental influence. New nnan is exclusively young Chiang's— ated by efforts marked by ability and ried forward by a personality worthy his father.

Returning to China shortly after the break of Sino-Japanese hostilities, after lve years in Russia, young Chiang ed a stern father.

"I have ideas—progressive ideas—and want an opportunity to prove them," iang Ching-kuo said, and, after mo- ntary hesitation, added, "And I'd like try them out under the worst possible nditions."

The Generalissimo gave him his chance. sent him to New Kannan in southern angsi Province, where "the worst pos- le conditions" existed.

When young Chiang arrived and took er the administration of the eleven coun- s in his district, he discovered he'd taken on more than he bargained for. The arrogant landed gentry regarded him suspiciously with ill-concealed contempt. The merchants of vice ignored him and continued to operate gambling houses and opium dens, confident of the protection of corrupt officials. Highwaymen battened on the countryside; bloody clan feuds took their regular toll of life while the common people, long resigned to abuse, were indifferent.

Young Chiang said little but quietly took stock. Systematically he visited every corner of his domain, stopping to talk with officials, peasants, merchants and artisans, listening to complaints and suggestions. Always he walked—sometimes as much as fifty miles a day. Every village, he observed, had built a fortress tower of heavy stone for protection from bandits. Half-hearted military expeditions against the bandits had failed to discourage banditry.

Young Chiang made his decision. Respect for law and order must be re-established before he could hope for anything constructive. He selected the biggest of the bandit gangs and set out with only a single servant. Proceeding up a rocky defile, he was suddenly challenged by a sentry who searched him and brought him before the chieftain. The bandit leader, Wang, expressed amazement at Chiang's temerity in coming unarmed.

Young Chiang smiled and said, "But I've brought a couple of bottles of excellent wine, over which let us have a little talk."

With innate Chinese courtesy, Bandit Wang invited him in.

"Of course I was somewhat excited and worried, too," young Chiang admitted to me. "But I knew bigger issues were at

(Continued on page 61)

Chiang greets his Russian wife and son, Ailan, upon arrival at Kweilin. Their five-year-old daughter stayed at home. They seldom speak English, use Russian for family conversation

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

SHORE-TO-SHORE INVADERS

BY GURNEY WILLIAMS

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS GREENHOFF

A dozen "Ducks"—the Army's new 2½-ton amphibian trucks—plow through the ocean to prove they are as much at home at sea as on land. Their speed is a secret but their value in shore-to-shore invasion operations is obvious

A fast LCP (Landing Craft for Personnel) roars toward the beach. This high-powered counterpart of the bootlegger boat of Prohibition has no ramp but backs quickly off the beach after the men leap over the side

In the smallest of the ramp-loading barges, troops shove off from "friendly shore" to attack an "enemy shore" (see front cover). Th Army crew wears the Navy rain (or zoot) suit and self-inflating bel

Storming an enemy beach from a transport is a Marine specialty, but the Army's new Amphibian Engineers travel in the same boats all the way

A BUNCH of sun-tanned soldiers wandered into Sarasota's Main Street one day last April dressed according to G.I. but wearing paratroop-boots with pants legs tucked inside. Military Police from the local air base took one scowling look and swarmed down on the visitors. "Pull those pants down," they barked, "outta those shoe shines." But the amphibian engineer soldiers just laughed and laughed, because their dress (which includes the ski trooper peaked caps and Navy rain suits) was explanation.

You couldn't blame the MPs, though; this was the first time they'd seen any representatives of the Engineer Amphibian Command, an invasion outfit that got underway in May, 1942, and has since quietly and busily worked its way out of the experimental stage. One unit of this new outfit got its baptism in the African invasion last November, and the 2,170-mile trip of thirty-some landing barges from Florida's west coast to the shores of Cape Cod this spring received some notice; but so now anything else about the Command has been known publicly only by a hundred shore vacationers and several sand sea gulls.

The motto of the Engineer Amphibian Command is Put 'Em Across and its principle is aptly put by Brigadier General Daniel Noce, chief of the U. S. Army's amphibious operations in the European theater, who built this vital force from scratch.

"Water between us and the enemy," he says, "is an avenue, not an obstacle."

The need for a special amphibian force is pretty obvious. Over long stretches of water, men and matériel must of course be carried by transports. For these the Navy is responsible, and their landings are referred to as "ship-to-shore" operations. The separate and distinct function of the amphibian engineers is "shore-to-shore" transportation. The shortest crossing might be a river too wide to span with a pontoon bridge. The longest crossing under bad weather conditions might be a hundred miles or more. Thus the shore-to-shore system may be used in crossing the Mediterranean, the English Channel, or from island to island in a series of hops all the way from New Guinea to Tokyo.

When military men in this country realized that a specially trained and equipped amphibian force was a necessity, they looked first to the Marines, who, long before this war began, had learned the technique of landing in lifeboats and getting the craft back off the beaches.

About three years ago the Leathernecks refined their equipment by adapting the special boats with which Prohibition's bootleggers put their heavy cargoes ashore from Florida to Maine. For the rum-runners, Caribbean boatbuilders had evolved a special type of high-speed, flat-bottom-bowed, shallow-draft barge with a bottom designed to stand up under sand-bar groundings, and with the ability to back out into the surf for a quick getaway. This type of craft, equipped with a ramp in the bow for quickly unloading personnel and supplies, was the answer for the Army. The Navy's Bureau of Ships produced these boats for the E.A.C. and is still responsible for procuring all of the amphibian engineers' floating stock.

A little over a year ago, General Noce gathered together at Camp Edwards a nucleus of men from nearly every branch of the service. They represented the Coast Guard, the Marines, the Coast and Geodetic Survey; even British Combined Operations and the Royal navy.

While they worked out the details of shore-to-shore invasion, an officer-procurement program got under way. In reply to a letter dispatched to yacht clubs and other organizations having to do with boats came 15,000 applications from enthusiastic boatmen, professional and otherwise. Likely candidates were interviewed and within 90 days the officer ranks were filled.

Enlisted personnel (and some of the officers) consists largely of former clam diggers, lobstermen, pleasure craft owner-operators, river boaters, speedboat racers, and farm boys who grew up with gasoline and Diesel engines. These and thousands of specialists—marine maintenance men, pilots, navigators, ship's carpenters, longshoremen and demolition experts—were trained in one or more of the E.A.C.'s 58 special technical schools.

There are four elements to the amphibian engineer's mission. First is water transport of combat units from a friendly "near shore" to a hostile "far shore." Supported by naval and air forces the engineers must clear and mark the beach, unload supplies, demolish obstacles, build roads and lay out dumps for ammunition, gasoline and oil, water and rations. Their third job is the evacuation of the wounded, salvageable equipment and prisoners. The last gigantic chore is to resupply the combat outfits. All this may go on for weeks until adequate port and dockage facilities are available. E.A.C. personnel is trained to fight, but theoretically only 10% of their job is fighting.

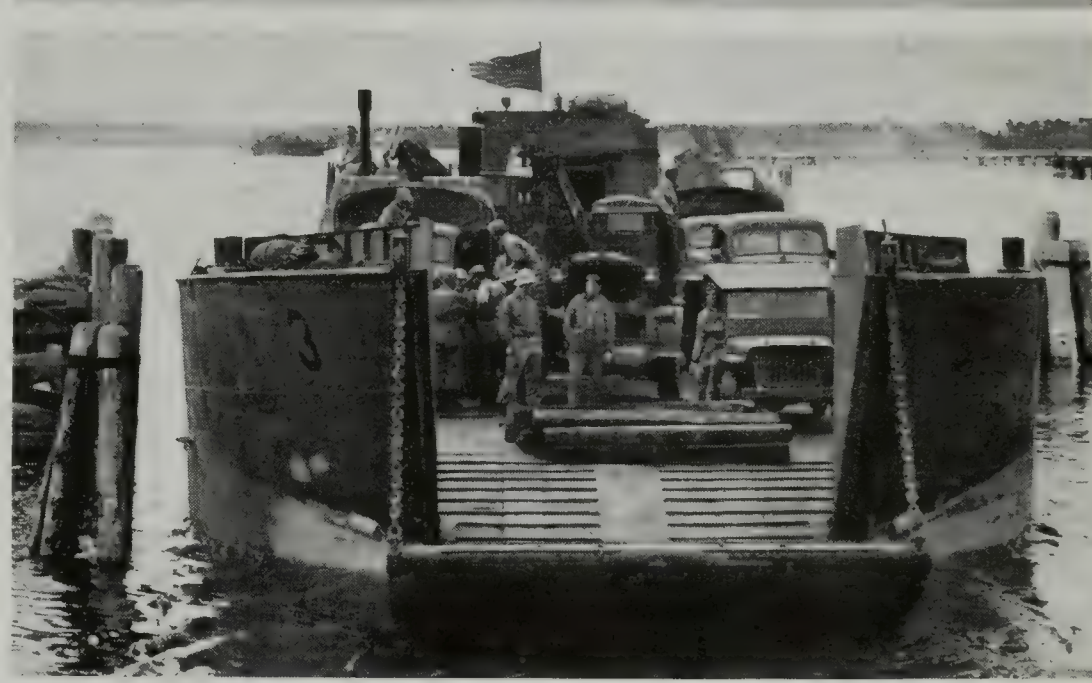
Transport for Any Operation

What and how much the landing craft carry—and they can transport anything up to a 30-ton tank—is limited only by the number of boats available. The personnel work with everything from nine-man rubber boats to the huge LCT (Landing Craft for Tanks) which is manned by the Navy. In between, there is the small LCVP (Landing Craft for Vehicles and Personnel) and the medium LCM (Landing Craft for Mechanized Equipment). All are ramp-loading and crewed by three or four men whose titles—coxswain, boatswain, engineman and seaman—are something new under the Army sun. Completing the fleet are Patrol, Command and Navigation boats, and amphibian vehicles.

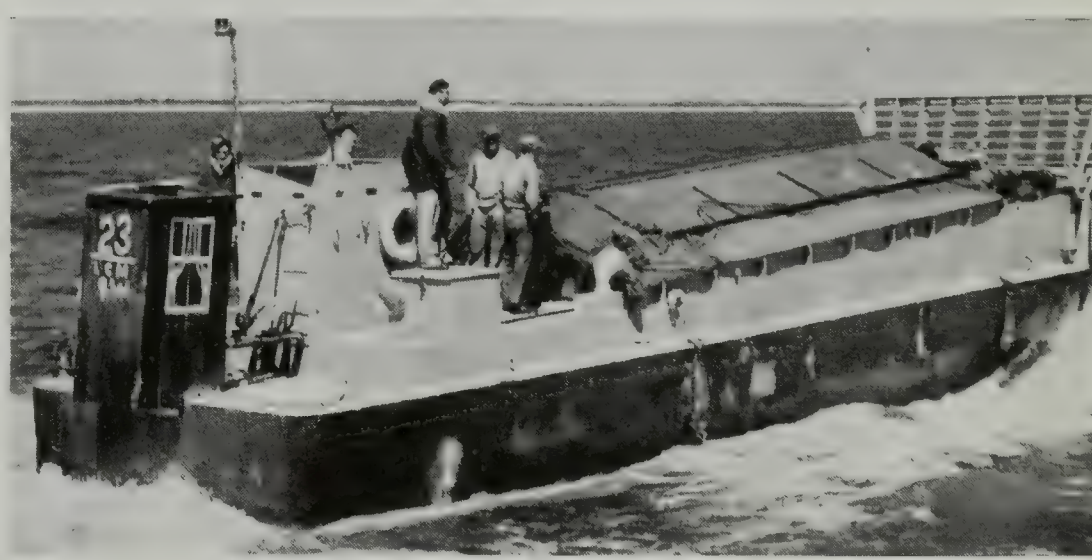
The latter class includes the now familiar Alligator (amphibian tractor) and the recently announced Duck, which got its name effortlessly from the manufacturer's designation DUKW. Almost incredibly versatile, it's a 2½-ton, six-wheel truck chassis with a boat built around it. A ride in a Duck from road to beach, through breakers, into the ocean and back again, is something astonishing in vehicular sensations.

One of the E.A.C.'s headaches was developing a standard landing craft which could be made in pieces and sent abroad in the hold of a transport. While all the Joe Knows bellowed that it couldn't be done, the Command and the Bureau of Ships and one Mr. Higgins of New Orleans went ahead and did it. On a certain Saturday of last year the decision to adopt the new boat was made. On the following Monday several hundred E.A.C. men were at the Higgins factory to begin a 30-day training period on the assembly lines. Five days later, experts were overseas supervising the building of "far shore" assembly lines for the parts Higgins turned out. Plenty of these boats are bobbing around in foreign waters today. At the Higgins plant, 3,000 different parts are being fabricated, boxed, crated, lowered into the holds of transports and taken overseas in units of a hundred. The plan saves 80% of the space

(Continued on page 61)

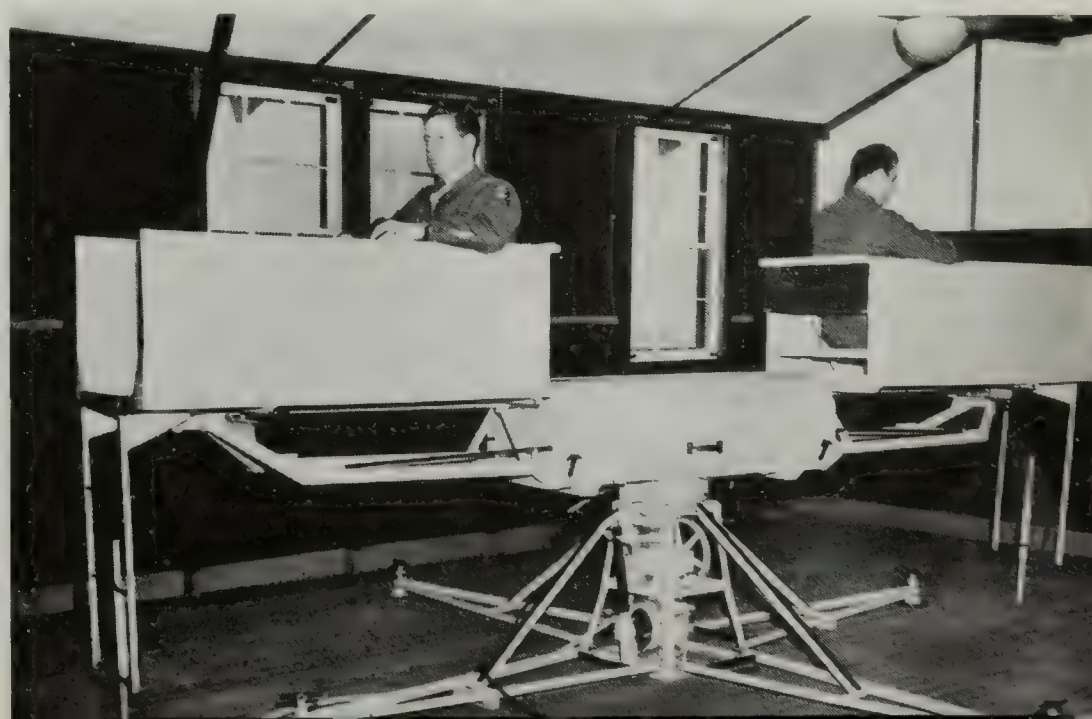


At top of page: Salt water dripping off its hull, a Duck rolls ashore after its sea trip (opposite page). Ducks carry men or cargo. Above: The largest of the landing barges transports heavy supplies and vehicles ranging from jeeps to tanks. The Navy mans this craft



One of the 30-odd tank lighters nears the end of the 38-day voyage from Florida to Massachusetts. Bunks under canvas slept 10 men. Few barges boasted the "plumbing" seen here at stern with painted window

The world's only seasickness machine, shown at rest with metal hoods removed, determines the soldier's allergy to motion. Collier's correspondent vouches for its realism; he lasted less than four minutes



GOD IS GOOD TO A JEW

BY BEN HECHT

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

This is more than a story about people. It is more, even, than the story of a race. Through Aaron Sholomas you experience the ordeal of Man and the victory of the human spirit

AARON SHOLOMAS' eyes were without light. This was because death looked out of them. In the street or sitting in a room Aaron Sholomas looked like a man staring at the top of his coffin.

Such a man is a troublesome one to see moving about. The people in the neighborhood where Sholomas had come to live avoided his mottled white beard and offered him no greeting when he passed. They had learned that it did not matter if they spoke, for the old refugee in the long black coat was unaware of them.

It was a neighborhood occupied chiefly by Jews who were a busy folk full of the activities of poverty. And since among these is always religion, there were many houses of worship fronting the crowded streets. They were modest temples that raised no towers but seemed to kneel over the curbings.

In one of these synagogues, Sholomas spent much of his time, but even here he attracted no companions. Other old men wearing prayer shawls looked at him, saw the gaunt face, the shaggy eyebrows, the bony hands holding the prayer book, saw

Aaron Sholomas opened his eyes a what he saw overwhelmed him. He sto trembling and a fear melted his hea Not far away, a great fire was burni

his lips moving soundlessly as if they we trembling rather than praying, b though their hearts hurt at the sight him, none of them went beyond a sil nod of greeting. They knew his story a there was about Sholomas, still standi before God, a thing that squeezed their souls and made them unable speak.

When he had walked out of the syn gogue, many of the pious ones hid th heads in their prayer shawls and pray deeply for the refugee from Poland a asked God to bring him peace.

On the hot summer afternoons wh Sholomas was not in the synagogue, went to sit on a bench in the small neig borhood park. It was an arid, dusty a almost leafless park that seemed to ha been coaxed into existence by the wea old men and women who came to rest it. Here Sholomas sat in his long bla coat, his black alien hat, as if he we freezing to death. No one sat down ne to him. For how can you say hello someone who doesn't know the sun blazing?

IN THE evenings, Sholomas, the refug climbed three flights of stairs and tered a small room that had been provid for him by a family to which he was d tantly related. He walked up the steps li a man in a dream and he offered no gre ing to the anxious faces that opened t door of the tenement flat.

The head of this family that shelter Sholomas was a man of seventy nam Jacob Rabinowitz. He owned a small sh in which women's dresses were made. I was a robust, pink-cheeked, hearty-voic man and would have looked well as great captain of industry. But his hear ness had never lifted him beyond t edges of misfortune. His shop was sma his earnings were precarious, and l strong hands were twisted with fifty yea of hard work.

Nevertheless, there was a sort of i domitable childish beam on his large fac and his pride as head of his tenement far ily was as strong as if he were presidi in a castle. He roared when he spok frowned autocratically on all interruptio ate lustily and was full of a gurgling lo for all the faces at his table. It pleas him mightily that, despite his age, it w his hands that still provided food and roof for his own.

Jacob had a wife who was stout, ailin and preoccupied fanatically with h kitchen stove, as if she were preparing constant feast. Her name was Sonia an she had once been called Sonia the Beaut With all her age and girth, her head wa still tilted to one side in the arrogant ma ner that had delighted Jacob Rabinowi when he first saw her fifty years ago.

There was a daughter of forty, seem ingly as old as her mother, and two gran daughters of thirteen and fourteen wh were fragile, blue-veined children an looked as if they had escaped the robu mold of the family. There was also Ja cob's brother, a dodderer of seventy-eig named Hershel.

This Hershel was a red-eyed, feeble ol fraud, full of mock piety and mock wi dom and mock suffering. He spent mo of his time making sad faces and lookin rebukingly at his robust brother and h other active relatives. He had given u trying to earn a living in his middle year due to many fancied diseases and to th solvency and good nature of the younge Jacob.

Other faces had been in this tenemen

(Continued on page 68)

THE LONG ROAD BACK

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
WRITES FROM MOSCOW

...'s correspondent visits the ...als of Moscow, where great ...ens are performing mira- ... Soldiers who feel them- ... half-men in a world of ... are being restored to ...y and useful life — by ...ds that may soon be help- ...r own wounded to recover

Each room had a leader, who reported to the doctor. "Room eight. Four bed patients and six walking patients. All in order. Nothing to report"

THIS was a war hospital in Moscow, and brilliant young Doctor David Lobok was showing me around. He introduced me to the smiling young army man on the bed. Then he reached down and ...ly pulled the covers off the wounded man. There ...'t much left of him—only a body and a head. Both were off at the thighs and both arms were off at ...houlders.

"Let's see you sit up, Lieutenant," the doctor said ...y.

Lieutenant Ivan Shinov smiled and nodded. He been practicing for some weeks now. Gravely he ...ed on his side to lean on the stump of his right arm. ...n he hunched his body up slowly, laboriously. ...er patients in the room were watching. He made a ...e upward, teetered precariously, kept his balance turned a triumphant face toward us. The girl sit- beside him showed her pride in a quick smile.

"Good work, Lieutenant," the doctor said. "Soon ...l have you walking. Tell our visitor how you got ...r wounds."

"It was outside of Stalingrad," the lieutenant said. ...tepped on a mine, and it wounded both my legs ...d both my arms. I had to lie there for two days in ...snow before they could come for me. My arms and ...l were frostbitten. They took me to the hospital and cut them off. I met Nadia there. She was a nurse." He smiled at the girl who sat beside his bed.

"It's like one of those stories you read about," Doctor Lobok smiled. "Nadia nursed him and, I guess, gave him something to live for. Then Nadia and he were married, and when he was brought here, Nadia was transferred to a Moscow hospital. They are both very happy."

This hospital in Moscow is filled with cases like that of Lieutenant Shinov. Only the worst cases are sent to Doctor Lobok. In addition to being a great surgeon, Lobok is a great psychologist. Usually, armless and legless men would just as soon die as not. They feel themselves completely cut off from human relationships, that they will be half-men in a world of giants.

The treatment they get at the front-line hospitals confirms this view in their own minds. Everyone is sorry for them. They are cared for as though they were children, and dim-witted children at that. Excessive kindness and the looks upon the faces of their fellow patients and visitors contribute to their melancholia. Then they come to Moscow and fall under the spell of Doctor Lobok. He is tall, fine-featured, with a heavy shock of black hair. He is only thirty-four.

"I get tough with them at first," he said, with a laugh. "I'm really not an unkind man, but too much pampering is bad for them. It makes them resigned to the fact that they are confirmed invalids. I tell them that they aren't invalids. If a shoemaker loses his legs, he's not an invalid. He can go on working as he did before. Ah, but if a violinist loses but one finger, he is then an invalid. I make them stop being sorry for themselves. That takes time and patience, but look around and talk to these men. See if we have not to some extent succeeded."

There are no wards in this hospital. There are large bright airy rooms, each with ten beds. As we walked into a room, patients who lounged on crutches or who were able to stand stiffened to attention. Each room had a leader who turned smartly to the doctor and said something like, "This is room Number Eight. There are four bed patients and six walking patients. All are in order. There is nothing to report. Tovarisch Nachalnik."

The doctor would listen gravely and he would say, "At ease." Then he continued, turning to me: "These men are all soldiers or pilots. I purposely impose this slight military discipline on them." He smiled. "It might seem silly to you but it keeps them thinking in military terms. If they are capable of standing some discipline, they are not mere hopeless wrecks. It gives them some self-respect—self-respect that all soldiers have for themselves.

"Yes," he added thoughtfully, "healing limbs is fairly easy. The earliest known operation was an amputation. Hippocrates performed it a few thousand years ago. Here our big job is to heal minds, to make men want to live again and to be independent."

It was visiting day, and half the men had guests. In one bed, seventeen-year-old Mikhailov was showing off gaily to his mother. He, too, was legless and armless—a legacy of the fighting around Kalinin. He sat up and then asked Nurse Prohis for his "bracelets." He would show his mother how he ate.

The nurse hooked broad elastic bands around both arm stumps. Into one she inserted a hinged fork, into the other a knife. When she held a plate in front of him, he proudly showed how he could cut his food; then he lifted it to his mouth. This boy was facing life confidently. You knew that he would be all right. In another room was handsome young Lieutenant Vassils Zalesski. He had been a parachutist and had been wounded in both legs and arms while descending from a plane outside Voronezh. His girl was visiting him and both of them were laughing happily as we walked into the room.

"Remember when you first came here?" Doctor Lobok laughed, slapping him on the back. "You said to me, 'Doctor, don't waste time on me. I'm finished anyhow.' You were foolish, weren't you?"

"I was indeed," the lieutenant agreed. "But you promised you'd fix my nose."

"You and your nose," the doctor grumbled with good nature. "We'll fix it all right."

The tip of the lieutenant's nose had been shot away, but the doctor said that plastic surgery would eventually restore it to normal. As we walked out, Lobok couldn't help but look pleased.

"Two months ago that man wanted to die," he said. "Now he only worries about his looks. That's a healthy sign. He and that girl are engaged and he has almost forgotten that he has no feet or hands."

One of the most badly wounded men in the hospital was a nineteen-year-old youngster named Abram Shapiro. He had been wounded *(Continued on page 42)*

...had to lie for two days in the snow before ...y could come for me. My arms and legs were ...stbitten. At the hospital, they cut them off"

In a small recreation hall, four legless men were playing pool. Two of them lacked right arms. They were very gay and were betting cigarettes

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

FROZE IN AUGUST

BY MARK HAGER

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Henry Stone was a footloose food shortage all by himself, and the widow knew it. But when farm hands were scarce, she didn't let that bother her

THE guinea hens cut loose to hollering down at the house.

"That's a stranger passing by," I told the Widow Deskins.

"A no-account at that," she said. "He's playing a jew's-harp, strolling along the road, and it August and the harvest ripe and no manpower."

I said, "Well, it could be a man saw the notice down at the highway and came up, aiming to get work."

"Nope. A man that'll walk the road playing a jew's-harp ain't looking for work."

It was the truth that if ever a woman needed a man Mrs. Deskins did last summer. I boarded at her house and taught school; then she persuaded me to stay through the summer and help there on the place. I could see I was stuck. But it was the best place to board. She had long rows of last year's cured hams, shoulders and middling hung on hickory in the smokehouse. But when I looked above and below at the steep and rolling hills of rich meadow, too steep for any machine but human hands, it made my heart sick.

"Jew's-harp or not," I told Mrs. Deskins, "you'll have to get you another man. I've wasted a whole summer when I could be making a hundred bucks a week in the defense plants."

I stopped chopping on the dead chestnut tree and listened to the guineas and the jew's-harp. They were the worst guineas to holler. When you passed the Widow Deskins' lane, they'd line up on the fence on each side, and stretch their little necks and potrack at you. They didn't holler at the homefolks only when you changed clothes, put on a clean shirt or necktie and stepped out. They took notice then. They only hollered at Mrs. Deskins when she'd put on her Sunday clothes and start to church. But they were the worst on strangers, and the ranker the stranger, the louder they hollered. From where we were up in the field, we heard the man with the jew's-harp holler down at the gate at the house, and the children ran out and told him to come up in the field.

We saw him walking up through the grass field, slow of motion and strumming leisurely on the jew's-harp:

"Look up, look down, that lonesome road,
Hang down your head and cry."

"I can't place him," Mrs. Deskins said.

"Me, neither; if the Lord don't know him any better than I do, he's a g goslin'."

It was a show to see him carr that tree along the lane. And the time we got to the woody everything on the place met us th

But we could tell he was a big m When he got closer, I figured if he been straight, he'd have been close seven feet. But he wasn't straight; he stooped in the shoulders and knees, about middle-aged.

When he got up in speaking distance set one foot forward up the hill and re a big fist on his knee, holding the l between thumb and finger.

"I saw the sign down the highway," said, "sayin' to come up the creek till guineas hollered. I'm lookin' for a ni lodgin'."

(Continued on page 45)

MISSION TO SALONIKA

BY FRANK GERVASI
REPORTED FROM CAIRO
ILLUSTRATED BY JO KOTULA

The Nazis were so surprised, they were caught with their ack-ack down. But Homer was more than surprised. He was worried. A Greek bombardier in a U. S. Liberator doesn't like to drop blockbusters on his folks' homeland. What the colonel said may have changed his mind. But Homer grinned — and navoed his bombs right down the alley for a strike

IT WAS the perfect raid. Fifty Liberators of the Ninth U. S. Air Force rose into the red desert morning. I rode in . We crossed the Mediterranean. We ersed the sad, expectant mountains of ece to where Mount Olympus beckd with a torch of gilded clouds. There, cloned triads pulled their formations ether, turned, leveled off, and headed the target.

his was the first American raid over Greek mainland. It was much more. vas the beginning of a new air offen- in the Levant. Perhaps it was the lude to invasion of the Balkans. Of this, every man on every ship was ily aware.

Ve were aware, too, of what it meant the Greeks to have their tormentors nbed. The Greeks would know that ast the Americans had come to begin task that cannot now be too far off— task of liberating an oppressed ally. d those faded green hills veined with per green valleys seemed to tell us same urgent story from the moment crossed the rugged coast line, softened v by the bright opalescent haze of high n.

At precisely one o'clock, the appointed ur, the bomb sight of our flight leads plane held in the pattern of its hairs three hangars, oil and munitions mps, and an airfield with its scattered kers 88s like pinned bright-winged ths below.

Thirty seconds later the first bombs e released on the assigned objectives. don't want any bombs outside the tar- area," Flight Leader Colonel Keith K. mpton had said earlier that morning at efing in a cool tent at bombardment adquarters. "I don't want any bombs the village near by," he had added. "I nt them all where they'll do the most od. If we can help it, not one Greek is be hurt, not one Greek house wrecked damaged."

The bombs went where they were dited. Thirty minutes after we arrived the target, our objectives received re than a quarter of a million pounds high explosives and steel. The Luftffe's bomber training center for all the lkans at Sedes, just south and west of lonika, no longer existed. We scrubbed place clean.

The antiaircraft batteries, which we ew were located at the target's edge, remained silent. We gave Salonika a wide berth. The ack-ack there is terrific. We had expected the batteries off the field to fire. But they didn't. Nor did enemy fighters rise to meet our formations as we crossed the white edge of the sea into the mute welcome of mountains and high-blown clouds.

We flew south, across the Hellenic peninsula, and there were German and Italian fighter bases. We only half expected their Macchis and Messerschmitts to meet us coming in. And we fully expected to flush a few on the way home—but we didn't. We strained our eyes into the sun. They always come out of the sun. Tail gunners, waist gunners, turret men—new world creatures in heated flying suits, helmets and oxygen masks, with gloved hands on gun controls, scanned the limpid sky. But they saw only the confident wings and determined snouts of other Liberators. Occasionally one of the ships waggled its wings jauntily.

We recrossed the coast line, and the blue Mediterranean widened between us and the enemy. Our copilot turned his white grin on me and said, "There sure are a lot of airplanes in the air." I nodded and thought to myself gratefully: Yes, there are and they're all ours.

We were now down to where we could breathe normal air again. Oxygen masks came off. Somebody opened a gallon-sized tin of Georgia peaches. The raid was behind us.

Strictly speaking, the mission was successfully completed. There remained only the remote mechanical hazards of conked engines and emergency landings in water or, at the very worst, interception by enemy patrol ships. There remained the routine of landing at our base, interrogation by Intelligence officers on arrival and then maybe a drink or two at the officers' mess and then hot food, coffee, cigarettes, a little loafing in our tents and blessed sleep.

"All Our Planes Returned"

It was just another raid. It was a breeze. It was what your sons, brothers and husbands in the desert call a "baksheesh" raid, and baksheesh is Arabic for gratuity—bonus. The men and officers were grateful. For not all raids are like this one. It wasn't a baksheesh raid that Johnny Payne rode. He was my friend. I didn't know him very long back in the days when his group was stationed in Palestine, but long enough to love him.

They last saw big, blond, beautiful Johnny Payne trying to pull his big Lib out of a dive. The boys think Johnny was trying to land that ship. The Liberator hadn't yet been made that he couldn't land. A Messerschmitt got him. He and others are buried now Somewhere in Italy. Johnny saw Naples.

This raid on Salonika was a cinch, yet

(Continued on page 36)

We did what bombers never do on a live target—make a second run. Ordinarily, it's fatal. And then Homer cried: "Bombs away, sir!"

ME, CHICKEN HAWK!

By Daniel P. Mannix

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR

Here's a blatant braggart and the original dive bomber. His cousins usually take the rap for his chicken-stealing. This hawk thinks that's fine

MEET me, folks, I'm the chicken hawk. I'm probably the best hated bird in the world. In the farming country there are more legends about my skill and cunning than about any other animal, even including the fox. Very few people have ever actually seen me at work, but I'm the bird that has given all hawks such a bad reputation.

The whole trouble is, I'm a crack flier. I can fly at top speed through forests so thick that other birds with a quarter of my wingspread have difficulty getting around. I am desperately brave. I have been known to fly through an open window and grab a chicken that a farmer's wife was plucking. I have even gone right through a *closed* window after live chickens!

Scientists call me the Cooper's hawk, and say I'm found nowhere else in the world except in America. Farmers call me several things I wouldn't care to repeat. At the beginning of this autobiography, I've called myself a "chicken hawk." But get one thing straight. There is no one variety of hawk that can be truthfully called a chicken hawk, any more than there is one kind of lion that is a "man killer." A man-killing lion is simply a lion that has developed a liking for human flesh, and a chicken hawk is just a hawk that has found out chickens are good to eat. But the hunting habits of most hawks are such that they won't bother with chickens, while as for me, chickens are right down my alley.

First, let me tell you something about us hawks. There are six different tribes of us in America, counting the eagles who put on a lot of airs but aren't above taking a stray chicken themselves. We are all Raptores, "the rapacious ones," . . . all birds of prey and proud of it. The bald eagle, the national bird, belongs in our order. The other tribes of the family are the ospreys, the harriers, the falcons, the Buteos and the Accipiters. I'm an Accipiter, myself.

Now I'll show you why the other hawks seldom take chickens.

To begin with, the osprey positively wouldn't know how to take a chicken even if one came up and slapped him in the face. Ospreys live solely on fish, and farmers actually put wagon wheels in trees near their farms hoping that ospreys will build nests on them. You see, ospreys can't touch the farmers' chickens and they won't let any other hawks live in the same neighborhood with them. Sort of a dog-in-the-manger attitude, if you ask me.

As for the other tribes of hawks, eagles sometimes go after chickens, but they're rather like a four-motor bomber stealing apples . . . apt to attract a lot of attention. As for the harriers, the only harrier in America is the marsh hawk and he lives in swamps and eats such things as snakes and frogs. The falcons, who gave their name to the sport of falconry, are very swift fliers, catching their prey on the wing far up in the sky where the wild duck and homing pigeon travel. They don't eat many chickens up there. But the English have started shooting falcons because they knocked off so many carrier pigeons which were bringing back important messages from ships at sea. This just shows that you can't win.

Meet the "Common" Buteo

That leaves only the Buteos. The Buteos are the birds that most people call "chicken hawks." This always handsomely a terrific laugh. Buteos are the most common hawks of all and there are lots of different kinds of them. They're the birds you see sitting on telegraph poles or on the branches of trees near open fields. They spend a lot of time soaring in big dreamy circles. In England they call them "buzzards."

Buteos live on rats and mice. That's why they hang around fields. Once a raccoon's age a Buteo will find out that chickens are good to eat. He spends all his time sitting on the roof of the farmer's henhouse, flying down whenever he's hungry, and naturally the farmer instantly spots him and knocks him off.

Usually a Buteo won't touch chickens. I know of one case where a farmer saw a big Buteo flying down among the chickens every few minutes while the chickens were eating at corn troughs. The chickens didn't seem excited, but the farmer grabbed his shotgun and came pelting out. He had sense enough to look before he shot and found the hawk was catching rats that came out from under the henhouse to eat the corn. The hawk wasn't paying any attention to the chickens.

Well, we chicken hawks are a little different from that. We belong to the tribe of Accipiters which means "the Bird Killers." This is how I go in for chicken lifting, a secret I've never before revealed to anyone.

I fly quietly through the woods until I can see through the trees a farm with a well-stocked chicken yard. The chicken yard is generally laid out near the house and well away from the woods: No other animal—no fox, no wildcat, no bear even—would dare to make a try for the chickens in broad daylight. But we hawks discovered the power of sudden aerial attack long before humans ever did.

(Continued on page 48)

Most farmers aim their shotguns at the big Buteo hawks, who prey on rats and mice. Here's the small, incredibly shy chicken hawk in person. He "cases" the barnyard from distant trees, is seldom seen by the farmer. He's the Accipiter —the Bird Killer—hawk and he's a

THE TEN-CENT MIRACLE

BY CZENZI ORMONDE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM SOLT

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

JHNNY never thought a superior pair f ankles moving down the aisle of a ullman car would start the wedding ma h humming in his head. But they did. Th stiffened his back like a colonel's orr, straightened his military cap, and et machine gun clattering in his heart.

'hat's eating you?" growled Mort, slu ped sleepily against the window. "Not tin to get off yet."

hnny didn't answer. He was busy wa hing the girl as she took a seat facing bir –five chairs away.

e removed her hat, shook her hair an rested her head back against the cushior Johnny nudged Mort. Mort whistle softly through his teeth.

ough luck," he said. "Half an hour an you're back in the war."

hree days in Los Angeles—nothing hpens," Johnny muttered. "And on the wa back to camp—it's too late." He felt ve strange. It wasn't joy. It wasn't melancholy. It wasn't anything a good hamburger could satisfy. Whatever it was, Johnny liked it. He turned to Mort a little self-consciously. "This is it," he said slowly. "It's never happened to me before—but, brother, there sits the only girl I could make me save my money."

Wait a minute," Mort protested. "It t happen like this."

know when I'm hit," Johnny said. detours for Johnny Barnes. With me, ocko!"

ort made the grandiose gesture of a looking around at nothing at all. ll, she isn't married. No ring."

hnny beamed, then grew thoughtful. d she see you looking?"

ure."

hnny stole a glance and the impact of girl's eyes left him dizzy. She must e been watching him. Casually she ed away and picked up a magazine. Mort," Johnny said slowly, "do you be in miracles—the kind in the Bible?"

ort pondered. "Somebody's wife ed into salt. And some fellow cut a l through the ocean . . ."

Why couldn't something like that hap to us—to her and me?"

Who wants a girl full of salt?"

What I mean is—those are sort of mil-dollar epics. I don't want the sea to up. All I ask is about ten cents' worth ck. That's all. The rest I can handle."

hnny glanced at the girl. Her eyes e on him but they held no invitation. looked upset. Johnny had a moment's cision; but one look at the way she her head, and no one in his right d would take her for a pickup.

he conductor passed through the car, ing, "Next stop Riverside. Bus for p Haan, soldier."

All my life I'll remember the wonderthing that almost happened to me one t on a Santa Fe train." Johnny's face grim. He couldn't look at the girl . If he did he was likely to do someg stupid or impolite. Maybe he'd go r, pick her up in his arms and kiss —hard. Johnny began to perspire.

Mort jammed his elbow into Johnny's . "Take a look. She's getting off here."

Yeah," Johnny said tensely. Inside he filled with one long desire.

he train slowed down to a stop.

Look," Mort said, "she's talking to the ductor— Whoops! Here she comes."

he swept past them, chin high. Her eyes e smoky, like burning autumn leaves. perfume lingered behind her. Johnny d his lungs till they ached, then got to feet and swung down the aisle.

He stood in the train shed, his eyes ing about uncertainly in the half-om for sight of the longish fair hair. ough the confusion of the crowd and impatient hissing of engine steam, he rd Mort calling him. He turned und. Mort was standing near the step he train. Behind him was the conduc-

Johnny pushed his way back.

"I guess you're the one she meant," the conductor said. "She told me to give you this." In his palm lay a ten-cent piece.

Johnny stared at it.

"Take it!" Mort shouted. "It's your dime's worth of luck."

"She said it belonged to her father. He was in the first World War. It was his lucky piece." The conductor grinned. "She says to me, 'That soldier looks like a fighter, one that goes after what he wants. This dime might help him get it . . .' "

"You're darned right it will!" grinned Johnny, snatching the dime.

He found her in the station. In the midst of bustling noises, they stood looking at each other as if they were alone on an island. "I—I just wanted to thank you for the lucky dime," he said awkwardly.

"It has quite a story." Her voice was like wine. She looked up at him, a smile on her lips. "And a few complications."

"I like complications," Johnny said, searching her eyes.

They walked out to the street and stood beneath a palm tree. On the spring air came the heady fragrance of orange and lemon blossoms from near-by groves.

"I'm Mary Latham," she said. "We have a citrus orchard just a few miles out of town—my father and I."

Johnny tossed the dime in his hand. "Could I thank him personally for this sometime—say Friday night?"

"He'd be delighted," the girl said softly.

"Where does he live?"

She gave him the address.

Mort appeared at Johnny's side and nodded to the girl. "Excuse us, miss. Our bus is waiting."

"Friday night," said Johnny.

The girl's eyes were shining. "Goodby," she said.

Johnny's eyes lingered on her lips, then he grinned and joined the soldiers on the bus. As he sat down next to the window, he noticed Mort wasn't with him. He was on the street, still talking to the girl . . .

"LISTEN, sister," Mort said, "sooner or later my friend's going to look at the date on that dime. There was no war in 1931."

"Oh," said the girl in a distressed voice. "I forgot."

"I noticed it right away," said Mort, "but *he* won't come out of his pink cloud for weeks. Do you know what *he* thinks it is? He thinks it's a miracle."

"Yes, I know," she whispered.

"What?"

"I said I know," she repeated unhappily. "I—oh . . ."

Something in her voice touched Mort. He already saw himself substituting an older coin for the one Johnny had. "What's it all about?" he asked.

"My father was in the first World War," she said, "even if the dime wasn't. He lost his hearing. To help him, I learned lip reading and taught it to him."

"Holy cat! You knew everything we said?"

The girl nodded. "Please don't tell him I know how he feels."

Mort was practical. "It would save him a lot of time."

"Not right away," she begged. "Please don't spoil our little miracle."

The bus driver was honking for the start. Mort circled his thumb and forefinger. "Okay," he grinned. . . .

From his seat on the bus, Johnny watched the girl say goodby to Mort.

It was just like that mug, Johnny thought, to ask the girl about that 1931 dime. Mort needed a lesson in manners. No gentleman questions a miracle.

"I just wanted to thank you for the lucky dime," Johnny said. She looked up at him and smiled. "It has quite a story—and a few complications." "I like complications," he said

Before Val could say a word, Ted seized the plant and yanked it out by the roots. "'S already her birthday!" he said. "I'll take some flowers up to her right now!"

STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART

By Mary Freels Rosborough

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

When Val married Ted she didn't marry into his family—she married out of it

VAL didn't feel particularly brave as she went up the steps of the small, new, white building, adjoining the hospital, but just rather curious. She felt giggly, too— The morning milk delivery! She ought to breeze in with: "I've brought your pint of blood. Where'll you have it?"

Then she went in the door of the Blood Bank, and all the pleasantries froze on her tongue as she met the surprised and chilly eyes of the gray-haired woman at the desk.

The woman said, "Name, please?" to Val, as if she did not already know it, and her chiseled features did not change as she looked up at the tall, fair-haired, dark-eyed girl, whose sun-browned hands gripped her white bag so tightly.

"Why—!" Val said helplessly. "I haven't seen you since—"

"—Since you left my employ without notice," the woman finished, taking a card from the filing cabinet. "I haven't had a decent secretary since." Then she added, composedly, "Full name?" and for an instant there was no sound in the white room but the faint singing of the electric clock on the desk.

Val said, "Nora Valentine . . ." adding hastily, ". . . Jameson." As if the gray-haired woman did not know that addition, too.

She was gripping the pen as if her hands were cold and stiff; as if she were cold inside. But she wrote the name and asked routine questions, writing down the answers, until a nurse put her head in the door and said, "Next donor, please."

The nurse had a starched cheeriness and warm blue eyes behind glasses. The atmosphere was so different, so much more friendly in this other room, that Val gave a shiver and said, "Br-r-r!"

As she met the twinkling blue eyes, they both smiled.

"She's all right when you know her," the nurse said softly. "A bit intimidating, but she's one of our best volunteer workers. Has a son in the thick of it, somewhere."

Val felt guilty, as if she ought to [illegible] "But I do know her! I was her secr[illegible] once and did her a dirty trick. I le[illegible] take me to Honolulu, and then I got [illegible] ried suddenly and left her." But she [illegible] nothing, rolling up the sleeve of her [illegible] silk blouse. The nurse consulted her [illegible] . . . "You're a good risk, Mrs. Jam[illegible]. Not even sinus trouble."

She put Val on the narrow table an[illegible] on a stool beside her and began to [illegible] her blood pressure. She kept up a c[illegible]ful murmur of talk as if to quiet an[illegible]cipient nervousness.

Val almost smiled at the thought. [illegible] what she had been through, nothing [illegible] this could make her nervous. She [illegible] curiously at the steady blue eyes b[illegible] the glasses as they stared into space, [illegible] with counting. She wondered if the [illegible] was thinking of something else—of s[illegible] one she loved, perhaps—while her tr[illegible] mind went about its business. The [illegible] Val's mind worked, calm and contr[illegible] on the surface, with that endless, un[illegible]ing terror underneath.

"I'd like to help here, if I could," [illegible] said, impulsively. She turned her [illegible] saw the shining needle poised ove[illegible] vein in her arm, and turned away abru[illegible] with an apologetic, "Go right ahea[illegible] don't mind, really, but I never could [illegible] even when anybody was taking a sp[illegible] out of my finger."

"No need to," the nurse said con[illegible]edly. "And we'd like to have you o[illegible] desk. I'll put you down as a substit[illegible]

NOW the needle prick was over, [illegible] the blood sang in her veins t[illegible]phantly, as if it knew it was pouring [illegible] out for a braver use. There was no [illegible] slightest pain, and she gazed dreami[illegible] the ceiling where a crack took o[illegible] shape of a winged horse and mad[illegible] think of Ted. Ted had wings, too. [illegible] had seen them last, black agains[illegible] blinding Hawaiian sun, looking stead[illegible] powerful and, at the same time, frai[illegible] dragonfly.

She turned her head restlessly, me[illegible] nurse's eyes and smiled. "I can he[illegible] gurgling out at a great rate."

"No, you can't! You don't hear a t[illegible] really." The nurse was very positiv[illegible] if such an idea shocked her. "It's the[illegible]tering inside your veins, that's all. Cl[illegible] and unclench your hand, please."

Val kept on smiling, while she clen[illegible] and unclenched; she liked the feelin[illegible] the sound, or whatever it was. It [illegible] her feel powerful, able to help Ted [illegible] do something important for som[illegible] she'd never know, who might need [illegible] terribly. . . .

The nurse stood up. "All through n[illegible] She drew a blanket over Val. "I'll [illegible] you a cup of tea after you've rested [illegible] call you in a few moments, if you [illegible] drowsy."

Val yawned luxuriously. She felt [illegible]derful, a clean, white stillness all ar[illegible] her, and no sound but the vibratio[illegible] the nurse's quick footsteps as she cr[illegible] the room and went out a door.

The winged horse on the ceiling s[illegible] slightly, as if he wanted to come to[illegible] and gallop off toward the crack in [illegible] corner, shaped like a house. . . . It w[illegible] house. In fact, it was the bungalo[illegible] Honolulu, on Beach Walk, near the [illegible]rigger Canoe Club. There was the [illegible] slope to the roof, and the slender, flo[illegible]ing trees that she had never been ab[illegible] spell. . . . The real-estate agent had [illegible] so proud of the house because it was [illegible] around a small paved court, with a t[illegible] where orchids grew. At least he said [illegible] did and talked more about them tha[illegible] plumbing. None had bloomed while [illegible] and Val lived there, but it had been [illegible] to write home about. People exp[illegible] such spectacular things as orchids bl[illegible]ing on your roof, in Hawaii.

(Continued on page 64)

Passing of the First Floor Back

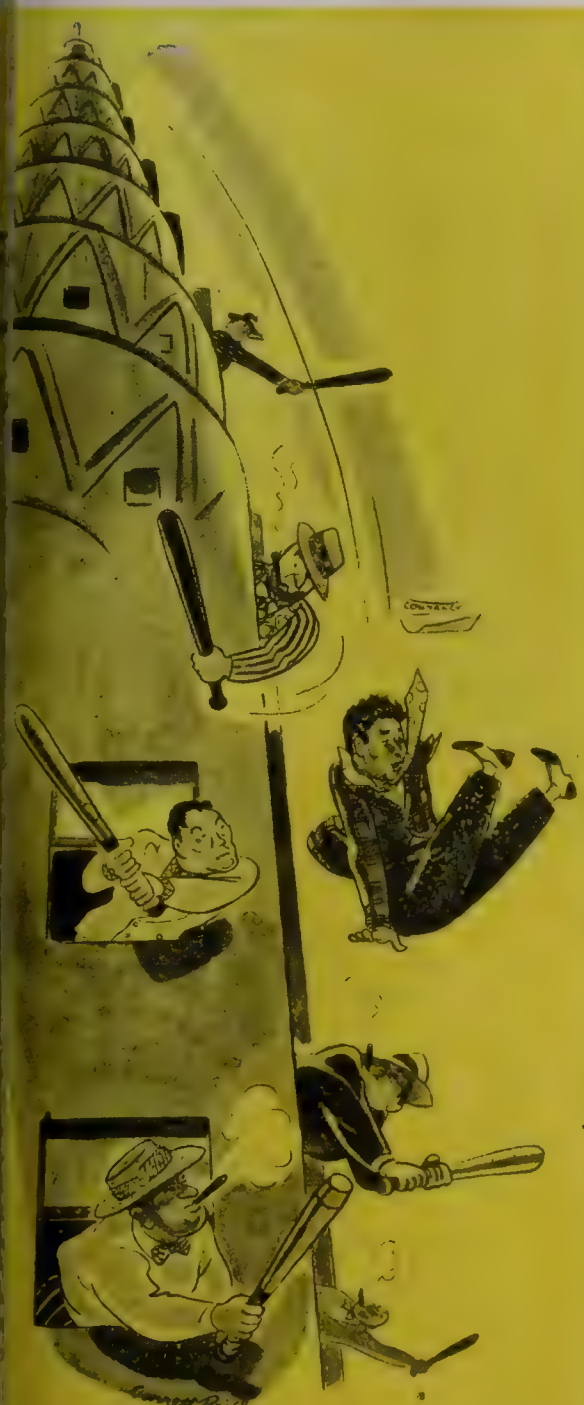
BY DAN PARKER
ILLUSTRATED BY GARRETT PRICE

The strange goings-on at the National Sports Alliance, Red Ink, are ended, but they leave nostalgic memories in the wacky world of men who live by other people's fists

The Alliance was off to a good start. But when the office of treasurer came up, every manager reached for his wallet and watch and fastened a dirty look on his neighbor

ONE of the war casualties not reported on official lists is the National Sports Alliance, the world's least exclusive club and most unfraternal fraternity. The barnlike headquarters of this famous fight managers' debating and berating society, located above a garage on Jacobs' Beach, was only a towel's throw from Madison Square Garden. Not long ago, it was padlocked for lack of (a) interest, (b) principal and (c) members. Thus, unwept, unhonored and unsung, the decade's greatest single cause for confusion (next to Adolf Hitler) returned to the vile dust from whence it sprung.

"There's two National Sports Alliances," explained Al "Weskitt" Weill, who all but busted a gut trying to save the ship. "One's the National Sports Alliance, Inc., and the other, the National Sports Alliance, Red Ink. We used to be the other but now we ain't nothin' no more. Defunk, you might say. The war kilt us."



I jump off the top of the Chrysler tower get hit on the head with a baseball bat as

Jacobs' Beach, world-famous habitat of the genus *administrator pugni,* is now a long, lonesome road. Most of the good fighters are in the Armed Forces. The work-or-fight regulations have sent fight managers scurrying to defense plants where, for the first time in their dronelike lives, they are soiling their soft hands with honest toil. Only a few of the boys are left.

It was with the loftiest ideals that the National Sports Alliance was organized several years ago. There already existed a benevolent organization for taking care of indigent (known in the profession as "indignant") fighters and managers, called the National Sports Alliance, Inc. As Mr. Weill pointed out with characteristic subtlety, the only "Inc." connected with the new fistic fraternity was the bottle of red ink with which Phil Rosen, treasurer, kept its accounts.

The Alliance was off to a good start with the election of a president, a vice-president and a secretary. But when the office of treasurer came up for consideration, every manager in the hall reached for his wallet and watch and fastened a dirty look on his neighbor. Fight managers know one another too well to have a ballot for treasurer come out otherwise than one vote cast for each member present.

Lou Diamond, the Honest Brakeman, might have been suggested for the job. Lou has a reputation throughout the fight racket for uncompromising honesty because in all his years as a brakeman, no freight cars were ever reported missing from his trains. But Lou was in Florida, and the election was being held on Jacobs' Beach. So it looked as if the show would end in a permanent deadlock.

Then someone thought of Phil Rosen. Phil ran a cigar store across the street, had never heisted a safe, padded a swindle sheet or nabbed a lollypop from an infant. He was declared treasurer by acclamation without being permitted to say a word in self-defense, and during the life of the National Sports Alliance, he was custodian of the club's assets—the bottles of red ink.

There must have been money in the treasury at first, though, because when Charley Cook, the president, announced at one of the earlier and scantily attended sessions of the Alliance that he couldn't call the meeting to order because there was no quorum, Al Weill himself got up and made a motion that the chairman be permitted to draw upon the treasury up to $20 to buy one.

The idea behind the organization—probably the greatest flight of fancy ever taken by the human mind—was that fight managers needed protection from anyone except one another. "Consolidate and demand" was the motto of the managers as they got down to business. Their slant on the matter was that promoters and fighters were always conspiring to do them wrong.

"Our battle cry will be 'One for all and all for one,'" said Charley Cook, as he opened the meeting called to shape the Alliance's policies.

Despite Dan Morgan's cynicism, "that within a month it will be 'Everyone for *their* self!'" the managers enthusiastically drew up the following program of action:

No manager was to steal another's fighter.

Stray fighters who showed up in managers' nets were to be returned to their rightful owners.

Fight promoters were to be compelled to pay bigger purses.

Managers were not to engage in cutthroat competition.

Managers with more than three fighters were to "spread the wealth" of their surplus cauliflower to less fortunate brethren.

No manager was to speak disparagingly of another manager, but the sky was the limit on promoters, fighters and boxing writers.

Weekly Bull Sessions Were Too, Too Much

At first the Alliance met every week. The session would get under way at 8 P. M. and would last until long after midnight. But, much as fight managers like to hear themselves talk, they soon tired of a good thing and decided to meet only once a month.

When the meeting was called to order, the Bill of Rights was suspended, not to mention those sections of the penal code having to do with libel and slander. A discussion might get under way on whether to admit foreign fight managers to membership, and before the boys in the back of the hall could holler "Sit down, yuh bum, yuh!" the speaker would be heckled by brutally frank references to long-concealed episodes in his private life. Four-letter words buzzed around the place like flies. No epithet was barred if it could be pronounced. Yet at the end of a four-hour soiree of slander, the members who had been bombarding one another most heavily with billingsgate would walk out, arm in arm, as if nothing had happened.

To meet expenses, the Alliance had—or thought it had—two sources of revenue besides dues, which somehow or other weren't counted upon. These were the commission on two pay *(Continued on page 40)*

WE STARVE OUR FRIENDS

BY HOWARD E. KERSHNER

DIRECTOR OF RELIEF IN EUROPE FOR THE AMERICAN FRIENDS' SERVICE COMMITTEE, 1939-1942; EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT INTERNATIONAL COMMISSION FOR THE ASSISTANCE OF CHILD REFUGEES

Without helping our enemies, we could feed Europe's dying children, and so preserve the seeds of democracy in nations now under the Nazis' iron heel

THE freedom-loving people of Europe are slowly dying of starvation. The proud boast of the Nazis that they are a superior race is coming true. Those who have enough to eat are indeed superior to the tuberculosis-ridden, undersized, misshapen bodies of the starved inhabitants of the occupied countries. In some areas, seventy per cent of the children are tubercular or pretubercular. With the birth rate dropping and infant mortality rates rising fast, whole populations are being cut off at the source.

The days since I left France have not stilled the sound of weak though polite little voices begging for food, nor have they dimmed the sight of pleading little eyes looking out at me from the bloodless faces of children who will never grow up. Forgiving and gentle they were, but nevertheless they accuse us of murder—because we did nothing to prevent it.

While reading the story I have to tell, you should keep in mind that the war started on September 1, 1939. France surrendered and was partly occupied by the Germans June 21, 1940; the occupation was made complete last December. The Spanish Civil War started in July, 1936, and ended in March, 1939.

There is so much misunderstanding of the issues involved that I should like to answer specifically the objections usually made to child feeding in Europe. On the experience of the American Friends' Service Committee, which I directed from 1939 to 1942, I know for a fact that the Germans have never taken a mouthful of our food or interfered in any way with our operations. We fed as many as 350,000 children on both sides of the Spanish Civil War; we fed 100,000 French children through the winters of 1940-41 and 1941-42.

The food we used did not come from the Western Hemisphere through the blockade. It was bought in Central Europe, Africa and Asia in 1940 and the first half of 1941. Foreseeing the time when these sources would be closed, we accumulated as much as possible, so that by midsummer, 1941, we had substantial stocks in our warehouses. In early fall, 1941, it became apparent that we would not be able to buy additional supplies. I could foresee the time when all our operations would end unless Washington and London would let us bring in food from the Western Hemisphere. I made very strong representations to our government and to the British government. These went unheeded.

I found much sympathy in Washington, but I was given to understand that the British had started the blockade, and that it was not becoming for us to suggest a change of policy. So the banners of friendship and the American flags that had been decorating the walls of French schoolrooms came down; the feeding in schools and camps stopped.

Wards of the Grim Reaper

I used to dread my visits to those schools in the days we were feeding the children. They seemed more like cemeteries. The little folk rarely attempted to play. The teachers told me that the children could not remember until tomorrow what they were learning today. It was not uncommon to see a child faint at his desk. Many children were kept in bed a large part of the time by their parents, in order to conserve their strength.

Delegations of teachers often came to my office imploring that we send foo the children in their schools. Most o children in France are losing weight. S of them continue to grow a little, though they are losing weight at the s time. This causes a hideous distortio the normal figure. Usually I had to these desperate people that we could stretch our resources to open anc school canteen.

Deciding who shall eat and who starve is a soul-searing business. Ma time we began feeding a few of the undernourished school children, onl have others ask in trembling voices they, too, could not eat. I never was to find a satisfactory answer to that tion.

The pathos of a generation of chil perishing from hunger is indescribable not look at a human being hideously len from starvation if you want to that night. Do not go to the mate wards and see the wrecks that sta women become by the time they give to babies of half normal weight if want to preserve your sanity.

There is not an individual or an of in America who would refuse to feed children if he found them starving o own doorstep, even though he had t without his own dinner. Why is it tha tance makes so great a difference?

(Continued on page 58)

Each French child has had his 50 grams of dried vegetables. Now comes the privilege of taking turns scraping the pot

EVEN SINS

SAX ROHMER

TRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Story Thus Far:

E one night, Lord Marcus Amberdale finds e body of a stranger—a man whose neck een broken—in his home in London. He ones Scotland Yard. Detectives arrive. y the victim as Sir Giles Loeder, a noted broadcaster.

ef Inspector Firth interviews Lord Marcus centric who is performing some weird ex- ents with a notorious woman known as Vane," who is in a trance); but he does gard his lordship as a suspect.

king use of various clever disguises, Gaston a brilliant French detective, is in London time Sir Giles is murdered; he is looking e members of a spy ring—persons who omehow, transmitting important war se- to Berlin. The trail he follows leads him gambling establishment that is run by a ously beautiful woman, Mrs. Ysolde Des- He reports to Scotland Yard; and he co- tes with Firth in his efforts to solve the r murder mystery.

d Marcus has an attractive cousin—Fay l—who is a nurse at a R.A.F. hospital London. She had met Sir Giles once. On occasion, he had given her an envelope, on he had jotted down his telephone number. ing with his customary audacity, Gaston gains possession of that envelope, on the of which is a seemingly meaningless jumble ters. He studies the letters—a code message. ecodes the message and learns that Sir Loeder had been keeping Berlin informed, gh his radio speeches, of what was going England!

ief Inspector Firth leads a raid on Mrs. Destrée's gambling place. He finds no evidence that can be used against the woman (she had hidden all the gambling paraphernalia, just before the raid). Meanwhile, Detective Sergeant Bluett, watching outside, sees one of the guests —a Mr. Bernstein—sneak out of the building, step into a taxicab. It is night; rain is falling. Bluett hails a taxi, climbs into it, follows Mr. Bernstein.

Nothing happens for a time. Then Mr. Bernstein's taxi stops and Mr. Bernstein climbs out, enters a dingy building. Bluett pays his driver, moves to the front door of the building—an old shabby one. The door is an ordinary house door; it is badly in need of paint. Bluett inspects it. It is not locked—it is ajar!

V

PASSING along a short passage, Bluett began to mount an uncarpeted stair; its ancient tread, well seasoned, did not creak as he had feared; the handrail he avoided touching. Two doors opened upon the first landing. On one a card was pinned which said: "Sales Transport Company;" the other was blank; and the window with crisscross strapping confronted him for a moment as he walked on, turned, and mounted the next flight. Here again he found two doors, beside one of which a grimy brass plate was fixed bearing the name: "Paolo Moroni." It contained no clue to the nature of Signor Moroni's trade or profession. The opposite door showed a newly painted board which announced "Wardens." Bluett paused for a moment, listening.

Movements became audible directly above his head, and he deduced that these were made by Mr. Bernstein. He stole on past the second crisscross window and mounted to the top floor. Here, he paused again and then shone his light upon one of the doors. It proudly offered on polished mahogany with gilt lettering: "Bernard Bernstein & Co." But Bluett's impression had been that the room he was looking for was not this one, but that opposite. He directed a ray upon it. The second door bore no inscription of any kind. He extinguished his torch, and stood there, keenly alert, and thinking hard.

Now, to the best of his knowledge, and he was no amateur, he had proceeded thus far without making any perceptible sound. Yet, at this moment someone began to whistle Up in the Morning Early; the blank door was thrown suddenly open, casting light onto the dingy landing, and Mr. Bernstein stood before him!

But what he saw in a lighted room behind the burly figure astonished him even to a higher degree. He saw dilapidated walls, an uncarpeted floor, a dirty ceiling. He had a glimpse of an expensive radio set, of brightly upholstered chairs; but (and this commanded most of his attention) directly facing him stood a large dressing table which had wing mirrors, a table littered with all sorts of toilet articles, and reminding him of that in an actor's dressing room. The only light, a very bright one, hung immediately above this mirror.

"Fay!" he cried, dropping to his knee and throwing his arms around her. "Fay, dear, don't let it hurt you so much. It was a fair fight"

Smiling that golden smile, Mr. Bernstein ceased to whistle, and spoke:

"Ah, Friar Tuck, my old! But how wet you are! Come in, my friend. I have some good Scotch here!"

Mr. Bernstein was Gaston Max . . .

"NAME of a name, Sergeant Bluett, it is annoying! But do not blame me, for I think our old friend the chief inspector has been somewhat headlong."

Sergeant Bluett, seated on a gilt chair, smoking a cigarette and from time to time sampling whisky and soda of a quality with which of late he had become painfully unfamiliar, was in many respects a man chastened and changed.

"That's right," he said.

(Continued on page 51)

The daughter of Pfc. James R. McNatt, for[illegible] wheat farmer, gets her second bath at the [illegible] City Co-op Hospital. Mother refuses to n[illegible] the infant until she hears from its fa[illegible]

CO-OP HOSPITAL

BY J. D. RATCLIFF

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

A crusading Oklahoma doctor proves that health protection and Grade-A medical care are within reach of every purse. The first American co-operative hospital is a resounding success today and a milestone for tomorrow

THE farmer with the wrinkled, walrus-hide skin hauled himself up in bed. "There ain't no tellin' what this hospital's been worth to me," he said. "Here I am, laid up with hernia. A couple of years ago, my wife came down with milk leg and was here over a month. If we'd had to borrow money to pay for either of these—well, you know how things are—we'd probably lost our farm."

The old man is a patient in the Community Hospital of Elk City, Oklahoma. It is the first co-operative hospital in the United States. Each member family pays regular annual dues which entitle it to free medical and surgical attention and reduced rates on hospital and dental care, eyeglasses, drugs, X-ray pictures.

There is a tremendous and growing interest in such co-operatives among consumers of medicine. A recent survey of the American Institute of Public Opinion showed 61 per cent of the people willing to pay $2 per month for medical care. Twenty-five per cent were against such schemes, and 14 per cent held no opinion.

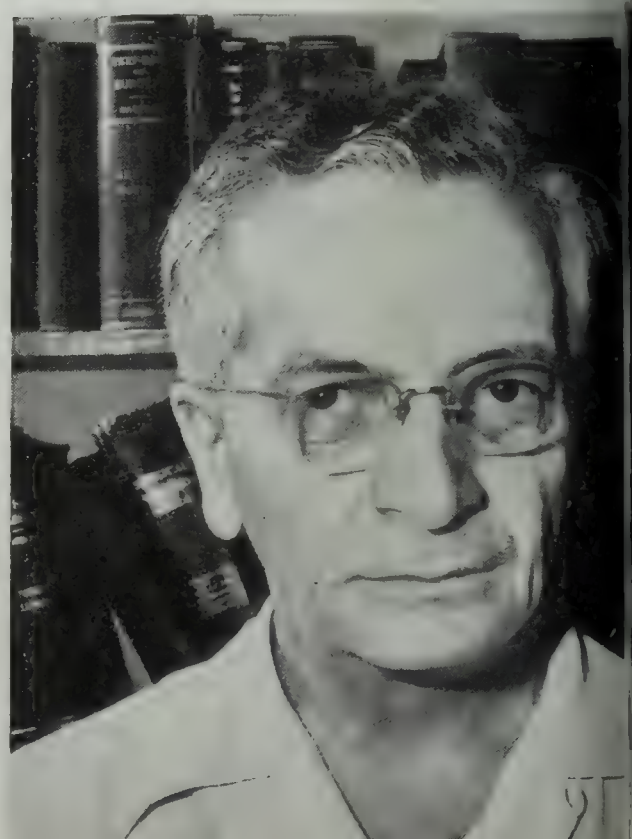
Inequitable distribution of medical care is responsible for tens of thousands of needless deaths. It is, for example, estimated that prompt treatment could save half the 60,000 lives lost annually to tuberculosis. The last National Health Survey indicated that pneumonia was 3½ times as prevalent among the poor as among the well-to-do. There was seven times as much tuberculosis. A quarter of a million babies are born each year with no physician in attendance.

Even among middle-income groups, sickness can mean staggering hardship, and long illness often means bankruptcy.

That's the consumer's side of the picture. The physician's side isn't much happier. Everyone thinks of the doctor as a well-to-do man, but for every physician earning over $10,000 a year there are two getting less than $2,500. It is normally a case of the physician waiting for patients. while patients hesitate to seek good medical care because of cost. Solving this problem will be one of the major jobs of the postwar era.

A start has already been made. The Farm Security

Rival doctors called Dr. Michael Shadi [illegible] "Syrian rug peddler." They tried to hamst[illegible] his Co-op Hospital, but he brought g[illegible] medicine to poor farmers at profit to [illegible]



farm family pays about $25 a year for medical care at the Co-op. This in-
udes everything except a bed, which is $2.50 a day. House calls are ex-
a—$1 a visit. This farmer, O. A. McWhorter, is not a member. He will
ay separately the normal charges for radium treatments of a nasal tumor

F. Crabb broke his hand when he was trying to crank his truck. Crabb is
charter shareholder in the Co-op and vice-president of the hospital board.
he X-ray is made by Dr. P. F. Peltason, who fled Holland in 1940. Dr.
eltason was one of the last pupils of Roentgen, discoverer of X-ray

Administration has inaugurated a medical service plan for its clients—the poorest segment of the rural population. Each year, families pay a small sum into a fund. Patients go to any doctor they choose. The doctor sends his bill to the fund. Through county medical societies, the doctors agree in advance not to insist on full payment. Even so, doctors are more than satisfied. They are getting some revenue from a class of patients who rarely paid bills before—from something like half a million.

The Elk City Hospital is aimed at an income group a step above the one treated by the FSA plan. It was established in 1929 by Doctor Michael Shadid. He saw that, for years, farmers had had co-operative cotton gins, cottonseed-oil mills, dairy-marketing organizations. Why not a co-operative hospital?

Shadid is small and spectacled. He looks mild but isn't. He has been fighting the better part of his life. He was born on the slopes of Mount Lebanon in Syria, in a stone, mud-floored hut. Shadid isn't quite sure when he was born—the old Turkish empire didn't bother with such frills as birth certificates. So he arbitrarily set the date at January 1, 1882.

Up by His Bootstraps

As a youngster he broke rocks for road building at 10 cents an hour. He saved enough to go to the American University at Beirut; then borrowed from relatives to come to America. He peddled jewelry and knickknacks through nearly every state and saved his money for college. Other odd jobs—such as acting as a guide at the Jerusalem Exhibit at the St. Louis Fair in 1904—also helped. In the end, he got a medical degree at Washington University. For several years he practiced in small towns in Oklahoma and eventually wound up in Elk City. He built up a practice worth $15,000 a year—and steadily grew more critical of his profession.

"A young doctor," he says, "finds that he is spending his time making money from the sick rather than preventing sickness before it comes. He has a stake in sickness, not in health. What kind of justice would one expect from our courts if the remuneration of the judges were dependent on their decisions — if 'guilty' brought them $500, while 'innocent' meant only $5?"

He went to the farmers around Elk City, which sits on the edge of the Dust Bowl. There wasn't, he told them, a single urologist, orthopedist or brain man in that part of the state. When they got sick, often as not, a major operation meant a lost farm. Well, they were all used to the idea of co-operatives. They owned a co-op cotton gin. Why not a hospital? If 2,000 farmers would buy $50 shares of stock, a hospital could be built, and they would get medical care for a flat yearly charge.

The farmers agreed rather enthusiastically. Local doctors—two of whom owned their own hospitals—disagreed. Shadid had belonged to the County Medical Society for nearly twenty years. The society was dissolved—and reorganized without him. Thus, he lost membership in the American Medical Association—which is the national body over all county and state organizations.

An effort was made to cancel Shadid's license to practice. He carried the fight through the courts and won. He was called a Syrian rug peddler and a crook. Word went out that he had no intention of building a hospital, that he was swindling the farmers. The rumor circulated that he had Moscow gold behind him.

Shadid had a rocky time. Dust and depression struck at about the same time. Farmers couldn't scrape together the $50 for their shares. But Shadid put up $10,000 of his own money and borrowed another $15,000. The building was completed in 1931. It was a small red brick building with 20 beds, a mile outside Elk City on Route 66.

Even then, the war wasn't over. Shadid attempted to assemble a staff of physicians. Whenever an out-of-state man announced that he intended to practice at the Community Hospital, he somehow failed to get a license. Shadid warned prospects to announce that they were going to practice elsewhere. After they were licensed, they moved to Elk City.

When it looked as if the $15,000 loan might be called, Shadid dressed up the hospital to make it look prosperous. On the day the loan investigator arrived, Shadid had hospital beds filled with his own children and anyone else he could round up.

During all this guerrilla warfare, Shadid's farmers stuck resolutely with him. If a little political pressure was needed to win a point, they applied it. At one time they even suggested tarring and feathering the leader of the medical opposition. Shadid recalls this stormy background in his book, A Doctor for the People.

After all these birth pains, the hospital was finally established. It has grown phenomenally. Today it has 2,400 paid-up members. It has a top-notch staff, including a urologist, an eye, ear, nose and throat man, a radiologist, a dentist—as well as surgeons and general practitioners. The hospital has been enlarged four times. At present it has 75 beds and will have 125 after the war when nurses give up their present space to move into a nurses' home. The hospital has $225,000 in assets.

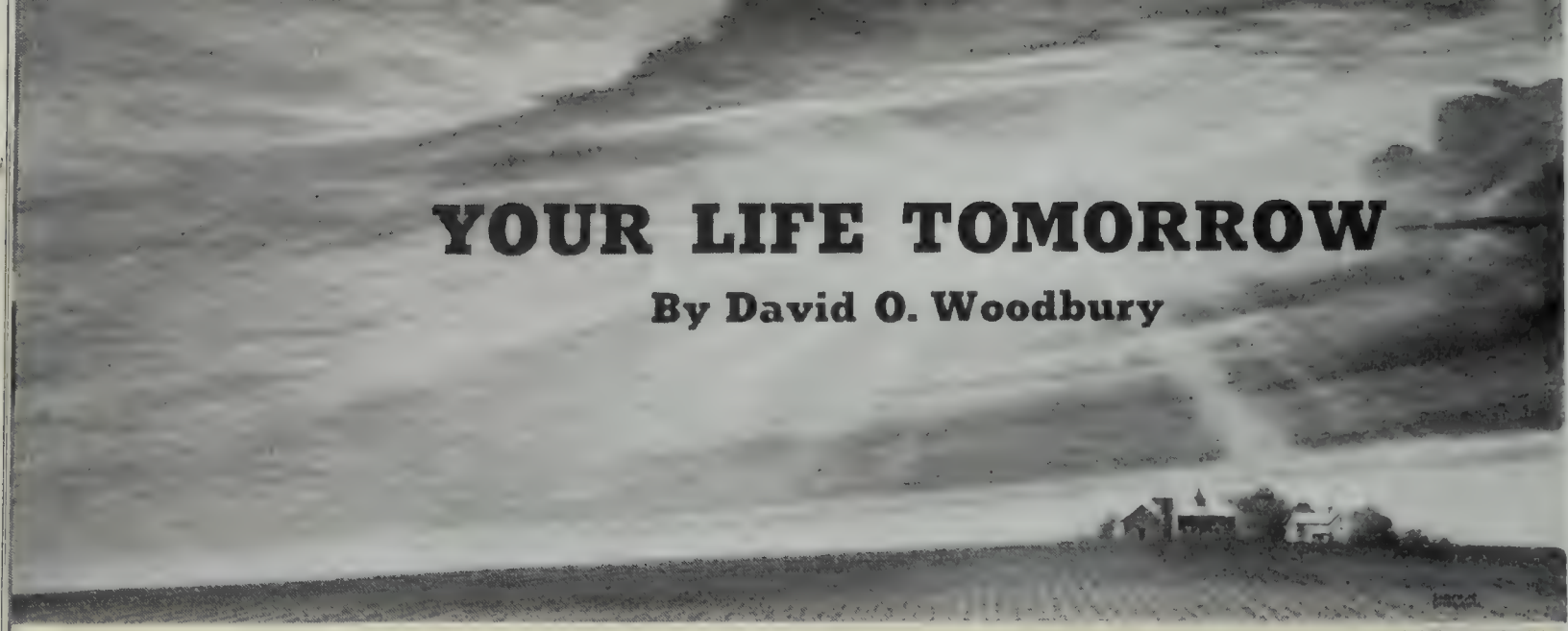
It is one of the best-equipped small-town hospitals in the United States. It has complete laboratory facilities. If a farmer's wife needs a metabolism test, she can get it at the Community Hospital. There are incubators for the newborn. The hospital owns $3,000 worth of radium for cancer treatment. It has three operating rooms, three X-ray machines, a fever cabinet, a well-stocked drugstore where prescriptions are filled at moderate prices.

How the Plan Works

Farmer Mead, who owns a quarter section of land a few miles out of town, most of it in cotton, bought a share when the hospital was organized. This share ownership entitled him to participation in the medical plan. The fee scale for a man and wife is $18 a year. If there are two children the cost is $25. For more than two children, there is an added charge of $1 a year for each child.

Since Farmer Mead has four children, he pays $27 a year. His wife is about to have a baby and he takes her to the hospital. There will be no doctor bills for obstetrical service, but there are small hospital charges. The total cost of the ten-day stay will be $45.

He notes that one of the children has a pronounced squint. The child needs glasses. There is no charge for



YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

By David O. Woodbury

SLAYTON UNDERHILL

Smokeless Cities Coming

The millions of tons of soft coal soot now pouring into the air of American cities and towns from domestic heaters will not continue to be a necessary evil tomorrow. A new type of home furnace will burn even soft coal to a clean, smokeless ash. Smoke from a fire is a sure sign of incomplete combustion. In the new heating unit the fire will be burned upside down, with the hottest part underneath and the draft moving in from the top. Soot formed in the cooler part of the coal bed will be drawn through the incandescent coals and consumed before it can reach the fire.

Home owners will not only enjoy clean communities in winter; they will save a considerable amount on heating bills as well.

Synthetic rubber springs for automobiles should result in featherbed rides.

X-rays for All

When the news of Roentgen's great discovery first reached America in January, 1896, hundreds of doctors and scientists rushed into the field of X-rays for medical purposes. The first great difficulty was that the rays were so weak that the patient could not sit still long enough to be photographed. To overcome this, Doctor Michael Pupin invented the method of photographing the shadows produced on a fluoroscopic screen. Though it was a great improvement, it was soon forgotten as powerful X-ray tubes for direct picture-taking were developed.

Now the old Pupin method, with improvements, is being taken up again by wartime medical men, with the result that a whole new technique in X-ray work is in sight.

When this new method is transferred to peace tomorrow, the cost of film and darkroom work will drop to something like one tenth of what it is now. One result of this will be that no child will need to pass through the dangerous period of susceptibility to tuberculosis without being properly X-rayed to make sure that he is in sound condition. This sure diagnosis, now open only to a few, will be standard for all.

Photography to Hasten New Designs

Photographing the patterns for tomorrow's futuristic products directly on metal is going to cut many months from the inevitable delays in setting up your postwar world. The new technique, now saving precious weeks in producing advanced airplane designs, will eliminate the tedious process of laying out each new design by hand. Auto bodies, refrigerators, desks, metal furniture, toys—hundreds of articles due for complete streamlining—will be speeded to market months sooner, making the manufacturer far more sensitive to your tastes in the things you buy.

Master patterns will be laid out in special ink, X-rayed to make them glow, and then "printed" direct onto metal sheets coated with photographic emulsion. Thousands of such prints can be made in a few hours, then cut accurately and speeded into the production line.

Vacation Sans Mosquitoes

Summer camps, cruisers and other holiday abodes—and just plain homes—are going to give you a new quality of rest after the war because the heyday of the uncontrolled insect pest will be on the wane.

A young Department of Agriculture chemist named Dr. Lyle D. Goodhue has devised a new "health bomb" for our Armed Forces which is certain death to flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches and other intruders that buzz in the night, destroying sleep and carrying disease.

The "bomb" is a simple little container that pours out a new insecticide in a fine mist that penetrates the farthest corner of a room, even the cracks in walls and floors. The mist is harmless to humans and exceedingly inexpensive; in fifteen minutes a single can of it will pervade the air so thoroughly as to fill a hundred ordinary bedrooms. Or it can be turned on for only a few seconds to slaughter the bugs in a smaller space.

Not only will the health bomb give a new pleasure to summer living but it is also expected to be used in planes traveling out of the tropics, which nowadays are apt to bring home dangerous disease-bearing insects and flies.

Door hinges that will never squeak are on the horizon. They will be made of wood and will last a lifetime without oil.

A Pound a Day

A new condensed "food kit," announced by the Department of Agriculture, will weigh one pound but will provide a healthy adult with three well-balanced square meals. Designed for the quick relief of starving Europe, the kit will have tremendous value after the war. No more carrying heavily loaded knapsacks of food on camping trips and mountain hikes; no more short rations in remote places for prospectors, surveyors, hunters or, in fact, anybody who ventures beyond reach of the corner grocery.

In a small paper carton will be packed the makings of a quart of milk, three pints of soup, four glasses of orange juice, generous helpings of cereal and dessert, all in dehydrated form. The ration will keep indefinitely. Ten minutes over fire, after adding water, will produce three tasty meals.

The kits can be turned out by factories by the hundreds of millions. The cost of a day's packaged food will be about twenty-five cents.

Wooden manhole covers will cut down the clatter of traffic in city streets.

Your Pantry Shelf

Cupboards will not be sagging with heavy cans of fruits and vegetables, but instead will be neatly stacked with little packages of dehydrated foods. You will be able to buy a bushel of potatoes in a carton weighing a pound or so. Beans, beets, onions, cabbage, carrots, and all the common canned fruits will come to you dried or in powdered form. Eggs and milk will await you in cellophane wrappers, to be stored as long as you like. You will even buy tomato juice and cranberry sauce in solid form; and meat flakes for making hash, stews and pies will come in boxes, too.

The foods you buy today average ninety per cent plain water. Tomorrow, this weight will be extracted in the scientific dehydration plants close to the truck gardens of the nation. You will be able to carry a month's supply of vegetables home from the store under one arm. These products will be much cheaper, too, for freight and handling charges will have dropped to a fraction of what they are now.

Nor will there be a long, tedious process of soaking the dried foods back to normal. A mere twenty minutes in boiling water, and your vegetables and fruit of tomorrow will taste as fresh and look as inviting as if they had just been picked.

Nonexpanding glass rods will replace steel in reinforced concrete. Result: No cracks in cement roads and other structures due to extremes of heat or cold.

Dust Will Be Only a Memory

You will be able to install in your home a small cabinet called a "Precipitron," which will cost about as much as a good refrigerator and be even less expensive to run.

This device will keep the air in every room as fresh and dust-free as the air in the High Sierras. It will be out of the way, silent and automatic, and will bring you an entirely new deal in dirt control.

Those infinitesimal dust particles that collect on the walls and saturate upholstery and draperies will plague you no more. Curtains that used to need washing every two or three weeks will stay bright and clean for ten or more. Walls won't need renovating more often than once in three years or so.

The Precipitron, a war invention of a Westinghouse engineer, is now at work scrubbing the air in bomb-sight plants and blood-plasma laboratories. It removes some ninety per cent of all tiny floating bodies including dust, lint, pollen and even bacteria and tobacco smoke. It is not simply a mechanical filter, which can trap no more than twenty per cent of the floating particles at best, but an electrical device which charges the particles and attracts them to an electrified plate. The basic principle was known to the early Greeks but the world of tomorrow will be the first to enjoy its universal use. ★★★

the eye examination; the glasses ma had for as little as $4. If Farmer M needs a tooth pulled, it will cost hi cents. Fillings are 75 cents each.

Suppose Farmer Mead has some r bad luck and breaks a leg. This w ordinarily be a financial calamity of rank. But at Community Hospital, medical care costs nothing and his pital room only $2.50 a day. Even has to spend six weeks in the hosp his bill will be only $100.

The hospital does every type of sur A farm boy has a saddle nose and w it beautified. Surgeons borrow cart from the boy's ribs and build him a nose. One old man has a mouth tu caused by irritation of the homemade teeth he had whittled out of an oak pl Surgeons remove the tumor, and the pital dentist makes a pair of plates.

Perhaps the greatest service of the pital is its emphasis on preventive m cine. Members are urged to bring children for smallpox and typhoid cination and diphtheria shots. A hos bulletin preaches better nutrition- being largely a sowbelly-and-cowpeas- ing country. They even sell low-pr vitamin pills. Farmers are shown the dom of attending to minor ills at o before they grow into major ailment

All this is having a telling effect on general health of the community. In early days, fully two thirds of the ap dix cases came in with burst append Today not more than a tenth arrive in critical condition. Similarly, staff p cians see few of the grisly overgrown mors they used to see. When subscri suspect trouble, they come to the hos on their weekly trip to town. On days, from 60 to 100 people will cr the out-patient department. If a pa is too ill to come in, home calls are m In town they cost $1. The charge for country is also $1—plus 20 cents per for the doctor's car.

New Deal for the Doctor

Salaries of staff doctors range f $4,200 to $8,400—plus a 15 per cent bo if the hospital has a profitable year. cause all recent years have been profita the bonus is a regular feature. Ph cians like this type of practice. They b none of the usual physician's expenses office rent, secretary and bill collecti Staff members take turns working nig so an off-duty doctor has free evening himself. All staff doctors get a mon vacation with pay, and in case of p longed illness, salary continues for t months.

The hospital's work is good enoug attract large numbers of nonmemb Nearly half of its practice is among p ple who are not shareholders. They regular fees, and this money goes into hospital fund. The only comparable pital is 120 miles away in Oklahoma C

Community Hospital has an excel record. Surgeons aren't tempted to form operations for the sake of a fee. its entire history, only three Caesarean erations have been performed. Th hasn't been a death resulting from an pendectomy in seven years. Last year hospital delivered 103 babies withou maternal mortality. One case might described as an infant death—a stillbi

The patients in the hospital all h about the same reaction: "There's tellin' what this hospital's been wo to me."

One farmer is more explicit: "Bef this place was built, my boy had app dicitis. He stayed in a hospital eight d and it cost me $215. When my girl appendicitis, she stayed in this hosp ten days and it cost me $42. I don't how a man can afford to stay out of co-operation business."

THE END

THOUGH MANY a cake of ice has come and gone since this advertisement first appeared, 3 years ago, it's *still* a grand way to suggest to you how downright cool and refreshing a whiskey-and-ice-and-soda can be on a warm midsummer afternoon. What matchless flavor and smoothness will be yours to enjoy—*if the whiskey you use is Four Roses!* Just try it and see!

FOUR ROSES

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

An Explanation to Our Friends

IF YOUR BAR or package store is sometimes out of Four Roses, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our pre-war stocks to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other vital war products. (Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.)

"Now Elmer," begged Elsie, "don't be a pig about shortages!"

"Poppycock," sputtered Elmer, the bull. "I don't want a lecture, I want ice cream. I *demand* ice cream!"

"Sorry, Fatso," said the druggist. "I'm out of ice cream until tomorrow!"

"Shame on you, Elmer, for picking on a nice druggist at a time like this," interrupted Elsie, the Borden Cow. "The ice-cream shortage is due to the war. Uncle Sam says we can't make as much as we used to. The cream we save is going to make butter for our soldiers, and the milk goes into other dairy foods such as cheese which make good eating for our fighting forces at home and abroad."

"Huh," sniffed Elmer, "if you're such a big shot in the milk business, why don't you do something about it?"

"I'm doing all I can," smiled Elsie. "Every store that sells *Borden's Ice Cream* is getting delicious sherbets and ices and its fair share of what ice cream there is. I can't do any more than that. A war is a war and a milk shortage is a milk shortage."

"Milk shortage, my eye," growled Elmer. "This fellow's ice box is full of *Borden's Milk*. Or is he a hoarder?"

"Don't be ridiculous," chuckled Elsie. "We'll always try to have fresh *fluid* milk for every family—since it's so healthful that folks should drink some every day.

But, with such a lot of milk going to our armed forces and our allies, there is naturally less milk left for other dairy products."

"Hah," shouted Elmer triumphantly, "then look over here and try to explain this. These cans are all full of things made from your milk."

"Naturally," laughed Elsie. "You're looking at Borden's *Prescription Specialties*. They're used to feed infants and invalids. That package you have in your hoof is *Borden's Biolac*—a modern balanced formula that babies just thrive on. These products haven't been restricted, because they're so important to thousands of America's new babies."

"H-m-m," mused Elmer, "with all this stuff to sell, I say the druggist was having it easy compared to other merchants."

"Then you'd say the wrong thing as usual," giggled Elsie. "For those products are only a small part of the story. The druggist is faced with loads of shortages. There will be times when he's short of *Borden's Hemo*

—the new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em. And he won't always be able to get *Borden's Fine Cheeses* to make sandwiches for fountain lunches. It won't be his fault, of course, but some people may blame him."

"Do you call that trouble?" hooted Elmer. "Why, my second cousin Stuart who keeps a china shop tells me that..."

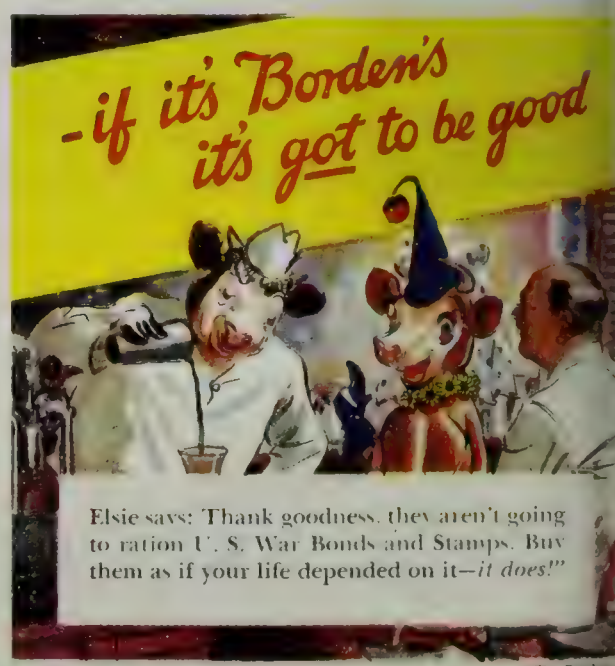
"For goodness sake leave your bankrupt cousin out of this and wait till I finish," went on Elsie. "That's only the *start* of the druggist's troubles. Help of any kind

almost impossible to get. Pharmacists, soda boys, and clerks are in the army. Girls are working in the war plants. And..."

"Stop," pleaded Elmer. "You're breaking my heart. Just tell me where this druggist keeps his white coats."

"There's one hanging up right over there," Elsie answered. "But why on earth do you ask?"

"Listen," grunted Elmer, hastily slipping into a white coat, "I may not be able to mix a prescription, but *boy* can I sling a swell soda! And if times are as tough as you say, the least I can do is to give this guy a hand!"



©The Borden

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE

BY FAITH BALDWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

The Story Thus Far:

ON THE verge of marrying Rix Anderson, in the little New England town of Benfield, Linda Wheaton receives a frightful shock: Rix, whom she loves devotedly, runs away with Peg Evans, her best friend, and marries her!

Wretchedly unhappy, and believing that her salvation lies in hard work, Linda goes to New York City. There—thanks to the co-operation of Tony Dennison, a young lawyer, whom she knows slightly—she gets a job in the firm for which Tony works and in which he is presently a junior partner.

Tony is in love with Nelda Heron, daughter of one of the firm's wealthy clients. At the Herons' country estate—where Tony takes her for a week end—Linda meets an attractive young married couple—*Rix and Peg!* To her amazement, she sees Rix and Nelda flirting. And Peg, she soon realizes, is terribly distressed, unhappy.

Peg is the sort of girl who must have someone to lean on—to confide in. She has a heart-to-heart talk with Linda, tells her that Nelda, an unscrupulous schemer, is planning to marry Tony and continue seeing Rix, surreptitiously!

A short time later, Linda is again the guest of the Herons, when Rix arrives—alone. He says that Peg has gone to Westchester, to visit some friends. After which, Linda, happening to look out from her balcony, sees him embracing and kissing her, telling her that he loves her.

Hoping to save Tony—and Peg—Linda has a talk with Nelda, in which she urges her to tell to Tony. But Nelda refuses to listen to reason. . . . While still at the Herons', Rix and Peg's Westchester friends telephone him that Peg has disappeared. Suddenly penitent (or is, after all, devoted to his wife) Rix starts a long search; and Linda, taking pity on him, accompanies him.

They finally find Peg in a New York City hospital—Bellevue. Believing that Rix wants to get rid of her, by divorce, she had taken an overdose of sleeping pills in a cheap hotel room. The doctors say that she has been very ill, but she is now out of danger.

Meanwhile, Tony has been misled by what Linda has told him. He believes that Linda is still in love with Rix, that she is striving to win him back. So, when Linda returns to work, after taking a day off to recuperate from her ordeal experience, he is in a bad mood. Certainly his greeting is not cordial. "What," he demands, "happened to you yesterday?"

Conclusion

LINDA'S knees were weak and she felt as if she had swallowed feathers. She thought in despair and astonishment: So it wasn't a dream nor hypnosis—it wasn't Cynthia taking advantage of a weak moment on my part. I am in love with this guy for better or worse and it is going to be worse before it's better. She looked at him and loved every inch of him—a lot of inches. She loved his untidy mouse-colored hair, and the crease between his brows, his good hands and his cleft chin, and his gray eyes. And she said to herself: Well, you certainly stuck your chin out!

He lifted it now in some defiance. She said coolly, "I thought you knew. I was sick. I didn't feel well. Cynthia said you telephoned."

He said, "Twice, but I didn't get much satisfaction. What was the idea of slamming the door in my face the other night?"

"I didn't," said Linda. "Anyway, what did you expect me to do, ask you in for a nightcap?"

"Oh, don't be like that," said Tony with irritation. "Women!"

Linda hadn't wanted to make peace with him. He hadn't seen her since Sunday. She sat entrenched behind the sand dunes of Southampton and sniped at him with nasty little steel-jacketed sentences over the telephone wires. She was the sort of girl who likes to dish it out. If you offended, she punished. She had an off-with-his-head complex. Tony had given up phoning. Let her call him, he decided, and his thoughts dwelt lovingly on the Navy. Every nice girl loves a sailor and that crack about one in every port, but in between ports, look what you had. You had a battlewagon or a flat-top or a tin can or a pigboat, and there's nothing aboard those but men, thank Heaven! You've water and lots of it, white water, gray water, blue water. You've a job to do—and probably a spell of *mal de mer* to overcome—but whatever you have, you haven't women. If you break your leg there's a pharmacist's mate to take care of you, no angel of mercy in starched white. Good, thought Tony gloomily, let the angels of mercy carry their lamps somewhere else. I like it dark.

He looked at Linda. To his astonishment and her horror, her eyes were indubitably bedewed with tears. "Hey," he demanded uneasily, "what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing whatever," said Linda with all the firmness of jelly. "I'm coming down with a cold."

"At this time of year?"

"People can have colds at any time," she said, "and I wish you'd go away." Her voice rose, the tears spilled over and, as he looked at her, agape, she added, with sound and fury, "And stay away. You annoy me. I don't even like you any more. You have a low, suspicious, disgusting mind."

"Well," said Tony, and looked at her as if she were something which had just crawled out of the primordial slime, and he was at the business end of a microscope, "if that's the way you feel about me."

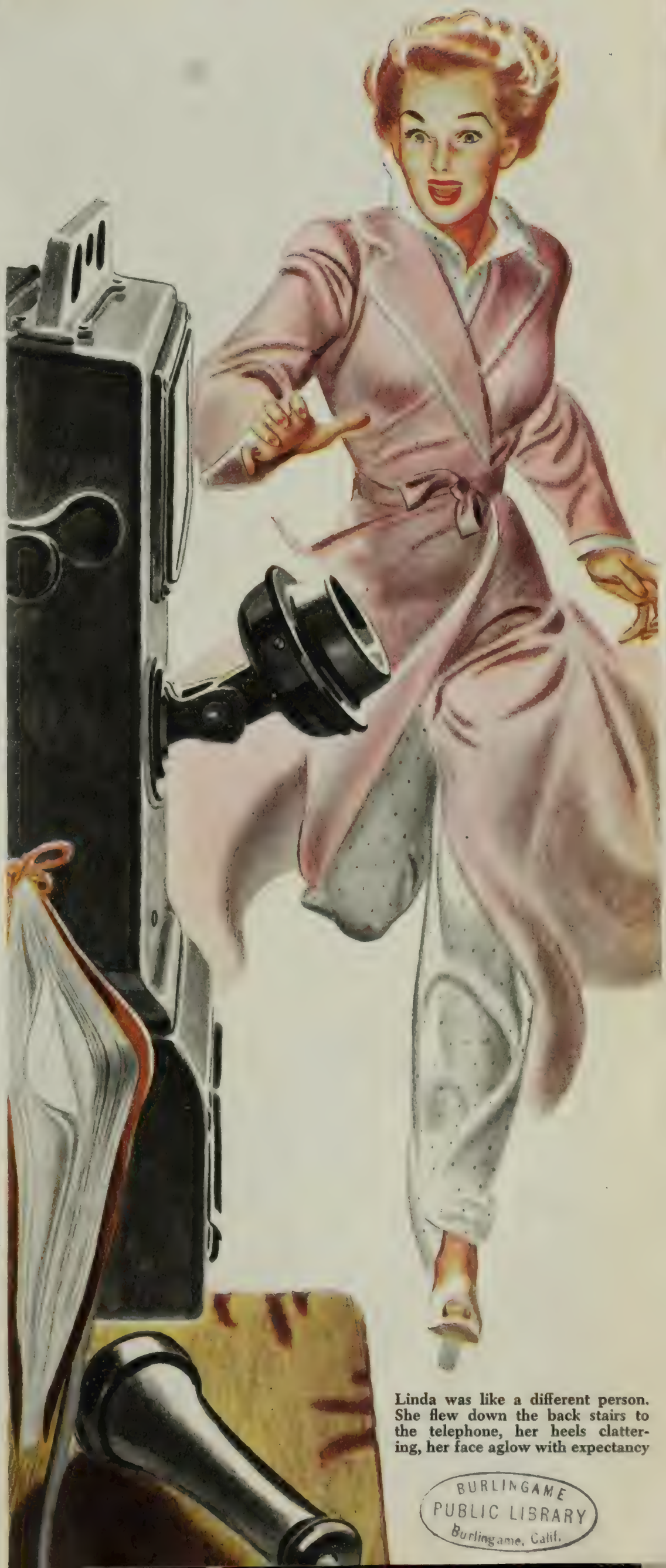
The door closed after him, but hard. Also a book, a good expensive well-bound law book, crashed against the door a fraction of a second later. And Linda who should have felt worse, felt better. She picked up the book, restored it to its place—it was never the same again, the case of Watkins vs. Mussels, which had established quite a precedent—and proceeded to dry her eyes, blow her nose, apply a dash of powder and set out for the club.

That, she thought, en route, will fix him. True, she would be forced to encounter him in the office. But as a stranger. And just until she could find another job. Meantime, she was through with men. Tom could howl at her door until he had laryngitis, but she would be taking a law course, nights. She had no time for male attentions or intentions.

At the club, she ascended to her room, flung her jacket, hat and handbag on the bed and sat down in the chair by the window. She took off her shoes and wiggled her toes. She thought, sanely and glumly: There's no use, my girl, you're in love and there isn't a thing you can do about it.

She needn't have been quite as—as final. She could have pretended everything was all right. Then they would have been friends again, after a fashion. At least, she would have seen him every day. No, this way was better. A clean break, a sharp severance. The surgical way.

There wasn't a bit of pride in the matter. She was in love with Tony Dennison. He didn't love her. He was in love with Nelda. He was going to marry Nelda. Nelda had not only his heart but his ear. Nothing that Linda could say would make



Linda was like a different person. She flew down the back stairs to the telephone, her heels clattering, her face aglow with expectancy

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

him believe that she wasn't responsible for Peg's presence in a city hospital. Because, listening to Nelda, whom he loved, would quite naturally make him stone-deaf to any other woman's voice. A simple situation.

I'll get over it, she told herself stoutly. I got over Rix. But the odd part of it was she didn't want to get over Tony. She'd had to get over Rix. It had made her ill to think that she had loved him, she had longed to recover quickly, quickly . . . and forget all about it.

But loving someone like Tony was different. You could be proud of it. Because he was a real person. He was good, he was decent, he was clever and he was kind. You need never be ashamed of loving someone like that.

Of course, he was also an idiot. But that was Nelda's fault. All men are idiots when they are in love. And women, too. With which profound deduction she prepared to eat her dinner and wait for Rix to call for her.

She had a little time alone with Peg at the hospital. She was embarrassed, looking at Peg's drawn face against the pillows, and the big gray eyes, deeply shadowed. She was embarrassed because Peg had no defenses, Peg was vulnerable and human, and soft, and because Peg spoke to her from her heart.

"I'VE been such a fool," said Peg, in her husky voice, "and you've been wonderful, Linda. Rix told me."

"That's all right," said Linda with extreme awkwardness.

"He told you," asked Peg, "that everything's—fine? I mean, between us? I was such a fool," she said again, "to go off like that. Off the beam, really. I believed him, you see. About Nelda and everything. And I was frightened because I knew about the baby. I thought he wouldn't believe that. I didn't care what happened to me, to—to us." She stopped and Linda patted her hand. And Peg went on, "Look, Linda, it's just that I love him. I haven't any illusions about him but I can't get along without him. It's weak of me, it's part perhaps of—of my punishment, that things are this way. They'll always be this way. But next time I'll be different. I'll be patient and wait. He'll always come back, you know, somehow I'm sure of it. Did he tell you his mother's coming down?"

"Yes. I'm so glad, Peg."

"So am I. Perhaps," said Peg wistfully, "she'll grow to like me. I always liked her a lot. But she was so crazy about you—and then I thought she'd never like me because of what I did and it made me say and do the wrong thing. I felt so guilty toward her . . . making trouble for her, because of Rix. But now," she said, "maybe she'll forgive me, after a while."

"Of course she will," said Linda. "I'm sure she already has. And she's going to love being a grandmother."

"It's more than you can say for most women nowadays," said Peg with the ghost of a chuckle.

It was time for Linda to go. She went out to the waiting room and sent Rix in to see his wife. Waiting for him, there with all the anxious strange people—you could feel their emotions, you could almost touch them they were so tangible—fear, impatience, patience, hope. She thought: He hasn't told her anything, merely that I left Southampton with him and stayed with him until we found her. Well, that's just as well. What good would it have done to say anything else?

But Peg, being a woman, didn't have to be told in so many words. She looked at Rix as he sat beside her and asked, "What's wrong with Linda?"

"Nothing," he answered, astonished; "that is, nothing I know about."

"There is, too," said Peg; "she's different. Something's happened. Was—has it anything to do with us, Rix?"

Rix said, "Of course not. And I don't know what you're talking about—oh . . ." His brow cleared and he said comfortably, "Tony Dennison, maybe. He was sore at her. For leaving Herons' Sunday with me. I told you he came to the apartment. You know all that, Peg. Why he was sore, I wouldn't know." He stopped and shrugged. "Of course he thought that Linda was the cause of—of all this."

"You're a goop," said Peg, a little color coming into her cheeks. "It's clear enough to me. She's in love with him, isn't she? I've thought so for some time."

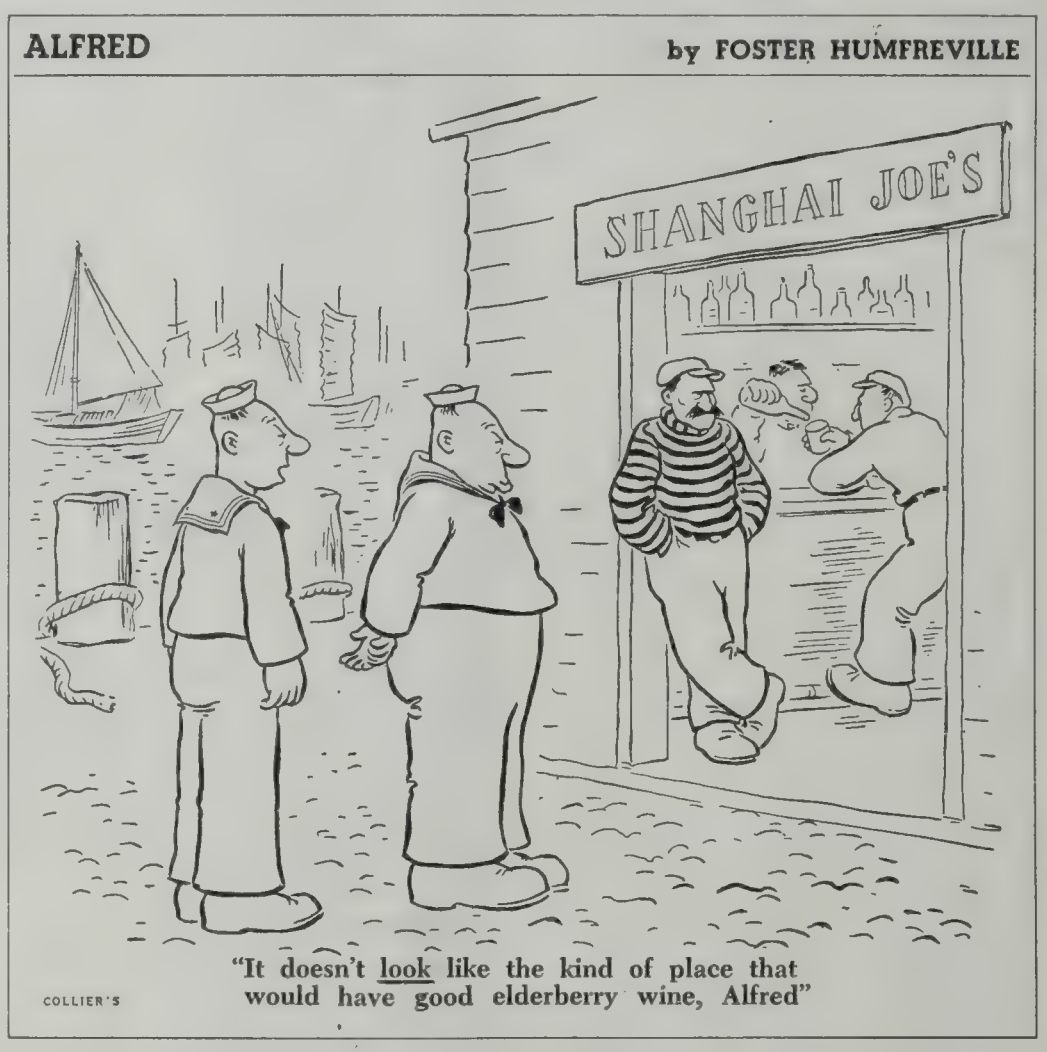
"Why?" demanded Rix astonished.

"Well, she isn't with you," said Peg calmly. "I thought so at first but when I became convinced that you were no longer head man, naturally I wondered about Tony. Who gave him that idea," she demanded, "about Linda, I mean?"

"Nelda," said Rix, and flushed.

"Good Lord," said Peg. "Men!" She lay back against the pillows. "That settles it," she said. "Linda's crazy about him or she'd tell him the truth. . . ."

"I don't get it," said Rix.



"It doesn't look like the kind of place that would have good elderberry wine, Alfred"

"You sound like Gracie Allen," said his wife. "Don't you see how her mind works? If she weren't in love with him she'd march herself up to him and—Rix, don't look so miserable, it's all over and done with, dear—and you know what she'd say. But being Linda she can't say it. Because he's engaged to Nelda, because he's in love with her—or so Linda thinks. I never thought so."

Rix looked at her, his jaw slack.

"You never thought so?" he repeated feebly.

"Certainly not," said Peg. "Nelda's a glittery sort of bait. Most any poor fish would rise to it. She can turn the charm on and off. She turned it on like anything because it was—well, expedient. And he'd been going around thinking she'd never look at him. She used to treat him badly—you know that, we all saw it—but I don't think he minded too much. It was like falling in love with someone across the footlights. You really don't expect anything. It isn't the kind of love you expect to live with . . . and see evenings in curlers, or across the kitchen table," Peg explained. "Then when she suddenly unbent. . . . Oh, there's no use trying to explain it to you," she said crossly. "You're a man, too. Rix," asked Peg, "do you really love me?"

His reply was as satisfactory as possible under the circumstances.

"Maybe," said Peg, twinkling faintly, "we can do something about Linda."

Rix looked alarmed. He asked, "What? . . . I mean, you wouldn't . . . that is . . ."

"Leave it to me," said his wife serenely, "I'll dream up something. We owe it to her," she added and looked at him soberly. "We owe her—a lot, Rix."

"I know," he said, with humility.

He added, after what seemed a long time, "If you think it best, Peg, I'll see Dennison and make a clean breast of it."

"That would be just wonderful," Peg told him. "You'd get a sock in the jaw from Tony. . . ." She shook her head. "It's one of those honor-rooted-in-dishonor cases, Rix. We can't solve it that way, you know."

He looked relieved. Well, that was Rix; you couldn't expect him not to look relieved, could you? . . .

Linda's law class opened. She went to school nights, with books, notebooks, and a brief case. Mr. Powell congratulated her upon her undertaking. "Think you can manage it?" he asked. "There's an old warning about burning your candle at both ends, Linda."

Linda said, "I'll manage," and grinned at him. "Both ends against the middle?" she asked. "But don't worry, Mr. Powell. If I can't carry the work," she said, "I'll drop it."

He thought she meant the law class; she didn't. She still had her legacy, and she had saved some money. Mr. Powell paid a generous salary. Drop Mr. Powell, go on with the law, and some day go back to Benfield and into her father's office. That made sense. Besides, if she left the office, she'd never see Tony. Her heart parachuted into her boots. Silly, she told it, and hauled it up again.

SHE was seeing him every day, or almost every day. "Hello," he said, and she said "Hello," and that was all there was to it. Nice aloof courtesy. Friendship, love, indifference, hate. Well, Tony had hurdled the love angle and reached the indifference stage. There wasn't anything she could do about it.

Peg went home, Aunt Alice came down, Linda went to see her. Funny how h lationship with Peg and Rix shook to normal as if Aunt Alice held it u a thermometer. Linda knew how she with them, and they with her. And pleasant to have a place to which she go and where, at last, she felt both a and welcome.

She had a farewell dinner with Yorke, who was leaving the office. in Washington. It might turn out to big one. Linda had refused his invit all autumn, but now she relented dined with him one blowy Sunday in November. He said, looking a across the table, "I was serious abou you know."

"Past tense, I hope," she murmure

"No. But I know when I'm licked. smiled at her, engagingly. "If you c your mind you know where you car me."

"I shan't," she said. "But you're a person, Tom, and I wish you all the in the world."

"This job," he said, "it may mean s thing. I don't know. I've been thinki Army. But I'd probably get stuck i Judge Advocate's office. This is bet think, as long as I can't get combat It will mean doing a job. Not that I regret the uniform. I think I'd look pretty in uniform," he added, grinnin

"Beautiful," she agreed. She fro a little. "Combat? You really think get in?"

"Of course. And so do you, so doe eryone. I was talking to Tony the day. I suppose you know he wants in the Navy, if they'll take him, not legal light but as a plain common or den gob, that is."

"No," she answered, and it was ha admit it, "I didn't know."

"You two been fighting?" he aske thought so. Well, better kiss and mak Tony's a fool," he added; "he do know which side his bread is buttered

LINDA thought: Better not ask wh means by that. Her throat felt tight.

"You're not too bright, either," Tom. "Someday you'll find it out. I help you. I'm not that magnanim Did I forget to tell you you're loo very pretty tonight?"

"You never forget," said Linda. thought: I'll miss Tom. She didn't him, but she would miss him. He w tonic spirit. He was good for the w ened ego. He was a shot in the arm, i an arrow in the heart.

Tom grinned at her cheerfully. He "I wish you'd go see my family wher away. They like you. You're the girl I ever loved of whom they appr

She said, sincerely, "I shall, T some Sunday, perhaps. I'm pretty these days."

"I know. You'll make an attra Portia," he told her, "although won place is definitely in the home and no fore the bar. Any bar." He lifted an brow and added mildly, "Do you see I see? Can it be ectoplasm?"

Linda followed the direction of hi gard. The room in which they were di was small, crowded, expensive and e sive. It was known among its habitu the Needle's Eye. The richer you were harder to get in. You engaged your several weeks in advance and if you really well known the measured insul captains and headwaiters were almos fectionate in tone. This sort of treat is doted upon by New Yorkers. They to be made uncomfortable.

The bar was not large, it had high stools, and the bartender was known character. Order an old-fashioned an suggested that you'd already had one many. How was your liver? His name Joe. Everyone was crazy about him.

There were many people at the bar

WHAT DISTINGUISHED DOCTORS FOUND—ON COMPARING CIGARETTES

Full reports in medical journals by men high in their profession—regularly offered to physicians on request.

MANY thousands of America's physicians already possess this authoritative reference material on the leading cigarettes regularly smoked in America.

For the public, findings may be summed up as follows:

LABORATORY COMPARISONS:

The four other leading brands were found to average *more than three times as irritant* . . . with irritant effects *lasting more than five times as long* . . . as the strikingly contrasted PHILIP MORRIS.

CLINICAL TESTS (actual smokers)

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, *every case of irritation* of nose or throat—due to smoking—either *cleared up completely*, or *definitely improved.*

* * *

TO PHYSICIANS: A set of reports (reprinted) available upon request. Please write on professional letterhead—addressing: Research Division, Philip Morris & Co., 119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Scientific proof that this finer-flavored cigarette is far less irritating—therefore safer—for the smoker's nose and throat!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's Finest Cigarette

many. No one was being served—Joe was the type you had to wheedle. As there was no room, two more people had joined the fraternity of camels. One was Nelda and the other was Tony.

"Reunion," said Tom resignedly, "in Gehenna." He beckoned a waiter and said with the proper amount of irritation, "I want a telephone."

One was brought and plugged in. "What on earth?" Linda began. She thought: I hope they don't see us. I wonder. . . . Is Tony really joining the Navy? Maybe I'd better marry Tom after all, I'll make a heck of a lawyer. . . . Nelda's looking wonderful. I hate her. I hope Joe gives her arsenic.

Tom spoke into the receiver. He said, "I don't know if this is the house switchboard or an outside wire."

It was the house switchboard, a voice informed him coolly. Tom replied, "Oh, sure. Stupid of me, sweetheart. Otherwise you get stung with calls to Hollywood. I want the bar. Bar." He spelled it. "That's it, sister. Joe, at the bar. There is absolutely no other way of attracting his attention."

There was an interval. Tom spoke again. As he spoke, Linda opened a compact and peered in the mirror. She could see one anxious blue eye. It seemed to be in its usual position.

"Joe? Yep. Tom Yorke. Yes, of course. At a table in your unprintable joint. If you don't believe me, look over." Linda, laughing in spite of herself, saw Joe turn from the telephone and look, incredulously. "I want to speak to a friend. He's crossing the bar. More or less. Page him, will you? A Mr. Anthony Dennison. If you get through to him drop a highball glass as a signal. No, I'm not stinking," said Tom severely. "Tell him he's wanted at the worst table a generous man ever slipped Frederick twenty bucks for . . . Yes, in the corner, and so close to the pantry door that the management includes a free haircut with every entrée."

"He hung up," said Tom mildly and did likewise.

THEY could hear Joe's heavy accents. "Mr. Dennison," said Joe. "Hey, Mr. Dennison."

Fascinated, Linda watched. She saw Tony's tall head; she saw Joe pushing people out of the way with large sweeps of hamlike hands. She saw Tony turn to survey the room; she saw Nelda turn.

Nelda wore black. She had been poured into it and set aside to cool. She wore a sable coat. She wore her own golden hair, and a new mouth painted over the one Nature had given her.

"Tom!" cried Nelda in the usual table-hopping scream. "Linda!"

Carrying their glasses; they descended upon the corner table. "Two more chairs," said Tom to the waiter. "Of course there's room." He looked at Nelda. "Why should you want to be alone with him," he asked, jerking a thumb at Tony, "now that he's hooked? Did you know I was going to Washington? Yes, it's been discovered that I'm one of the few men extant who can recite the alphabet backward. They need such mental giants there . . ."

He kept her talking. He suggested, "Why not have dinner with us now that we're almost finished? Nelda, you look like a flash of light in a blackout. . . ."

Tony looked at Linda. He said, brilliantly, "You're looking very well."

"I'm fine." Her heart hammered in her throat. She thought distractedly: I wish I hadn't eaten so much. "Tom tells me you're thinking of joining the Navy."

Tony muttered something about a commission in the reserve. And Nelda, who had more than her share of ears, leaned across the narrow space and smiled at Linda. She said, "Of course he isn't. That's just conversation. We aren't going to war. People panic too easily." She shrugged. She added sweetly, "How is poor dear Peg?"

"She's all right," said Linda and felt the blood leave her heart.

"Dreadful, wasn't it? I never could understand this overdose business," Nelda said. "As if you didn't know how much of anything you take!"

Tony spoke, in a hurry. He said, "Let's grab our table, Nelda, or Frederick will give it to someone less attractive."

"So nice to have seen you two," said Nelda, smiling, and rose.

When they had gone Tom asked, "What did that mean, if anything?"

"What?" asked Linda abstractedly.

"About Peg . . . Peg Anderson, I take it. . . ."

"Nothing. That is, she took an overdose of sleeping medicine," said Linda evenly, "by mistake."

Tom lifted an eyebrow. He said, "I hadn't heard."

"Of course you heard," said Linda angrily. "Everyone has. You were in Southampton that day, you must have—"

He said, "So that's it. My dear child, I not only heard but I also saw a thing or two. Are you letting Nelda get away with this?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Linda. Her mouth trembled.

"Okay. Have it your way. You haven't ordered your sweet," he told her. "How about Cherries Jubilee? They do them very well here."

"I don't want anything." She thought: It isn't fair. I'm always seeing people when I don't expect to and going to pieces about it. She looked at Tom. "I'd like to go home," she said. "It's so terribly warm in here—"

"All right." He beckoned the waiter. The check came and the sum involved would have fed a regiment. Tom paid, unflinching. He said, "Let's go, and I won't say anything more, Linda, but it isn't as if they were in love with each other. They aren't. Nelda's not capable of being, and Tony's on the startled and chivalrous side. I don't know why I'm telling you this. Do you suppose my mother was frightened by Sydney Carton before I was born? Nobility's catching up with me."

Linda was on her feet, the waiter was helping her with her coat. She thought: If I can only get home before I start crying again. . . .

Several things came of that evening. For instance, the encounter between Tom and Cynthia. He went into the club with Linda and there was Cynthia. They had not met before. They said, "Hello" and "How nice," and Tom thought: That's one of the most attractive girls I've seen yet; she isn't pretty but there's something. . . . And Cynthia thought: Linda has all the luck. Months later a government laboratory job took her to Washington, and their second encounter was in Rock Creek Park. But that's another story.

WHAT came, more immediately, was the quarrel between Tony and Nelda. It got under way when they had reached their table. "What was the big idea of that crack about Peg Anderson?" he asked.

"Crack?" repeated Nelda, one satin eyebrow raised. "Really, darling!"

"You know what I mean. . . ."

"I didn't say anything except to ask how Peg is. If Linda looked guilty, it isn't my fault."

Rix, she thought. She hadn't seen him since that horrible Sunday. She had telephoned him and he had said, brutally, that she wouldn't be seeing him again, if he could help it. So the entire pattern fell to pieces around her. Not that she cared. There were other men.

But she missed him. The excitement, the planning, the scarlet thread of intrigue woven through her days. She despised him now, of course. And Tony bored her. He had been so different since that day. Not at all as she wished him to be, easily maneuverable.

"I was crazy," said Tony doggedly, "to believe anything you said, for a minute." He looked at her and shook his head. How did you tell the woman you were to marry that she was a liar, that you'd caught her out in a dozen trivial falsehoods? If she had lied about Linda it wasn't trivial.

She had lied . . . no matter what the circumstantial evidence—Linda's past love for Rix Anderson, her presence in his apartment that Sunday, his arm about her at the door.

Why should I care so much, he asked himself, knew the answer immediately and was so disturbed that he set down his highball glass with special care lest it shatter in his hand.

Nelda complained: "You've been so *dull* lately, Tony—"

By the time they went on to the Southwocks' party—one of the famous, slightly drunken Southwock evenings, half of Broadway and Tin Pan Alley, most of Park and Fifth, and certainly all of Writers R—they were not on speaking terms.

Early Monday morning, Tony Nelda at her apartment. He said, "I sorry, Nelda . . ."

How do you tell a woman that you sorry, but only because it's been such hideous evening and you hate quarr and recriminations? How do you tell that you sat across a room full of smo and noise, looked at her dispassionat and decided that she'd had too much drink, that she looked haggard and ha and her voice was pitched too high? H did you tell her you didn't love her a that you never had? That you'd been cra about her once, which isn't the sa thing, and had expected nothing, a when it came to that, had wanted nothi except to be near her now and then a look at her? How did you tell her th you'd never believed she'd marry you a hadn't really wanted her to? How did y tell her that you were in love with som one else and had been ever since a bl day, shot with gold, over a year ago, wh you walked into a law office and found h there, to learn shortly afterward that s belonged to someone else? So, you did think you'd been in love even for ten mi utes, because things didn't happen li that.

You didn't tell Nelda anything. Y said good night, and went away.

A NIGHT or so later Alice Anders had dinner with Linda at the club. S reported that Rix and Peg were fine. A there was wonderful news. . . . Rix w going back to Benfield.

"Aunt Alice!"

Mrs. Anderson nodded. "Back to h father and the bank," she said.

"But Peg—"

"She urged it. She's a sensible gi really. If we get into this war—" S shook her white head. "Rix is sure will. He'll go, of course." There was little catch in her voice. "Peg says if does she would want to be—home. Wi us. . . . And Benfield will be better for t baby."

"It will be better for all of you," sa Linda. "But won't they miss New York

"Rix says not. And Peg says she's h enough of it. Oh, no doubt, at first th had all that goes with it," said Mrs. A derson, "but since her illness, nearly losi the baby. Having a baby will make a di ference, Linda. A child should be broug up in a small town," she said, "with all small town has to offer. . . ."

"Yes, I know," said Linda. She aske "When are they going back?"

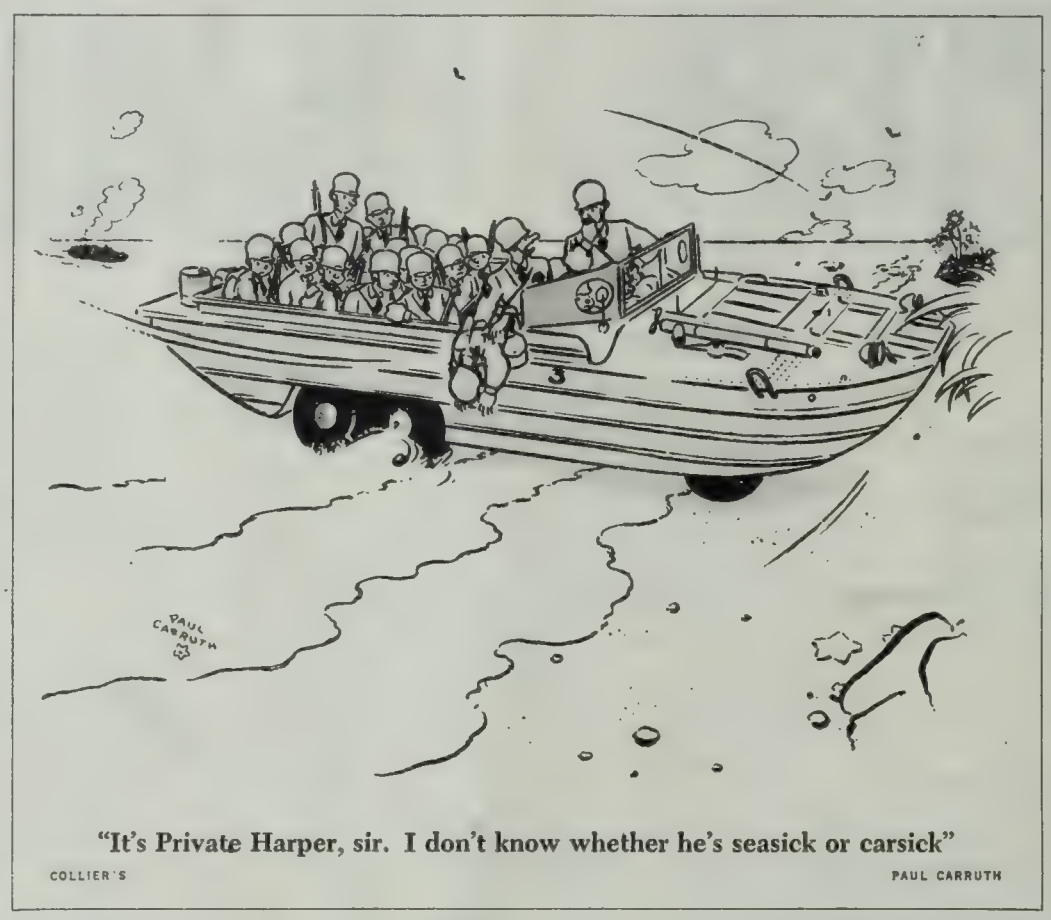
"Before Christmas. We're going to mak the second floor into an apartment f them, with their own living quarter kitchen, everything. The house is so bi In this way they'll be with us but can b by themselves, as they should. We're d lighted about it. Of course, the apartme won't be ready for some time but it w be long before the baby's born."

She talked about the apartment pla but Linda didn't hear. She was thinkin They're so lucky.

Mrs. Anderson spoke to Peg the ne day. "I'm worried about Linda," she sai "she isn't at all like herself. She loo downright peaked. Pinched and thin, an half the time she doesn't know what you saying, she's so abstracted. I wasn't wi her long. She had to go to law class. think she's overdoing and I'm going t write her mother and tell her so."

"No," said Peg, "don't." She smiled her mother-in-law. "Linda would ha that," she said. "Don't worry, I'm su she'll be all right. Perhaps the class is to hard for her to carry, but she'll drop once she finds it out. Better let her wor this out herself, Mother."

"Perhaps," said Alice doubtfully, "b it takes the heart out of me to see her. She thought: Last winter I was terrib



"It's Private Harper, sir. I don't know whether he's seasick or carsick"

COLLIER'S PAUL CARRUTH

This is the Dad *of* BLUE RIBBON TOWN

. . . *who says—"Fill 'em up, Mom—I'll fasten 'em down".*

"WE'RE working together
as never before,
Directing our efforts toward
winning the war,
Preserving and canning things
out in the kitchen,
Yes, Mother and I have been
right in there pitchin'.

"BUT sometimes I pause when
the work gets too taxing
And subtly suggest that,
'we both need relaxing,'
She'll say to me, sweetly:
'Of course we do, dear,
I'll get us a sandwich and
Blue Ribbon Beer.'

"AND so for the moment we
gladly suspend,
Our efforts—and pour out
that *full-flavor* blend;
The beer they call Pabst—with
a taste matched by none,
The beer that is 33 brews
—all in *one!*"

Now more than ever
A Symbol of
Friendly Companionship

BY THE WAY, if you are not able to get Pabst Blue Ribbon every time you want it—here's the reason: More people than ever are asking for Pabst Blue Ribbon these days—and under wartime conditions, there just isn't enough to go around. We are making every effort to see that your dealer gets a regular supply. If he is out of Pabst Blue Ribbon today, we suggest you ask again tomorrow.

© 1948, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisc.

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED
into One Great Beer

"BLUE RIBBON TOWN" IS ON THE AIR! Starring GROUCHO MARX . . .
Famous Stars . . . Coast-to-Coast CBS Network . . . Every SATURDAY NIGHT

Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS — Saturday Night — NBC Network

worried about her, but I understood what was wrong then. I don't, now.

Peg looked at Alice. "Can you keep a secret?" she asked.

"Naturally," said Mrs. Anderson with dignity.

Peg smiled. She said, "Linda's in love. Don't look so startled, dear. It's all very suitable. I can't tell you any more than that except that it just isn't going very well at the moment. But it will. You'll see."

I'll see, she thought.

It was the hardest thing she'd ever had to do, but she had told Rix: We owe it to her. And she'd do it. She'd put it off, from sheer cowardice. Now, she wouldn't put it off any longer.

NO ONE could have been more astonished than Nelda to find Peg on her doorstep, so to speak. It was early in the morning and Nelda had just finished breakfast. She was writing letters in a little room off the library when Peg was announced.

Blower, the imperturbable butler, thought it odd to see Nelda undecided. She wasn't at home. Yes, wait, she was at home.

Peg came in, dark, lovely, smiling faintly. She said, when Blower had closed the door, "I'm sorry to barge in like this. But I came for two reasons. One is to say goodby."

"Goodby?" Nelda repeated, startled.

She was wearing ice-blue pajamas, the jacket edged with mink. She looked as remote as a fairy-tale princess. I don't blame you, Rix, thought Peg. That is, not much. Yes, I do. I always shall but you'll never know it.

Peg hadn't taken Nelda's hand. She sat down, at Nelda's gesture. "I won't take long," she said. "Rix and I are going back to Benfield, to live with his parents. I'm having a baby," she went on evenly and was pleased to see Nelda's altered expression. "And we think we'll be better off, out of town. Especially if there's war, because Rix will go, if there is. . . . He won't wait for his number to be called. And another thing. I never acknowledged the flowers you sent me in the hospital. They gave great pleasure," she added, "to the ward to which I sent them. . . ."

Nelda said, "I didn't expect you to acknowledge them."

"No? And I wanted to tell you that I'm delighted about your broken engagement," said Peg, and smiled at Nelda cheerfully.

"My broken . . . what do you mean?" Nelda demanded. "Have you lost your mind? My engagement hasn't been broken."

"It will be soon, won't it?" asked Peg pleasantly. "The little notice in the papers that you're back in circulation will interest a lot of people."

"Why don't you come to the point?" asked Nelda stonily.

"Pen point," agreed Peg. "You shouldn't write letters. Rix shouldn't leave them around. But he did. One, that is. Before I was—ill."

She held her breath. It wasn't quite a lie. There had been letters. Rix had brought one home from the office one day by mistake. Just the envelope, however. Peg knew the writing. . . . She hadn't seen the letter. Not that I wouldn't have read it, she thought, if I'd had the chance. I'm not above that, or anything, I suppose.

Nelda was very pale. She asked, "What do you intend to do about it?"

"Nothing," said Peg. "You'll do it."

"You're trying to tell me that you'll go to Tony—?" began Nelda.

"I'm not telling you a thing," said Peg and rose. "Goodby," she said, "it's been unpleasant knowing you."

"Wait," said Nelda. She asked slowly, "Just—why? You're going back to wherever it is, you and Rix. Why all this, now?"

"Oh," said Peg, "no special reason. Except that Tony's a nice person. I think he deserves a break. You know what kind."

And Peg was gone, her heart and knees unsteady. But she thought, reach the cold outer air, hailing a taxi: She'll it, because she's afraid. She doesn't kn what I'll do. That's what frightens h She could fight facts but not this. She think . . . anything. She won't dare go Rix. It doesn't matter if she does.

Riding home in the taxi, she thou Good luck, Linda; maybe I've made it to you. I hope so. . . .

Tony, at the office a day or so later, membered that he had something to cuss with one of his senior partners. opened the door to an anteroom looked in. There was a girl sitting th Her name was Linda and she was twe three. Her hair was the tawny chestnu October hills and her eyes were blue the autumn heavens. Her hands on typewriter keys were small and stro She looked like a girl he had met in N England over a year ago, but she did whistle as she worked, her face was v thin and her lipstick was a defiance. Th were shadows under her eyes. The girl remembered had looked happy enough fly.

She didn't hear him come in, and didn't hear him go. She was very b and the typewriter chattered like a m pie.

Tony shut the door softly. He co wait to see Powell. He wanted to think.

This is your girl. You love her, want her. Nelda was never your girl. Y are going to tell Nelda that, toni You are going to be crass and honest. Y are going to say, "I don't love you, Nel I love someone else." Nelda won't ca except with the surface of her mi You'll ask, "Will you release me from engagement?" She won't care beca she doesn't love you, she never has.

Linda doesn't love you either, but y can spend the rest of your life trying make her love you.

TONY returned to the Powell office. opened the door wide and said, " Linda," and she jumped, and the mag fell silent. He shut the door and sto over her at the desk.

"I came to ask you to forgive me," said quietly.

"For—for what?" she stammered, tak wholly aback.

"For saying all I did. For believing even for an instant. I didn't, really. I w jealous. Of Rix. Linda, I wouldn't ha believed it if I'd seen it with my own ey Don't sit there looking at me as if y were going to pass out," he order crossly, tenderly. "I'm not going to t you I love you and always have, becau through some insanity which I'll try explain later, I'm still engaged to anoth girl. I won't be, this time tomorrow. A don't say anything, I know you don't ev like me now. But if I try, if I . . . St looking like that," he said, and his voi rose, "or I'll forget I'm still engaged. . .

The door banged behind him, and M Powell erupted from the inner offic "Who on earth—?" he began. "All th noise and confusion, who . . . ?"

Linda sat perfectly still.

"Linda," said Mr. Powell, "who w that?"

She said in a loud amazed voice, "It w Tony Dennison."

"What did he want?"

"He didn't say," Linda answered, "b I think I know." Under her employe startled eyes she bloomed with color, h eyes shone and she looked happy enou to fly.

"Is he coming back?" demanded the b wildered Powell.

"Of course," said Linda, "tomorrow."

Mr. Powell retreated to his offic Someone was crazy. Could it be himsel

Linda's fingers flew. She was writing a Supreme Court justice. "Darling," sl wrote, "I'm so happy, darling, darling . .

he took the sheet out of the typewriter and tore it up. Just as well. The justice was young and healthy, but a stroke wouldn't improve him, and he was a busy man, no time for strokes.

He thought: This time tomorrow—

AT EIGHT-THIRTY that evening, Mr. Dennison presented himself at the home of his fiancée. He had telephoned to ask formally if she would receive him. . . . No, he wasn't going out of town as he had expected. He had postponed his trip.

They sat together in the drawing room. Fortunately for Mr. Dennison the elder Hons were dining out. None of their eternal "Tony, dears" and "Tony, my boys." They would be a hurdle. But as they denied their child nothing, surely they would not deny her a broken engagement.

"Well," asked Nelda, "what's on your mind, my sweet?"

She spoke lightly. She thought: Get it over with. Say, "I've found I made a mistake. I'm very fond of you, Tony, but—"

Tony cleared his throat. All the phrases which he had practiced, mentally, fled. He said, with great directness, "We don't love each other, Nelda. Shall we call it off?"

Nelda looked at him in stunned silence. She hadn't had a chance. She had been jilted!

She said, after a minute in a tight voice, "That's odd, as I was trying to find the courage to tell you that I felt we were making a mistake."

He'd never believe it. Never. He'd always think she'd said it to save face. He wasn't get away with that.

She saw his instant relief. She thought she saw the slightly skeptical quality of that relief and she added, quickly, "I never loved you, you know."

But he was armored, she couldn't hurt him. He nodded. He said, "I've known it for some time, Nelda."

Don't let him get away with it. Make a stick. Say hard, cruel, ego-wounding things.

Her smile was painted on. She said, "There was another man."

She saw his shock. She heard him ask incredulously, "Then—why?"

"Oh," she said carelessly, "we couldn't marry. It was—rebound, I suppose. . . ."

Let him build up that picture. He would never see the true painting underneath it.

Tony rose. He said, "Thanks for telling me, Nelda. You'll tell your parents and make all the gestures?"

She rose too. She said, "Well, fun while it lasted. Shall we kiss and be friends?"

"No," said Tony, "I don't think so."

Leaving the apartment he thought: So was Nelda. Nelda and Rix.

A hundred memories came to mind, unrelated things he had seen and heard. Nelda and Rix. And Peg had known. Linda had known. Linda could have told him. She wouldn't. She would never tell him.

He called himself several names. He called Nelda a name or two. But then he found himself laughing, crazily, walking down the wide street in a flurry of sudden snow. What did it matter, what did anything matter? He was free. . . .

LINDA was in bed when Cynthia came to knock at the door and to tell her she had a telephone call. "He says that if you're asleep I'm to wake you," said Cynthia. "He says, 'Tell her it's Tony.' "

Linda was like a different person. Cynthia watched her fly past, heels clattering, down the back stairs to the phone which was out of sight of club visitors. Her face was aglow with expectancy.

"Tony?"

He said, "It's all right. I called you to say just that. Everything's fine. I love you, Linda, and I'll see you tomorrow. Good night, darling."

In the morning he walked into the anteroom of Powell's office. There she was, sitting at a typewriter, tawny hair and blue eyes. She looked happy enough to fly. She whistled while she worked. She shone as if you had picked her off a Christmas tree.

He asked, "Could you learn to like me—again?"

Somehow she was in his arms, somehow he was kissing her, and everything was perfectly wonderful. And after an interval she said, "I should make you wait." And after another interval he said, "We haven't time, we're going to Benfield to be married. Mother will tag along. I told her this morning I was switching daughters-in-law on her and she's enchanted. She wants to see you—"

Linda drew back. She cried, "You're that sure of me?"

"Yes, of course," said Tony contentedly, "for if you'd been just my good little friend, Linda, you would have told me about Rix Anderson and Nelda. But you didn't. Why? Because you were in love with me," deduced Tony modestly, "and you were afraid I'd think—"

She interrupted. "Tony. . . . She—she didn't *tell* you!"

"Trapped," said Tony happily. "No. I was pretty dumb, I suppose. By the way, it appears that Nelda was going to break our engagement anyway. So—"

"I don't believe it," said Linda stoutly.

"That's handsome of you. Linda, we'll wire your family today. We'll be in Benfield by—how about Sunday? And married as soon thereafter as possible."

"But—"

"No buts. I'll take a vacation, I have it coming. We'll go south till the first of the year."

LINDA'S calendar was on the desk. She said, "But this is only the third."

Wednesday, December third, nineteen hundred and forty-one.

He said, "And then we'll settle down until the Navy wants me. You'll make a very attractive fleet follower, darling."

"My law class," she began helplessly, "my—"

"Husbands," he said grandly, "are more important. You know all the law you need know. What you don't know I can teach you. Darling—"

"But there's so much to—say—"

"We have the rest of our lives," he told her, "in which to discuss it. Kiss me, and make it snappy. Not too snappy," he amended hastily, "but I have to be in court today and I won't see you until tonight and that's years. Meantime, you send the wire, write your resignation and—"

She kissed him. It was not too snappy. Mr. Powell came suddenly from his office. He stopped, wild-eyed. He turned away, a saddened man. He had lost an excellent secretary.

They did not hear him. They were lost in each other's arms, without compass, and didn't care. They belonged together. There were weeks ahead in which to tell each other how and why, and to fit the pieces of the puzzle together. Not many weeks, perhaps, less than they dreamed. But these weeks were theirs and there would be others, afterward. And meantime—

They spoke in unison: "I love you," they said.

Love, happiness, hope, belief in a mutual future. This is happening now, this will always happen. Nothing can alter it, not war nor rumors of war . . .

Presently, Tony stood a moment by the door and looked at her.

"That's my girl," he said, in vast content. As he had seen her first, luminous with happiness. But sweetly different. This happiness was his; he had created it. It was a sharper happiness; it had a brighter, keener edge.

It was new; and it would endure.

THE END

Recipe for Victory Weed and water carefully one well-seeded plot and warm slowly under the summer sun. Watch closely, and when you've gathered the crop, add one heaping heartful of mother's home cooking and canning. Result: one backyard Victory, home-grown by you. As an old family friend, Canada Dry says: Victory begins at home . . . let's throw everything we've got into this fight.

Please don't blame your dealer for temporary shortages of Canada Dry Ginger Ale. Wartime restrictions limit the supply. Just keep asking for it. There's no substitute for "the Champagne of Ginger Ales."

GARDEN V FOR VICTORY

CANADA DRY "THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES"

Mission to Salonika

Continued from page 17

for all its mechanically routine nature, there was adventure. There was adventure for all men and officers who made the raid, no matter how hard they tried to be nonchalant about it. Particularly, there was adventure for Homer. Homer was our bombardier. His last name is Drakoulis, and his folks live in Boston but they were born in Greece.

As we approached the Greek peninsula's periphery of shallow islands (some looked like irregular scraps of worn green rugs) Homer came up to the flight deck where I sat on the radioman's jump seat between the pilot and the copilot.

"My folks were born on one of those. Which one I don't know."

With simian movements he crawled back to his post. Homer is a little guy. Everything about him is miniature-sized. He has a small, pleasant face, black hair, and small hands and feet, but he's durable. Just after briefing, when he discovered what our target for the day was, he had a few uncertain moments.

"Look!" he said. "I'll be bombing my own country—" He caught himself quickly. He was almost sheepish as he added, "But I'm an American. Sure, I'm an American. Gee, Pop and Mom will get a kick outa this. Guess it will be in the papers." And he looked at me as though he was suddenly very certain I'd do something about it. Well, Homer, I have.

Leaving the tent on our way to the jeep that was to take us to our plane, Colonel Compton, from St. Joseph, Missouri, and whom everybody calls K. K., nudged me and said, "That's one bombardier who'll get his bombs on the target today."

The meticulous care which Homer exercised or maybe it was just that the bomb-bay doors didn't open in time—or a combination of circumstances beyond anybody's control—gave us some bad moments. Here's what happened:

Too Late for the Target

Over the intercom phone, Major Deigle, our navigator, said he could see the target ahead. The major's an AVG vet and wears a fading torn silk patch on the back of his overalls, bearing the Chinese flag. From the pilot's seat, he ordered the bomb-bay doors opened. Homer then called to say his sights were lined on the target. He talked fast and excitedly. Compton calmed him, and Homer's voice came through to say he wasn't sure the bomb-bay doors were open.

The red light on the panel in front of the copilot should have lighted when the doors in the ship's broad belly opened, but it remained dark. The precious moment came and went. We were off the target, with formations behind us and on either side of us preparing to converge on the target. There was no returning now. We roared on.

In formation and demonstrating an almost psychic foreknowledge of what each element in the deadly team was about to do, planes released their bombs. As we turned according to plan, we could see from our various places the explosions of other ships' bombs within the limits of the target area. First, brown dust. It rose in clouds. Then gray smoke cored the dust. Almost instantly gray cores of debris and smothered fire burst into bright yellow flames and, as instantly, cones of black smoke rose out of the chaos below—hangars were afire. On the airfield itself, some of the bright-winged "moths" disintegrated, and scattered bits ignited and burned like bits of dry onion skin.

This was Homer's day. We made a wide turn. "We will make another run," said Compton in that level, boyish voice (he's a full colonel but very young, perhaps 28). He specified new altitude, new angle of approach, and the voices of Deigle and Homer acknowledged the instructions.

We did what bombers never do over a live target; we made a second run. Ordinarily the enemy's ack-ack under such circumstances has your range, and it's fatal to come over the target the second time. But there wasn't any ack-ack. The Hun and his henchmen were undoubtedly full of food and Greek wine and in a midday torpor—which was probably why we bombed when we did.

"This time salvo your bombs," Compton instructed Homer.

"Yes, sir!" came Homer's voice, and now Homer was a very collected young character. Lieutenant Miller, copilot, an Arkansas boy, made sure the bomb-bay doors were fully open, and Homer salvoed our bombs into that billowing mass of smoke, dust and flame.

"Bombs away, sir!" Homer cried exultantly, and we were alone.

Now when the danger of interception was greatest we—first on the target but last off—faced whatever Macchis or Messerschmitts the enemy might send against us, without the protective fire of our companions. The pilot poured it into old "Zero Zero" (which was what was painted in big letters on our Liberator's flanks) and chased the others. They were out of sight for a few minutes, and when finally we sighted and counted the specks in the sky ahead, we weren't at all sure the planes we saw were ours. For about ten minutes we were, in fact, almost certain the ships were the enemy's.

Compton warned everyone to be on the alert. Right there I understood why General Lewis H. Brereton, boss of the Ninth Air Force, picks them young. The boys were very definitely on the alert. If those seventeen or more aircraft ahead were enemy planes, we'd be in for one helluva afternoon. But just as we left the friendly cumulus clouds and came out in the bright sunlight, we identified the planes as our own. We counted again and there was the exact number in our section.

Just off the coast we sighted an enemy convoy. There were three or four large vessels of perhaps five or six thousand tons each, escorted by four or five small warships. The moment they heard and sighted us, they scattered, describing clean white arcs in the blue sea. The geometry of their movements was a pattern of fear and panic. We didn't have a single bomb left and we left the convoy to others to intercept and destroy. We signaled its components and position and course, and if it ever reached its destination, I'd be much surprised.

Soon we were completely out of danger. Gunners and radiomen crowded into the flight deck. We shot craps on the floor, playing for theoretical thousands of piasters. Sergeant Johnny Wheelock, of Traverse City, Michigan, the boy who was chief radio operator, looked on in fine disdain as Staff Sergeant Harry Feldman, of Dalton, Nebraska, and Technical Sergeant Claude Arnold, of Glendale, California, became theoretically rich at my theoretical expense. Skipper Compton and Copilot Miller kept their backs discreetly turned.

We had rejoined our squadrons now and were tightening their formations as we reached the African coast and desert. The desert seemed friendly. But not for long. A sandstorm raged over the landing field. I have known many sandstorms in the desert from wicked khamsins down. But for concentrated ferocity in a small area, I had never seen anything like what greeted us over our base.

"The beans and the neighbor's chicken are from our own Victory garden"

COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO

Compton was quick to measure the situation. He shot out of the formation, made a quick approach and a quick landing. From about 1,500 feet on down, he flew on instruments. He landed on instruments and the help of God and that sure touch he has in his fingers and, very likely, in the seat of his pants. Somewhere in the back of his lap, this character seems to have a sixth sense for judging the distance between an airplane landing gear and the ground. We taxied off the field and out of the blinding dust and sand and wind-hurled stones and leaped into a jeep.

Compton rushed to the control tower and took charge. Almost all the other planes were still in the sky with the dust below agitated now by the two or three ships which had managed to make safe landings.

There were still several hours of daylight left, but it was possible that some of those planes might have remained in the air for a long, long time yet—until they ran out of gas. There began now the battle to save valuable lives and alm invaluable planes.

Young Compton, bareheaded and co fident, stood beside the radio transmit receiver whose long rod antenna bow in the wind. The motor generator ch tered noisily some distance off. Am lances and their doctors, fire trucks a their crews, and men and officers of cre which hadn't flown that day were grou about the control tower. With a ha microphone, Compton talked to pil overhead. Planes answered over the lou speaker.

Compton's first orders to all ships we to stay in the air until each pilot felt c tain he could land safely. Then, one a time, Compton called them in, as ea ship in turn signaled its intentions of tempting a landing. One came in on wide turn and headed for the angry bro tornado over the landing strips.

At a thousand feet, we could see Then suddenly we couldn't. We co only hear the muffled roar of its fo motors as the pilot gunned them for th last needed burst of landing speed, th throttled down to land. I don't kn what kind of vitamins Compton eats, b he could see the ship.

"You're okay. You're okay. You g two hundred feet. . . . Now a hundr and fifty. Hundred. . . . Come in. Co in. . . . Fifty. . . . Twenty-five. . . . F teen. . . . Five. . . . Let her down! You on the ground, boy! Cut your engine Cut 'em! Cut 'em! Now taxi to the e of the field on that compass course a taxi at the left of the field and watch o for other ships!"

"Talking In" the Flight

So Compton talked and he talked the all in, one at a time. Some tried two three times to land and, at the last m ment, roared off the field to avert po sible crashes into other ships or to avo overrunning the runways.

One set its wheels down and headed f us, and somebody cried out, "Whose id was it to bring the control tower out he on the edge of the field, anyway?" that time ambulance drivers leaped in their trucks, and doctors looked grim.

Lieutenant Jimmy Woodyard, of Wate ville, Kansas, engineering officer of o of the groups, kept talking to himself each ship came in. He smiled faintly on when a plane landed and taxied out of th way. After a year in the desert, battli sand that scores his precious engine cyli ders and reduces their life to half the normal span, after pleading with con manders for replacements and suppli and using materials cannibalized fro other aircraft, including even Germa and Italian planes, when spares didn materialize, "Woody" has remained r markably sane. But on this late afternoo in the desert he looked close to dementi

He was thinking and saying, "We' got few enough planes, kids. Set 'em dow easy . . . easy!" He laughed only once a afternoon, when one of the boys sai "Okay, I'm down and all in one piece That message was for Woody, who kee 'em flying with repairs which would ama the stodgy statisticians of the Air Corp There are lots of patches on our Liberato made with materials that came from Be lin and Milan.

Finally the last ship was in. We we too tired to go down to the sea for bathin as we had planned. We found som whisky and had a few. The raid was ove It was the perfect raid. All objectives we destroyed. All aircraft returned safel We slept until the next dawn.

THE END

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

On Active Duty On Every Front

In the heat of battle everywhere, on land, water and in the air, Champion-equipped engines add their roar to the thunder of our march to Victory. On the home front too, in a less spectacular way, Champion-equipped engines keep supply lines and transportation rolling with that characteristic dependability which is synonymous with the name Champion.

Spark plugs in today's high-output supercharged aircraft engines take a lot of punishment. The same qualities that made Champion the spark plugs of racing champions, have skyrocketed them to favor for our most powerful aircraft engines.

Land battleships, with gas engines of greater size and power than those used by any other land vehicle are one of our most effective offensive and defensive weapons. Engines must not fail, and tanks with Champion-equipped engines are on every front.

"Handy Andy" of our armed forces everywhere, Champion Spark Plugs keep plugging away through hell and high water in the majority of all Jeeps.

Patrolling our coastal waterways is an entire navy of smaller power boats—powerful gas engines with spark plug ignition give them extreme speed and maneuverability. In war, as in peace, Champion Spark Plugs are tops.

Cars, trucks, and buses, troop transports and commercial transports are all equally vital to the war effort. Champion Spark Plugs are actively in the service here, giving their dependable best.

Stalkers of hidden "devilfish", helicopters are destined to become a tremendously valuable defense against submarines. Sikorsky Helicopters with engines equipped with dependable Champion Spark Plugs are in production for this job.

FOR NATIONAL SECURITY—FOR PERSONAL SECURITY—BUY WAR BONDS

U.S. NAVY

Military Secret!

FROM numerous bases along both coasts of America—and thousands of miles overseas — far-ranging flocks of bomber airships are keeping constant anti-submarine watch over vast stretches of the sea. Their number and their score of "kills" is a jealously guarded military secret. But you can get an inkling of their deadly effectiveness from this: today the Navy is already employing more airships to guard convoys than saw service in 1917-18; and more squadrons are in the making — the largest, fastest, heaviest-armed, non-rigid sky cruisers ever built. These swift, aerial U-boat hunters are being constructed by Goodyear by mass production methods. The ability to turn out these unique craft in such numbers stems from Goodyear's long experience in their manufacture—an art kept alive and improved since the close of World War I through Goodyear's operation of its own "blimp" fleet.

IN HEAVIER-THAN-AIR *Goodyear is one of the builders of the* Corsair—*world's fastest, most powerful shipboard fighter.*

GOODYEAR

GOODYEAR AIRCRAFT

"Unless and until America is the most powerful nation in the air, our safety, our freedom, and our standard of living will not again be what they have been in the past."

P. W. Litchfield

Passing of the First Floor Back

Continued from page 21

telephones and a ten-cents-an-hour *"couvert"* for card players.

If a manager could shame the sergeant at arms out of trying to collect the ten-cent fee for playing pinochle, he would. Otherwise, he'd pay it grudgingly. Thus, the income from that source was scantier than Margie Hart's costume.

The pay telephone would have yielded a good revenue because fight managers use the long-distance phone with a cavalier disregard for expense. However, a pay station in the hands of a crowd of fight managers who not only know all the old angles but invent new ones was like a side of beef in a wolf pack.

There were three slots in the coin box, but only the one for nickels was used. The boys found out quickly enough that this particular bit of telephone equipment had an idiosyncrasy. By dropping a nickel and simultaneously hitting the coin box a sharp rap, they could make it sound like a quarter to the listening operator.

The Alliance's share of the phone receipts thus fell far short of expectations, but all members understood why that was and they asked no questions.

There were other reasons for the meager revenue from the coin phones, and one of them was the cause of the classic feud between Al Weill and Eddie Walker, known, respectively, to the trade as The Vest and The Gimp. Walker was managing Chalky Wright, but the superannuated colored boxer hadn't yet won the featherweight title; so The Gimp wasn't in the chips. The need for economy in his business dealings was acute, therefore, and that explains why Eddie's office was in the nearest phone booth. The Vest, on the other hand, had collected plenty of gravy, and other managers envied his suite of offices in the Gaiety Theater Building, complete with mahogany desk and three brass cuspidors. Such was The Vest's opulence, in fact, that he had two telephones—only one of which was a pay station.

A Raise Would Have Cost Less

One day in the Sports Alliance clubroom, owl-faced Mushky McGee, Weill's social secretary, proudly displayed a key to the Weill suite which The Vest had given him in lieu of a raise.

"Let's see that," commanded Walker, taking the key.

On some subterfuge, he ducked out of the clubrooms with it and had two extra keys made. One he kept, and the other he gave to his partner, big, good-natured Eddie Mead (Henry Armstrong's manager), who died last summer.

For months after this, Weill battled with the telephone company for overcharging him. His bills doubled, then tripled. He was charged with calls which he never remembered making—calls to Los Angeles, Chicago, New Orleans, Miami and even Havana. He protested in vain to the telephone company. They demanded immediate payment of the bills under threat of having his phones removed, and as no fight manager can exist without a phone, Al had no recourse but to pay up.

Then one night the mystery was solved. Returning from a fight in Philadelphia about 2 A. M., Weill decided to stop off at his office. A light shining through the frosted glass door awakened forebodings in the breast of The Vest. Bursting into the office, Weill found Walker, his legs stretched out on the polished mahogany desk, leisurely conversing with someone on the other end of a long-distance telephone hookup, which later investigation revealed to have been in Houston, Texas.

"Take off your coat and defend yourself!" screamed Weill. "This is accessory before the fact!"

Walker calmly completed his conversation, hung up, doffed his coat and squared off. With no witnesses and without services of referee or judges, the two managers set about breaking Rule No. 6 of the Fight Managers' Union and the early morning peace of Broadway. Looking like a woodcut of two old English bruisers, they struck grotesque poses and lumbered around the office, wheezing, puffing and waiting for openings. The first opening occurred in Weill's belt, which broke under the strain, causing his trousers to slip.

"Wait a minute!" he commanded, holding up his hand and his pants simultaneously.

Walker, always the gentleman, stepped back. Weill made repairs. Then the fight was resumed until there was a recurrence of the trousers-dropping episode. Again the weary Walker gallantly allowed The Vest to pull himself together. This went on until both were winded and decided to finish their fight some other time. Not a blow had been struck.

Whenever the phone rang at the Sports Alliance headquarters, the reaction was the same as if someone hollered, "Who lost this C note?" There was a mad scramble for the booth, and the one who got there first usually landed a job for one of his fighters. The call would invariably be from an out-of-town promoter who wanted to use a certain manager's fighter.

Phony Work on the Phone

The swifty who won the race would say, "You want Kid Murphy for Holyoke next Monday night? Too bad. He broke his hand in the gym yesterday and won't fight for three months. But don't worry. I got just the boy you want. A great club fighter! I'm givin' you foist call on his soivices." Invariably, the manager on the phone talked the promoter into giving his ham the assignment intended for someone else's fighter.

The night Charley Cook ran for re-election against Jimmie Johnston was probably the most memorable in the history of the Alliance. The Cook-Johnston race wasn't the cause of the excitement, as Charley was returned to office by a good majority. It was the knockdown, drag-out battle between Meyer Ackerman (Meyer the Philosopher) and Maurie Waxman (The Bullshawickey) that converted the clubroom into a replica of a voting booth in Boss Tweed's day.

The entrance to the Sports Alliance quarters was blocked by agents of the rival candidates for the secretary's job, which paid the munificent sum of $300 per annum if and when caught. It was worth a member's life to run the gantlet.

Sandwich men patrolled the sidewalk wearing such signs as: "Meyer is Our Desire," "Get the Axman for Waxman" and "Don't Be a Slacker, Man. Vote, Already, for Ackerman!"

"He spends so much time traveling on streetcars and busses that this is the only way he's really comfortable reading a newspaper"

COLLIER'S LEONARD DOVE

Candidate Waxman, an excitable fellow given to suspicion, nervously paced the sidewalk, scenting plots against him and watching for repeaters.

Ackerman, however, took it all philosophically. "So I lose, what's the difference? So I don't win!"

When the ballot boxes were closed at 10 P. M., it was found that there was a deadlock for the office of secretary. A conference was called and it was decided to keep the ballot box open for another hour to receive votes only for this office.

A hasty check revealed the names of all those who hadn't voted. Agents were dispatched to all the neighborhood hangouts (pronounced hang-gouts) of fight managers with instructions to shanghai the laggards, if necessary, to get them to vote. Shortly thereafter, Jimmie Johnston corralled a group of his henchmen and led them on halters to the voting booth, where they all cast Ackerman ballots and voted Meyer the Philosopher into office.

Meyer accepted the honor philosophically. Shifting his cigar to the other side of his mouth, he shrugged his shoulders and said, "So I win. So what? So the world still revolves on its axis."

At the beginning of the organizat some of the fight managers were all dropping out when they learned that first rule was to be, "Thou shalt not thy neighbor's fighter."

The Alliance hadn't been functio only a few weeks when up stood Fr Bachman one meeting night and char that Cold Deck Hymie Caplin was tam ing with his fighter, Lew Jenkins.

"Your fighter?" interrupted a heck "You mean Fred Browning's fighter!"

Browning, a Dallas man, indeed Jenkins under contract, but hadn't b working at the trade of managing him Frank had stepped in. Despite this ext uating circumstance, Cold Deck Hy wasn't one to let the matter drop th

"May I jump off the top of the Chry Building and get hit on the head wit baseball bat as I shoot by every floor I'm trying to swipe Bachman's fight Caplin shouted. "I'm his standard bea Him and me are old friends. Bachm one guy I wouldn't steal a fighter off A trolley car should grow in my stom if I do!"

The next week, Caplin started mak Lew Jenkins' matches; and that's b Rule No. 1 of the Sports Alliance went the window. The only satisfaction Ba man ever got was when Jenkins, who won the lightweight title, hit the sk and petered out.

Cut Rates on Cauliflowers

The rule forbidding managers to und bid one another was the next to tak licking. Telegraphic offers were either tercepted or read surreptitiously over shoulders of the recipient, and the wi then burned with cut-rate offers. It so bad that some of the shrewder m agers had their telegrams sent in code. this caused the organization to slump.

The cause of brotherly love wasn't vanced much, either, while Dynam George Smith was around. George ma a career of collecting pet hates. When Alliance was started, he published a c endar featuring an official list of his e mies, graded by the star system in the or in which he hated them. Promoter M Jacobs was the only five-star man Smith's lists for some time, and a few enemies made four-star rating. As for pikers who rated only one star, they ceived the Sam Goldwyn treatment fr George. He didn't even ignore the Smith's ratings were sought eagerly fight managers, most of whom consider it a rare honor to be included in the l In fact, "Zoonk" Zerlin, noting that name was missing, asked, "George, wh did I ever do that you should snoot me h this?"

One of the final attempts to revive terest in Alliance meetings was the id of having self-service beefsteak parti One was held, but so many members curred fork-stab wounds that the sche was abandoned.

When the war broke out, the affairs the National Sports Alliance went fr worse to awful. There weren't enou fighters around for the small clubs to s vive. The managers gradually drift away from the fold on West 49th Stre Then, one night, when the few remaini members of the Alliance who had be hanging around the clubrooms in hope intercepting a pay-dirt phone call left t place, the owner, despairing of ever c lecting his rent, trudged up the flight stairs leading from Jacobs' Beach, clamp on a heavy padlock—and the Natio Sports Alliance (Red Ink) was but an pleasant memory.

THE END

A LOT GOING ON IN THIS PICTURE—

AND A LOT GOING ON IN INDUSTRY

's big, dramatic. You can see it. But you ın't see the idea that made it.

You can't photograph ideas. But they win ars. They make jobs. They make prosperity. They make well-being.

They used to come as a revelation once ı a while, almost like a miracle to an ıdividual. Now, there are teams that inıre them.

Groups that keep ideas flowing. People who know how to dip into the wealth of nature for what they need.

They are scientists. They work together in laboratories.

They are working at the Bell Telephone Laboratories. Thousands of them. This is the biggest industrial laboratory in the world. Once its work was all telephone. To help your voice reach any one, anywhere. Easily, quickly, at low cost. Now it's war. Day and night. Seven days a week.

Our fighting men see the results of American research every day.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Help the war by making only vital calls to war-busy centers. That's more and more essential every day.

The Long Road Back

Continued from page 15

and then captured in the fighting around Kharkov. Germans had thrown him into a room with fifty other Russian wounded. Luckily, a Russian doctor was among the captured. The Germans had allowed him to care for the Russian wounded but they refused to give him anesthetics or medicine of any kind. Shapiro had badly frostbidden hands and gangrene in one leg. His leg and both hands had to be amputated without an anesthetic, but somehow he lived. He lay in bed, grinning, thinking himself quite lucky.

"When the Germans came to get our names," he said, "the Russian doctor told him my name was Alexeev. I am Jewish and if the Germans knew that, they would have killed me. They kill all Jewish prisoners they capture. I wish"—he looked wistfully at the doctor—"I could get back to the front."

"We'll get you a job in back of the front anyway," the doctor told him. Then turning to me, he explained, "They all want to get back to the front. Some of them do. I sent one man back who had an artificial arm and hand. Military authorities wrote to me, very disturbed. They thought I had made some gigantic mistake sending a one-armed man to the front. I told them to test out the man. I guaranteed that he could do anything at all that an unwounded soldier could do. Even some one-legged men go back. There are plenty of jobs for them to do outside of the actual fighting, and this makes them realize, too, that they are not invalids, that they can take care of themselves."

In another room, armless Private Alexander Grigoriev was actually writing a letter. On his right stump, he had the same heavy elastic bands they use for eating, but now a pen was fastened to it. The doctor asked if we could see what he had written. It was his first letter, he said proudly. He was writing to the front-line hospital from which he had come. He said that he would write me a letter if I wished.

He bent over the paper and wrote, "Russia is strong in manpower and reserves and equipment, and together with its foreign allies, America and Britain, will win the war within the year." He looked at me mischievously and added, "We will win as soon as America and Britain begin a second front."

Pool Players Without Legs

We went into a small recreation hall. Here Doctor Lobok had installed a pool table. Four legless men were playing. Two of them lacked right arms. They were very gay and were betting cigarettes on the outcome.

"I encourage them to play every day," Lobok grinned. "They don't know why, but I do. I have found that during an hour's play, each man will walk about three miles. That's great exercise for them and it accustoms them to their artificial limbs. It's quite a trick," he added, "to get patients to walk three miles a day within the hospital walls."

Because Lobok realizes that the mind is more important than the body, these men—hundreds of them—are forging a new life for themselves. Because Lobok has promised that each one of them will learn a trade and have a job waiting for him when he leaves, they have a sense of security and a feeling that there is a place waiting for them in the world outside. They know, too, that they will receive pensions and that there will be no income tax levied on these pensions. They know that their families are being taken care of and that their only real job is to get well quickly.

This insistence upon mental rehabilitation along with repair of the body is marked in all the Soviet war hospitals I have visited. Patients are never allowed to feel themselves alone or useless. The situation is quite different here from what it is in America. It must also be remembered that there is no such thing as a "leave" in the Red army. Men are too badly needed at the front.

Stalin isn't stalling and Russia isn't kidding. Millions of soldiers have not seen their families since the outbreak of war. Even the wounded, unless they are fortunate enough to be sent to a hospital in their own home town, seldom see their families. In addition, every able-bodied man and woman in Russia is working full time in a factory or in some way furthering the war effort, and no time can be spared from this work.

Wounded Americans brought home can be visited by their families even though the families live a thousand miles from the hospital. Here in Russia, there is literally no traveling by train or car on the part of civilians. Russia's desperate fight for survival and victory has necessitated one hundred per cent military use of all transport facilities. This is a stern military measure. It means that parents in Leningrad or Magnitogorsk are unable to visit their wounded sons in Moscow hospitals.

The hospital staffs and civilian organizations do their best to supply this lack of family ties. What we so erroneously call "morale" (a word happily absent from the Russian language) is just as important here as at home. Neither American nor Soviet soldiers need the artificial stimulus of morale-building campaigns.

However, all soldiers when not actually fighting do need human companionship, do need a certain measure of gaiety and relaxation. Hospital staffs and volunteer civilian organizations supply this need. On visiting days in Moscow hospitals, all the wounded have visitors. These may be merely groups of school children bringing flowers and cigarettes. More likely, they'll be families of soldiers fighting in the same regiment, but I have never seen any despair or discouragement even among the most seriously wounded in Moscow hospitals. This is due chiefly to the fact that Russians are great psychologists. It is especially true of their medical men.

I have just returned from a visit to what is perhaps Russia's finest hospital. It is the Botkin Hospital, named after one of the fathers of modern Soviet medicine. Here in one ward are some hundred wounded men who in the last war would gladly have preferred death to the half-life which stretched before them. Small antipersonnel mines used by the Germans have resulted in a great increase in a type of wound not so frequent in the last war.

Victims of Booby Traps

These mines, buried under a few inches of snow or earth, explode when a man steps upon them. The upward blast usually causes great damage to the lower limbs and, quite obviously, is apt to destroy or severely injure the reproductive organs. Mental depression invariably accompanies such wounds. It caused hundreds of suicides in the last war and the Spanish War.

Now at Botkin Hospital, the burly sandy-haired genius Anatoly Pavlovich Frumkin, chief urologist of the Red army, has restored a healthy state of mind and full faculties to hundreds of wounded who otherwise might not have had the courage to face a postwar life.

It's quite obvious that a discussion of such wounds and their cure is hardly within the province of any magazine except a medical journal. However, it is equally obvious that our own troops had to cope with the same kind of antipersonnel mine in North Africa and that our Army doctors are faced with the same problems as those which confronted Doctor Frumkin when the first badly wounded were brought to him.

Already the brilliant and successful work of Frumkin has been called to the attention of American medical societies and, at the moment, he is preparing a report on his technique for American physicians.

Frumkin had to pioneer in an entirely new field (so far as any available medical records show). Literally, he had to create new organs, using flesh from other parts of the body, and to supply those organs with blood and nerves and canals.

"My first job was to convince my patients that there was some hope," Frumkin says. "This was difficult because I didn't myself know whether I could hold out any hope. But I tried to sound convincing. I was very much afraid that many of my patients would commit suicide, and we made every effort to watch them carefully.

"Once I had effected one single cure, it was not so difficult. Men whom we did make whole again were so happy with what they considered a miracle that they were only too glad to help with the discouraged newcomers. Once we got the badly wounded in a healthy state of mind, the rest was merely surgery, patience and care. Of course, there are certain cases where the glands have been destroyed, and so far we can do nothing about those. But happily they are rare."

Frumkin, of course, uses plastic methods first introduced by the famed Gillies in Britain. He cuts a flap of skin and cartilage from the ribs and grafts one end of it to the skin of the lower abdomen, using what he called a "satchel" flap.

Within a few weeks, the flap (which is much like the handle of a satchel) is strong and healthy. Then Frumkin's real genius asserts itself. He brings the science of plastic surgery one step further along the road which Gillies, Kilner and other great British doctors first began to walk durin[illegible] last war. It is a long and difficult pr[illegible] which usually takes about nine mo[illegible] Patients are willing to put up with [illegible] bad months in exchange for a lifetim[illegible] normal activity.

I saw patients in various stages of t[illegible]ment, and the transition in their m[illegible] state, once the first two operations [illegible] successfully completed, was astoun[illegible] The men are unbelieving at first. Gr[illegible]ally, a flicker of hope comes, and i[illegible] final stages, they are cheerful, na[illegible] boastful and anxious to dispel the [illegible]spondency of the new arrivals.

Let's talk to a few of the patients. T[illegible] isolated quarters take up half a floor [illegible] they consist of a dozen rooms, each h[illegible]ing ten beds. The Russian winter [illegible] early-spring offensive put a strain on t[illegible] quarters, and today the corridors to[illegible] lined with beds. There is plenty of m[illegible]cal assistance. Frumkin trains men i[illegible] methods in groups of thirty. After [illegible] months, these thirty are hurried to [illegible] hospitals, and a new batch comes to l[illegible] Frumkin's secrets.

A typical convalescent is stocky, sm[illegible] Nikolai Gusikhin, 35, who was wou[illegible] by a dumdum bullet near Velizh alm[illegible] year ago. A dumdum bullet, incident[illegible] causes the same ripping, jagged woun[illegible] a mine. Nikolai was happy because [illegible] one more minor operation remained [illegible] then he would be able to go back to [illegible] front, completely cured. How did he [illegible] when he realized the nature of his wo[illegible]

"I recovered consciousness in a field [illegible]pital," Nikolai said, smiling. "They [illegible] me what had happened, and I looke[illegible] a gun with which to kill myself. They [illegible] that there was a doctor in Moscow [illegible] might cure me. I didn't believe it. [illegible] cured. I realize I was a fool ever to [illegible]sider suicide. I try to convince those [illegible] come here that none of them are [illegible] worse off than I was and that I'm [illegible] about well. I tell them," he added, "[illegible] I'm married and have three children [illegible] hope to have three more."

Wants to Get Back

Evgeni Pavlovitch Nekrasov is ano[illegible] who has gone through those long [illegible] months and who is now entirely cured. [illegible] like Nikolai, was discouraged at first, [illegible] he had faith in Frumkin. It is difficult [illegible] to have great confidence in mas[illegible] smiling, freckled Frumkin who l[illegible] very much like a Scotsman. Nekraso[illegible] Red army private, was 24 when he [illegible] wounded at Rzhev. The mine which [illegible]ploded at his step did not badly injur[illegible] lower limbs, but otherwise wounded [illegible] so severely that even Frumkin was [illegible] too sanguine about his final recovery.

"I'm as well now as I ever was," Ne[illegible]sov says with confidence. "Now I [illegible] want to get back to the front."

A great many as yet unborn childre[illegible] Russia are going to be named Frum[illegible] There is no doubt of that. Perhaps [illegible] genius will soon be helping our [illegible] wounded to recover their physical [illegible] mental strength.

THE END

The American people, through the R[illegible]sian War Relief, one of the agencie[illegible] the National War Fund, are help[illegible] to support the hospital here descril[illegible] When the National War Fund launc[illegible] its great drive next October, you [illegible] have an opportunity of contributin[illegible] this and other relief agencies of [illegible] United Nations, as well as agen[illegible] such as the USO, serving our own [illegible]

Beginning next week a new serial by

Kathleen Norris

A disturbing story of the human heart, of one girl's adjustment to wartime love and wartime living, of her passionate search for her own

CORNER OF HEAVEN

Remember?

REMEMBER when Sunday's world was a fat green package of rolling fields . . . held loosely together with white strings of road? And you and the family in the car would dig out of that package sights and smells to keep your soul fed and content for the rest of the workaday week?

You were mighty careful, then, to see that your car didn't squeak and complain for lack of grease, that the motor didn't go thirsty for oil. Are you just as careful of it now?

It's *more* important now than ever that you care for your car . . . for your *country*. This is a sprawling nation, and we must have wheels to get about on essential errands.

That car, too, is the last you're going to get for some time. And when peace comes and the countryside again is a gay, green package waiting to be explored—you'll be thankful for every least bit of care you gave it, thankful that you slaked its motor's thirst with Quaker State, that you soothed its joints with Quaker State Superfine Lubricants.

For Quaker State—as the name tells you—is a product of the Pennsylvania oil fields. And — as experience tells you — there's none better. Four great modern refineries bring you this finest of all motor oils to help you "care for your car for your country" *in the best way possible!* Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pa.

OIL IS AMMUNITION—USE IT WISELY

Have friends over for dinner often — it helps build morale. And brighten up your war dishes with moderate glasses of wine. It's good sense to be of good cheer

Salad Bowl that's a he-man meal in itself: Separate leaves of 1 head of lettuce, shred coarsely and place in salad bowl. Over lettuce arrange 2 tomatoes, quartered; 4 green onions, chopped; 2 hard-cooked eggs cut in halves; ¼ lb. cheese, diced; and 6 to 8 slices of cold leftover meat or ¼ lb. of sliced luncheon meat cut in squares. (Serves 4.) Over all pour:

Sauterne Wine Dressing: Mix 1 tsp. salt, 1 tsp. sugar, ¼ tsp. dry mustard, dash of pepper. Add 2 tsps. grated onion, ¼ cup vinegar, ½ cup California Sauterne wine, ¼ cup oil. Beat or shake well.

WINE works wonders with the simple wartime foods

TO GATHER FRIENDS around your dinner table is the best of ways to maintain morale. You'll find it helps you to relax and to rest up. It does the same good turn for those who dine with you.

There's good eating, still, to set before your friends. For example the dishes on this page. They owe their savoriness to nothing more than an added touch of wine. Yet they are food fit for kings.

Best of all, along with these wartime dishes you can serve glasses of the same kind of wine your main dish is made with. Cook the dish with wine, and serve the same wine in glasses at table. Both ways you'll find wine will work miracles in good eating. And in sensible, moderate good cheer.

Try the war meals shown on this page. We've many other interesting recipes made with wine and foods now available. For a free set, write to the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second St., San Francisco.

• **Your dealer will gladly help you select wines for home serving. When you dine out, ask your waiter to suggest a sound enjoyable wine**

Lamburgers Burgundy make folks lick their chops. Mix ¾ cup California Burgundy wine with 1 cup bran or 1½ cups dry bread crumbs and 1 medium-sized onion, minced. When soft, add 1 beaten egg, 1 lb. ground lean lamb (or beef), 1½ tsps. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper. Mix thoroughly, shape into 8 patties, brown slowly in hot fat. Serve with hot carrots and green beans. Serves 4 to 6.

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Froze in August

Continued from page 16

M. Deskins said, "I've got lodging the the summer and fall for the right man. You seem a stranger in these

"U-huh; I am. I've been a stranger er I went. I've never been in the place twice since I was a boy in the cky hills."

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Stone," he said. "Henry Stone." I fig- a better name would be Rolling but I guessed from what he said, ever been at one place long enough a nickname.

d, "Can you chop?"

glanced at the ax leaning against ad chestnut tree I had started to own for stovewood.

"Umph," he said with a smile. "I've ed from the pines of Kentucky to dars of Lebanon."

tuck his jew's-harp in his unsweated ocket and picked up my ax, ran mb along the bit, balanced it in his looked to see if it was tight on the

n he squared himself and dug his oes into the dirt. I never saw such —looked like fourteens at least.

n he swung, and the ax went deep e tree quivered, and the handle d when he pulled the ax out. With vings he had smoothed up the hag- otch I had started.

. Deskins just stood there and d the chips fly out and shake the tall t clover.

whispered, "Pity a person couldn't him here."

h two or three strokes on the upper he tree fell. He sat down on the with a proud gleam in his eyes.

id, "Can you mow and cradle good can chop?"

mph, I've cradled for my lodgin' Dan to Beersheba, and Jericho to lem."

s. Deskins said, "How much do you nd how long will you stay?"

vant board and clothes, and I'll stay y feet burn with the road itch. The s, it depends on how you feed. The for my world-wide travels has been d a place where a man could get h to eat."

aid, "Mister, you've hit the place. show you in the smokehouse."

LOOKED around and squinted his yes in the setting August sun rays. oked above and below at the steep, g hills of lush meadows, fields of corn just coming into roasting ears; own by the road were flocks of white gobbling turkeys, tail-curled shoats, er haystacks and drowsy, contented -breath cows. Fat horses stamped at n shade-tree groves in the short pas- ields. Any man could see that Mrs. ns was rich in all things but man- .

e'll keep you tonight," she said, "and here we can get tomorrow. Let's r up a load of the broken limbs for wood."

s. Deskins and I started gathering up . I heard a groaning behind me and d, and Big Henry was upending the of the small chestnut tree and get- is shoulder under it.

ou folks take the limbs, and I'll bring ee," he said, eyes sparkling.

s. Deskins just stood there with her h open. She whispered to me, "Ain't a law to freeze a man on a farm?"

aid, "There always was one; maybe ow."

gave me a scold with a frown. "No what kind of a person he is; maybe been baptized. He's windy."

I said, "But you can't carry a tree on wind."

It was a show to see him carrying that tree along the lane with the guineas lined on the fences potracking at him, and even the work horses eyed him.

And by the time we got to the woodyard, everything on the place met us there. He stood there and smiled while the rest of us tried to shoo the pigs, geese, turkeys, chickens and guineas out of the woodyard so he could throw the tree down.

He sat down on it and chuckled deep and hoarse, as if thinking we didn't know what manpower was.

Mrs. Deskins told him to come in and sit down on the porch; but instead, he got him a drink at the well and then started picking up sweet apples.

Mrs. Deskins tried to keep the children from watching him eat supper. She had remembered the hint up in the field and had an extra pan of hot biscuits; she refilled the molasses pitcher and put fresh preserves, apple butter and things in the dishes. He didn't just pour a little molasses in one corner of his plate like we did; he filled the depression in the plate and soaked biscuit after biscuit. You could tell it interfered with his eating for Mrs. Deskins to keep asking him about the Holy Land; but he'd talk some between biscuits, and told what Jacob's Well looked like and the place outside of Jerusalem there where the Lord found lodging with Martha and Mary. Mrs. Deskins just sat with her mouth half open and listened and glanced at me to see if she could tell whether I was believing it or not.

After supper we took him out to the smokehouse and showed him the long rows of yellow-cured hams, shoulders and middlings.

"Some of it is two years old," Mrs. Deskins said. "I've got too much meat; but you can't get farm help for meat or money."

"Let's make a stab at it," he said. "You tack up a notice down by the highway that you'll give three hams to the man who can mow more grass in a day than I can."

Mrs. Deskins said, "Would that be gambling?"

"No, ma'am; just offering a prize and getting a lot of hay mowed for it," and we put up the notices down by the road, but set the date a couple of days ahead, so people'd have a chance to see it.

MEANTIME, for breakfast next morning, Mrs. Deskins had great stacks of buckwheat cakes, butter and molasses, and when we started to the field, she said, "Now, Jim, notice and see what he says and if you think he's dependable and worthy to be froze here on the place."

I found him the best mower I ever saw. He could make the scythe sing in the grass. But along about ten o'clock, he shucked out four big ears of yellow flint corn.

"Them flapjacks; they don't stick to a man's ribs," he said. "Slip down to the house and ask Mrs. Deskins to roast these in the oven and bring 'em back, and see what she says, and if you think she'd like to have a man like me around here, or if I'd be worth my board."

I said, "Mrs. Deskins, Big Henry shucked these out and said to roast 'em and send 'em back; he's hungry."

"What else did he say about me?"

I said, "I can tell he'd like to know if you'd like to have him about the place."

"Like my cookin'?"

"Pleased . . . Said he never had got so much to eat or saw a woman needing a man bad as you."

She smiled. "Say what church he belongs to?"

"No; but he ain't bad. Don't he play In the Sweet By-and-By on his harp?"

"Uh-huh; and real pretty. Say if he'd been baptized?"

"No; but said he'd been aswimming in the Jordan River—'bout the same thing. . . ."

She flew in and got the pies baking, and time the corn was roasted, she had the pies done and said, "Here, now; take him the corn and take this big cherry pie."

When I got there with water and corn and pie, he was sitting on a stump. "I clear give out," he said. "When my stomach flaps together, it gives me the weak trimbles."

He ate the corn and pie and drank nearly half a gallon of water. He arose and started whetting his mowing scythe, and the red sparks flew, and the blade sang again in the grass.

He turned around. I couldn't near keep up. "What did she say?"

"Oh, her? She's afraid you won't stay. Was you ever froze on a job?"

"Never allowed nobody to freeze me. But now that was because . . . that is, if I ever found the right place, why, I'm sort of a mind to light and settle."

On the day set, before the sun had stuck its first hot rays over the eastern hill, the guineas cut loose, and we looked out and there were three men with scythes coming up the lane.

Big Henry walked out in the yard, and the three mowers looked him over from head to foot, then looked at one another but didn't say anything till Big Henry started back to the kitchen for his breakfast.

"He's a rough un," they agreed, then added, "Them big uns can't hold out; they never have the wind; he'll make a big start and wilt in the hot sun."

THAT was what I feared. I'd seen him wilt. But that was on hot cakes, and this morning he had Mrs. Deskins fix corn bread and ham meat and eggs.

When we got out at the lower end of the mountainside meadow Big Henry said, "Boys, we'll mow up and we'll mow down. You boys take the lead, and, naturally, you'll have to keep your heels in the clear, which you can do by giving swath and stepping aside when my blade sings at your heels like a rattler."

While the three mowers were getting a start to give his blade room, he took his jew's-harp from his pocket and played and patted one foot:

"Look up, look down, that lonesome road,
Hang down your head and cry."

And then he started, and the August sun beat down, and the scythe blades sang in the grass like the slow tearing of silk.

Before they were halfway to the top of the long field, I could see his scythe blade raking close to the heels of the rear man. He gave swath and fell behind Big Henry; so did the second, and the third; and Big Henry stayed easily ahead till it was nearing eleven, when, as I feared, their scythe blades bit at his big shoes, and he looked like a wilting giant.

The noon dinner call found him swinging weakly far behind; but after dinner, he swung ahead again; stayed till about four, and gave swath to all three.

Mrs. Deskins came out to the lower end of the field with water. She looked up

"Congratulations, Sergeant! Finest-looking bunch of men I've ever seen!"

COLLIER'S CPL. NED HILTON

Our new maps have shadows on them, cast by wings

Look at this map. Our children's new geography books call it a North Polar projection of the world. Or, more simply, an air-map of the world.

It doesn't matter much what we call it. The important thing is that maps like this show us the world as it really is—a world without fences or protective barriers, a world in which nations once-remote are now clustered together in one global community.

On these maps are shadows cast by long-range American planes. Warplanes today. Tomorrow, planes of peace and commerce, linking all the nations of the world together by "great circle" skyways.

Such maps as this emphasize the fact that the broad Atlantic—formerly a 6-day ocean voyage—has become a millpond. "Breakfast in New York, dinner in London" is no longer the fantastic idea it used to be—not to the Ferry Command pilots who are shuttling back and forth between the U. S. and Britain several times a week. One such pilot actually flew a Liberator across the "pond" in 372 minutes!

Another pilot's flight-log reveals the fact that he recently spanned the South Atlantic 18 times in 20 days, 13 of the trips being on consecuti days!

No matter whether it fits in with our idea geography or not, this startling truth cannot brushed aside: *Today, because of the plane, no s on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time fr your local airport.*

Well worth pondering, too, is Wend Willkie's remark, after his 31,000-mile glo girdling flight in a Liberator: "... the net i pression of my trip was not one of distar from other peoples, but of closeness to then

As a nation, we are finding out that to w

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT

The North Polar projection *is just one of many methods of "skinning" the globe—"projecting" its land areas onto a flat-surfaced map in such a way that airline distances from its center can be shown as straight, measurable lines.*

a global war—and a global peace—we must accept this new concept of the world.

Our new maps, if they are honest maps, will clearly tell us we can no longer cling to the old-fashioned "two-hemisphere" idea of geography. For now we know that was the kind of thinking which lulled us into a sense of security before Pearl Harbor.

We can no longer escape the fact that, in addition to being a potent factor in winning this global war, the new mastery of the air is welding the land masses and peoples of the world into a small *single* sphere.

Our forces in Australia *sent a radiogram for special military equipment. They needed several tons of it*—needed it urgently! *To ship this material from the U.S. by freighter would have taken almost a month. Loaded into a Liberator Express transport plane, the equipment arrived some 60 hours later!*

• • •

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

San Diego, Calif. • Vultee Field, Calif. • Fort Worth, Texas • New Orleans, La. • Nashville, Tenn. Wayne, Mich. • Allentown, Pa. • Tucson, Ariz. Elizabeth City, N. C. • Louisville, Ky. • Miami, Fla.

Member, Aircraft War Production Council

QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS

The 4-engine Liberator bomber, and its teammate, the Liberator Express, were designed and perfected by Consolidated Vultee. They were the first multi-ton bombers and transports to be built by volume-production methods on a moving assembly line.

• • •

At the average bombing height of 25,000 feet, a pilot's range of vision is almost 200 miles. Thus, on a clear day, a Liberator pilot bombing Germany can often see the English coast while still over his objective.

Among the smaller planes *built by Consolidated Vultee is the incredible Sentinel, popularly known as the "Flying Jeep." Designed to be the "eyes upstairs" of the Army ground forces, this highly maneuverable liaison plane can climb almost vertically after a short take-off, can operate from cow pastures and highways, and hover at very low speeds.*

Ford, Douglas, and North American are also building our Liberator bomber, to hasten the day of Victory. The famed Consolidated Vultee Catalina Navy patrol bomber is likewise being built by the Naval Aircraft factory at Philadelphia, and in Canada by Canadian Vickers, Ltd. and Boeing.

• • •

In addition, some 10,000 suppliers and sub-contractors in cities all over the country have teamed up with Consolidated Vultee, building vital parts and sub-assemblies for the Liberator.

• • •

"V. L. R."—The bombers used in the V. L. R. (*very long range*) operations, mentioned by Prime Minister Churchill in his recent address to Commons, are Consolidated Vultee 4-engine Liberators. Fully loaded with anti-submarine depth charges, the V. L. R. Liberators have a range of at least 2000 miles. One recent Liberator attack occurred 1100 miles out. Operating both from U. S. and British bases, it is not unusual for the Liberators to stay out on patrol for 18 hours at a time.

No Spot on Earth is more than 60 Hours' Flying Time from your Local Airport

Mighty 4-engine Liberator bombers *and Liberator Express transport planes move down the double assembly line in gratifying numbers at the huge Consolidated Vultee plant in Fort Worth, Texas.*

LIBERATOR (4-engine bomber) — CORONADO, CATALINA, (patrol bombers) — P4Y (anti-submarine plane) — LIBERATOR EXPRESS (transport) — VALIANT (basic trainer) — VENGEANCE (dive bomber) — SENTINEL ("Flying Jeep") — RELIANT (navigational trainer)

at the acres of piled-up sweet-smelling grass.

"He's gone," I told her. "He can't do a thing on an empty stomach."

She said, "Couldn't we slip him a custard pie or something?"

"He wouldn't have time to stop and eat," I said. "He's far behind already."

The three mowers ahead had taken up the song and they were singing a trio:

"Look up, look down, that lonesome road,
Hang down your head and cry."

I said, "Mrs. Deskins, remember if you get him froze here, take care of his stomach; he can't work on an empty stomach."

She said, "There's a spriggle o' good in that man; no sorry man will sweat like that when he could be moseying along the cool, shady roads and strumming on his harp. And to think he's been aswimming in the Jordan River!"

WE WATCHED him. He could barely draw his big feet up with his wilting body, and his scythe wasn't singing.

Then he stopped and wiped his brow with his naked, hairy arm. He stopped by a big stump and stepped back as if he'd seen a snake.

He parted the tall grass with his hands then reached down and started cracking eggs with his thumbnail. We could see the white shells and we watched him throw his head back to swallow.

"Thank the Lord!" Mrs. Deskins exclaimed. "I believe he's found a guinea nest."

Then he filled his pockets with eggs and started mowing, and in twenty minutes he started gaining ground; and as they came down the mountain, we could hear the scythe blade sing again.

"It's all over, Mrs. Deskins," I said. "Watch him win."

And we stood there and watched, and while the sun still shot hot rays through the tops of the trees to the west, his blade was singing at the others' heels, and he'd suck a guinea egg without hardly losing a stroke; and when the sun started catching up its last rays and taking them across the western ridges, he was far enough ahead to sit on a big stump and play on his harp:

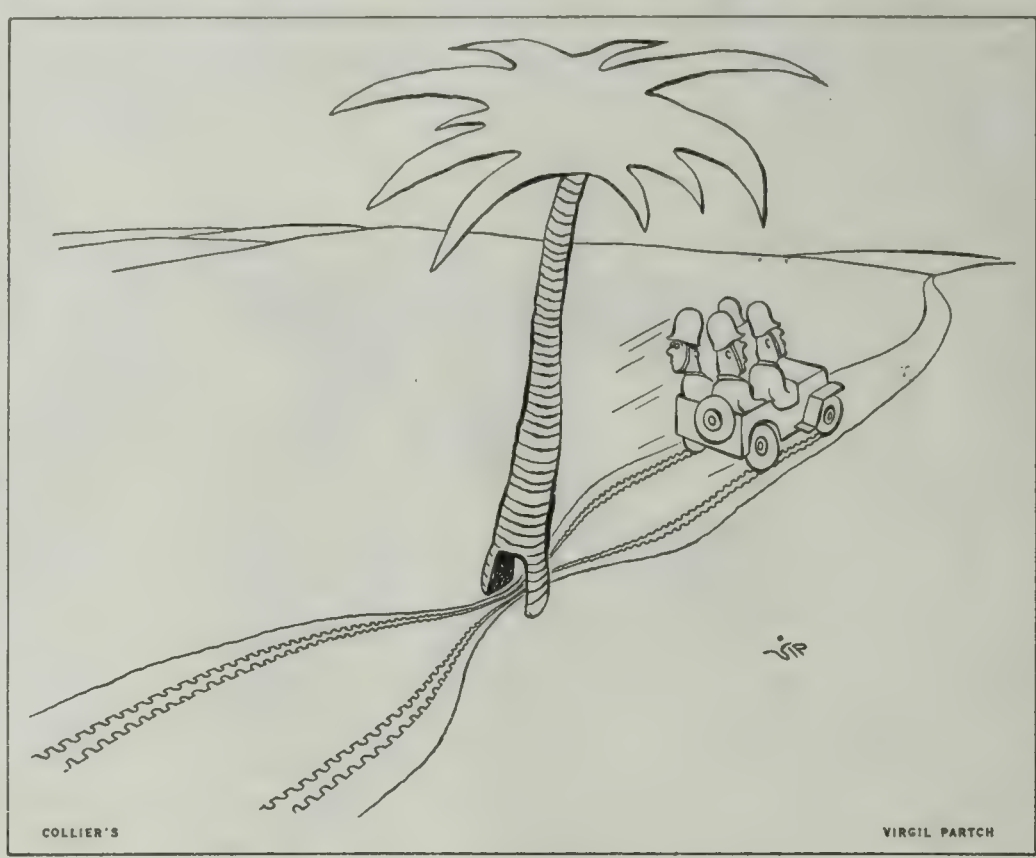
"Put on your old gray bonnet
With the blue ribbons on it . . ."

"I never did show him my flower garden," Mrs. Deskins remembered. "I am going to show him the flowers tomorrow."

She did, next morning, and I saw his blue shirt turned white with sweat salt as she pointed out the zinnias, chrysanthemums and other whatnoticums. I thought he was satisfied. I had made sure she was slowly freezing him; but he was restless and didn't seem to be getting ready to pitch and shock hay in the field.

He said to Mrs. Deskins, "If you don't mind, I'll take my three hams now."

I went weak in spirit; but she didn't, and I couldn't understand it. She got the three big hams, and he was off down the road with a big coffee sack on his shoulder.



"My goodness!" I said. "Have you him get away?"

"Oh, no," she said. "He's just going the store."

I went on to the field, and in a couple hours, I heard the guineas holler. I him coming back along the lane. He moseying along slow and contented and playing:

"I got a house in Baltimore,
Little Liza Jane;
Streetcar runs right by my door,
Little Liza Jane."

Then I noticed he had a suit box un his arm. I went on shocking hay, but I wondering. I kept on wondering ab Big Henry and Mrs. Deskins till her li girl came with a bucket of water.

The little girl was all excited. "My she said to tell you she'll be back by d ner; she's going to town in the truck. dressed up and went; and Big Henry went to drive the truck. He's all dres up, too; got him a new suit with the ham

I said, "Say what they were going fo

"Nuh-uh. Only just said tell you al got Big Henry froze. That's what said, an' pinned the biggest rose on new suit an' she said he'd help in the l after dinner."

I HEARD the truck start up, and guineas cut loose. I saw the truck down the lane between the two fence ro of potracking guineas.

I told the little girl, "That's all righ that is, if he don't get hungry and cha his mind."

"Oh, he won't get hungry. He eat t custard pies 'fore Ma pinned the rose him an' he said it was so hot with that ti collar around his neck, he'd like to swimmin' in the Jordan River."

THE END

Me, Chicken Hawk!

Continued from page 18

Other varieties of hawks can't maneuver well among trees so they would have to fly to the edge of the woods before making their final dash for the chickens. But we chicken hawks can fly through cover almost as fast as we can fly in the open, so I stay well back where the farmer can't see me and look the situation over. You might think I'd have trouble myself to see, but I have eyes like—well, like a hawk and what more can I say? We chicken hawks have such wonderful eyes that a professor who conducted some experiments with us decided that if we knew how to read, we could read fine print on a newspaper a quarter of a mile away. So, I size up the lay of the land, see how much open space I'll have to cross, how high the chicken-yard fence is and, most important of all, I select the particular chicken I intend to get.

We're comparatively small birds weighing about two pounds, so I know I must get a small chicken if I'm to carry it off quickly and easily. Probably I will pick a bird with pinfeathers still in place. Once I've made my choice, nothing will tempt me to try for another bird. I'll follow that chicken through thick and thin and if I miss, I'll return empty-clawed rather than change to another bird. This may sound silly but if you think for a minute, you will see why it is.

True, it doesn't make much difference with chickens in a chicken yard, but if I'm in a tree and see a covey of quail feeding down below me, I must pick out the bird I want before I start down. If I just fly down and grab wildly, the whole covey will burst like shrapnel and I'll probably get nothing. So I pick one bird and concentrate on him.

But now I've picked out my chicken in the chicken yard. I begin to gather myself together like a sprinter on his marks. My ruff rises like a fighting cock's. I hunch up my shoulders, drop my head, and begin to bob my head back and forth, up and down. Some scientists think that my eyes focus differently from yours. The human eye focuses in and out, from "fuzzy" to clear like the lens of a camera. But a hawk's eye may focus with an upper and lower image that must be brought together like the range finder on a gun. When I bob my head, I may be trying to bring these images together. Anyhow, this head bobbing is the last-moment prelude before I attack.

One moment I am on the branch. The next, I'm halfway through the woods. We Cooper's hawks are so fast it is next to impossible to see how we thread our way through a forest at top speed. Our tails are nearly as long as our whole bodies and we use them as rudders. My tail is always opening and closing or twisting and turning like a live fan as I weave among the trees. The long "flight" feathers of my wings, which give me my speed in the open, are hardly used at all in timber and I depend on my shorter "secondary" feathers which correspond to an airplane's wing flaps. I sway around a tree trunk as a skier dodges back and forth between poles set up on a ski course. My big cousin, the goshawk, "hurtles" through a forest, but I go so fast I seem to flit among the trees like a flicker of light.

Almost before you know what's happening, I am out of the woods. I went fast before, but now I tear across the open field toward the chicken yard like a feathered interceptor plane. As I reach the fence around the chicken yard, I suddenly spread and lower my tail, shift the angle of my wings, and my momentum shoots me up and over the fence. Instantly I drop down on the other side with wings spread to break my fall and talons thrown out before me. The chickens probably do not even know a hawk is in the neighborhood until I fasten on my prey. Then they scatter like beads when a necklace is broken, cackling in terror. I do not use my beak to kill. That is all done by my powerful talons. When I seize my quarry, I try to get the unfortunate chicken by the head. I know by experience that one squeeze of my mailed fist will drive my talons into the victim's brain and kill it almost instantly.

The Farmer Takes a Gun

Probably the housewife rushes out just as I and the chicken are disappearing among the trees. That evening she tells her husband. He takes his shotgun to work the next morning. Sure enough, he sees a peaceful Buteo, one of the big, fat "buzzards" that never caught a chicken in his life, sitting on a fence pole. The farmer sneaks forward. The Buteo is surprised and pleased at the sudden interest his friend, the farmer, is taking in him. The farmer gives him both barrels and hangs what's left of the body on the barn door. "Well, I guess I settled that chicken hawk's hash for him," he says proudly that evening during dinner. Meanwhile, my wife and I and our six children are also having dinner, using the farmer's chicken —and the mice celebrate in the farmer's corncrib.

No doubt you'd like to know how to tell us from other hawks. The best way I tell you is . . . if you see a hawk, it's one of us. We generally don't allow o selves to be seen. We live in the woo and when we come out, we usually co out pretty fast and go back the same w We're thinner and smaller than the Buteos you see sitting around and we ha much longer tails. On the other ha we're naturally much bigger than the li sparrow hawks that sit on telephone wi and poles and live on grasshoppers.

Like most hawks, we change plum completely after the first year. The fi year we are brown with tawny wh breasts with brownish streaks. Our e are yellow. The second year we turn sl blue on our backs and wings and crea white on our breasts with fine reddish b ring. We're handsome birds.

You probably think from my autobio raphy that there is no good in us chick hawks at all and that we should be ext minated. I admit if I were a poul farmer, I wouldn't want any of us arou But then if I were a fruit farmer I would want robins around because they pe at fruit and ruin it. But all other kin of farmers should be glad to have us the neighborhood. We help the Bute keep his rats and mice down and we ma life miserable for those pesky little f eigners, the English sparrows. Out we we often help that big Buteo, the Swa son's hawk, when grasshoppers a gophers get out of control. It wasn't u til people started shooting us that farm had to have rabbit drives. So unless y have chickens, leave us alone. It's tr we're hunters, but so are a lot of huma and we never kill for fun.

THE END

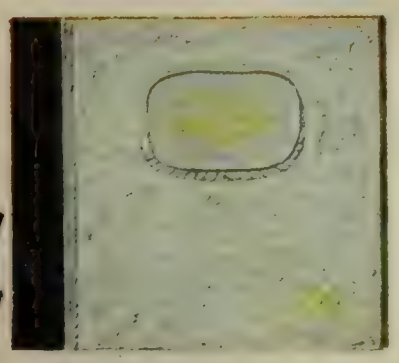
Victor Red Seal Records for August

HANSON ★ JANSSEN ★ SANROMÁ

HANSON

In an eloquent blending of choir and orchestra, Howard Hanson recreates the vigorous and romantic strains of his own heroic LAMENT FOR BEOWULF. With the Eastman-Rochester Symphony Orchestra and the Eastman School Choir.
Victor Album DM-889.....$3.50*

Another Hanson-Eastman-Rochester masterpiece: Howard Hanson's SYMPHONY NO. 2 (Romantic).
Victor Album DM-648.....$4.50*



JANSSEN

The young and gifted conductor, Werner Janssen, directs the Janssen Symphony Orchestra of Los Angeles in Jerome Kern's SCENARIO FOR ORCHESTRA on the haunting and rhythmical themes from his best loved operetta, SHOW BOAT.
Victor Album DM-906 .....$3.50*

Another brilliant Janssen recording: SYMPHONIE MODERNE (from Warner Bros. Film, Four Wives) by Steiner on a theme by Max Rabinowitsch. With the Janssen Symphony Orchestra of Los Angeles.
Victor 11-8311 .....$1.00*

JUST RELEASED . . . THESE SUPERB VICTOR RECORDINGS

UNITED STATES WAR BONDS are first on any list.

CLASSICAL SYMPHONY IN D MAJOR, OP. 25—Prokofieff. ST. LOUIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. VLADIMIR GOLSCHMANN, Conductor. Victor Musical Masterpiece Album DM-942 .....$2.50*

BRIDAL CHAMBER SCENE (from Lohengrin, Act III)—**Wagner.** KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD, Soprano, and LAURITZ MELCHIOR, Tenor, with the VICTOR SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. EDWIN McARTHUR, Conductor. Victor Musical Masterpiece Album DM-897.....$2.50*

CONCERTO IN C MAJOR FOR ORGAN AND STRINGS—Corelli-Malipiero. SONATA IN D MAJOR FOR STRINGS AND ORGAN—Corelli. E. POWER BIGGS, Organist, with ARTHUR FIEDLER'S SINFONIETTA. Victor Musical Masterpiece Album DM-924.....$2.50*

PRAELUDIUM AND ALLEGRO IN E MINOR—Kreisler-Sevitzky. INDIANAPOLIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, FABIEN SEVITZKY, Conductor. Victor Musical Masterpiece Record 11-8439. $1.00*

O SOAVE FANCIULLA (Oh, Lovely Maiden) (from La Bohême, Act I)—**Puccini.**
E IL SOL DELL' ANIMA (Love is the Sun) (from Rigoletto, Act I)—**Verdi.** JUSSI BJOERLING, Tenor and BJOERDIS SCHYMBERG, Soprano with Orchestra, NILS GREVILLIUS, Conductor. Victor Musical Masterpiece Record 11-8440 $1.00*

BY THE SLEEPY LAGOON—Eric Coates.
MELODY—Charles G. Dawes. TOMMY DORSEY AND HIS ORCHESTRA, TOMMY DORSEY, Trombone Soloist. Victor Musical Masterpiece Record 10-1045 ..... $.75*

**Suggested list prices exclusive of excise tax.*

To help us make new Victor Records for you sell your old ones to your dealer today!

War requirements cause delivery delays but good records are well worth waiting for. Remember this if your Victor Record dealer cannot fill your request promptly.

SANROMÁ

History was made for Gershwin devotees when two of his friends, Jesús Sanromá, great American pianist and Arthur Fiedler, versatile conductor of the Boston "Pops" Orchestra, combined talents in this evocative recording of the RHAPSODY IN BLUE. With the Boston "Pops" Orchestra.
Victor Album DM-358.....$2.50*

Another superb Sanromá recording: HEART OF THE PIANO CONCERTO—with the Victor Symphony Orchestra. Charles O'Connell, Conductor.
Victor Album M-818.....$4.50*

The World's Greatest Artists are on VICTOR Records

How to Start a Revolution

☆

YOU wouldn't take them for revolutionists, these men. They don't wear long black cloaks or employ secret passwords. But they're preparing to toss a bomb into American industry . . . to start the biggest revolution since 1776.

☆

WHO are these men? They're research specialists of the aviation industry. You see, it takes more than aeronautical engineers to build today's bombers. Here at Martin's, for example, are experts in metallurgy, plastics, synthetic rubber, hydraulics, electronics, ballistics and many other fields, united in one common cause . . . to make America supreme in the skies.

From the efforts of these Martin research men have come more than great aircraft. They have discovered new principles, developed new materials, devised new uses for old materials, found new manufacturing methods which promise to revolutionize American life.

The works of their research are now blasting America's way to Victory around the world. You'll see the mark of these men after Victory, not only in aircraft but on the homes in which you live, the cars you drive, the very clothes you wear. Tomorrow in a test-tube!

What's more, America's postwar products and American technical skill are going to reach world-wide markets fast. Already Martin has completed designs for giant airliners of 125 or more tons, ready to build as soon as Victory gives the green light. Such ships will make neighbors of all nations . . . such ships will give seven-league boots to the peoples of all nations . . . such ships will bring the world to within hours of your doorstep.

America and the world have a glorious future ahead, when Victory is won. That's why we say, buy Bonds today, because you have a date with a new world after Victory!

THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND, U. S. A.

Member: AIRCRAFT WAR PRODUCTION COUNCIL, EAST COAST, INC.

NAVY'S CARGO SHIP

Martin AIRCRAFT

Builders of Dependable Aircraft Since 1909

NAVY'S PATROL BOMBER

BRITAIN'S BALTIMORE

ARMY'S MARAUDER

Seven Sins

Continued from page 23

"I myself, have been not headlong
nor—and so I have the misfortune to
ill thousand men—"
Sergeant Bluett, who was swallowing
appreciatively, almost choked; he set his
glass down. "What did you say?"
"I said that I was one hour too late to
save cannot tell, yet, how many poor
fellows. Not by my own wit—oh, no—but
by divine accident, I found a clue I was
looking for—an hour too late. Listen, my
friend: Sir Giles Loeder, who has been
murdered, was a German spy. I have
no it for ever so long, but I could not
prove it. Now that I have proved it, he is
dead." He extended his hands.
"Sir Giles Loeder . . . a *spy!*"
"Exactly."
Seating himself before the dressing table,
he dipped a small brush in some liquid
he had poured into a saucer and
began to remove gold paint and yellow
stain from his teeth. Sergeant Bluett had
been reduced to awed silence by that
latter revelation: he watched the French-
man as, once, audiences were wont to
watch Houdini—astounded. Cleaning off
the preparation with cotton wool, Max
crossed to a washbowl and rinsed his
mouth, previously extracting certain pads,
lined with gold wire.

AND while Sergeant Bluett, dum-
founded, as he always was by this
sort, looked on, Gaston Max went on
talking:
"Last night you were clever. I confess
that to this present moment, I do not
know how you succeeded in tracking me
to Buckingham Gate and back." Sergeant
Bluett handed him a fizzing tumbler and
clinked it against another which he had
poured for himself. "My compliments,
friend, and your very good health."
"Thank you," said Bluett and flushed
like a schoolboy. "The same to you."
"I detected no sign of you until you
actually followed me into the yard. There-
fore I left the door open in order to learn
who would come in."
"Oh, I see. It isn't open as a rule?"
"By my faith, no! Too many of me use
the dress. Peter Finch has a small room,
Giles Transport Company is also my-
Mr. Bernstein occupies an office,
below is Paolo Moroni. This rascal is
in a wardrobe cupboard, there, with the
rest of them. Paolo I consider to be one
of my best characters."
Bluett nodded. "But you surely don't
live here?"
"No, no, I do not live here. An old
friend, so beautiful and so fervent a pa-
triot, but, alas, a prisoner in her villa at
Saint Martin, permits me to occupy her
charming flat in Sloane Street."
He had dressed with the speed of a
quick-change artiste. Now, draping the
muffle cord about his neck, he sat down
and lighted a cigarette.
"You're a clever one," Sergeant Bluett
exclaimed with conviction. "I suppose
I butted in on you, coming to Destrée's
place."
"No, no. I butted in on *you.* When I
learned what the chief inspector had ar-
ranged, I rushed to a friend of Mr. Bern-
stein and asked to be taken to play roulette.
How fortunate! The good inspector
had trod on a ball which had been lost.
I recovered it in the chink of time."
"Oh, did you?"
"Of course! I do not wish those
people to be arrested. They are part of my
story. Myself, I care not who killed this
poor. We shall find out about that, all
in good time. Let us not by hurry dis-
turb my beautiful case."
"Where's something big in the wind?"
"Ah, yes, something very big. Name
of a name! larger than all other cases put
together! . . . *Ss!*"
Abruptly, on that warning hiss, he fell
silent, grasping Bluett's arm. He stepped
to the dressing table and pressed a switch.
The room became plunged in darkness.
"Listen!" he whispered.
Sergeant Bluett, aware of a hastened
pulse, stood up and listened; indeed, he
held his breath. From Gaston Max, some-
where near him in the blackness, no sound
came.
Their joint efforts seemed to impose a
sort of superstillness on the room; and
then it was that both detected that faint
sound which had first arrested Max's at-
tention.
Creaking . . . and Sergeant Bluett knew
immediately what occasioned it: someone
who groped on the stair, and clutched the
handrail, that handrail which Bluett had so
urgently avoided. This sound receded.
"Stealing down," whispered Gaston
Max. "I wonder what he heard. I, as my-
self, must not be discovered here."
"What about *me?*"
"Rush, my old! Try to capture this
stealthy prowler!"
He flashed a ray momentarily, throw-
ing open the door, and Sergeant Bluett,
welcoming action, went out like something
expelled from a mortar. "Who's there?"
he shouted, directing light down the stair.
"I want a word with *you!*"

NO RESPONSE came; only a sort of
padded scuffle. Bluett went recklessly
down all three flights. He found the door
wide open and sprang into the yard. A
southwesterly wind drove clouds across
the face of a waning moon, and a rent in
the flying vapor allowed light to spill out
for a period of seconds. In this brief light
he saw the fugitive.
A bent, indefinite figure scudded around
the corner into Great Windmill Street.
Bluett raced to that point and stood stock-
still, listening. Darkness had fallen again:
he could see nothing.
"My old, he has escaped!"
Sergeant Bluett physically jumped. Gas-
ton Max stood at his elbow.
"Phew! that gave me a start! Did you
see him?"
"I saw him. What did *you* note?"
"He ran like a sprinter—but he had a
funny run."
"He is as active as a cat, although he
has some injury, some deformity. He is a
limping man, my respected—he is one
who limps . . . Who is this limping man?"

IN THE gray light of a misty morning,
William Sawby's coffee stall glittered
like a beacon. Enshrined in that backwater
of shattered masonry beside the main
stream of Bond Street, it issued a cheery
invitation to early travelers, urns shining,
cups rattling, with the beaming counte-
nance of Sawby, a rosy sunrise, to bestow
benediction upon all.
Tom Wilkins, the milkman, was there,
and his pony, white forefeet on the broken
paving, had his head overhanging the
counter, inspiring visions of Bottom the
Weaver. Mrs. Ryley, the charlady, an-
other "regular," occupied her usual place;
and now, up came Michael Corcoran,
K. C., the warden, his steel helmet slung
on his back.
"Good morning, everybody!"
"Good morning, sir," Sawby replied,
and automatically filled a cup with steam-
ing coffee. Then he switched on the radio.
There were two items of news which
provoked some interest: One was a War
Office announcement that combined op-
erations units had landed in force at a
French port, destroying valuable installa-
tions and blowing up stores and work-
shops. "All objectives were achieved,"
said the communiqué. The other related
to the death of Sir Giles Loeder. "Scotland
Yard is working upon a new clue which
points to the probability that robbery was
the motive of the crime."
A swift, light footstep attracted Michael
Corcoran's attention, and he turned as a
tall man, whose tweed suit created an im-
pression that it had shrunk, walked up to
the stall, his tawny eyes rapidly taking
stock of Sawby's customers. "Good morn-
ing, Inspector," Corcoran murmured.
The bulletin being ended, Sawby
switched off and nodded to the newcomer.
"Coffee, please," said Firth.
"You are early afoot, Inspector?" Cor-
coran suggested; he knew the senior de-
tective officer of the C. I. D. quite well,
as he had practiced at the criminal bar.
"I haven't been to bed yet!" Firth re-
plied dourly.
"Great Scott! Loeder case?" The bar-
rister modulated his long-range voice.
"Yes, sir. A constable on patrol has
found a leather folder—a sort of portfolio
—in the area of a blitzed house in Mount
Street—empty. It has been identified as
the dead man's property."
"Mount Street. That's near where the
body was found, isn't it?"
"Quite near," said the chief inspector, a
reply laconic and noncommittal which
Michael Corcoran, an enthusiastic crimi-
nologist, accepted as a hint that further
inquiries would not be appreciated.

ON TREASURE ISLAND, Dan Cor-
coran, in a deck chair, and Fay Peri-
gal, seated on a bank of velvet grass,
watched a kingfisher work the little stream,
poised upon an overhanging branch.
The wheeled chair, which Toby had
navigated down from the cottage, stood
by, a basket which was strapped to it
laden with magazines and periodicals.
Corcoran, pipe in mouth, lay back, hands
folded behind his head, alternately look-
ing at the brilliant plumage of the bird and
up into a dazzling blue sky.
Fay was knitting a woolen pull-over.
She was off duty for the afternoon, but
had chosen to spend it here on Treasure
Island.
"How did Dick come to be up at Ox-
ford with you, Dan?" she asked, break-
ing a long silence. "I mean, he is an
American."
"Dick was a Rhodes scholar, Fay. That's
how it happened."
"You were great friends there, weren't
you?"
"Well, yes, rather. Our rooms were on
the same stair. We went about nearly
everywhere together; had similar tastes
in sport. I was reading law, but I think I
should have chucked it in any case."
"Why? Didn't you want to be a bar-
rister?"
"Not particularly. The Learned Par-
ent's idea. But then he has a flair for it;
something I never should have had. Any
fool of a witness could tie *me* up in knots."
Fay laughed, a burst of that happy
laughter which belonged to her true self.
But a moment later her gray eyes grew
clouded.
"What was Dick going to be?"
"Oh, he was undecided. His people
haven't got much money, apparently; and
he couldn't bear the idea of going into
business. I don't quite know what he
would have done, if Hitler hadn't settled
it for him."
"You joined the Air Force together,
didn't you?"
"Absolutely—hand in hand."
"He's a good pilot, though, isn't he?"
"First-class. He's the right type, and he
has the kind of cool nerve that doesn't take
unnecessary risks: levelheaded, which is
more than I can say for myself."
There was another silence.
"How did Dick get on with your father?"
Fay asked, after a time.
"Oddly enough, they have never met.
Whenever the Learned cropped up at Ox-
ford, somehow he always missed old
Dick, and Dick would never come to stay,
on vacations, because he said he hadn't

"Let me know if you scrape a team together, so we can start"
COLLIER'S CHARLES PLATT

the means to return hospitality. A queer fish. But I'll bet my boots they get along like anything when they do meet."

"I simply cannot make out what has become of him, unless"—Fay drew a long breath—"he has gone off and married her."

"What! The hairdresser? Oh, chuck it! I can make a better guess than that. He has found out, as you found out, that she is something of a jumble sale, and he's too much ashamed of himself to . . . Hullo! who approaches?" He sat upright, staring in the direction of Rosemary Cottage. "The station taxi, unless these old eyes deceive me."

Fay sat up, too, a heightened color discernible in her cheeks. Then was heard a masterful, penetrating voice: "Come back and collect me sharp at five. I count on you."

"Ye gods!" said Dan. "It is the Learned Parent!"

And indeed it was Michael Corcoran, K. C., in person! Towering, mentally and physically, over Corporal Toby, who presently appeared in the capacity of guide, saying, "This way, Your Honor," he approached Treasure Island, arrayed in flannel trousers, a brown-check coat, and other units of a sporting character.

"Hello, Dan! I've left a big dull case to my junior and dashed down to inspect."

"Hello, Dad! Glad to see you."

"Hello, Nurse Fay!"

"Hello, Mr. Corcoran!"

"I count myself worthy to be called Mike."

"I simply wouldn't dare!"

Michael Corcoran, away from court and chambers, exhaled an infectious gaiety which reminded Fay of the mysterious Dr. de Brion.

"Couldn't we have tea here on Cape of the Woods?" he presently suggested. "I'll lend Toby—Ben Gunn—a hand." He stooped and picked up a newspaper open at a page which bore the headline: Sir Giles Loeder Mystery. "Which reminds me, while we are on the subject of pirates and other criminals, I've got a tip straight from Scotland Yard about the Loeder murder. Shall we talk about murders? I love 'em."

"Yes, if you like," said Fay, but her smile was a pretense.

"The police have found a leather case, belonging to Sir Giles, empty, in a damaged house in Mount Street. They are practically certain, now, that he was murdered for his money."

He dropped down on the grass beside his son, squeezing Dan's arm. Fay quietly crossed the little bridge, intending to make preparations for tea. Halfway over, unseen by either, she suddenly stood still. A tall, slim figure in Air Force blue, that of a man who had not come through Rosemary Cottage but who had entered by the side gate was approaching Treasure Island. He saw Fay at the same moment that Fay saw him. He, too, stood still.

Fay broke the silence with one word: "Dick!"

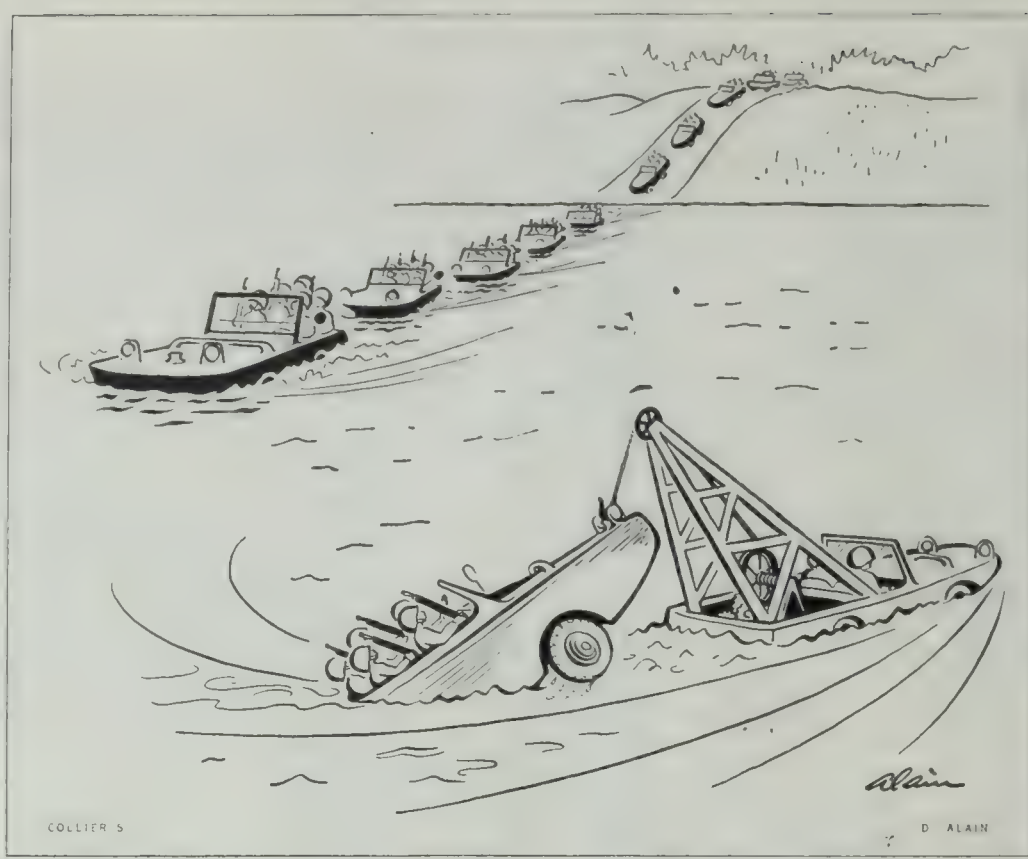
He answered with another monosyllable: "Fay!"

WHAT Fay saw in his face made her heart beat almost suffocatingly: Dick was fighting with emotions more complex than any he had known. A shout from Dan Corcoran brought those two troubled spirits to earth:

"Dick, by all that's wonderful! Ye gods, man! Where have you been? Come over here and explain yourself!"

Dick Kershaw managed to smile. He stepped upon the bridge and grasped both Fay's hands. "Fay, my dear," he said, looked into her eyes and passed on.

Dan was standing up, pipe still between his teeth, and Michael Corcoran had risen also. He stared hard at Kershaw; he was striving to remember where he had seen him.



"I'll take no excuses," Dan shouted. "We want a detailed account of your movements, Flight Lieutenant Kershaw, since you left Ashbrown. My father will conduct the examination."

"So this is Dick," said Michael Corcoran.

"I am very happy to meet you at last, sir."

AND as their hands clasped, Michael Corcoran remembered that morning at Sawby's coffee stall, remembered the disorder which had marked Kershaw's appearance, and buried the memory deep. He was proportionately astounded when Kershaw, meeting his regard steady-eyed, added: "I have seen you before. But you may have forgotten."

"Indeed—where was that?"

"At a coffee stall somewhere near Bond Street, very early one morning, sir—the morning following the death of Sir Giles Loeder, to be exact."

"Oh, yes, let me see, I do seem to recall—"

"I had no idea who you were at the time, or I might have asked your opinion."

"My opinion of what?"

Fay stood just behind Dick Kershaw, listening. A tense note in his voice, a quality in his bearing, warned her of something to come—something of which she was afraid. Dan, facing Kershaw, had recognized this, also.

"Well, sir—your legal opinion. You see, I killed Sir Giles Loeder . . ."

"Fay, dear, can I hope you will understand if I ask you to leave me with Dan and Mr. Corcoran for a few minutes?" Dick Kershaw's voice was steady but his hands were tightly clenched—"I mean, for *your* sake."

Fay had grown ivory pale, pale as on that night when entering the lobby of Lord Marcus' house she had found a dead man on the couch. "I believe, Dick," she replied quietly, "it might be better if I stayed. What you have just said, of course, came as an awful shock . . . but I think I know quite a lot of the rest."

Michael Corcoran, one difficult to surprise, stood amazed. It was Dan, his tones betraying how profoundly this news had staggered him, who intervened.

"It's true, Dick. There isn't time to explain; but I think Fay knows why you did this thing."

"What's that?" Kershaw's clear eyes were turned in Fay's direction. "You know? How do you know?"

"Well, Dick, I suppose it was fated that I should know. An Air Force officer (I was never introduced to him) was talking to someone just behind me in a crowded corner at Julie's party on the very night that it happened. He seemed to know quite a lot about"—she paused before pronouncing the name—"Rita Martin. I simply couldn't avoid hearing. I didn't want to listen a bit, but I had to. And he said that you were—entangled with this girl, and that she—"

"Yes?" Dick prompted gently.

"I don't believe you ever met my husband, Reverend. Before the war he was quite a golfer"

"That she was Giles Loeder's mistr and was"—she made a tiny *moue*, a n ghost of its true self—"just playing you He said, if you ever found out, he di know what would happen. And wl right on top of that, I found Sir G lying dead—"

"*You* found him!" Kershaw exclaim and took a step toward her.

"Yes. I know it hasn't been in the pers, but—well, what's the good of tal about it now?"

"No good at all, Fay," Dan Corco said. "Also, quite beyond the point. D you agree, sir?"

"I am afraid," replied Michael Co ran, "that I am not at the moment state of mind nicely to judge of the v of what Fay may have to tell us. I k very little of the facts. The papers been unusually reticent, even for wart But if, as I understand to be the case"- turned to Dick Kershaw—"you req my legal advice, I am at your service."

"Thank you, sir," said Dick Kersh

"But not at all. You have appeale me. And I am quite sure that your tounding statement must conceal o facts which have an important bea upon the case. Let us all sit down, and can give us your story from the be ning."

Fay, rarely removing her glance f Dick Kershaw's face, resumed her for place on the grass. Michael Corcora down beside her, put his arm around shoulders and gave her a reassuring Dan settled himself in the wheel chair. Kershaw, leaning back upon a rail of bridge, faced them, clasping the w work on either side of him tensely, so his knuckles showed white. Toby, hol one shoulder higher than the other, retired.

"MAYBE it makes it a bit easier," shaw began, "to find that you, and you too, Dan, know something a what a fool I have been. How you cam be mixed up in this thing, Fay, is be me. I don't think"—he lowered his eye a moment—"I would have dared tell any of this, if you hadn't heard about Martin. There is no need to go into dreary business of how I met her an that, and I can't explain to you any n than I can explain to myself why completely lost my head over her."

He bit his straight underlip and st down into the water. For a few mom there was no sound but that gur laughter of the little stream.

"Anyway, although I don't believ seems reasonable, and perhaps it i the whole fabric I was building crashe a single night, in fact, in a single hou can't say who the man was whose con sation you overheard, Fay, but I have s found out that quite a number of brother officers who go around t rather more than I do knew I was b led up the garden. I suppose I am on those fools who need to see a thing their own eyes before they can believ Well, that proof came my way."

He paused again, as if to collect ideas, or it may have been to recover trol of himself.

"Various rumors had reached me expect they were intended to reach I had been rather under the weather; n ing serious, as I told you, but the fea going limping around for the rest of o life is rather a nervous ordeal; so perh it's likely I was a bit on the morbid At any rate, when I got sick leave, I m up my mind to settle these doubts and for all."

In a casual way, but nonetheless o ously as a prop to his composure, Kers took out his cigarette case, automatic offered it, but was met with shaken he He selected and lighted a cigarette.

"I was to have met Rita directly I away from Ashbrown, but I had for

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Battleship of the Skies

You are looking through the waist gunner's window of a Flying Fortress* . . . at another Fortress on its test run near the Boeing plant in Seattle. Peaceful enough here, it nonetheless represents 32 tons of the most deadly fighting mechanism ever devised.

The Boeing Fortress now has a maximum bomb capacity of more than 10 *tons* . . . equaling or exceeding that of any other bomber, Allied or Axis, now in service.

Its stability and general flight characteristics make it a superior "platform" for high-level bombing of the most destructive accuracy.

It has great defensive firepower and is credited with a remarkably high average of successfully completed combat missions.

All this, of course, is not just happenstance. It stems from the determination of the Boeing company nine years ago to build an airplane unlike any then in existence, an airplane that would be truly a "Battleship of the Skies."

To carry through such a project meant years of costly research. It meant continuing advancement from one stage to another, including long experimentation at stratosphere altitudes where few men had ever been. It meant utilizing the skills of many hundreds of engineers representing more than 25 different engineering fields.

It meant financial courage of a high order, for the original Flying Fortress was a wholly private venture financed throughout by Boeing.

Today Boeing's foresight and faith are more than justified by the outstanding record of Flying Fortresses in the war.

Tomorrow you may look to Boeing for peacetime products of equal leadership. The phrase "Built by Boeing" means they're bound to be good.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**

*THE TERMS "FLYING FORTRESS" AND "STRATOLINER" ARE REGISTERED BOEING TRADE-MARKS

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

Adventures of *Stopper* the Brakeblok Pup

"This inflation business is getting serious!"

Stopper says—"Sure, the tire check helps . . . and another good way to make tires last is to have smooth-acting brakes . . . the kind of brakes you get with American Brakeblok Brake Lining."

AMERICAN BRAKEBLOK DIVISION
Detroit, Mich.

AMERICAN BRAKE SHOE COMPANY

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

"All right, you can make her disappear. But why?"

another plan. I didn't go to any likely hotel, and I kept out of your way, too, down here; I avoided the club as well. I went to a cheap and dreary place at the back of Lancaster Gate. There's a café in King's Road, Chelsea, and I remembered that from the window tables it was easy to see the door of the apartment house in which Rita lives. Sitting there, I waited for her to come back from Simone's.

"She came in a taxi. If I had not been what I am—a blind fool—I should have wondered before about her way of life. She always traveled in taxis, and her apartment, now that I began to think about it, could hardly have been kept up on a hairdresser's salary. Anyway, I waited there, drinking more cups of coffee. It was getting dark, but I knew I couldn't miss her."

Memories of the ordeal through which he had passed were beginning to influence his voice, his bearing. Fay had thought how tired he looked; now, she thought that he appeared positively haggard, as he went on with his story:

"When she came out again, she was in evening dress. She stood on the other side of the street for a while, looking right and left. She was evidently in a hurry, and as no taxi appeared, she began almost to run toward Sloane Square. I paid my bill quickly, dashed out and followed her. Quite a few people were going by underground but all the same I saw that I couldn't risk traveling in the same elevator. I took a ticket at random and rushed down the stairs.

"She had got there ahead of me, but just as I reached the platform a train pulled in, and I was in time to see her get on board. I took a seat in the next coach. No need to bore you with details. I nearly lost her when she changed at Charing Cross; but when she got out at Oxford Circus I ran up the stairs there as I had run down at Chelsea. It was blackout by now, and I knew that once she got outside, I should lose my chance. But I had made good time on the stairs, and I picked her up again.

"Once out on the street, I kept close behind her. She was trying to find a taxi. Presently, during a traffic holdup, she darted right out and jumped into a cab that was pulled up by an island in the middle. I didn't know what to do. I thought all my trouble was going to be wasted. But it was quite dark, and I ran across just the cab pulled off. I stood there lookin after it, right on the island, when a ma driving a private car slowed up and sai 'Can I give you a lift?' "

Kershaw paused, looking from fa to face. "That seems like Fate at wor doesn't it? 'I have just missed my frienc I told him; 'she is in that taxi just ahea If you could manage to keep it in sight—'

"He said, 'Jump in. That's in my dire tion.' Then, only a few minutes later, h sang out, 'The taxi is pulling up outsic the B.B.C.'

"That settled it. I thanked him an jumped out just in time to see Rita go int Broadcasting House. When I say that se tled it, I mean it confirmed the rumo which had reached me about Loeder. was certain now that she was going t meet him, because I knew that he wa broadcasting after the nine-o'clock new So once more I settled down to wait."

THE dull, flat voice of the speaker, ac companied by a harmony of bir notes, the serenity and beauty of an Eng lish countryside, served to strengthen, i the minds of those who listened, th drama of tormented jealousy enacted i darkened London.

"Outside Broadcasting House, jus around the corner, I reserved a taxi. hadn't very long to wait. I stood on th steps, beyond the doors which open int the big entrance hall. Rita came out wit a man. I wasn't three yards from them. might not have known who he was i someone else who came out at the sam time had not asked, 'Can I give you a lift Sir Giles?'

"I knew then; I knew that I had bee right; and I knew that I was a fool. But couldn't condemn her, yet. I had no clain whatever to deny her anyone's friendship I listened, and I heard Loeder reply, 'If i isn't taking you out of your way, I want t go to Hay Hill, Mayfair.'

"When the car pulled off, I worked m old trick. I said to the taxi driver, 'Thos are my friends, ahead there. Someone ha given them a lift. Do you think you ca follow on to Hay Hill, Mayfair?' We ar rived just in time to see them get out an go into a big block of apartments. watched them step into the elevator, ther

I ead all the names on the board, but Leder's wasn't there. I knew, though, lt a lot of London flats were sublet, and I ad little doubt that Rita had gone to his a rtment.

I had to keep walking away as though I as making for some place on the ground flor, because quite a number of people bgan to arrive and go up in the elevator. Tere was no attendant, but it was self-wrking. It occurred to me that maybe dre was a party and that Rita's doings s far were innocent enough.

'I made up my mind to wait, if neces-sly all night. If she didn't come out again, t t was good enough. If she did, I would flow her. I'm not going to describe my f me of mind, but I'm afraid it was pretty ty. After a time no more people ar-red, and I just walked up and down the sep, deserted street outside, wondering if had misjudged her, wondering which artment she was in; feeling I wanted to fd out, to stand in front of her and to l her outright what she was to Sir Giles leder.

'A full moon kept bursting through the cuds and shining on blacked-out win-cws so that they looked all lighted up f m inside. I never knew that London vs so silent at night, so lonely. A warden d a policeman were the only people who ssed during the next hour, and I found rself counting the barrage balloons I uld see from the top of the street. Well, tween eleven and midnight, some of the ople I had seen go in came out again, ich confirmed my idea that there had en a party. But still, there was no sign Rita. More than once I weakened: was getting very tired, and thirsty, and I s not really quite fit. But I had made my mind to see the thing through, so I nched my teeth, and stuck it.

'At last, someone rang up the elevator ain. Then, from above, I heard her ice. I ran outside before she could ch the hallway. There was no car, and taxi anywhere about, so that wherever e was going she would have to walk for ime, at least. It was getting darker with ver patches of moonlight. I reckoned following without being seen. When ey came out they passed within a yard me—Loeder and Rita. And right then, m their conversation, I knew there was more room for doubt."

Kershaw, now, was exhibiting distress nals; he spoke rapidly, tensely. He had scarded his cigarette and clutched the il of the bridge again with both hands.

"I felt completely sick. I can't explain at feeling, that wave of nausea which ept over me. But I cursed myself for a or fool and conquered it. And when ey moved off down Hay Hill, arguing, I was close behind. They had been to a party of some sort; so much I gathered. And now he was trying to urge her to spend the night at his flat, which it seemed was quite near. The very way she declined would have been evidence enough. They walked on; he had his arm around her and was kissing her. He was carrying some sort of portfolio. Suddenly, on the next corner, a taxi appeared, slowed up and the man called out, 'Taxi, sir?'

"Rita seemed to jump at the chance of getting away. 'Really, Giles, dear,' she said, 'I have a hard day tomorrow, and I must go home.' He tried again to make her change her mind, but she insisted on getting into the taxi. I stood there watching him kiss her, long, possessive kisses. It made my blood boil like mad. Then, picking up his portfolio, he waved as the taxi drew off, and Rita blew a kiss to him. I was standing back in the shadow of a doorway. It was a moment of pitch-darkness, the moon was quite obscured; then Loeder, as a sort of parting gesture, maybe, shone his torch and waved its beam in the direction of the taxi.

"A reflection, or something, must have shone upon me for a moment, because I saw Rita, her face white and frightened, leaning out of the window staring back—not toward where Loeder stood, but toward the doorway in which I was hiding."

"LET me be quite clear on that point," Michael Corcoran interrupted. "Are you sure, or moderately sure, that this girl saw you?"

"I think I can say that I am absolutely sure she saw me."

"H'm! Go ahead."

"Although I knew that I was in no proper shape for an interview, I made up my mind all the same that I would have it out with Loeder. He moved on briskly as if sure of his way. I followed him until he turned into a side street and I could be sure there was not a soul about. Hearing me overtaking him, he stopped, spun around, and flashed a light in my face.

" 'Oh!' he said, 'an Air Force officer. I thought it was a pickpocket.'

"Naturally, I don't remember my exact words in reply, but I told him my name, and said that maybe he had heard it from Rita. He said, 'No, I don't recall it,' and walked on. Then I grabbed him by the shoulder and twisted him around to face me. He said, 'What are you up to? Do you want to spend the night in jail?' So, keeping my hand on his shoulder, I told him all I had to say. I held myself in check; I used no violent language; I stated the plain facts as I saw them: that he had used his money and his position to seduce a girl who likely enough would have gone

COLLIER'S "We're having a beauty contest" COLIN ALLEN

. . for 44 years

Delco-Remy
ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT AND DELCO BATTERIES
DIVISION OF
General Motors

Automotive
★ Aircraft ★
★ Tractor ★
★ Marine ★

Enlist your dollars—
BUY WAR BONDS

straight if she had never known him, a girl who had to live on whatever she could earn, and in times such as these was to be pitied if she fell for smart clothes and entertainment.

"Not a soul came near during all this time. I never heard a sound except once or twice that of distant traffic. Finally, I said to him, 'There is just one thing I am going to ask. You have a wife, but I know you are separated. If you mean to get a divorce and marry Rita, that lets me out: I have no more to say; the choice is hers.' "

Kershaw stood up and clenched his hands in an effort to retain control, an effort which he was unable to conceal. Fay, biting her lip fiercely, stared down at the grass. In a moment, Kershaw resumed:

"His reply was what led to the tragedy. I hold no brief for Rita Martin; I know, now, that she's a little twister. She has no more sense of morals, much less of comradeship, than I would expect to find in a barnyard. That is beside the point. He laughed in my face. What he said about Rita I am not going to repeat. Then, with the portfolio which he carried, he struck my hand from his shoulder and turned away. By this time, although I had fought hard, I had begun to see red. I tore the thing from him, threw it down on the sidewalk, and said, 'Put up your hands, because I am going to thrash you until I am tired.'

"He did—and he took me by surprise. Dan will tell you that we both worked pretty hard at our boxing. In fact, if the war hadn't come, I guess Dan would have got his Blue."

"You would have got yours first, Dick."

"That's as may be. But I am not entirely useless, anyway. Well, neither was Loeder. Fighting in the dark was a novel experience for me, and he registered one or two hard knocks before I got his measure. Then the moon shone out suddenly, just as he gave me an opening, and I caught him with a straight left over the heart. The weight I put into it gave my groggy foot a sharp twinge; in fact, I almost fell, too. But Loeder went down for the count, rolled sideways, and then lay still."

"STOP there!" Michael Corcoran broke in. "Where was his portfolio?"

"I don't know. I had snatched it away from him and thrown it aside."

"Is it possible that his head struck the pavement so hard that he died of concussion?"

"That was not my impression, sir. Although it was a fairly strong blow, I don't believe, when I consider that my ankle let me down, how it could possibly have been a knockout. But he fell."

"Was the pavement wet?"

"No; the rain came later. Anyway, as he didn't get up, I bent over him—pretty cautiously, because I was expecting a trap. But when I moved him he just went limp, and lay flat with his arms stretched out."

In their excitement, none of the three men had noticed Fay. Now, suddenly, Dick Kershaw noticed her. She was supporting herself unsteadily, one hand resting upon the grass.

"Fay!" he cried, and sprang from the bridge to her side, dropping to his knee and throwing his arms around her. "Fay, dear, don't let it hurt you so much. I know it's horrible! But it was a fair fight."

"I know it was, Dick," she whispered, and looked up at him. "Don't worry, dear. Nurses know how to take care of themselves. But somehow, as you were talking—I could see it all."

"Are you quite sure?" He stood up.

"Quite sure."

He stayed where he was, standing beside her, and went on: "I concluded that he was out right enough, and I may as well admit that I rather lost my head. It came to me in a flash that if the affair led to a police court, I should be kicked out of the R.A.F., and I knew, beyond any shadow of doubt, that Rita wasn't worth it." He stared down at Fay during another long pause. "Then I heard footsteps, coming up rapidly. Well, the rest is easy . . .

"I bolted. I have told you that I don't know just where this took place, and I may add that I don't know which way I went. I just tramped on and on, along dark streets and across squares, with the whole beastly business going round and round in my head like a crazy circus. It made me sick to think about Rita, and even then, long after I had left him lying, it made me coldly, murderously angry to think of Loeder. He's dead, and I shouldn't say it—but that man was a dirty dog.

"I sat for a while on a seat in some large open space. It may have been Hyde Park, but I couldn't be sure. Whenever I heard a policeman coming, I moved on. You see, Loeder knew my name; I was quite sure he would report the matter to the police when he came to, and I hadn't made up my mind what my defense was going to be.

"In the meantime I didn't know what to do. The little hotel I have mentioned locks its doors about eleven, and to get in I should have had to ring and so attract attention to myself. I thought it better to stay out. I must have walked for miles. Sometimes I wondered if I was going mad or had already gone mad. Then it rained, as it rained several times during the night. I sheltered under trees, or in doorways—anywhere, but still kept on walking. I went right on like that until daylight came. Then I found myself in Bond Street. As it began to grow light, I recognized where I was. I saw a coffee stall among a lot of wreckage in a corner, and I walked over there." He fixed his steady glance on Michael Corcoran. "That was where we first met, sir."

"Yes," said Michael Corcoran, looking anxiously at Fay. "That was where you heard on the radio—"

"That Loeder was dead. When I heard that, I lost control again. You see, I had been in hospital for some time and I was not quite myself, I suppose. I went back to my hotel at Lancaster Gate, and managed to get in, so early in the morning, without being noticed. I was scared; I admit that. But above all, I was wretchedly ashamed of myself—ashamed of the motive which had led me, although unintentionally, to take a man's life. I didn't know what to do.

"There were only two people I could think of whose advice I would dare to ask. For long days and nights—oh, such dreary, sleepless nights—I tried to whip up courage to come down here. I read every scrap of news I could get hold of. But it was little enough. I realized that for some reason the police were suppressing many of the circumstances; and that was worse than ever. I began to feel like a hunted cr nal. Every time a constable came a Craven Terrace I thought he was co for me. I can't explain this mood; I k it was contemptible; I wouldn't have lieved it possible. Fay"—he dropped his knees beside her again—"I knew it would hurt, but I came to tell the w story to you and to ask for your adv He reached out his hand. "And for y Dan."

"There are two things you have to said Michael Corcoran briskly. "Fir to stay here. Can he stay here, N Fay?"

"Of course," said Fay. "I can easil range it with Matron."

"The second," Corcoran went on to make quite sure that no living soul cept the four of us now present, he single word of this. I don't want yo go back to London, Kershaw. Arran some way to have your things sent d For the rest—well, I shall have a nu of questions to ask—but leave the to me.". . .

An interview which had some be upon the astonishing discovery in S Audley Street, or, more exactly, up subsequent development in the mys took place one morning at the assi commissioner's club. Lord Marcus berdale was lunching with Colonel O loran.

THEY sat at a side table in the lofty an apartment impregnated with service aroma peculiar to clubs w membership is almost entirely confine officers. Lord Marcus' handsome, face was troubled as he stared acros table at his old friend, and the colo little eyes were blinking furiously.

"I find it peculiarly difficult to state facts, O'Halloran. I am regarded in m quarters as suspect—an unhappy a sphere in which to spend one's days. I here"—he extended a long, sensitive —"I am conscious of it. Furthermo have reason to believe that officers f Scotland Yard are actually covering movements. I think I have detected on more than one occasion. I am not c plaining: I have no right to complain. at its best, it is a waste of your fell time, at its worst, an intolerable imp tion."

"Quite see what you mean," rattled assistant commissioner. "Follow enti Must agree. As a matter of fact, wa to talk to you about it all. Glad to see in any event. Haven't seen enough of other in recent years."

"It is a great pleasure to me," Lord M cus declared and raised his glass of sh with old-fashioned courtesy. "This sciousness of a sleepless surveillanc prejudicial to my work. As you kno have placed my knowledge of the East at the disposal of the Ministr Information, and my employment is highly confidential character. A whisper would be sufficient to destroy usefulness."

"Don't misunderstand me," said colonel. "Haven't agreed you're b watched in any way. Contrary to my ders if you are. But frankly, one can s pathize with Chief Inspector Firth. Ra groping in the dark; and after all, Am dale, dead man was found on your p ises. Can't get away from that."

"It is inescapable, but I have no n Idea how he came to be there than i had been found in Buckingham Pala

"Fully appreciate that. But plain remains that man wasn't found in B ingham Palace; he was found in house. Infernal eccentricities"—he up his sherry glass, blinking at it vicio —"key in flower box outside door, sort of thing, all make it more difficu investigate. *Then, your friend Mrs. knew Loeder.*"

(To be continued next week)

COLLIER'S "You understand, of course, that this does not constitute an endorsement of your product by the War Department" BO BROWN

COLLIER'S CARL ROSE

Here's one thing that *does not* cause higher prices

FOR many reasons, the prices of most things you buy are higher today.

But railroad freight rates are not one of the causes.

The fact is, railroad freight rates generally are not higher today than before the war. Many are actually lower, and the average amount received by the railroads for each ton they haul is the lowest in the past quarter-century.

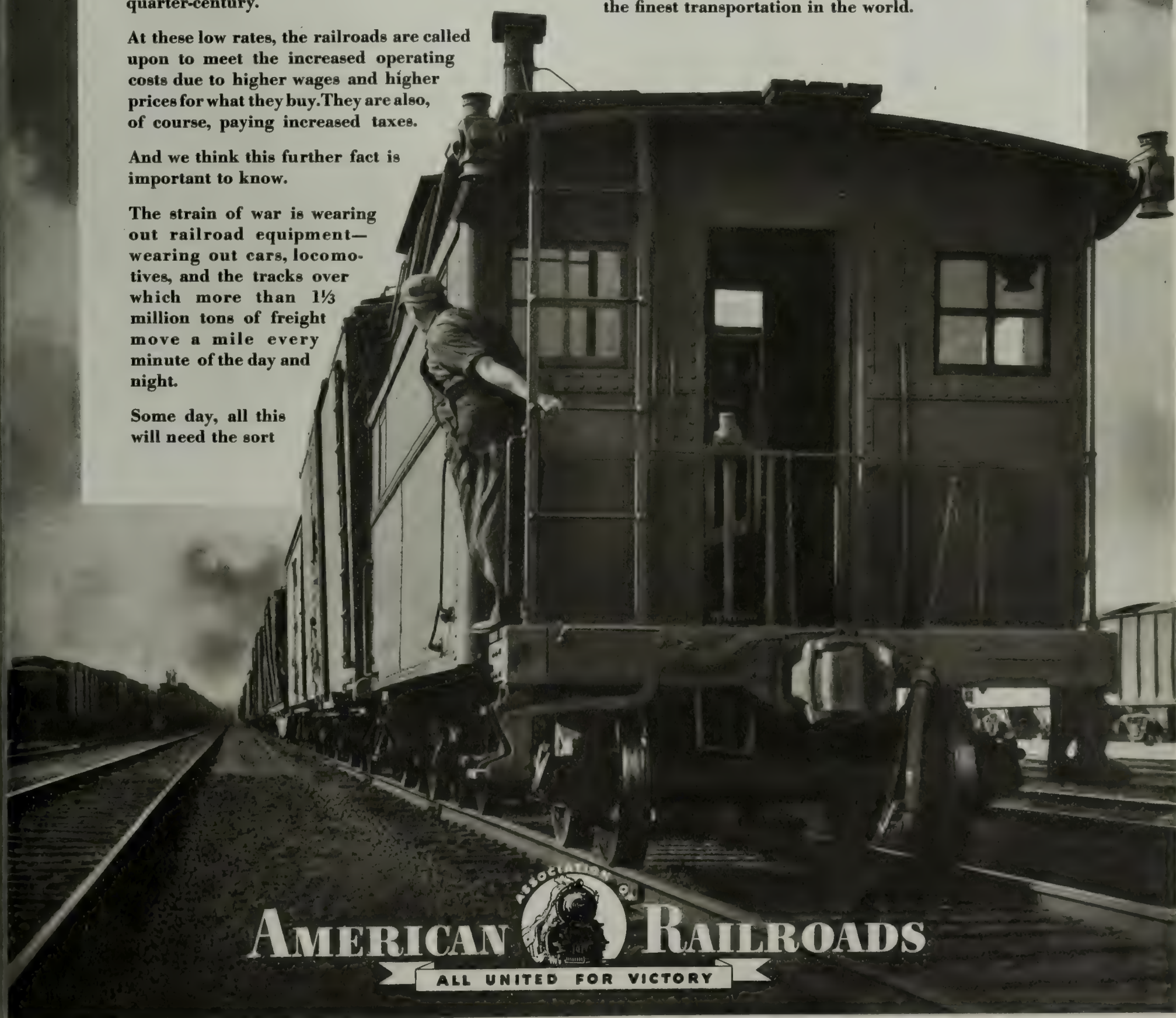
At these low rates, the railroads are called upon to meet the increased operating costs due to higher wages and higher prices for what they buy. They are also, of course, paying increased taxes.

And we think this further fact is important to know.

The strain of war is wearing out railroad equipment—wearing out cars, locomotives, and the tracks over which more than 1⅓ million tons of freight move a mile every minute of the day and night.

Some day, all this will need the sort of replacement which is not possible in these days of war shortages. It will take billions of dollars to do that job—just as it took billions to bring the railroads to their present high efficiency.

To do this with railroad money, the railroads must therefore have a chance now to provide for the future, so they can keep on furnishing America with the finest transportation in the world.



ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

Save Your Car's "After Victory Value"

Drive beautifully and preserve finish, too!

Simoniz your car! Get more enjoyment out of every "rationed mile." Save your self-respect and pride while you are protecting the trade-in value of your car. First, make it sparkle like new with the amazing Liquid Simoniz Kleener. In one quick operation it cleans and shines. Then put on the famous Simoniz. It makes the finish last longer and stay beautiful. So get Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener for your car. Do it today!

• • •

Always insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener sold by grocery, auto accessory, hardware, paint, drug and department stores. Also by Filling Stations and Garages.

THE SIMONIZ CO., CHICAGO

MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ
HOUSEWIVES DO LIKEWISE

We Starve Our Friends

Continued from page 22

shall atone for this crime against childhood? What are we getting in exchange for the slow, agonizing death of a whole generation of the children of the freedom-loving countries of Europe?

While conditions in Belgium and France are more desperate than in Norway and Holland, suffering is nevertheless very severe in both the latter countries. These four countries are accessible by sea. The children of other countries, such as occupied Russia, Poland and Czechoslovakia, are equally in need of assistance, but for the present, there is no way to get supplies to them. But the fact that we cannot help all is no excuse for not saving some.

In the fall of 1940, the American Friends' Service Committee found itself in France in possession of sufficient rice, lentils, beans and chick-peas to afford a little extra nourishment each day to about 50,000 children in the Free Zone. We decided that the best way to do this would be to institute supplemental feedings in the schools. Eleven departments of southern France where food conditions were the most difficult were selected. With the help of school physicians, social workers and teachers, we chose the 50,000 most needy children in these departments.

In many places, school canteens already were in operation. In others kitchen and dining-room installations were provided. Competent workers were secured to cook and serve. Each school was sent enough food to provide a standard ration for six weeks for each child selected to be fed. Inspectors from our staff visited these canteens regularly to see the children eating and to consult with teachers and physicians. Each child was given from two to three ounces of food daily. It was only a tiny portion but enough to keep the child from losing weight and to preserve a degree of health that would make possible complete recovery if the period of privation were not too long.

In the fall of 1941, this system was extended to 84,500 children. If sufficient food had been available, it could have been enlarged to include all the needy children of France.

There can be no doubt about the depth of French gratitude for the school canteens or the real determination of the people to repay us. We have received thousands of letters from the children, their parents and their teachers, expressing their affectionate thanks.

Gratitude of a Child

One tiny tot wrote: "We hope little American children will never be as hungry as we are, but if they are, we will save our centimes for them. Never will we forget your friendship and kindness. In helping us, you are helping France to rise again."

In many French cities, there are maternity clinics to which mothers bring children for advice concerning their nourishment. In December, 1940, we examined the weight curves of some 5,000 babies in Marseille and found them steadily falling.

A small stock of powdered milk was given the physician in each clinic. He was authorized to give this to the mothers of undernourished babies and instruct them carefully how to use it. Within a few weeks the falling curves leveled off, and shortly after began a steady rise which continued until June, 1942. Then the distribution of milk was discontinued because Washington refused to give us a license to buy additional supplies of dried milk in Switzerland.

One does not like to think what happened to the babies after that.

In the winter of 1940-41, we distributed vitamins to a quarter of a million of the neediest French children. Some of these were in the form of vitaminized chocolate squares. The tinfoil wrapper of each square carried a message of friendship from America. The girls made bows of these wrappers and wore them in their hair. Everybody knew of this gesture of friendship, and the papers carried columns about it.

During the winter 1941-42, we were unable to get permission from Washington to take vitamins from America and our distribution was reduced to 100,000 children, the supplies coming from Denmark. Last winter, there were none. Tragically enough, vitamins no longer would be useful to most of the children unless food also was given. Their health has deteriorated to a point where, without additional nourishment, vitamins are quite useless.

In the spring of 1939, half a million Spanish refugees came flooding into France. It was a wretched mob. The people had no papers, clothing, baggage or money. France might have refused them; she did not want them and yet generously she accepted them en masse, giving the world, perhaps, its most outstanding example of charity on an international scale.

Later, France accepted more than a million refugees from the Low Countries and Central Europe. For all these people, she appropriated public money and continued to share with them her last crust.

Internment camps were set up in the spring of 1939 to provide for those refugees unable to find work, who had no other means of sustenance. Some 300,000 people were placed in these camps, which at that time were simply large areas of sand surrounded by barbed wire. There were no barracks, no feeding, sanitary or medical equipment; but gradually crude provisions were made for these necessities, and the French government appropriated sufficient money to buy food.

As the Spaniards were absorbed into industry, returned to Spain, or sent out in work gangs, Central European refugees were placed in the camps. As long as food supplies were available, the refugees w adequately fed. By early 1941, howe food had become so scarce that the c mandants of the camps could not purch enough. Consequently, these victims persecution suffered more and more fr starvation.

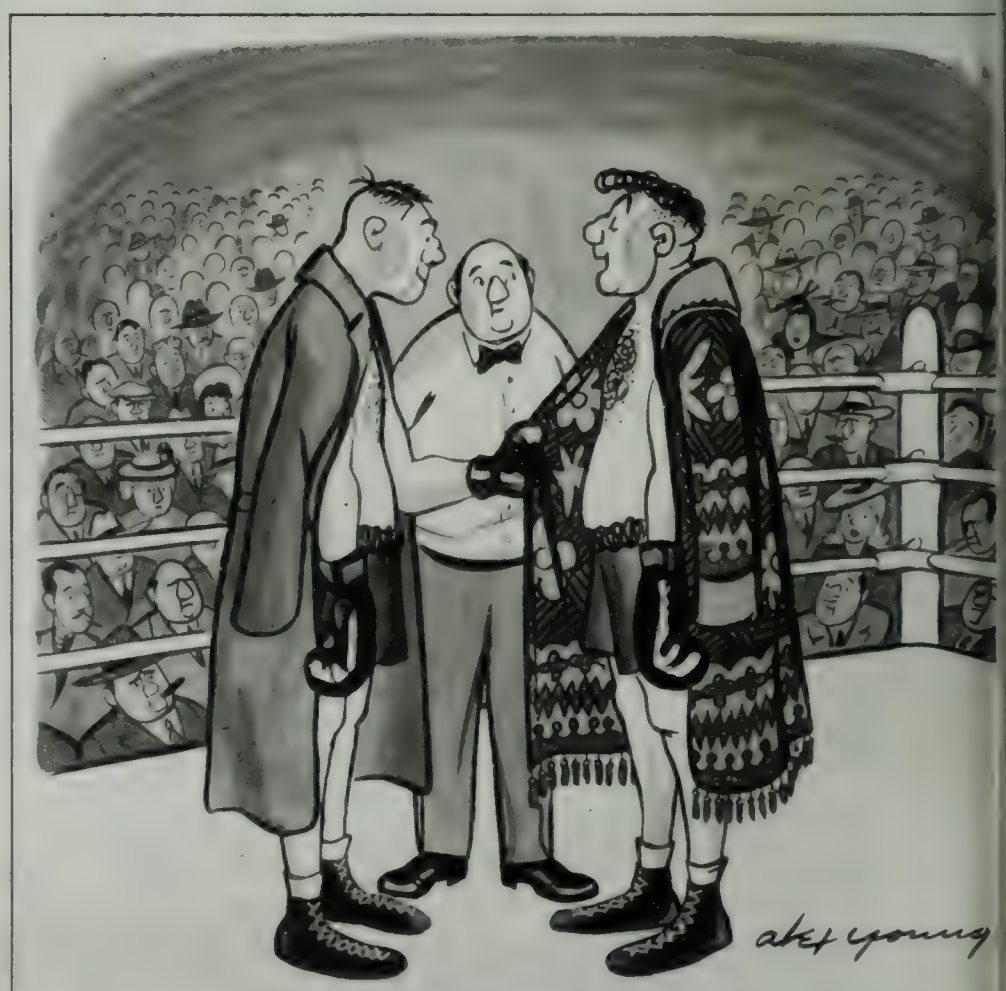
The American Friends' organiza supplied supplementary nourishment the children and for 8,000 of the need adults. In spite of all we could do, h ever, I saw full-grown men in these ca weighing as little as seventy-five pou I saw them in all stages of starvation, s with horribly swollen bodies, others weak to rise from their pallets of str It must be remembered that they w refugees from totalitarian states—mar to their convictions—educated, intellig freedom-loving, skilled men and wom capable of making a contribution to country and yet condemned to a linge death by starvation. Our appeals to W ington and London for food with wh to save these unfortunate people were vain.

Good Charity and the Best Strateg

Our own brave lads are dying on m fronts, and I would not advocate send food to the children of Europe if I thou it would prolong the war or send mor our sons to their death. Happily, wh propose would not only save the child but would give courage and strength our allies and friends and greatly enha the possibilities of satisfactory post reconstruction. It is good charity, and best of strategy. In my opinion, it wo shorten the war.

Let me give you enough detail, so will see how our work was carried o

During 1940 and the first half of 1 we purchased milk in Switzerland, can fish in Portugal, rice, peas, beans, len and chick-peas in Central Europe, Tur Egypt, Northern Africa, Madagascar French Indo-China. When these supp arrived in Marseille, they were put i our warehouse. Trusted staff memb



COLLIER'S "It's a Japanese kimono—a gift from my kid brother who is also in the fight game" ALEX YOUNG

MASTERPIECE IN METAL

To the skilled metallurgists who have chosen its tough steels and hard alloys, there is beauty in the Allison's metals.

To the seasoned engineers whose slide rules and drawing boards have crystallized their dreams, the beauty lies in the design of the compact, smooth-working parts.

To the master mechanics whose skill produces mirror-like surfaces and precise fits with unbelievably close tolerances, it is the superb machining that is beautiful.

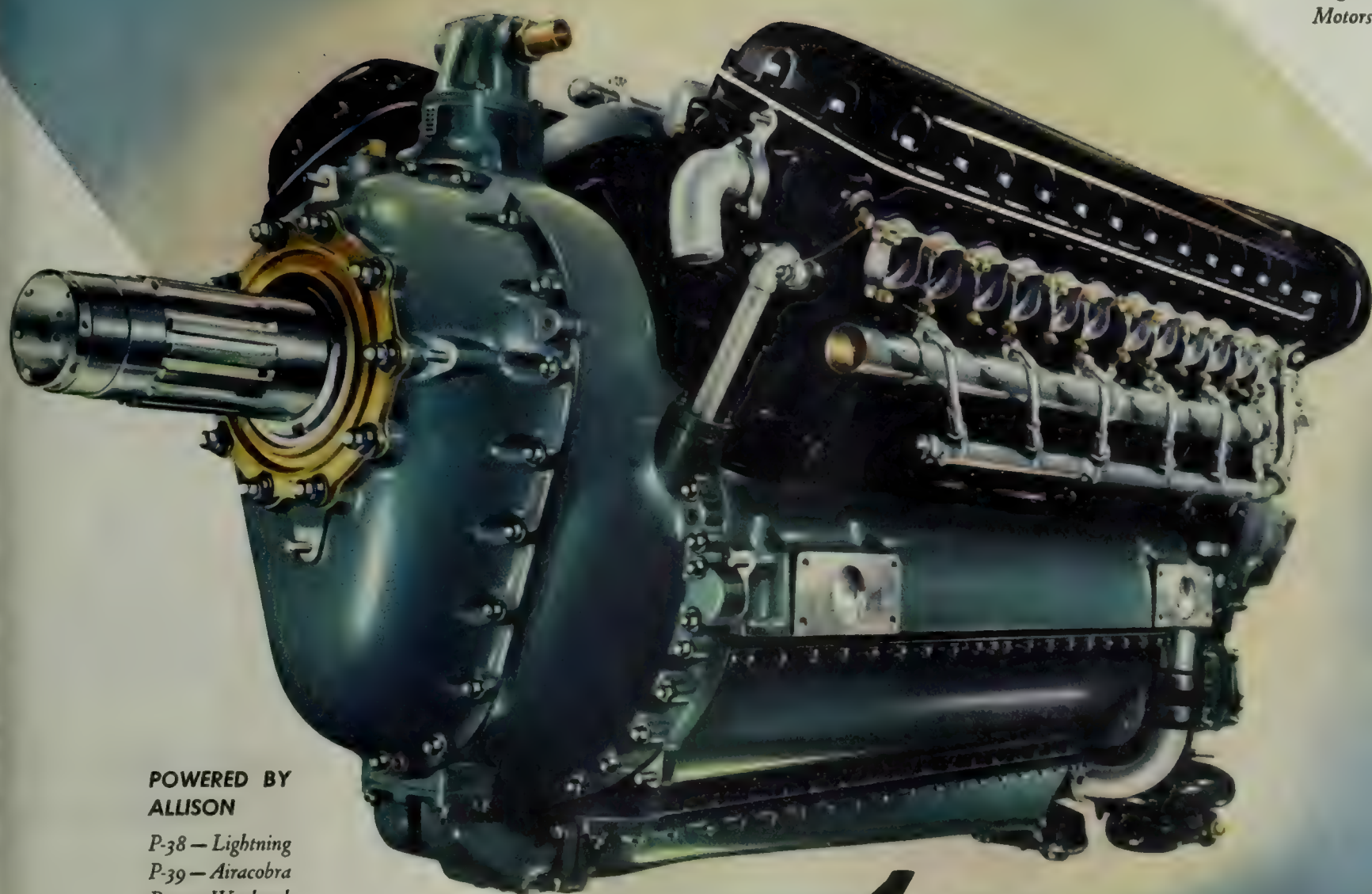
But beauty is as beauty does.

So to the pilot on the fighting front, the sum of all this is the beauty of performance — the dependable, unfailing action so vital to his mission and his safe return.

And to General Motors, whose purpose was to produce the finest aircraft engine ever built, the beauty of the Allison lies in its record of accomplishments on fighting fronts that circle the globe.

★

A comprehensive booklet entitled "Airplane Power" may be obtained by writing: Room 11-230, General Motors Bldg., Detroit 2, Mich.



POWERED BY ALLISON

P-38 — Lightning
P-39 — Airacobra
P-40 — Warhawk
P-51 — Mustang

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES *Allison*

DIVISION OF GM GENERAL MOTORS

YELLO-BOLE
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
REAL HONEY
Apple Shape, $1.50
the honey-cured smoke
Look at this pipe, and you'll see it's yellow inside. That is the distinctive and exclusive Yello-Bole bowl lining, carefully blended of golden Clover-Blossom Honey, Sage Honey and Honeysuckle Honey, which forms a kind of hearth in which your tobacco burns. The smoke acquires a most fragrant and agreeable character from this, unlike any other, and of many thousand men who've smoked them since 1933, *not one* ever complained of having to *"break-in"* a Yello-Bole!
YELLO-BOLE STANDARD $1
YELLO-BOLE IMPERIAL $1.50
YELLO-BOLE PREMIER $2.50
to be introduced soon
YELLO-BOLE
630 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N.Y.

were on duty in this building night and day. An order signed by me or, in my absence, by my assistant, was required before any of these stocks could be removed. Smaller stores were kept in our branch warehouses in other principal cities of southern France, carefully guarded by staff members.

When a shipment of food arrived in one of the colonies, it was immediately placed under lock and key. It was cooked and served to the children by members of our own staff. By no stretch of the imagination could any of it have been lost or wrongfully diverted to other uses.

When a shipment of food arrived at one of the internment camps, it was placed in a special storehouse and was carefully guarded. This food was cooked and served separately to the children or old people entitled to this supplemental ration. It was not in any way mingled with camp supplies. Members of our staff and other social workers kept the whole operation under close observation at all times.

There is no way by which Germany could profit directly or indirectly as a result of these operations. The only result was that the children aided by our work had more food than they otherwise would have had. The amount of French food consumed by the French people and the amount of French food taken by Germany were not affected one way or another.

Incidentally, the rumor that forty per cent of the food going into Greece was taken by the Germans is false. On April 19th, the State Department issued an official statement saying that the Germans did not take any of the food being sent to Greece and that the operation was satisfactory. I received the same assurance from the Ministry of Economic Warfare in London and from the American Red Cross.

The Germans have never taken any of our food; neither have they taken an equivalent amount of French food. Every child to whom we fed a tiny portion of imported food each day ate also all the food that could be procured for him with his own French ration card, proving that, as a result of our operations, there was not a crumb left over that the Germans could have taken.

False Statement on Food Rations

I have heard it said in high circles that when imported food is given to a family, the Germans immediately cut the ration of that family a corresponding amount, so that the net result was merely to place this food at the disposal of our enemies. So far as France is concerned, that statement is not true.

The feeding operations we are proposing would not be a burden on the American taxpayer. There are Norwegian, Belgian, Dutch and French funds in this country sufficient to purchase any quantity of food which it is proposed to send. These funds can be unblocked by our government.

It cannot be argued that we cannot save these children because of a food shortage here, for we still have a large surplus of grains, and the small amounts of fat, meat and milk required could be brought from South America. Neither can it be argued that the South American food is required for ourselves and our allies, for we have not at present sufficient shipping to move all of it.

Some could be devoted to saving these children without depriving us or our allies of anything. Shipping is not a problem, for neutral ships which cannot be hired for the war effort are available to transport food from South America or the United States to the children of the occupied countries, as neutral ships now are taking food from Canada to Greece.

The International Red Cross is ready to assume responsibility for food distribution and to use Swedish and Swiss personnel as it does in Greece. Everything is in order: the food, the money, the ships, the supervision. Official permission from Washington and London is the only thing needed.

Today we are winning the war but losing the peace. We are allowing the freedom-loving peoples of the occupied countries to be decimated by starvation while the Germans are being well fed. No matter what the peace terms, a well-fed Germany will have a postwar advantage over the tubercular, starvation-reduced malnutrition victims of the occupied countries. Neither well-populated cemeteries nor misshapen, undersized children with subnormal minds and twisted personalities are fit material with which to reconstruct democracy in Europe.

The people of the occupied countries are definitely on our side and want to help us, but there is danger that we may lose a large measure of their gratitude if we refuse to send them such assistance as may be within our power.

Many Frenchmen have said to me, "We love America. We want you to win the war, and we will help you, but we know, and you know, and we believe the governments in Washington and London know, that you could save at least some of our children without in any way assisting the enemy, and we will never forgive you if we see our children die before our eyes when you could have saved them."

Military necessity might require the starvation of these friendly people if, by doing so, you could starve the enemy. But you cannot do that in any case. You can only starve your allies and friends—the people who want to help you—and that will prolong rather than shorten the war.

As a limited relief project for 10,000,000 of the most needy children, nursing and expectant mothers of Norway, Holland, Belgium and France, I have suggested the monthly sending of 30,000 tons of cereals, 6,000 tons of fats, 9,000 tons of meat and 6,000 tons of milk, making a total of 51,000 tons monthly. This would provide each of these persons with a daily ration of cereals 100 grams, fats 20 grams, meat 30 grams, powdered or condensed milk 20 grams. In addition to what they are now getting, this would probably keep them in a fair degree of health.

Who can measure the value of 10,000,000 children?

Shall we, like the Priest and the Levite, pass by on the other side, saying that because we did not do it, there is no obligation upon us? What of our future relations with these countries if we sit by, doing nothing, while they die of starvation? What faith will any people, anywhere, have in our humanitarian protestations if we refuse to succor our own allies and friends?

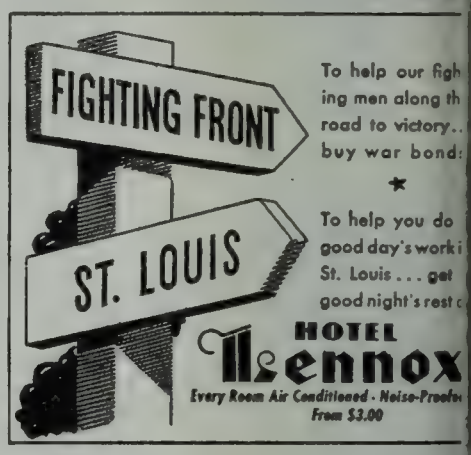
THE END

SUMMER ON THE HOME GROUNDS

Since our car no more may roam
Headily from home, sweet home,
Our benighted baby boy
Isn't slated to enjoy
Gusts of straight monoxide gas,
Billboards hiding trees and grass,
Motorcyclists, tough as nails,
Sporting bushy raccoon tails,
Or those Sunday traffic snarls
With their strident threats and quarrels.
What a tragedy that he
Misses such a galaxy
Of the joys we used to know
When the world was on the go.

MARGARET FISHBACK

Angler predicts excellent post-war fishing
FISHERMEN take note! With so many devotees of Izaak Walton otherwise occupied in making the world *un*safe for the Axis, millions of game fish are finding their home waters safest in years. Piscatorial populations are expected to soar by the end of the war. When the Big Job is done, *you'll* want to hook into some of the finny "war babies" that will be itching for a hard white-water battle. Buy plenty of War Bonds and Stamps today. First, you'll help to make sure that Victory's "in the bag." Second, you'll put aside money to pay for a trip to the Big Woods and bag your full share of the big catch that's waiting for you. This advertisement contributed by the makers of Sani-Flush and Mel'o.



To help our fighting men along the road to victory.. buy war bonds
★
To help you do a good day's work in St. Louis . . . get a good night's rest at
HOTEL Lennox
Every Room Air Conditioned · Noise-Proofed
From $3.00

CLEANS RUST OUT OF RADIATORS
Dissolves rust and scale quickly, safely. Requires no reverse flushing. It stops overheating. Increases engine efficiency, also saves gas and oil.

DU PONT Cooling System CLEANSER

Shore-to-Shore Invaders

Continued from page 13

fonerly required and has cleared the ides for planes, heavy machinery and oth r items that can't be stowed below.

he 2,170-mile trip completed in May by nore than thirty E.A.C. barges from the Florida training camp to Cape Cod ered that the Army's salt-water soldiers at home asea. The ten men in each slept on rough, built-in bunks and their own cooking in temporary galley. Gray-painted canvas coverings protected them from the light hurricanes and y seas they encountered, and at least of the crews hammered together autic Chick Sale booths and set them out over the stern, half moons and A "ground crew" followed them up coast in trucks, but a maintenance at the tail end of the mile-long col- made all necessary repairs to engines hulls.

rough log of the trek tells the story of probably the Army's most unortho- maneuver to date. Total elapsed time: ays; total running time: 26 days; av- e daily distance traveled: 87 miles. hest point from land: 45 miles. Longonstop run: 132 miles.

cidentally, the 303 men and officers his trip rode out storms and rough r like seasoned sailors, thanks a lot t. Col. L. L. Barrow, of the Williams pital at Camp Edwards. Since the y days of training, Col. Barrow has t developing a seasickness remedy and he's pretty sure he has a formula for ypes of motion sickness. As part of the riments, the world's first and only seaness machine was planned and put ther. It is something Rube Goldberg ought to see. On each end of a mechanical seesaw is a cubicle equipped with a seat, blackout shades and lights. Also, in doubtful cases, a washbasin. With a man in each chair, a couple of switches are snapped on, the cams, gears and levers begin to grind, and the cubicles move in three directions at once with distressing realism. (The Williams Hospital is thus probably the only institution of its kind that takes a perfectly well man and does its best to make him sick.)

Some of the hundreds of men tested have succumbed to the machine in three minutes; others have managed to hold out for half an hour or more. Almost all of them weathered a second indoor voyage with the aid of the capsule cure. This boon to motion-conscious travelers is known as U. S. Army Development Type 2116X318049Z—but you and I will have to continue to get green around the gills while in transit until peace comes and the Army releases the formula.

The difficulties encountered in the planning and execution of any specific invasion are enormous, and the variations are endless. No one knows this better than the boys who wear the red sea horse on the left breast and the blue and gold shoulder patch of Combined Operations: the eagle, tommy gun and anchor, representing the forces involved—air, land and sea.

Keep a weather eye out for the doings of the American Engineer Amphibian Command. Theirs is the job of being among the first to start the ball rolling. It'll be up to them to keep it rolling until there are no more War Bonds for sale.

THE END

Gissimo, Junior

Continued from page 11

e and that my own future was wrapped with them and I must win him over as as others like him."

o, as the wine flowed, young Chiang ed of a rejuvenated China struggling existence and with great hopes for the re.

t the right moment he played a trump l. Offering pardon for former crimes, ang asked for a promise of reform and operation. The chieftain, Wang, held a sultation with his men. Some mised Chiang and doubted whether he ld keep his word. Chiang, however, won over the chief, and the chief won r the rest. The youthful administrator ved a great sigh. His first hurdle had n surmounted.

Word of his success spread. Subsently, always unarmed, he visited other gs with equal success. Today thirtyr bandit leaders are his friends.

Persuaded to Bury the Hatchet

Village fortresses were built not only as tection against bandits but against rerent outbreaks of clan feuds. When a mber of the Peng clan killed a young k from the Yeh clan, Chiang stepped called a meeting of clan leaders and ished out quarrels of a hundred years' nding. He lectured them on the folly ighting among themselves when a com- n enemy was threatening to enslave the ntry. He persuaded them to bury the chet and start anew.

To bind the agreement, he deviated m the ancient custom of sacrificing a cken before the local idols. Instead, demanded the clans' bloodstained bat- flags—each blood spot representing a taken—which together were burned before a portrait of Sun Yat-sen. The law, however, still had to be satisfied, so the Peng clan gave up the murderer, who was jailed for three years.

The oppressed populace began to place confidence in the new administrator.

All over the countryside were placed little yellow boxes, wherein people could post grievances and suggestions or expose corruption, assured that all letters were kept strictly confidential. Through this means, Chiang was able to gain evidence against the intrenched gentry by whom the people were still intimidated.

Once, through a tip-off in the accusation box, he was able to catch two wealthy bankers smoking opium. Since they were supposed to have taken the government's compulsory cure, to be caught smoking made them subject to the death penalty. While young Chiang might have been inclined to impose a somewhat more lenient sentence, the bankers made the mistake of attempting to buy their freedom by offering to give two airplanes to the government. Upon hearing this, young Chiang ordered their immediate execution by a firing squad.

In early days, when he was not so well known, Chiang enjoyed poking about, incognito. Once disguised as a food vender he entered a closely watched house, catching a group of gamblers red-handed. Again, tipped off that revelers at a banquet planned to visit a house of ill fame after the dinner, he disguised himself as a ricksha puller and went unrecognized until he dropped the shafts before the house entrance.

When the city was bombed, he personally helped with the fire-fighting and rescue work. While clearing debris, he called to an officer passing in a ricksha to

For Distinguished Service

TO YOUR COUNTRY—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS

HONOURS OF
26th King George's Own Light Cavalry.
(Indian Army)
"Mysore"—"Seringapatam"—"Ava"—"Central India"—"Afghanistan, 1879-80"—"Burma, 1885-87"—"Givenchy, 1914"—"France and Flanders, 1914-18"—"Aden"

HONOURS OF
DEWAR'S "White Label"

Award of the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1892 . . . one of more than 60 medals honouring Dewar's White Label for Excellence in Scotch Whisky.

COMMUNIQUES from the social front stress the importance of a veteran campaigner. Whether it's assembly at your favorite bar, or mess call on the home grounds, strategy dictates Dewar's White Label and soda—highball of the highlands—cited over 60 times for distinguished service!

White Label 8 years old
Victoria Vat
12 years old
also known as Ne Plus Ultra

FULL-COLOR REPRINTS SUITABLE FOR FRAMING. Six 9 x 12 full-color prints of officers. Edition No. 5, without advertising, sent upon receipt of 25c. Schenley Import Corp., 350—5th Ave., New York 1, N. Y. Dept. C.

COMMAND DEWAR'S... AND BE "AT EASE"

Dewar's
"White Label"
and "Victoria Vat"
THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

Both 86.8 Proof. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. © 1943, Schenley Import Corp., N. Y.

lend a hand. The officer, not recognizing him, replied haughtily, "I am a colonel—"

Whereupon young Chiang retorted exasperatedly, "I am your general—and pitch in there."

Later, the colonel spent three hours on his knees in expiation before the monument to fallen soldiers.

Within an hour after the bombing, police posted signs throughout the city notifying the homeless that they were entitled to eat in any restaurant and stay at any hotel at government expense until relief measures were set up.

As young Chiang became acquainted with New Kannan's problems, his plans for reform and reconstruction began to develop. He surrounded himself with young men—eager, honest and energetic like himself. The average age of local magistrates for the eleven counties is not much over thirty. One submagistrate with sixteen thousand people under her authority is a 22-year-old girl.

Chiang Ching-kuo's work is attracting attention and capturing the imagination of the nation's youth. Some weeks ago, he came to Chungking to attend the national convention of the Saminchui Youth Corps. The results of his five-point three-year plan, now in its third year, were carefully studied. Aimed at political, economic and social reconstruction, the plan specifically aspires to the attainment of these objectives: 1. Everyone shall have enough to eat. 2. Everyone shall have clothes to wear. 3. Everyone shall have a house to live in. 4. Everyone shall have books to read. 5. Everyone shall have work to do.

I met young Chiang in Chungking, and he invited me to visit New Kannan.

The Amazing Chiang, Jr.

Of medium height—a bit on the smallish side—weighing perhaps one hundred and thirty pounds, he is athletically built, quick-spoken, husky-voiced, round-faced. His features resemble his father's very little. He is exuberant, cheerful, almost always smiling and always ready to see the humorous side of any situation. He speaks Russian fluently. His English, learned years ago at Shanghai, is limited through lack of use. In the plane he read in Russian the collected works of the nineteenth-century Ukrainian poet, Shevchenko.

Hour after hour, the take-off was delayed. Our pilot received a message that twelve Jap planes had appeared over Kweilin. We detoured and killed time in the air until word flashed back that the Jap planes had flown off.

At the airport we were met by Chiang's Russian wife, whom he greeted with a resounding un-Chinese kiss, to the embarrassment of the spectators. He grabbed up his eight-year-old son, Ailan, and hugged him. He also has a five-year-old daughter, who remained at home in Kanchow (some maps call it Kansien), the principal city of New Kannan.

Twenty-seven-year-old Mrs. Chiang—soft-spoken, pleasant-voiced, of good sturdy Russian stock, whom he married in Russia—has been a faithful mate and an inspiration in his work. Speaking only Russian when she came to China over five years ago, today she speaks Chinese fluently, as well as passable English, although they speak Russian together.

We took a train at Kweilin for Kukong, on the Canton-Hankow Railway, about one hundred miles north of Canton. Then by car we traveled 140 miles northeastward to Kanchow. We arrived after dark. I noted the clean, well-lighted, paved streets, the well-dressed shoppers and the bright shops. Here and there were gaps in the line of neatly painted shop fronts where ravages from Jap bombings some months before had not yet been entirely repaired. On the arch across the entrance to a park which had formerly been the execution ground, I read: "New Kannan is a world of youth."

In the days that followed, I watched Chiang Ching-kuo work. He inspired the modernized factories, progressive schools, nurseries, library, museum and various institutions. In the model prison, there were no barred cells or high walls, no ball-and-chain shackles. The reformatory emphasized rehabilitation through self-respect rather than punishment. The prisoners were taught trades; they spent several hours daily in classes and worked on the adjoining farms. On festive occasions they were given a holiday to visit their homes. The night of the Generalissimo's birthday, they were permitted to join the big lantern parade with only one guard for a hundred prisoners, yet none attempted to escape.

While Kanchow possesses perhaps the most de luxe rickshas in China, few citizens patronize them because "Hsiao Chiang" (Little Chiang) never uses them. He believes in health through exercise. The youth of New Kannan is abundantly sports-minded. There are daily tournaments in wrestling, tennis, volleyball and basketball. Chiang himself exercises half an hour daily and expects everyone in his government to do likewise.

The morning after my arrival, Chiang held a regular mass meeting of Kanchow's school children. Now and then he stopped to examine hands and admonished those with dirty nails. To one much-embarrassed five-year-old he said kindly: "They won't be dirty next time, will they?"

Then, mounting a platform, he addressed them, beginning by asking what three things are most important.

With one voice, ten thousand youngsters replied, "First, a strong body; second, hard study; third, good conduct."

He asked the best student in each group to raise a hand; then the poorest—whereat everyone laughed.

The youngsters began edging up onto the platform and gathered around him, crowding him off to one end and almost off the platform altogether. Yet he continued talking and led them in shouting slogans: "We want to be heroes, independent, with our heads touching heaven, and our feet on the ground. We want to be heroes who will continue the glories of the past into the glorious future."

Following the meeting, Chiang addressed the schoolteachers, reminding them of their responsibility. He pointed out China's backwardness due to lack of education and exhorted them to develop in children a sense of love, beauty, laughter, strength and, above all, pride in a strong body.

His pet project is a new children's village, located about an hour from Kanchow.

Over a thousand youngsters are housed in a score of modern buildings on a spacious campus. Half of these are refugees and orphans, children of soldiers. Except for directors and teachers, the village is a miniature Lilliput. It has its own municipal government with its own mayor—an astonishingly self-assured eleven-year-old refugee—its own police station, its police force with ten-year-old boy and girl cops wearing miniature police uniforms patrolling campus streets, and its own courts. Tiny farms are managed by cooperatives.

At a luncheon the children gave us in a kindergarten playroom, overalled, eleven-year-old Mayor Liu Chih-wei spoke in a confident voice: "Though we are young, we feel the same responsibility as our elders. We solve our own problems, cultivate our own land, haul our own water, do our own needlework."

Watching Chiang, I observed tears welling up. When the youngster finished, Chiang hugged him. He aims for a school for every village. Many old village idol houses have been converted into schoolhouses, thus bringing "new gods to old temples." For older folks, there is a system of mass education. Units of ten families are required to do "two hours' daily studying, reading, writing, arithmetic and current events." They use simple textbooks, the first lesson in which reads: "I am Chinese; you're Chinese; he's Chinese; we all love China."

On walks through the countryside, wearing simple blue denim, young Chiang frequently drops into farmers' homes or a village shop and asks for the lesson book to be produced and the lessons read. He examines report cards.

Now and then peasants stopped him to pour forth some grievance. As an old woman dropped to her knees before him, wailing piteously, he quickly bent forward and lifted her.

"Don't kneel, don't kneel," he said hurriedly, for to him the old custom of kneeling before addressing an official is unworthy of New China. She said her winter clothing had been stolen, whereupon he ordered the local authorities to make an investigation.

Open Court of Justice

Perhaps the most successful feature of his administration is his regular Thursday-afternoon open court. The richest merchant or poorest peasant alike may avail himself of this opportunity to bring troubles to him direct and obtain justice. He listens patiently, renders immediate decisions or orders investigations.

A shopkeeper appealed confiscation of an unregistered twelve bolts of cloth he'd been hoarding. He pleaded the loss would mean hardship for his five children. Chiang ordered an investigation of his financial status and promised if his statement were true he would order him paid the cost price and have the merchandise given to the poor.

A blind woman with three beggar children asked for food. He directed her to a relief kitchen.

"Is there really food there?" she asked incredulously.

"Yes."

"Every day?"

"Yes, every day."

Her face beamed happily as Chiang detailed a smartly saluting Boy Scout to escort her and her children to the kitchen.

A pregnant woman with a child in her arms asked for money to pay debts, since her husband was in jail. Chiang re[illegible] saying personal debts were not the g[illegible] ment's responsibility; but he volun[illegible] to give her free hospital service un[illegible] new baby was born.

To break the old custom of ela[illegible] and expensive weddings, often c[illegible] the young couple and parents to go [illegible] into debt, only mass marriages ar[illegible] mitted in New Kannan. These ar[illegible] monthly at a cost of two American [illegible] a couple, which includes rental [illegible] marriage costume, flowers, ceremo[illegible] cense and a group photograph. T[illegible] four couples were married at a cere[illegible] I attended.

Young Chiang, in his usual high s[illegible] clowned with each couple as they [illegible] forward to receive the license, whil[illegible] eral thousand spectators crowding [illegible] auditorium laughed.

I offered a cash prize for the pr[illegible] bride. Young Chiang suggested I [illegible] to the couple having the first ch[illegible] agreed, whereat the audience howle[illegible] brides and bridegrooms blushed.

"Long Live China!"

I watched Chiang whip the emoti[illegible] gathered thousands into the wildest f[illegible] It was the night of a big campfire fo[illegible] Kannan's Boy Scouts. Mounting a [illegible] improvised platform in the center [illegible] big parade grounds, he led them in [illegible] ing, "Long live China! Long live the [illegible] eralissimo! Down with the Jap[illegible] dwarfs! Down with the traitor [illegible] Ching-wei!"

Then young Chiang asked, "Wha[illegible] we do with Wang Ching-wei?"

"Burn him! Burn him!" the crow[illegible] swered.

"Then let's do it now!"

An effigy was rolled out onto the [illegible] and, as the torch was applied, Chia[illegible] gan beating a gong as the crowd [illegible] "Kill! Kill! Kill!"

Spontaneously a huge snake dan[illegible] gan, with thousands of youngsters st[illegible] to the waist, leaping and whooping. [illegible] a fantastic scene in the flickering [illegible] from three huge bonfires. Jumping [illegible] the platform, young Chiang broug[illegible] the tail of the wild dance, sh[illegible] hoarsely and banging a gong whic[illegible] drowned by the roar of approval.

Over a simple meal in his modest, [illegible] fully decorated little home built o[illegible] site of a razed once-notorious ga[illegible] house, young Chiang discussed his [illegible] lems—past, present and future. [illegible] elaborated on the five objectives [illegible] three-year plan: Everyone shall [illegible] enough; have enough to eat and w[illegible] house, books and work. He admit[illegible] was the most difficult achievement [illegible] tain in a short period. However, he [illegible] by the end of this year the plan wo[illegible] least have planted seeds for future ha[illegible]

"For this reason, we've preferr[illegible] plant sturdier pine trees rather than [illegible] trees," he said metaphorically.

For this reason, he has concentrat[illegible] the education of youth to develop [illegible] sonality, stimulate inquiry, ambitio[illegible] pride in achievement. Once the seeds [illegible] taken firm root, he believes his wor[illegible] be done.

"And where will you go then?" I a[illegible]

"First, I'll go to America," he r[illegible] unexpectedly.

He said the Generalissimo told h[illegible] learn English and prepare for Am[illegible] where he plans to study industri[illegible] tion with special emphasis on elect[illegible] for "electricity is the mother of indu[illegible] progress." His life's ambition is t[illegible] velop transportation as a prelimina[illegible] the exploitation of natural resource[illegible] the industrialization of New China.

Some hours after I left for my r[illegible] to Chungking, Jap planes bombed [illegible] chow again.

THE END

BIGHEARTED

Joe Stern of Roanoke, Virginia, dropped thousands of nickels in parking meters for absent motorists whose time was just about up. He left a card explaining his act, and 99 per cent of the motorists repaid the nickel.

Judge S. John Morrow of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, ordered a man brought before him to pay $45 a month for the support of his family. The man asked the judge to set the amount at $60.

When the Board of Selectmen of Palmer, Massachusetts, raised the salary of the superintendent of streets $10 per week, he refused to accept the increase "in the interests of economy."

When Mrs. Mary Barrie died in Winnipeg she left her house to Mr. Barrie on condition that he provide a lifelong home in it for her first husband.

W. E. FARBSTEIN

Mail time at the Marine Corps Base, Quantico, Va.

A fellow's mail really "comes to life" when it brings a batch of snapshots . . . .

That's the way our boys in the service feel about it — that's why they put "snapshots from home" up front among their needs and wants.

Of course, there isn't as much film for you as in normal times — Kodak Film is now rationed to dealers because the Army and Navy need so much. So what film you can get should be put to work at the all-important job . . .

And make your pictures count—take the kind of snapshots you'd want to receive yourself . . . homey scenes and home faces. Send them in your letters—visit him regularly in snapshots . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Visit him in SNAPSHOTS

Kodak

Who Said We're Soft?

Soft? No word like that in this worker's language. Like him, millions of other American men and women have a job to do. And they're doing it! Ten thousand Reliance workers are proud to supply these patriotic millions with Big Yank Work Clothing and other necessary garments—and to serve our armed forces with parachutes for men and matériel, and a wide variety of Reliance-made garments for the U. S. Army and Navy.

RELIANCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
212 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.
New York Offices:
200 Fifth Ave. • 1350 Broadway

MAKERS OF Big Yank Work Clothing • Aywon Shirts • Universal Pajamas • No-Tare Shorts • Happy Home and Kay Whitney Frocks • Ensenada Shirts and Slacks • Yank Jr. Garments for Boys • Parachutes for Men and Matériel

Straight from the Heart

Continued from page 20

Val wasn't asleep and she wasn't dreaming, yet it was all there before her closed eyelids, sharp and clear again. She could even smell the spicy scent of ginger lilies and hear the small sound of the shade flapping in the wind on that lovely Sunday morning. She was sitting on the edge of the bathtub, watching Ted shave and berating him about the chocolate milk. She had been making muffins for breakfast and found he had poured chocolate sirup into the whole quart of milk, the night before, instead of into their glasses, when they were having a snack at bedtime. Now, there was no other milk! . . .

Ted's face leaned over hers, clear and brown above decorations of shaving lather. His eyes were twinkling. . . . "Use the chocolate milk, silly! Give 'em some glamor. They'll be chocolate muffins!" He dropped a kiss on her upturned face, leaving a blob of lather. . . .

It was so real, her hand went up to brush it away but touched only her smooth cheek and empty air where Ted's face should have been.

She sighed deeply but did not stir; she was careful not to stir, not to disturb it, lest the dream dissolve. . . .

She remembered the shiny look of the little kitchen, brave with paint and curtains, as she went back to her muffins. Above the beating of the batter came the distant familiar drone of planes, mingled with lazy guitar music from the radio. She was glad Ted didn't have to fly, today. A whole, lovely, long day off together!

"Pour the coffee," he called. "I'm coming. . . . Hey, listen! Funny they're having gunnery practice on a Sunday morning. . . . Awful close to shore, too." He stood irresolutely in the doorway, and above the clatter of the beater came the dull w-w-whumps of distant explosions. She poured the batter into the muffin rings and glanced up at him. He still stood in the doorway, tall and angular, brown of hair and eyes and cheeks, listening with a puzzled, intent look on his face.

THERE were footsteps on the back porch, and Em and Charlie Brush came in from next door. Charlie's face had the same alert, listening look. . . . "They're wasting a lot of ammunition for Sunday morning maneuvers," he said. No one answered him because just then the radio music stopped abruptly, and there was an instant of utter silence in the house.

It was broken by a hoarse, staccato, "Stand by!" from the radio. . . . "Oahu is being bombed!" a voice shouted hysterically. "We're being bombed by the Japanese!" Then a different voice overlaid the other, said sharply, "Attention, all military personnel! Pearl Harbor is being bombed by the Japanese. *This is no drill!* All officers and men report to their stations, at once." Confused noises followed, like static or explosions, and then, "Attention, all military personnel!" and the incredible words were repeated over and over, as if the announcer could not believe them, either.

For an instant, they stood frozen. Then Charlie said, "This is it!" and bolted down the back steps toward his garage.

Ted flung himself into the bedroom for his belt and holster, and then they were running through the kitchen, and the engine of Charlie's car was sputtering in the yard. Out of the corner of her eye, as she dashed out, Val saw the pan of chocolate muffins on the table, waiting to be baked. And she thought, irrelevantly, Now I'll never know how they taste.

Then they were out in the hot sunshine and planes were hurtling overhead like angry hornets, and to the south a cloud of smoke rose toward the sparkling sky.

There were frantic half-heard words and Ted's arm hard around her, swinging her off her feet, his lips hurting hers. . . . He leaped into the car. The engine still labored, coughing and sputtering, and Charlie was shouting, furiously, "Heave to, you girls! Give the damn' thing a push!"

And pushing madly at each fender, they got it started. The car rolled down the sloping driveway, the men inside straining forward in an anguished effort to help it move. They did not even look back, or wave.

She didn't see or hear from Ted for three days; she never saw Charlie again.

"Here's your tea, Mrs. Jameson," the nurse said, touching her gently on the shoulder. She pulled back the blanket and helped Val to sit up on the narrow table.

"Been asleep?" she asked cheerfully.

Val shook her head. "I've been to Hawaii." . . .

VAL came out of the building that housed the Blood Bank and went slowly to her car. She did not feel quite awake yet.

A tapping of brisk feet behind her made her glance around. It was the nurse, her red-lined cape around her shoulders. She asked, "How do you feel?"

"Fine," Val said. "Just awfully hungry! May I take you somewhere?"

"Why, yes. I'm going to a tearoom a few blocks down, for lunch. . . . Sure you feel all right?" As she got in the car, she looked Val over with a professional eye.

"Quite sure. I'll come back soon and give you the blood out of the other arm!"

They both laughed. "Well, not for two months, my dear!" the nurse said.

"Better tell me what day *she's* not on duty?" Val nodded back, as they drove off.

"Come any day but Tuesday and Friday. But she won't bite."

Val gave a rueful smile. Suddenly she didn't mind telling the nurse. In fact, she wanted to. . . . "You see, she's my mother-in-law, but she doesn't . . . er . . . like the idea much!"

The nurse's blue eyes grew round. "You mean . . . you just walked in on her?"

"Yes. It was quite undermining. I hadn't seen her since I married her son in Honolulu. She had picked out another girl for him, but, of course, he couldn't stand her! I was her secretary. It sounds like a very bad movie, doesn't it? And Poor but Proud won!"

"Well, that needn't keep you from helping us," the nurse said practically. "I'll phone you. I have your address on file here."

"Yes. It's the same old apartment where I used to live with two other girls." But Val did not tell her how desperately queer that sameness was, at times. There was a nightmarish quality to it, because now everything was so terribly different. She had lost a way of living, a life she used to have, and couldn't find it again. . . . "I used to work in a travel bureau," she went on, quickly. "That's why I took the job with Mrs. Jameson—to see the world! She's Navy, you know, and has been everywhere with her husband, and now she gives travel lectures."

"What a mother-in-law!"

"She is rather remarkable." Val stopped the car in front of the tearoom. "She seems older than she is, because she's been important for so long and has had her own way all her life."

The nurse got out and looked up at Val. "You go home and take a nap, Mrs. Jameson, and eat a thick steak—if you can get it! You'll feel better."

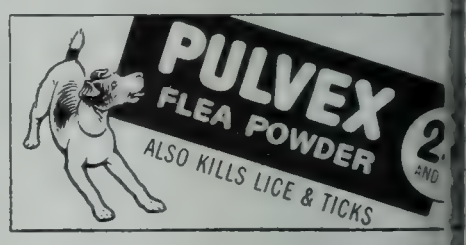
"All right," Val said, docilely, because it didn't matter where she went.

STILL BEING SHIPPED

Due to wartime demand for vit ingredients by our armed forc there's *less* A·1 Sauce for civilia nowadays. But there's *some, a don't you forget it!*

Keep asking for A·1 Sauce. It'll be alo from time to time—to add mouth-wateri flavor to your meals. *Send for free recipe book.* *G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn.*

The DASH that makes the DIS



JOHNNY SHOEMAKER SEZ.

n utter lassitude possessed her. She w driving slowly on through a parkway, w n she saw far ahead a jacaranda tree, w swaying bluish-lavender flowers. As i dream, she went toward it. . . . Now s was under its lovely cloudlike bloom. S cut off the motor and leaned back, l king up into the familiar blueness that b bloomed at her kitchen door.

nd all she had lost came back to her, mall, separate pictures, so much more than the present; memories floated the pool of her mind, lingered, slowly k again. . . .

WAS Ted's voice she had liked first, ven before she ever saw him through mirror. She had heard it, gay and r, above the tapping of her typewriter, t morning in Honolulu, as she sat with back to the half-opened door, tran- bing Mrs. Jameson's endless notes on new lecture. It was the second time she heard his voice without seeing him. . . . most as if Mrs. Jameson had planned it t way.

ut he had asked about her. . . . "Who's t you've got cooped up in there, m?"

Just my secretary."

What's the matter? Hasn't she any e?"

Oh, Ted, hush! . . . Marjorie sent you love."

Margie, eh? So, it's your secretary o has the nice husky voice on the ne?"

is mother went on firmly talking ut something else, and Ted went on nly side-stepping "Margie," whoever was.

al knew he was leaving, and tilted k her chair until she was opposite a ror on the wall. She would see what looked like, this time!

nd she did. For when he passed the r, his eyes were waiting for that mo- nt and promptly met hers in the mir- . She almost fell over backward in prise and chagrin, and the chair came n so hard on its four legs, it jolted her y teeth. He had given the mirror a gay, lacious salute, then was gone.

he knew, without question, that she uld see him again. And that very night, met him in the lobby of the Moana tel, as she came in from dancing with oung Naval officer, from home. They d parted at the elevator and as the offi- went smartly across the lobby, Ted neson appeared as suddenly as if he d risen out of the floor.

Miss Valentine? Please don't go! . . . eed your advice about . . . er . . . my ther's birthday present."

he turned around so quickly that her ite evening dress swirled around her, d she caught the admiring glint in his s, which he promptly made solemn d polite. Behind them, the elevator or clanged and the cage went upward, ving them almost alone in the deserted by. It was very late.

"Birthday?" Then she made her voice ld: "I don't believe it."

"Now, now, is that nice? Do I lie in y teeth?" Then he chuckled. "Well, I if I can get away with it! . . . Don't go! ally, Miss Valentine, it *is* an anniver- y, tomorrow, or something besides be- g Wednesday. Do help me!" He grinned gagingly, and his keen, appreciative eyes cked over her. . . . "So you have got a ce, after all!"

She said, calmly, "You're a little tight, en't you?"

He nodded frankly, his eyes very bright d direct.

". . . And, also, over alien territory?" e went on, pointedly.

"I wouldn't know. I threw my compass erboard, this morning," he returned, as intedly. "Listen, I'm going back to the tion in a moment. Flying, tomorrow. ll I wanted was a suggestion for a present. I'm serious." Then he gestured toward a row of glass doors at the end of the lobby, leading to the flagstone patio facing the sea. . . . "If you could give me a moment . . . ?"

Val could hear the deep murmur of the surf, as she glanced out, hiding a smile. There were chairs and tables and umbrellas in the court, the scent of flowers, and a huge banyan tree in the center that cast strange, beckoning shadows in the moonlight.

She shook her head, firmly. "I can give you suggestions while we walk to the front door," and she led the way toward the street entrance. He glanced back regretfully.

"Worth trying!" he murmured, following her.

She stole a look at him. He wore whites, which made him look very brown, and his face was all planes and angles under the harsh lights. He was like laughter, she thought, young and flashing, and he had a lanky grace as he strode along beside her, alert, pliant, so that somehow you knew he had wings.

"Inspection over?" he asked, suddenly, and she blushed, then laughed. "I'm due one from the admiral in the morning, but passing this one seems much more important."

He pushed open the door in so casual a manner that she scarcely noticed they had walked out into the soft, warm night, until she saw the palm-lined street before them.

"You really must go," she said softly. "Send your mother flowers. . . . Now, good night. Go home and get some sleep, if you're flying tomorrow."

"Flowers! The very thing!"

Then she saw with apprehension that he had wheeled toward the huge urns that flanked the entrance, half a dozen of them on each side and filled with blooming hydrangeas, pale pinks, and ravishing blues. Before she could say a word, he had seized the first plant with both hands and yanked it out by the roots. ". . . 'S already her birthday! After midnight. . . . Take 'em up to her right now!" And he charged off through the door and across the lobby toward the elevator, dribbling black dirt and flower petals on his immaculate white shoes and the shining marble floor.

Val flew after him, clutched his arm. "Ted, stop it! Do you hear? Take that back this minute! Do you want to land in the brig?"

THE sound of his own name made him pause in delight. . . . "So, it's Ted! All right, Val! What must I do?" He was perfectly docile.

She led him quickly out the door, looking back in a panic for the signs of uproar this desecration must cause. But the night clerk still dozed behind his desk; the doorman was nowhere to be seen.

In frantic haste, she made him plant the hydrangea back in its tub, which he did obediently enough. Then he held out grimy hands for her inspection. She turned back his white sleeves and led him to a hydrant farther down the lawn.

As he dried his hands on the handkerchief she had to get for him, gingerly, out of his back pocket, he grinned at her. "Val, you're wonderful! Only I don't see why Mother has a monopoly on your services. I need you, too, to save my career, at odd moments!"

"Odd moments were not in my contract," she said, exasperated. "You'd better get yourself back to Ford Island, this minute!" And she whirled about and dashed for the elevator, without daring to look back.

Upon receipt of a huge box of flowers the next morning, Mrs. Jameson's chiseled features had softened. "Boys are so pathetic," she murmured. "They try so hard to remember the right days. . . . Darling

"Work on your own teeth awhile. I'm enjoying Sir Walter Raleigh."

THAT SMILING PATIENT up there has learned two simple rules that always give him more real pleasure from his pipe. He cleans it regularly —and he always uses mild and fragrant Sir Walter Raleigh. Blended from the choicest Kentucky burleys, it's the brand of *grand* aroma . . . *"the quality pipe tobacco of America."*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

PIPE TOBACCO

Smokes as sweet as it smells

UNION MADE

Down Buffalo Way

It's Spring Salad at Adrian Tuyn's . . .

ADRIAN TUYN'S

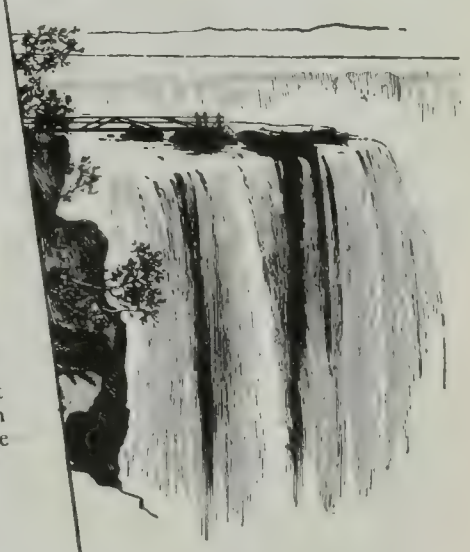
TUYN SALAD

Prepare equal amounts of lettuce, romaine, endive and add a lesser amount of watercress with a sprinkling of parsley. Cut up tomatoes, chives, spring onions, radishes and hard boiled eggs. Add these to greens with Swiss cheese cut in tiny pieces. Prepare dressing as follows:

⅔ olive oil ⅓ cider or wine vinegar

Add French-type paste mustard, salt and paprika to taste. Chill salad, then thoroughly mix all ingredients with the above dressing.

Adrian Tuyn's is at 147 North Street, Buffalo, New York



NATIONALLY FAMOUS FOR GOOD TASTE

Salad at Tuyn's is something to be approached with great expectations. Tuyn's food has rare deliciousness. And you can approach Goebel Beer with the same great expectations, for Goebel good taste is preferred not only in Buffalo, but throughout the East and Midwest. To get this good taste order Goebel Beer. Wouldn't you like to try it today?

GOEBEL BEER

RIGHT FROM THE CYPRESS CASKS OF GOEBEL

Ted! My birthday is not for two months, but this means everything!"

It was a prophetic utterance, Val knew. It did mean everything—to her. Something resistless, inevitable was drawing her along, as though this tall, exultant young man whom she scarcely knew had taken her hand and was pulling her breathlessly along with him up to some dazzling, sun-filled height.

That week, he kept dropping in unexpectedly on his mother. Once while she was dictating and had no time, he said afterward, "to put Val in a corner." He was a sympathetic listener, while his mother told him the idea of her newest lecture: The Habits and Inhibitions of a Polyglot People. As he listened, he watched Val with attentive, dancing eyes. And she could feel the tightening conflict between mother and son.

TED said her eyes were rain clouds because they were gray and heavy-lashed, but that her mouth, eager and laughing, was a contradiction. . . . "How are you on tempers?" he inquired. This was some days later, as they rode up into the hills, past cane fields and miles of coconut groves with their drooping, glittering fronds. . . . "Would you nag?"

"I don't think so," she said, reflectively. "I think I'd throw things."

He nodded approval. "Give me action every time!" Then he said that it scared the daylights out of him, to think how narrow a margin it might have been, between the selection of Val, or some other secretary. They might not have ever met! He was quite grave about it, slowing the car so he could turn his eyes on her face. "How desperate to think that one's happiness might depend on a chance meeting, or a glance in a mirror," his eyes twinkled, "occurring at just one moment in life, and no other! Or, what if you had answered my mother's advertisement five minutes sooner, or perhaps stopped to put on lipstick and come ten minutes too late!"

"You terrify me!" She laughed aloud. She was conscious without looking at anything, that all around them green trees and vines and flowers moved like water, and the spicy scent from banks of ginger lilies stole through her senses, vague as a forgotten poem. It came and went on the warm, spring wind, tantalizing, insistent as lovely words. And there was a fragrance of wet, rich earth—the smell of land, mingled with the salt smell of the sea.

Then Ted stopped the car on such a steep slope that they were tilted far back, quite out of perspective, with only the blue sky and the long, dripping blossoms of a golden shower tree swimming in her bemused eyes.

He said gravely, "After all, Val, we're not really sure of anything but today."

She turned her head on the leather seat and looked at him, aware of an urgency in his voice—as if the brilliant sun might cloud over at any moment, and all the lush tropical growth wither on its stalks; as if the very air, sparkling as quicksilver, held an impermanence. There was hurry in his voice and hands and eyes—in his taut mouth.

"You're going to love me some day, so why not begin to think seriously about it, now? Oh, darling, I know you're all shut away in a thin, lovely shell. You've been brought up that way. All nice girls are. . . . And I ought not to shatter it so rudely. But there's so little time, I tell you! We don't dare waste it. . . . I've never loved anyone before. Do you believe me?" His hands held her wrists very lightly, and his words had a soft, imperative, beseeching earnestness.

Overhead, a skylark whirred past, spilled out three liquid, golden notes, and Val answered simply, "Yes . . . I believe you!" And all the gay, protective armor of her own making, the sophisticated answers, the flick of laughter fell away from her—because it had no place, here—fell away, and broke into pieces at her feet. . . .

Ted would brook no delay in their marriage, even though it meant his father could not be present. Val knew that Ted was a "Navy Junior," that his father was a vice-admiral at a desk in Washington. He was one of those who stuck pins in a map on a wall, Ted said. They talked it over. "Dad was with the fleet in the last war, when I was born," he told her. "He was very cut up about it, so it's tough, cheating him out of being present at two out of three of the most important events of my life. But he'll understand."

Two out of three. A small, icy wind blew across Val's heart. Death was the third. And she wondered, where would father and son be, then?

Ted had warned her. "Hold everything, because Mother'll give us the works!"

And she did. . . . "Surely, you'll wait until your father can get here?" Her voice was full of a careful, cold courtesy. "He's coming out in a few months on an inspection trip." Her unspoken hope was plain. Given enough time, this infatuation would die a natural death.

"A few months may see us all blown higher'n a kite!" Ted said airily.

"Don't be ridiculous! Remember, marriage is an important step. It bears thinking about." Mrs. Jameson did not raise her voice, but the effect was of shrillness, cutting beyond belief. "You've fallen in love before, and it never lasted."

"Darned right it didn't," Ted said, fervently, "because this is *it!* Though, I must say, it's not very sporting of you to mention those other times." And he caught Val's hand and held it to his cheek, as intimate a caress as a kiss.

MRS. JAMESON turned sharply away. "You're letting your father down, Ted."

"He'll understand. When you're practically in a war, Mother, you've got to get things squared away."

She met his deep, excited brown eyes and said, scornfully, "You're so childish, talking about war! And evidently it means nothing to you that your father wasn't here when you were born. Now he'll miss your marriage. You're thoughtless and selfish! I don't even suppose—!"

She broke off, and her face turned so cold and bitter that Ted gave a short laugh and said, "Careful, Mom, I can read your mind! You're wondering if I'll be so careless as to die somewhere, where Dad can't reach me, also!"

"Oh!" Val gasped, "I can't bear it, if I'm making you do this to each other!"

"THIS," Ted said, lightly, "has been done often before. Water off a duck's back! Don't let it worry you, darling." He actually chuckled. "Pull in your horns, Mom! You don't want Val to think she's marrying into a fishwife's family, instead of a vice-admiral's?" Then he snatched up a pad of paper, gave Val his pen. "Here, write out your resignation, so you'll be through with one branch of the family before you take on another. Even I can see," he added apologetically, "it's quite a family to ask any girl to take on!"

Val wondered at the ease with which she forgot that rather dreadful interview.

Mrs. Jameson had accepted her resignation with icy calm. In the same manner, she accepted a daughter-in-law and sailed almost immediately for the United States. But Val liked the cable she got from the vice-admiral and kept it propped on the mantel for a long time.

The lovely months in Hawaii passed slowly as a dream, until—being finished in one shattering instant—Val found that, dreamlike, they had only occupied a few brief seconds of time.

She was still thinking about them when she came into the apartment later that afternoon and stood quite still, staring. A telegram lay on the hall table.

The sword, swinging back and forth now, over her head.

She knew how death feels. For three days, that time in Honolulu, she had known. It was the color, the scent, the touch of ginger lilies outside their window. Cool, white petals, death was. . . . Now, it was a yellow envelope and it had no feel except the brittle crackling of paper as she tore it open; no scent exc faint, bitter odor of ink. She push door shut behind her and it made bang, which she did not hear as she stiffly against it, staring at the words.

". . . Regret to inform . . ." But no wasn't any "regret to inform." It d regret; it merely said tersely, "Lieu Theodore Jameson wounded in Further bulletins will be sent you condition. . . ."

The icy hand squeezing her he laxed a little. . . . Wounded. Not Read it again; make sure. Take he's wounded, I tell you. Not dea thank you, God, for wounding hin no! I mean for not letting him be

Then the icy hand began to s tight again. . . . Wounded? How? back—legs? Cripple for life? Blind

She was fumbling for the knob, j the door open behind her. Then s running back down the long flig stairs. *They* could find out. There ways. A vice-admiral could fin about his own son, couldn't he?

She was in the car, whirling off the street—down endless streets, corner after corner, toward the ta posing, narrow house where she ha so long ago, for a job.

There it was again, elegant, intol dreary-looking—its arched window raised eyebrows. When she got the car this time, faintness swept he she was furious at herself, fighting i The gray stone steps seemed insurm able. Climbing them was like p agonizingly slowly through water.

AT THE top she clung to the wr iron railing, after ringing the be ing deep breaths to steady herself there was never quite enough air for deep breaths, and they kept on going her lungs, down, down, like bubbles veins, dissolving into nothing.

Then the door was opened by a erly butler, whom she remembered.

"Haynes, is Mrs. Jameson in?"

"Yes, miss. Whom shall I say?" his brows lifted, startled. "Why, it' Valentine, isn't it?"

"I'm Mrs. Theodore Jameson Haynes." From a long distance awa looked at him, and it was surprisin clearly she saw the shock, interes approbation warring in his face.

"Mister Ted's wife? But, I didn't —it was you!" he stammered. "I offer my best wishes, miss!"

Without warning, her eyes fille tears.

He looked down, then, at the envelope crushed in her hand. I comprehension dawned in his face. denly he began to shake.

"Something's — happened — to Ted?"

She said, quickly, "Wounded, H Then she doesn't know yet?"

As he shook his head, unable to she patted his shoulder comfor "Perhaps it's not so bad. He may b in a hospital, somewhere." The breathed, "Safe!" and closed her e instant. "You'd better take me to Jameson, at once."

They went into a small sitting where Mrs. Jameson turned from a desk covered with papers and said, frostily. It was just as it always hac and Val actually looked down to she had her notebook and pencil hand, instead of the yellow telegra

Mrs. Jameson followed her glanc Val saw the stiff face change. "T you know about Ted?"

Val nodded mutely, and Mrs. Ja went on with great calmness, "Th miral telephoned me from Washi that one of the officers on his staff, mander Waring, had just landed i Diego—flew in from Hawaii. He p

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER

COLLIER'S "The President likes to sleep at the head of my bed"

MOTOR TRUCKS ARE *FIGHTERS* TOO!

GHT AND DAY . . . around the clock . . . seven days a week . . . the roll of trucks on our al highways is never stilled.

ts manufactured in one plant must be red to an assembly line perhaps hundreds es away. Quick delivery demands truck haul- or instance, artillery fuses manufactured in a rted watch factory must be speeded to where rojectiles wait. All methods of transporta- re doing their share . . . but trucks are doing ugh jobs.

ause the Office of Defense Transportation ed the vital part that motor truck transpor- must play in the war effort it organized the Truck Conservation Corps and asked pledges owners, drivers and mechanics for their -hearted support of a campaign to keep America's trucks rolling. *Are you an owner, driver or mechanic? Have you signed up? If not, why not do it today?*

Trucks engaged in essential service deserve the best tires. Many of them are already rolling on LEE DeLuxe Truck Tires—natural rubber, synthetic or combined. If you are operating trucks in essential service, equip them with tires that give you the most mileage and do the most to conserve our rubber supply . . . LEE DeLuxe Truck Tires.

Motorists, go to the nearest LEE dealer for any tire help you may need. He will help you fill out the necessary application for the tires your essential mileage entitles you to, and he will serve you with the highest grade inspection, recapping, maintenance and repairs.

Buy More U. S. War Bonds

WE ARE PARTICIPANTS IN THE OWNERSHIP AND OPERATION OF NATIONAL SYNTHETIC RUBBER CORPORATION

LEE *of Conshohocken*

DIVISION OF

LEE RUBBER & TIRE CORPORATION

PUBLIC LIBRARY

him that he had seen Ted on the Consolation, a hospital ship which had just reached Pearl Harbor. It's a head wound."

Stupefaction overcame Val. "You knew all that—and didn't call me?" she gasped. "When I came straight to you!"

Mrs. Jameson shifted uncomfortably, turned over some papers. "I was going to phone you as soon as I got out these Red Cross reports. . . . Er, won't you be seated?"

As if it were a lecture she was giving, Val thought wildly. . . . *Won't you be seated?* . . . Anger washed over her in such a tremendous wave that she shook all over and held on to the chair for support. "Have you a heart, at all?" she cried.

Mrs. Jameson's chin lifted. "Let's not be emotional . . ."

"Emotional!" Val choked. "Were you ever? No, not even when your husband was overseas and Ted was born. You were probably planning lectures! But surely you can't have a baby without some emotion! You must love Ted—a little."

Mrs. Jameson gasped, "How dare you say such—" Then she stopped because the telegram fell from Val's hand and fluttered to the floor between them.

They both stared down at it. It was Ted, lying between them, wounded, dying perhaps. While they quarreled.

A SHUDDER went over Val at this treachery, and she cried out, "Oh, forgive me! We mustn't quarrel at such a moment. Ted needs us both, and all our love. Perhaps he's suffering horribly this minute, and we can't help him. . . . Try not to hate me."

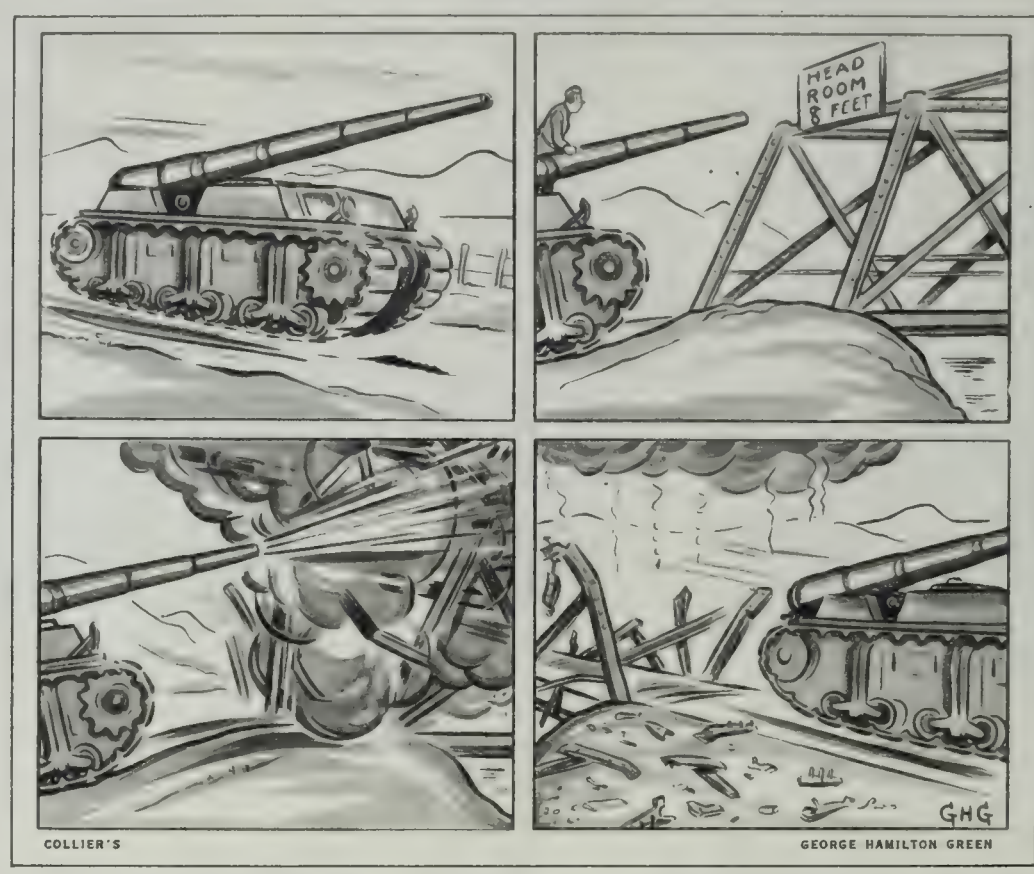
Mrs. Jameson abruptly passed a hand over her eyes, in a strangely helpless gesture. She arose, took a groping step forward, like someone lost in the dark. She seemed suddenly to have grown old, her face all disarranged, as though a mask had fallen. "I'm sorry . . . I've been thoughtless," she said in a stifled voice. "The admiral asked Commander Waring to come to see me, personally, if possible. He is to phone me, if he can make connections. Then, we'll know . . . just how ill . . . Ted is."

Without words, they moved toward each other as if to cling together against some coming blow. But they did not reach each other; nor could they ever cling. Val gripped the tall chair; Mrs. Jameson paused, leaning against the desk.

Then she took a deep breath and said, heavily, "At least, there's a chance for you. My last secretary left to take the examinations . . . the Civil Service. You're a clever girl. No reason why you can't pass them."

"Pass what?" stammered Val, for it wasn't like Mrs. Jameson to ramble this way in disjointed sentences. Or perhaps she wasn't being disjointed. Maybe it was only the room, swinging about Val in a disconcerting fashion. She held on to the chair, fighting off weakness. The nurse had been right when she told her to rest and eat. . . . But it was so incongruous to be hungry at such a moment! She tried to clear her head, to listen. . . . "What has the Civil Service to do with me?"

Mrs. Jameson said, almost crisply, "It seems that a Civil Service employee can be sent to a post, even to islands outside the continental United States, if the island isn't a combat zone. There might be one chance in a hundred that you—!" Her voice fumbled and she held out a hand, as if she were giving Val a gift.



COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

The words whirled in Val's mi glittering bubbles, settled, took fo lands. Islands floating in a blue se heartbeats deafened her.

"Thank you," she managed to a low voice. "It's generous of you me. I didn't know! It's wonderful. believe it. A chance . . . ! Oh, tha from the bottom of my heart!"

And now, horribly, her knees sag der her. She slid downward, and polished wood of the chair was under her hand, because there longer anything solid to hold on How humiliating for this to now, with everything going so nice squared away, as Ted would say. . . she couldn't fight it any longer. . .

Mrs. Jameson's startled face somewhere above her, and Val apologetically, "It's nothing . . . ju hungry! Don't bother . . . about me for . . . that phone call . . . about

THEN her head struck the flo there was a confusion of voi rushing footsteps, crisp orders: "H quick! . . . That's right, on the couc Then, to a shrill, exclaiming voice, hush that racket! And go get Miste room ready for her!"

Hands were lifting her. They warm, friendly, comforting grasp. fingers found her pulse, and now th voice was closer. It never wavered seemed to have deepened in the way. . . . "Oh, how could I forget child's just come from the Blood Haynes."

Val, drifting off into a pleasant ness, wanted to smile except that too great an effort. Then the bla was splashed with arrows of golde like Hawaiian sunshine and, str so clearly, Ted's chuckle came to b "And so, you made the old girl her horns!"

Then, dimly, far away, came the ent ringing of the telephone bell.

THE END

God is Good to a Jew

Continued from page 14

flat, but they had died, among them a son-in-law whose dying had left Jacob undisputed king of his roost.

In these crowded rooms, there was place for the refugee, Sholomas, because a grandson had gone into the Army. Jacob was in a continual excitement over the heroic deeds of this grandson and, though a man of great honesty, had taken to lying about his Herman.

"Mine grandson," he would boom at any guest, "is in the Second Front."

The family, knowing that Herman was in Carolina, held their tongues. Hershel alone would have dared contradict, but the Second Front and Carolina were equally confusing places to him, so he, too, was silent.

"He is fighting over there," Jacob would continue, "and getting ready to march to Berlin. We haven't heard from him for some time. Who knows? Maybe he is fighting in Germany already. Over here is his picture. Have a look at it."

Grandfather Jacob would point to the wall where hung several photographs of Herman, revealing him at ten in a white sailor suit doing a hornpipe, at fifteen still in knee pants and holding a violin moodily under his arm, and at nineteen in an Army overcoat with an unexpected humorous gleam in his eyes. Under these photographs stood a bowl of fresh flowers.

The refugee from Poland had been given the lumpy iron bedstead that had once been Herman's and that stood beside a back window looking out on a swarm of other tenement back windows.

"This is a great honor for you," Jacob had boomed. "In this bed mine Herman slept since he was a little boy. Here is where he growed up, in this identical room. I'll betchya lots of times when he is fighting the Germans, mine grandson remembers this room. I am keeping it for him." And Jacob beamed at the stark cubbyhole as if it were a holy place.

The refugee from Poland was a silent and almost invisible guest. The family saw him only when one of them brought him tea to drink at night and a plate with fish and bread. He ate so little that Jacob, whose stomach was in love with everything that grew in the sea or on the land, believed that the white-bearded one would die of famine any hour.

"I don't like to see a man in mine house should starve to death," Jacob complained. "Bring him in some *varenya*."

This was a cherry jam that Jacob considered irresistible. Twenty jars of it had been sent to Herman in the Carolinas.

But Sholomas left the *varenya* untouched. When the tea-bearers opened the door of Sholomas' room, they asked politely, without entering, "Are you all right? If you want something, just say so."

Sholomas would look up and say nothing, so it was presumed he was all right and wanted for nothing.

Sitting around the supper table, the family often discussed their distant relative in the back room. The older ones remembered him from the time before they came to America. He had been a man of learning, and people used to travel miles to the town where he lived to consult him on great problems of piety and behavior.

"You have no idea how famous this man Sholomas was," said Jacob. "He was a great man. A fine, handsome man. Not just a rabbi, but a poet. The finest poems that was written in our language, he wrote. We were proud in them days to have a cousin named Aaron Sholomas. Hershel, tell 'em."

JACOB nudged his rheumy-eyed brother, who spoke up at once in woebegone tones, "I am t'inking of something else. Please don't interrupt me."

"Go on, tell them!" Jacob boomed, and Hershel, sighing deeply, moaned, "You are speaking from Aaron Sholomas?"

"You heard me!" Jacob cried.

"He was a dolling man," Hershel went on moaning. "He raised geese and tended beanstalks."

"Not beanstalks!" Jacob roared. "What's a matter with you? Bees! Bees, he tended."

"Beanstalks," Hershel repeated stubbornly and rubbed tears from his eyes by way of ending the argument.

"It was anyway his wife who raised geese and tended bees," Jacob said. "Because he, himself, was a student all his life. He was not only a rabbi and a poet but a wise man. In the old country, a wise man is different from here," he boomed educationally at his granddaughters. "Nobody laughs at him, but he sits around like a king, helping the people and explaining them how to live. I remember when I was leaving for America, I went to him because I wanted to make him a dona a few dollars he could give to th people who was always his best f Because rich people don't need man, either in the old country an than over here. And he said to m boy, you keep your dollars. A ma ing out on a journey must not giv presents. Because a single dollar— few pennies—might prevent him fr riving where he is going, you unde After he has arrived and his jou over, then he can give away pres

Jacob chuckled at this remember dom.

"I can remember exactly the wo said to me," he went on. "I was a boy, too. He said, 'A man must to buy God's good will in advan must only give God presents out o fulness. The other thing is like bri

"That saying is written in the Ta Hershel sighed. "Yes, yes, it is eve written down—everything." And su ing a look of hauteur into his woef the dodderer quoted a proverb in H

"I remember this Sholomas very Jacob interrupted the quotation. member he had eyebrows so big the almost over his eyes. And he ha kind eyes you fell in love with him th ute you sawn him."

"A dolling man," said Hershel, fine swimmer. He could swim far longer than anybody in this room. Hershel looked at his robust, pin brother with a sneer, for Jacob ha famed in his youth as a mighty sw

Revolution *is Not Always* Revolt

INDUSTRIALLY speaking, revolution is more apt to be amazing progress.

For instance, two years ago the mention of "flat silver" brought visions of wedding gifts and little more. Silver was a drug on the market, with prices pegged politically.

Today, approaching 25% of the world's silver production is being "flattened" into protective sheathings for airplane engine bearings that play an outstanding role in the almost incredible performances of Allied aircraft. And Mallory Bearings account for no small part of that silver output.

Development of Mallory Bearings has been stimulated enormously by the demands of military aviation. Through techniques such as the Mallosil* Process developed by Mallory, new methods of bonding rare metals with base metals have added tremendously to the dependability of engine performance. The Mallosil* Process permits mass output of precision bearings of uniformly high quality to give longer wear and to meet the toughest stresses and strains imposed on our magnificent fighters and bombers.

Mallory has pioneered in developing these new silver-bonding methods so that users of aircraft and other heavy duty bearings now look to Mallory as a reliable source for precision production. Mallory facilities, expanded many times over to meet military needs, are recognized as the most advanced in the new techniques responsible for higher and higher levels of aircraft engine performance.

It is not difficult to foresee how much significance Mallory Bearings will have for post-war commercial aviation. But this is only one phase of the development—wherever heavy duty, precision bearings are essential for improved engine performance, Mallory Bearings will have much to offer to design engineers planning for the future.

Although Mallory Bearing production is devoted entirely to the war effort, we shall be glad to consult on problems and applications for the peace-time economy.

P. R. MALLORY & CO., Inc.
INDIANAPOLIS INDIANA

P R MALLORY & CO INC
MALLORY

SERVES THE AERONAUTICAL, AUTOMOTIVE, ELECTRICAL, GEOPHYSICAL, RADIO AND INDUSTRIAL FIELDS WITH . . . RESISTANCE WELDING ELECTRODES NON-FERROUS ALLOYS, POWDER METALLURGY AND BI-METALS . . . ELECTRICAL CONTACTS, . . . THE MALLOSIL* PROCESS—BEARINGS . . . SPECIALIZED PRECISION ELECTRONIC PRODUCTS

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

PUBLICANE
Pasadena, Calif.

—a fame which, with the aid of Hershel's grudging corroboration, he had managed to keep alive for forty years. . . .

Several weeks after Sholomas' arrival in the Rabinowitz home, Jacob's daughter stated one evening that the old man should be coaxed into eating with them.

"It's no good for him to sit alone," she said. "He sits there like a dead man. I don't see why we keep him if he's going to sit in a hole like a dead man, day and night. He'd be just the same off in some old people's home."

"He is mine cousin," Jacob boomed, "and he shall stay in mine house. How would it look if I throwed him out after the agency went to all the trouble locating some relative of his?"

"I don't care," said the daughter. "He don't enjoy himself. He makes the whole house like a tomb. I'm afraid sometimes to open his door."

"What are you afraid of?" Jacob asked. "He don't harm nobody."

"He sits there," said Jacob's daughter and shuddered.

One evening a week later, the hearty Jacob sat at the table in silence and nibbled glumly at his food.

"What's the matter with you?" his wife demanded, her head angrily to one side. "Are you sick or something? Go on, eat! What am I standing all day in the kitchen cooking for?"

JACOB frowned at his plate and drank a second glass of brandy. The family talked loudly over his silence, but their eyes looked nervously at his unemptied plate. In the middle of the meal, Jacob pressed his brother to join him in a third glass of brandy.

"You will excuse me, please," Hershel moaned. "I am not feeling so good tonight."

The statement angered Jacob. "You've been healthy as a horse for seventy-five years," he growled, "ever since I known you."

Hershel rubbed tears from his eyes, tucked the corners of his mouth down and trembled his nose.

"What have you got to cry about?" Jacob demanded. "You sit there crying, day and night. For what?"

"He ain't crying," Jacob's wife called out. "That's how he looks naturally. He can't help it."

"Thank you, Sonia." The dodderer looked tenderly at her. "You was always mine favorite dolling."

Jacob pushed his plate of uneaten chicken from him. "I talked to a man from the agency today," he said. "I met him by an accident in Siegel's restaurant. He says to me, 'Are you Jacob Rabinowitz?' I told him, 'Yes, that's my name. What can I do for you, sir?' So we sat down, and he told me from Aaron Sholomas, mine cousin. The whole story. It's something you can't believe. You can't imagine such a thing."

The family nodded and became silent. Jacob scowled at the many platters of food around him.

"Go on, we're waiting," said Sonia.

Her husband looked at his two grandchildren.

"Not in front of them," he said. "Why should they hear such things?"

"We know, anyway," said the older of the girls. "He was in the massacre where all the people in the town were killed. All the Jews were killed."

"Quiet!" said her mother, seizing the child's hand and kissing it. "Let your grandfather talk."

"It is something unbelievable," said Jacob hoarsely. "It was written out in a report about what happened in the town where he lived."

"The name of the town was Scuzin," old Hershel spoke up firmly. "We used to go there in the summertime to swim in the river."

"Thot's right," said Jacob with a deep sigh; "but nobody is swimming on thot river no more. It's for dead people, thot river."

He half closed his eyes, and his voice hoarsened as he went on, "The Germans locked up four thousand Jews in the ghetto behind the walls. They wouldn't let them come out, and nobody is allowed to give them any food, and if they are sick, they can die and nobody is allowed to bring them medizin."

"Ai," said Jacob's wife and lowered her head slowly.

"They was starving and going crazy, them people," said Jacob hoarsely, "and finally they got so hungry they couldn't stand it any more and they start climbing over the walls of the ghetto and breaking down the doors, so they can get out. And they come out into the street looking like animals that are starving to death."

"Ai," said Jacob's wife and bowed her head over her plate.

"The Germans let them people run in the street for a while, begging for food," said Jacob. "Then they start chasing them and shooting down everybody like it was a hunt for animals. The old men, the women, the children, they are shot down by the Germans while they run in the streets begging for food."

Jacob's work-twisted hands clutched at the table edge.

"They shoot down two thousand in the street," he resumed, "and the rest keep on running. They don't even know they are dying, they are so hungry. They run to the river and jump in and start swimming. Where are they swimming to? No place. Where can they swim? They are just crazy from hunger and swimming around and around. The report says two thousand of them was in the river swimming. Them Germans stood by the side and shot everyone of them until the river was full of dead people."

JACOB paused as if he were out of breath, and old Hershel spoke up:

"Simon Meyerberg used to have a mill by the river." His voice quavered. "We used to go there in the summertime and ketch pike. He was a fine man, yes, sir." The dodderer looked far away. "He died when I was a little boy," he added.

"Mine cousin, Aaron Sholomas, was in the river when Germans are shooting," Jacob went on. "He swimmed with the dead people all day and by night he crawled out on the ground and he sat by the side and pulled the bodies out of the river. He was looking for his wife and grandchildren. He couldn't find them because it was dark, and finally he fell down unconscious by the dead people. In the morning a Polish man sawn him and took him up in a wagon and saved him."

Jacob poured himself another glass of brandy. "I can't stand it," he boomed hoarsely. "That man's wife, his grandchildren and everybody he known in the whole world, butchered in front of his eyes."

Jacob's wife began to weep, and the older of the girls whispered to her, "Grandma, don't cry. Please don't cry."

"Simon, the miller, used to have a horse," old Hershel spoke up. "It was called Spilka. Three people could ride on him. I can remember to this day."

"What happened to Sholomas?" Jacob's daughter asked.

Jacob was looking at the photographs of his grandson over the bowl of fresh flowers. The humorous face above the Army overcoat seemed to straighten him in his chair, and he answered in a loud, rasping voice:

"Mine cousin lived for a month hided away by the Polish farmer. Then there was a law passed that anybody who hided Jews had to be killed the same as the Jews themselves. So mine cousin, when he heard this law, left the home of the Polish farmer and walked by night every night for weeks to Lublin. On his hands and knees, this old man crawled in the nighttime to Lublin. And what was there in Lublin for him? Only more Germans. I asked the man from the agency, 'What was he living for? What did he want to go on living for?' And the man explained to me that mine cousin was crazy now and was looking for his wife and grandchildren. He didn't remember they was all drowned in the river."

Jacob stopped, and though he looked long at the photographs of his grandson, he was unable to go on, and the group at the table sat in silence and waited.

"I don't like to think what happened in Lublin," he resumed. "In Lublin, the Germans put twelve thousand Jews behind the walls of the ghetto. Then they killed them. All of them. They took 'em in the field in wagons. Five hundred at a time in wagons on top of one another. They blown them up."

Jacob groaned, and his large hands lifted the brandy glass. The liquor spilled over his chin.

"There was a few of them who wasn't dead," he went on. "When the Germans was shooting the ones that are lying on the ground still alive, they don't shoot Aaron Sholomas. They left him lying with the dead bodies, and in the nighttime he crawled away again. And like before, he hided himself in the daytime and walked every night. Then somebody recog[illegible] him while he was crawling in the [illegible] that he was Aaron Sholomas, the wis[illegible] from Scuzin, and they saved him."

Jacob stopped, his eyes on the doo[illegible] The bearded figure of Sholomas [illegible] long black coat and alien hat stood [illegible]

"Come in," said Jacob softly. "Co[illegible] and join us. Move up a chair for [illegible] somebody, please."

His daughter placed another chair [illegible] table. The refugee's eyes were wi[illegible] greeting. They were open and starin[illegible] only the doddering Hershel was a[illegible] look into them.

"You remember me, Aaron Sholo[illegible] said Hershel. "I am Hershel Rabin[illegible] a son of Samuel from Scuzin. [illegible] Meyerberg who owned the mill th[illegible] Scuzin was a first cousin from mi[illegible] ther."

Sholomas moved a few steps int[illegible] room and then seemed to become [illegible] The gaunt white face under the black [illegible] hat remained silent, and its silence [illegible] those in the room as something te[illegible] There were no words that could [illegible] to it.

Jacob Rabinowitz raised his eyes [illegible] his pink face became chalk. Not A[illegible] Sholomas but all the dead Jews of E[illegible] stood in their grave clothes beside hi[illegible] ing table. There were millions of [illegible] and Jacob could hear their voices [illegible] ing in the night as they died. He sa[illegible] river of Scuzin with the May flies d[illegible] over it and the frogs leaping fron[illegible] mud banks, and under its willow tre[illegible] saw the water filled with dead; old [illegible] like himself floating with their arms [illegible] and their faces hidden, old women li[illegible] wife drowned and bobbing throug[illegible] hail of bullets, and many like his g[illegible] children clawing at the dark river a[illegible] German guns picked them off fro[illegible] shore.

THIS river he knew and he coul[illegible] member how the moon looked [illegible] He could see the road that led to its [illegible] and the winding streets of Scuzin a[illegible] could remember a guitar that played [illegible] horse that trumpeted in its stall. He [illegible] the smell of this summer night a[illegible] knew all the dead, all the crazed f[illegible] stumbling through the little stree[illegible] Scuzin, the women with their hair st[illegible] ing and their pale children locked in [illegible] arms; the old men muttering to G[illegible] they toppled over.

He knew them all, for they were [illegible] ple among whom he had laughed and [illegible] and he could feel the bullets striking [illegible] down. He saw them in the river amo[illegible] leaping of frogs and the hum of st[illegible] insects, spinning with the current a[illegible] the trunks of the willow trees, and [illegible] called out in his heart for mercy.

Their voices that nobody heard, [illegible] helpless look at the sky as if they [illegible] dogs being slaughtered and not peo[illegible] these overwhelmed Jacob, and the [illegible] room in which he had eaten so hearti[illegible] so many years grew dark before his [illegible] It became a grave in which he sat wi[illegible] dead Jews of Scuzin and of all the sl[illegible] ter places whose names were too ma[illegible] remember. Jacob covered his face wi[illegible] hands and his body shook with we[illegible]

His brother nudged him as he [illegible] "Jacob," said the dodderer, "you s[illegible] not cover your face like thot. We h[illegible] guest." And in a voice full of sudde[illegible] nity, old Hershel added, "Aaron S[illegible] mas, we are proud to have you a[illegible] table. Kindly sit down."

Jacob uncovered his face. He sav[illegible] Sholomas had seated himself next [illegible] granddaughter. The bony hands o[illegible] refugee were resting limply on the [illegible] his face was lowered, and his lips [illegible] moving silently.

"Shh," old Hershel looked repro[illegible] at his weeping niece, "he is makin[illegible] prayer over bread."

"In normal times right about now, I'd be spending my vacation sunning myself on some beach"

COLLIER'S CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

GUADALCANAL FAST FREIGHT

Digest of a Story in Airview Magazine

by ROBERT C. MILLER

United Press Correspondent Robert C. Miller was one of the first to land at Guadalcanal and stayed to the end of the campaign. Major General Vandergrift paid him this tribute: "Robert C. Miller is a good Marine" and Admiral Nimitz commended him for accuracy. The National Headliner's Club gave Miller an honor award for "best foreign reporting" during 1942.

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

HE haunting cry of "too little, too late" which tragically prefaced the fall of Greece, Norway, Singapore, a and many another Axis victim was er heard in the Battle for the Solomons ere an intrepid group of American air- flying unarmed transports maintained uninterrupted stream of supplies into adalcanal despite the weather and the anese.

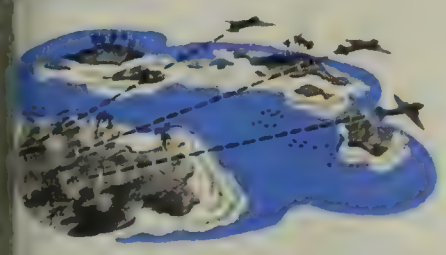
he job done by these Marine and ny fliers and their Douglas C-47 Sky- ns in the battle for the Southeastern omons is without parallel in the short ory of the Pacific War.

lying day and night against the filthi- weather the South Pacific could throw hem and over uncharted routes, these n and planes maintained clockwork edules over thousands of miles of the ific, bringing desperately needed gas- e, ammunition, bombs and supplies to erican outposts which many times e cut off from their sources of supply ept for the C-47s which constituted ir only transportation link with the .

he Skytrains and their crews chiselled rmanent niche in the hall of fame dur- those early hectic days in the Solo- ns when the Marine garrisons at Tu- , Gavutu, Tanambogo and Guadalcanal ned to be occupying American-held nds in the middle of a Japanese-domi- ed ocean.

t isn't an exaggeration to say that had se men and their transports failed us, had the Japanese been able to close the continuous flow of aerial freight g flown into Henderson Field, the le for the Solomons might easily e ended in defeat for the United Na- s.

uring those trying weeks in Septem- and October when the Imperial might Japan was being hurled against the rines on Guadalcanal, it was the rule er than the exception that the war erials flown into Henderson Field y by the C-47s would be expended on enemy within 24 hours after they had n unloaded.



he importance of combat air trans- t was not wholly appreciated until an attacked us on December 7, when denly we were confronted with the blem of supplementing our meager rchant marine facilities with aerial ght and passenger service in order to et the emergency of war.

ased on newly-acquired island bases he South Pacific, the majority of the 7s were handed over to Marine Corps tion authorities who organized the South Pacific Combat Air Transport Service which was to later gain world-wide fame under the name of SCAT. Its commander was Colonel William Wallace, USMC.

Flying continually with overloads, the planes supplied newly-constructed bases with repair parts and emergency equipment transported across the Pacific by the Air Ferry Command and then shuttled to outlying bases. Take-offs and landings were made from cleared strips of land that were poor excuses for an airport even at the best.

The C-47s linked Australia, New Zealand, New Caledonia, Espiritu Sano, Efate and other Pacific installations within a few weeks after the service was inaugurated, but their real test did not come until the Japanese threw everything they had at the Marines on Guadalcanal.

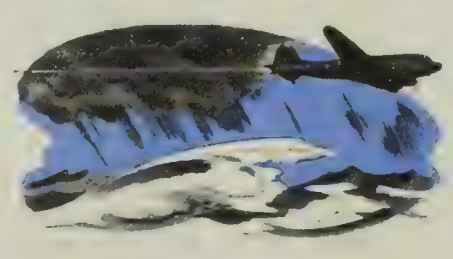
From the early morning of August 9, when the cruisers Canberra, Astoria, Quincy, and Vincennes were sunk in a night battle by the Japanese off Savo Island until the night of October 15 when American Naval forces regained control of the waters surrounding the Solomons, the Nipponese dominated the Pacific in and about the Southeastern Solomons. Even from October 15 until close to the end of the year it was the C-47s which rushed in sorely needed ammunition and materials which had been exhausted in throwing back some new enemy attack.

But it was during the first few weeks when the Marine defenders of Guadalcanal were under virtual siege by the enemy that the C-47s won their spurs.

Three of the most precious commodities on Guadalcanal were gasoline, bombs and incendiary machinegun ammunition. Without these Major John L. Smith's famed Marine Fighting Squadron 23 would never have been able to make its fabulous record against the Japanese Zeros and Mitsubishis which raided our beachheads with alarm clock regularity day after day; nor could Lieut. Colonel Richard Mangrum's SBDs have parried the day and night naval attacks of the enemy by flying down the stacks of the Japanese task forces bringing reinforcements from Truk and Rabaul and sending them home battered and flaming from the bombs flown into Henderson field.

The beleaguered Marines were dependent upon their aviators to fight off the aerial and naval attacks while they throttled the repeated Japanese infantry assaults, and these aviators were forced to rely almost solely upon the C-47s for their fuel and ammunition.

It must have been the prayers of those thousands on Guadalcanal that brought the cargo planes through safely in those hazardous days, for the destruction of even one Skytrain and its valuable cargo would have grounded a large part of our fighter and dive bomber forces, so narrow was the margin we were operating on.



Marine Majors D. M. Gullotte of La Jolla, Calif., and Robert B. Bell, of Darien, Conn., both former airline pilots, were two of the pioneers flying the Guadalcanal run. Planes were so scarce and their services so necessary at that time that none of the C-47 crews got more than a few hours sleep a week on the ground or rolled up in a blanket amongst the barrels of aviation gasoline and ammunition boxes during flights.

The physical beating of the run was absorbed equally by the men and the equipment. Motors were run hundreds of hours past their overhaul periods, and little more than cursory inspections were possible between flights by the overworked maintenance crews who made temporary repairs that would have to last weeks before worn and ruptured parts could be replaced; baling wire was an essential part of every repair man's kit.

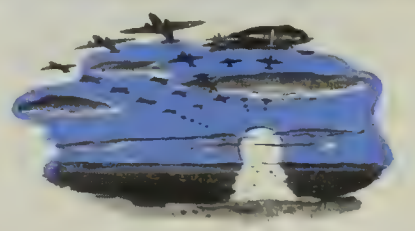
Schedules were changed daily to fool the Japanese coast watchers who would radio the positions of the C-47s to their fighter pilots. For a long time the C-47s played a desperate game of hide and seek with the Zeros which hid high in the sky waiting to pounce on the fat transports as they ducked from cloud to cloud or hedge hopped the waves while flying in another "hot" cargo, or bringing out a load of wounded.

It was impossible to make a run into Guadalcanal without being shot at; if the crews outsmarted the enemy's fighters, there were always the snipers and machinegunners hiding in the jungle close to the approaches to Henderson Field.

Although carriers of death and destruction on their flights to Guadalcanal, the Skytrains served as hospital planes on their return runs, bringing out thousands of severely wounded men in need of emergency treatment unavailable at the front.

The idiocy of war was never more conspicuous than at Henderson Field when the C-47s arrived; their cargoes of bombs, torpedoes, shells and other ingenious implements of suffering and death were carefully unloaded while patiently waiting nearby were the ambulances with the sick and wounded whose lives and futures depended upon these mercy planes which a few moments before had served as aides to Death. As quickly as one ship was cleared of its freight, the stretchers would be tenderly placed aboard, probably on the exact spot where a 500-pound bomb had ridden a few minutes before.

Typical of the assignments given the C-47s was an order radioed a rear base in October. A large Japanese task force had been attacked successfully by American dive bombers, torpedo bombers and motor torpedo boats which had destroyed or damaged several units of the enemy's fleet. But after 24 hours of continuous attacks, the planes and PT boats had used all but one of their torpedoes on the Japanese. The nearest supply of tin fish was more than a thousand miles away, yet a few minutes after sunrise the next



day a whole fleet of C-47s landed at Henderson Field, their fuselages bulging with torpedoes. Armed with this new supply, the planes and boats were able to continue their attacks and throw back one of Japan's most determined counter attacks.

And when the next piece of Japanese territory is recaptured by the United Nations on their march to Tokio, SCAT and the C-47s will be right in the thick of it again, flying replacements for exhausted supplies, evacuating the wounded and sick, answering emergency appeals and flying through combat areas in the only "unarmed fighter planes in the world."

TO THE READER: It is hoped that "Guadalcanal Fast Freight" gives you the feeling of pride in American aircraft shared by thousands of Victory Workers who produce Douglas cargo, transport and combat airplanes and more thousands who fly and maintain them on every war front.

Donald W. Douglas

PRESIDENT, DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT CO.

QUICK RELIEF FOR SUMMER TEETHING

EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion—the actual prescription of a famous Baby specialist. It is effective and economical, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums

BIGGER PAY THAN EVER!

Local "Store Route" Plan pays men like you big money—steady!—in wholesale business of your own. No car necessary. Sell Vitamins to stores of all kinds. New low retail price, 7 for 10¢, opens vast rich field. Handle this sales-maker, plus 200 other quick profit items. Many nationally advertised. No experience needed. Amazing facts FREE. Write TODAY!

WORLD'S PRODUCTS CO.
DEPT. 88-G. SPENCER, INDIANA

No. DR124—Sturdy, 15 jewel, anti-magnetic waterproof watch precision tested for accuracy. Non-breakable crystal, waterproof strap, radium dial and hands, stainless steel back. SHOCK RESISTANT. $34.75
No. DR121 — Same watch with sweep second hand. $39.75

Attractively Boxed. Price incl. Fed. Tax.
POSTAGE PREPAID • MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

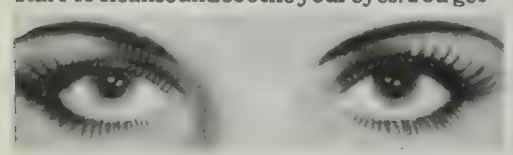
Write for Free Illustrated Booklet "DR"

BELL WATCH COMPANY
Time-Life Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, 20, N.Y.

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

EYES OVERWORKED? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away you feel it start to cleanse and soothe your eyes. You get—



QUICK RELIEF! Murine's 7 scientifically blended ingredients quickly relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Safe, gentle Murine helps thousands—let it help you, too.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES · REFRESHES

★ *Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps* ★

Late on a September afternoon, Sholomas sat in the neighborhood park enveloped in his long black coat. The light was leaving the sky. As the glare of the sun lifted from the streets, the park in which he sat became full of sharp color and bold outline. The sudden presence of so many vivid things around him confused Sholomas. He stood up and, with his eyes to the ground, walked out of the park.

At nine o'clock Jacob Rabinowitz was worried. He had finished his third glass of tea, and his wife and daughter had cleared the table of everything but a jar of *varenya* and a plate of cookies.

"It's no use talking," said Jacob. "Something has happened to him. Where else can he be at this hour of the night?"

"You are speaking of Aaron Sholomas?" Old Hershel raised his eyes from the newspaper.

Jacob grunted. His brother was taking on daily more and more the ways of an idiot.

"Who else!" he boomed. "Nine o'clock and he ain't home yet."

"He is not a little boy," said Hershel calmly and picked the pinochle cards out of the cut-glass bowl on the sideboard.

HE SAT down at the dining table and started shuffling the deck. A sly look came into his rheumy eyes. Despite his trembling hands and doddering ways, he was able invariably to win a few pennies from his domineering brother.

"Don't botherin' me with the cards," said Jacob. "I'm worried about mine cousin." His large pink face scowled at the clock. "What can a man like thot be doing at this hour?"

"Maybe he dropped in some place for a glass tea," Hershel offered.

"Honest!" Jacob glared at the dodderer. "I hate to say this from my own brother. But you have got less sense than a ordinary child."

A melting look came into Hershel's woebegone face. "Don't get excited," he said softly. "There is some people got all the sense but don't know what to do with it."

Jacob shook off the insult. "I'm going to look around for him," he said.

"What is this?" Jacob's daughter peered out of the kitchen. "What is the racket for?"

"He is going to look for Aaron Sholomas," said Hershel, scowling at the cards in his hands. "You should stop him, dolling."

"You can't go running through the streets," the daughter said. "You're tired from the shop. You'll get sick. Sit down. Sholomas will come home all right by himself."

Jacob was on his feet, his head thrown back, his eyes half shut, which was his way of signaling that he was not to be contradicted further.

"Where is mine grandchildren?" he boomed. "Come on, girls. We are going to look for our cousin."

The night was warm and the streets were full of idle figures. They sat on steps, stood at the curb or tilted back in chairs placed before the dimmed store fronts. Down these tranquil streets, a thought moved furtively and painfully, as if all the idlers resting after their day's work had but one head. It was a thought of death. The idlers in these tenement streets were watching the slaughter of the Jews.

On each warm night, with their tasks done, they sat sprawled in the summer dark and looked on the great killing of the Jews and listened in their hearts to the unheeded Jewish prayers rising from the German massacre grounds. They talked to one another of many things, gossiped and complained, but their souls were fastened on a faraway stage where the strange and awful murder of the Jews was then going on.

Their sons, brothers and grandsons were in the war, and their thoughts were full of Mediterranean names where battles were happening. But these battles seemed like happy events to them. Germans were being killed in these battles. The thought of their kin, armed and fighting fiercely, brought a sigh of relief into the summer streets where the many Jews sat watching the distant slaughter of their kind.

The radios squawking in the night proclaimed the hourly deeds of the distant armies; but deeper and louder in their hearts than all the other voices in the world was the unheeded call of the millions who, without any weapons in their hands, were facing the German massacre squads.

Such was the neighborhood through which Jacob Rabinowitz, holding a granddaughter by each hand, walked in search of his cousin. The tall heavy-waisted Jacob walked proudly with an old habit of arrogance in his ungrayed head. He paused now and then before idlers on the steps and inquired in a peremptory voice if they had seen Aaron Sholomas, the refugee from Poland, who was his cousin. None had seen him, and Jacob marched on, clinging to the hands of his granddaughters.

In the synagogue where he knew Sholomas spent his days, he was told that the old man had left his prayers at seven and walked away toward the neighborhood park. Jacob led his granddaughters there. The two pretty girls were full of love for their tall grandfather as they walked beside him and, knowing that he was unhappy, they began telling him of the fun they had had in school that day and of the fine things their teachers had said to them. Whatever his troubles, Jacob always chuckled proudly when he heard tales of his grandchildren's schooling.

Many people sat on the shadowed benches of the park, and the three searchers walked for a time, looking into their silent faces.

"You sit down, Grandpa," the older of the girls finally said, "and we'll go and look all over the park."

Jacob sat down with a lordly grunt. "Ask the people," he instructed them, "if they have seen him and what way he went. You understand?"

"We will," the girls said eagerly. "You just sit still."

They walked away and Jacob sat on the bench. His large body was straight and his eyes peered into the dark. He felt tired and in his weariness he kept remembering a river in which he had once swum, and a great pain filled his heart. For no Jew would ever laugh or swim in that river again.

"It's no good thinking about such things," he told himself angrily. "It don't do you any good to suffer when you can't help something. Here is a fine park, and the people are enjoying themselves. Thot's enough to think about."

BUT the memory of the river continued to hurt his heart. He looked into the silent, shadowed faces near him, and a miserable kinship with all the park sitters came over him. They, too, were sitting with memories and staring at faraway rivers and villages filled with dead Jews.

His granddaughters returned, out of breath.

"We asked everybody," they told him, "and nobody has seen him at all."

"Maybe he has come home already." Jacob frowned and stood up. He felt the night breeze on his face and sighed.

"It's a fine night," he said, smiling at his granddaughters. "Gorgeous! Look how nice it is here for the poor people."

He took the girls by the hand, and the three of them moved through the streets again.

The family had gone to bed. Jacob sat down heavily at the dining table.

"Go on, go to sleep," he said to his grandchildren. "You got to be in school early tomorrow."

The girls kissed him on each side of his forehead and cried, "Good nig Grandpa."

Jacob remained alone at the dining ble, staring fearfully at the empty cha

WHEN he walked out of the nei borhood park, disturbed by sharpened colors of the dying day, Aa Sholomas awoke from the half sleep o year. Since the night he had craw away from the river of dead in Scu the world had been veiled for Sholom His soul, like a ghost, had lived o among the prayers in his head.

He looked about him now as he wall and saw the strangeness of streets buildings, and his head nodded as at event. He knew that reason had retur to him and he said a prayer of than giving.

I have been away, he thought sof and his eyes looked timidly on the sig of an unclouded world.

"It is a strange land," Sholomas softly to himself.

He tried to remember his journey to but, when he looked into the past, a p seized his throat and his mind g clouded again.

There are things not to be remember he thought, and remained like one h asleep and half awake.

He felt the heaviness of his legs and membered then how old he was and startled by the number of the years. L many who devote their lives to thou yesterday—even the yesterday of his b hood—had seemed always an hour a from Sholomas.

TIME had not touched his mind or tered its preoccupations during whole of his life. Because of this, great changes it had worked on his b had often confused him. He was confu now to find himself so old a man, and thought that he would never be yo again because his memories were g The road to youth was finally closed in heart and he would never run dow again to other days.

As he moved through the new stre he recalled the letters that had once c to him from this strange country desc ing its wonders and its oddities. Again pain seized his throat and his heart suddenly made of dust. For the letters minded him of the house in which he lived and of his wife and grandchildre whom he had read them aloud. He membered his wife smiling at them saying, "How can people be happy a from their homeland, Aaron? It must they fool themselves."

The pain almost closed his mind ag but he continued defiantly to think and saw in his soul the many burning str and the dead ones sprawled over one other in the roads and fields. That been their homeland.

Poor little nests, Sholomas thou that never belonged to us no matter h lovingly we warmed them.

With a strong effort he kept his thou from running to the grave where all his and all his memories lay—the wild g of Poland.

There are things not to be remember he repeated and busied himself think of a history that he knew as well as own.

This was the history of the Jews. looked into it now, as he had done si his boyhood, and saw the Jews of m countries and many centuries wrestl with the hate of the world. A fair wo it was—full of learning and gallant de But always it darkened around the J and always its wisdom and its kind vanished in his presence. Sholomas p dered the reasons for this as he walked

It had grown dark, but the refugee fr Poland continued his meditations u ware of the nightfall. He was eager to his mind but he knew it had become a wanderer, ready to vanish in a mist if offended it.

"o you suppose they don't like our dropping in on them unannounced?"

GARDNER REA

people noticed Sholomas as he hrough their city. They saw an in a long black coat and a cere- hat moving slowly in the street. as nothing in the gravity of the face or the steadiness of the step em that this old man was wres- a madness that had imprisoned a year.

nas came to a more lighted dis- had been walking for hours and ad grown too heavy to move. He d mused. These were streets in ws were not hated and these were according to what he had heard, e not eager to revile and slaughter holomas wondered if this were e truth, for it had never been true story he had studied. There had en such streets or such people in d. The history he knew revealed Jew in moving to a new land car- ong his little belongings always t on which he must hang.

not wise to rejoice, he thought ver the kindness of a new host. d walked far and didn't know was, nor could he remember the the man in whose house he lived.

GHED and knew that the silence emptiness in which he had been ere returning to him again. He faintly: I am in another coun- rom the Germans. But maybe I dreaming this is so. Out of much e soul sometimes creates dreams in which to hide.

nas' head grew heavy and he mur- dly to himself, "God takes away use I am too weak to look into not certain that I know where I n old and lost."

ood with his eyes shut, and the ered his mind as it had done on in Lublin when the dead moaned graves. He began moving his lips sly in a prayer.

a time, he opened his eyes and saw overwhelmed him. He stood ents trembling and a fear melted . Not far away, a great fire was He could see the flames and the d sky and the smoke winding out ows. Then Sholomas saw there owd moving toward him and he eyes again.

s bewildered no longer and he no loubted where he was. This was r a strange country but a familiar is was death, the homeland of the or he knew that where there was moving, there was death. Where ed, there Jews died. Where voices night, there massacre moved with laugh.

It was clear to Sholomas that his hour had come and that, around him, slaughter was raging again. He lifted his head and found new strength to stand erect and think of God.

"Though the Jews are slain as the lowest of beasts," he said softly to heaven, "it is as the children of God they must die, with His name on their lips. For if their goodness is not wanted by the world, they must keep it strong and bring it to God who will accept it."

The sounds of the night overcame him and he stood for a time without thought and waited. Figures rushed by him, jostling him and sending him against a wall. Here he remained with his eyes on the glare of the fire. There came back into his head the voices of the dying in the streets of Scuzin and the voices from the river under the willows and the voices from the fields outside Lublin and from the roads where death had obliterated his people.

He waited for the glare of the fire to sweep over him and for the shouts to bring him death and he thought as he stood before his last hour: They continue to kill us. I must go talk to those who are dying. I must tell them that it is not we who are doomed. It is those who slaughter us who are doomed. For it is not we they are killing, but a thing in themselves they are destroying. And they must live without goodness or the light of God in their souls until they die. For it is not we who die as beasts but they who live on as beasts. It is written that the man of evil shall be powerless, though he vanquish cities. It is written that he can never vanquish goodness or righteousness except in his own soul.

Thus Aaron Sholomas spoke in his mind as he waited for the massacre to carry him to the wild grave of the Jews.

THE policeman who had been keeping part of the Third Avenue crowd from breaking through the fire lines noticed a white-bearded old Jew against the wall.

"Hey!" he called. "Keep moving along there!"

The old man remained motionless, his face raised to the night. The policeman pushed through a group of enthralled fire-engine watchers and came to the old man's side.

"What's the matter, pop?" The policeman took his arm. "The fire scare you?"

A middle-aged woman, standing near them, spoke with sudden nervousness. "He's sick, officer," she said. "I think he's fainted."

"He's standing up by himself, ain't he?" said the policeman, frowning.

Other faces turned toward the stiffened old man at the wall.

"You better get him to a hospital," a second policeman pushed through and decided. "I'll put in a call."

"Poor old guy!" said a voice. "He looks all in."

"We ought to do something," another voice spoke. "We can't just leave him standing up like that."

The night around Sholomas became filled with the kindly voices of an American crowd in the presence of a sidewalk mishap. Someone brought a chair out of the building and put it under the old man. Fingers unbuttoned his odd-looking coat and removed his curious hat from his head. A hand appeared and thrust a small glass of whisky toward Sholomas' mouth.

"Try and drink this," said a voice. "It'll do you good."

Sholomas remained motionless and with his eyes shut.

The faces watching the bearded old man in the chair became silent. The fire in the building had been put out and there was more interest now in this lean, patriarchal figure who sat as if he were dead and yet not dead.

"He looks like a Jew," said the second policeman, returning. "Does anybody know how to speak Jewish so's we can ask him where he lives?"

No answer came, and the silence of a crowd that held no Jews seemed to awaken Sholomas.

"He's coming to," a voice said, and the crowd watched the old man's eyes opening.

THE aged face, white with years, raised itself and the eyes looked frozenly out. There returned to Sholomas a flicker of thought, and he wondered feebly where he was and in what land he sat. Then he remembered the burning street and the shouting and he looked at the ring of faces with disbelief. There was no massacre around him. Voices were talking, and two men in uniform were beside him. One was kneeling and holding a glass to his mouth.

Sholomas sipped the liquor and his eyes continued to look from face to face with disbelief, for he saw kindness and compassion. They were the faces of a strange land, faces that grew tender when they saw an old Jew sitting helpless in the street. The liquor warmed Sholomas, and his mind grew suddenly bright.

The wisdom of Aaron Sholomas looked on this strange street in which he was to die and saw its goodness. Here was the street he had never found in the history of the Jews, the shining street in which faces smiled on the tribe of Abraham.

Many unbelievable things had happened to Sholomas, so unbelievable that his wisdom had fled from life. But none was as unbelievable as this street in which he sat with pounding heart, this promised street full of friends.

In these last moments of his life, the torn soul of Sholomas filled with love, and he thought eagerly as if he were young again and had never tasted agony: After many years and after a long journey, I have found goodness that does not vanish where the Jew stands. I have found a home. God is good!

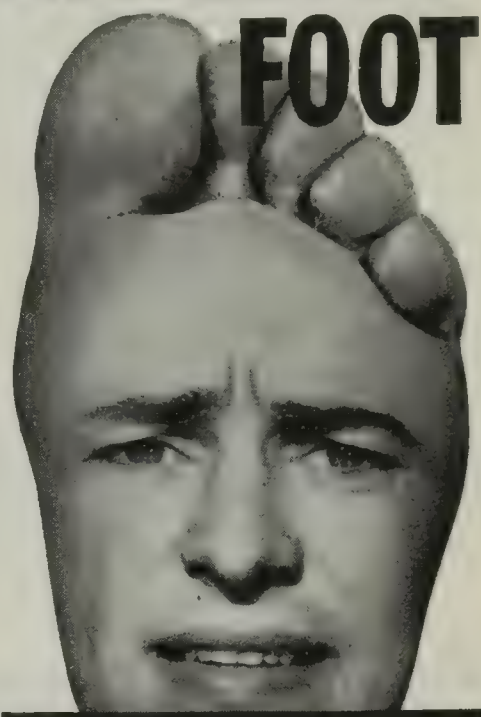
Sholomas closed his eyes, and his lips moved in silence for another moment. Then his body slid from the chair.

The two policemen laid him carefully on the pavement and one of them placed the ceremonial hat under his head. For several minutes, the crowd stood in silence looking down at the dead man lying where people walked. Some of them removed their hats, and others shivered to see, staring up from this busy street, the end of life.

As he had closed his eyes, Sholomas had dreamed of this miracle—that a Jew would be lying dead among strangers and that the night would be filled with compassion.

THE END

WHEN YOU FIGHT
ATHLETE'S FOOT



FIGHT TO KILL
ALL 5 FUNGI
OR EFFORT MAY BE WASTED

Five fungi may cause Athlete's Foot. Any one alone —or all of them.

•

Fungi are hardy, persistent.

•

SORETONE KILLS ALL 5 FUNGI ON CONTACT.

•

Soretone contains powerful 4-Beta-Ethyl-Hexyl-Phenol—*not in any other Athlete's Foot preparation.*

DON'T UNDERESTIMATE ATHLETE'S FOOT

This malady is stubborn. Don't trifle—fight to kill. Soretone helps relieve that maddening burn and itch, while it attacks the cause. Soretone cleans and dries the skin. Dissolves perspiration deposits — on which fungi feed. Promotes healing of broken tissues. *And McKesson makes it.*

MONEY BACK —If Soretone doesn't bring satisfaction.

SORETONE

POWERFUL HELP —TONIGHT

Spread toes apart. Pour Soretone full strength. Let dry. Repeat in morning.

Avoid reinfection. Spray or wipe shoes with Soretone. Boil socks 20 minutes.

McKesson gives a big bottle for $1—so use liberally.

If not relieved promptly, see your doctor.

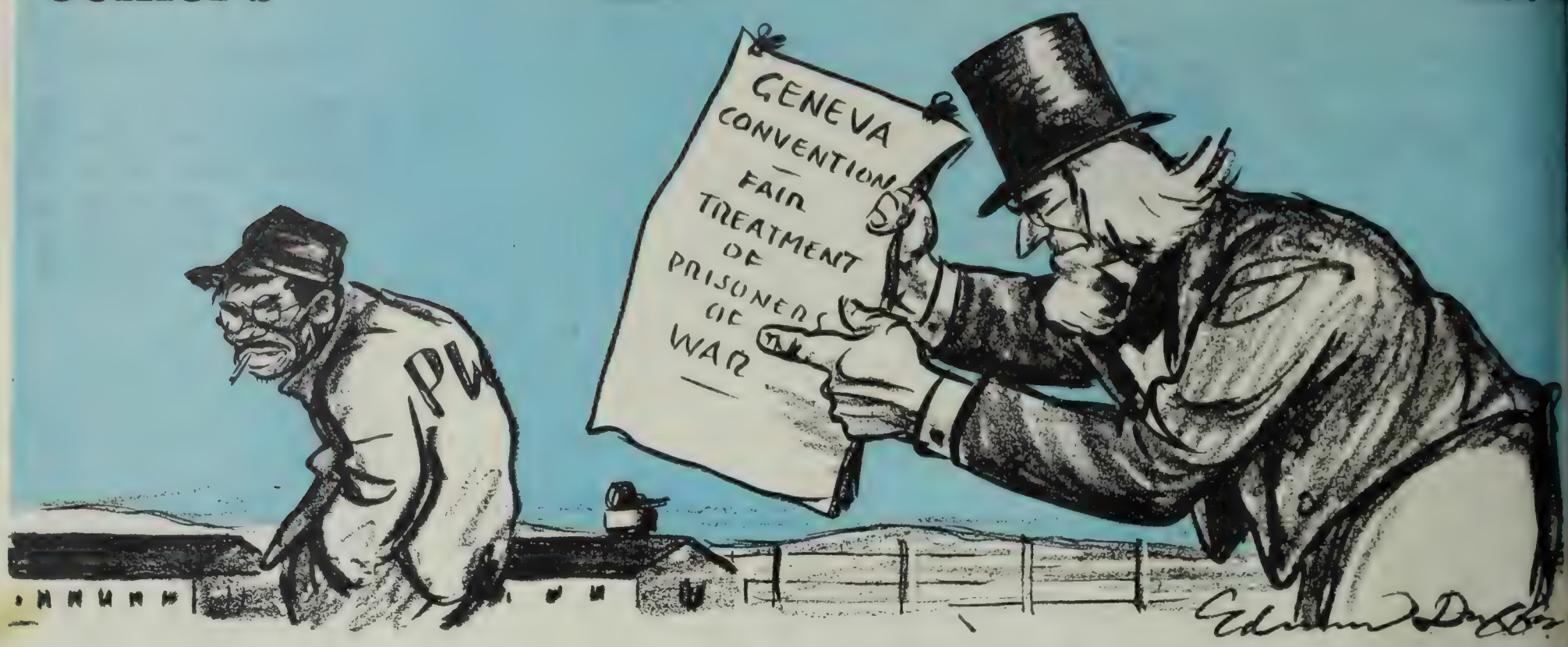
FIGHTS TO KILL ALL 5 FUNGI

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Publisher

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Editor

JEROME ELLIS
Managing Ed



Fair Treatment of War Prisoners

THE UNITED STATES, as of this writing, has a little more than 36,000 prisoners of war within its borders—about 22,000 Germans, 14,000 Italians, and 62 Japs. Questions as to how best to treat these persons and the numerous others who we all hope will be arriving, are bound to come up.

Nobody has yet suggested an improvement on the basic principles laid down in the Geneva Convention of 1929 on proper treatment of war prisoners—decent food and quarters; officers not to be compelled to work; enlisted men to be required to do camp housekeeping and such work if necessary; modest pay rates, with provisions for sending money to prisoners' dependents; prisoners to be shielded from popular violence or ridicule.

We think it will pay us dividends in the long run to stick conscientiously to these rules, no matter what provocation to violate them may be offered us by, for the likeliest example, the Japs.

The way *not* to treat prisoners of war and enemy alien internees, however, has been vividly illustrated by the goings-on at the big Poston, Arizona, relocation center for Japs moved back from the Pacific Coast after Pearl Harbor. The Dies Committee has been digging up testimony on this matter, and it is anything but reassuring.

The core of the trouble at Poston apparently was that sob sisters and social workers (entirely okay in their proper spheres) got into this relocation center and wished on it a weepy, sentimental method of guarding and policing the internees. Self-government among the interned Japs, for instance, was widespread. The results were only what might have been expected—riots, strikes, food thefts an waste, sabotage of important telephone line and so on.

That's typical American softheartedness. peat, this softheartedness is fine in its place, a be it from us to urge Americans to try to b spiritually like the Nazis or the Jap war lord its place is not in war-prisoner camps or alien- ment centers. These institutions should be firm though good-natured and fair military c with sob sisters ruled all the way off the rese and a few F.B.I. or G-2 men scattered around trusively to keep tabs on probable spy activiti

It's to be hoped that the Poston episode the last of their kind, and that henceforth we age our war prisoners and internees primari our heads instead of primarily with our heart

"Delenda est Japonia"

HALLETT ABEND, veteran Far East correspondent, adds his voice to those of others who warn of the Japanese warrior caste's long-range plans to win this war piecemeal if Japan can't win in the present round.

The Japs, according to Abend, now expect an eventual Allied victory over Hitler, at great cost. After that, they hope that war weariness will grip the United States, which by that time will be the strongest of all the Allied nations. The Jap leaders hope that American public opinion will then force some inconclusive peace dicker with Japan, to result in surrender of some of Japan's huge takings but in retention of the portions that really matter to Japan.

After that, the Jap leaders expect to build up their empire, with its great numbers of docile conquered peoples, into a huge fist to strike at the United States, say, twenty years later. The Japs, having a 2,000-year history, incline to take the long view of things.

This prognostication sounds reasonable to us. Therefore, we think that now would be a good time for Americans to begin to steel their hearts fo ish fight to the absolute defeat of Japan.

Cato the Elder (234-149 B. C.) for som years wound up every one of his speeches in t man Senate with the line *"Delenda est Car* meaning "Carthage must be destroyed."

"Delenda est Japonia" would be the best we could engrave in our hearts at this stage history. We should keep it engraved there u power of Japan to wage aggressive war is utte finally destroyed.

A Cheer for Mr. B. Ruml

AS THE tumult and the shouting over the Ruml plan merge into the tumult and the shouting over getting the nation adjusted to a partial pay-as-you-go federal income-tax system, we desire to lift a loud cheer for Beardsley Ruml.

It was Mr. Ruml, banking authority, merchandising executive and experienced economist, who just about a year ago saw the dynamite lurking in our then method of collecting federal income taxes. All federal income-tax payers were eternally in debt to the government. Virtually all wage earners, because of the necessities of war financing, were on the way to becoming income-tax payers.

The dynamite awaited at the end of the war boom, when millions of people would probably be out of jobs, at least for a while, and would be loaded down with big bills for taxes on their big wartime earnings. National disaster could result.

Ruml proposed a shift to pay-as-you-go in one simple "daylight-saving" operation. His scheme ran into political jealousy, resentment, dumbness, Henry Morgenthau and Robert L. (Muley) Doughton. It had a terrific fight in Congress; but it showed terrific staying power—because it was a sound idea.

Eventually Congress passed and the President signed a variant of Ruml's plan, whereby millions of taxpayers were shifted at once to pay-as-you- the rest were enabled to get fully caught up by 15, 1945. The plan adopted was a bit on the c est side, since its net effect on numerous tax was to increase their rates for two years with tually saying so.

Practically, though, the compromise was al good as could be hoped for, in a country whi lets demagogues get away with far too much. started us on the way to this great improveme hope the taxpayers will never forget what he them, much as various politicians would love him completely forgotten.

Collier's

GUST 7, 1943 TEN CENTS

COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMEN'S HOME COMPANION

DO NOT CUT, TEAR OR DEFACE BOOKS OR MAGAZINES.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

WE MAN THE DECK GUNS

The Sub-busters of Our Merchant Fleet

BY ENSIGN ROBERT C. RUARK, U. S. N. R.

KATI

CO

B. F. Goodrich Dealers and Silvertown Stores offer the

ONLY SYNTHETIC TIRE BACKED BY 80,000,000 MILE ROAD TEST

Three years ago car owners started the greatest road test in history, driving thousands of Silvertowns (made with Ameripol). That's why you can have the utmost confidence in our all-synthetic tire of today—the 1943 Ameripol Silvertown.

When you buy a synthetic tire, look for facts and evidence. Here's some—from a U. S. Senate Investigating Committee:

"The only general-purpose tire rubber which had been brought into small commercial production by 1940 was Ameripol, another B. F. Goodrich product. In the summer of 1940 Goodrich placed Ameripol tires on the market . . . and recent reports on the performance of those tires seemed to indicate that Ameripol was equal or possibly superior in durability and service to the crude rubber product."

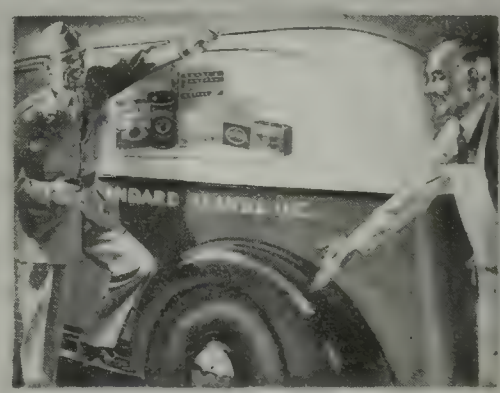
Thousands of Ameripol Silvertowns were driven under every condition of road—*the way drivers drive them*—not by factory experts. Results show these tires were "at least as good as those made with natural rubber."

In these Silvertowns, more than half the natural rubber was replaced by synthetic. In the new Silvertowns, offered today, more than 99 per cent of the natural rubber is replaced by synthetic. And these new Silvertowns are undergoing a severe test, too—the test of battle on a dozen fronts all over the world.

If you buy on *proof of performance*, you'll surely choose the B. F. Goodrich Ameripol Silvertown . . . the all-synthetic tire for 1943!

Some of the hundreds of companies that made the greatest tire test in history

Standard Brands bought a number of Silvertowns made with synthetic rubber back in 1940. Some of these tires went more than 30,000 miles! That's real tire-mileage for any kind of tire. It proves synthetic can take it at least as well as natural rubber tires.



Western Union put two Ameripol Silvertowns on a maintenance truck. Says the section lineman who drove them, "They should give us 30,000 miles."

American Airlines also bought made-with-synthetic Silvertowns months before Pearl Harbor. The tires on this airfield maintenance truck went 29,519 miles. It was the toughest kind of stop-and-go driving, too—on all kinds of roads in every kind of weather.

LIMITED STOCKS

Only B and C book holders who qualify for tires for essential driving can get these B. F. Goodrich Ameripol Silvertowns

There still is a critical rubber shortage. Most synthetic rubber is needed for war. Every American must continue to conserve rubber. Follow the five basic rules of tire conservation from the office of the Rubber Director:

1. Drive only when absolutely necessary
2. Keep under 35 miles an hour
3. Keep your tires properly inflated
4. Have them inspected regularly
5. Share your car with others

Awards to 7 plants

In war or peace

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

Tune in to "THE MEANING OF THE NEWS" by Joseph C. Harsch, on CBS

He gives inside interpretations because he has lived where news is made. (See local paper for time, station.)

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Presents

BEST FOOT FORWARD

starring **LUCILLE BALL** *with*

WILLIAM GAXTON • VIRGINIA WEIDLER

Tommy Dix, Nancy Walker, June Allyson, Kenny Bowers, Gloria DeHaven, Jack Jordan

HARRY JAMES AND HIS MUSIC MAKERS

Screen Play by *Irving Brecher and Fred Finklehoffe*

Book by.....*John Cecil Holm*

Music and Lyrics by *Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane*

And Produced on the Stage by *George Abbott*

DIRECTED BY:.....*Edward Buzzell*

PRODUCED BY:.....*Arthur Freed*

CAPSULE REVIEW: We were a gray-haired old codger when we walked into the projection room to get a preview of M-G-M's "Best Foot Forward" and we came out with a leap and asked for a malted milk and a tennis racquet. The picture makes you young. We saw the stage show and kind of liked it, but the movies have added Latakia or something and the result is pep, zip and all those happy three-letter words that a musical demands and doesn't often get.

Lucille Ball, who has plenty of Lucille on the Ball, comes into her full-fledged own and there is a thing called Nancy Walker that we wrote home about. They haven't answered yet but they will when they see the picture. William Gaxton comes out of Broadway into a high-pressure role that is a delight and Virginia Weidler, of "Youngest Profession" continues along her natural way. Also a big bend to Tommy Dix, June Allyson, Kenny Bowers, Gloria DeHaven and Jack Jordan.

We'll save a special arrangement of cheers for Harry James and his Music Makers who not only fill the aisles but the streets outside the theatres with what our Ally calls a queue. This story of the movie star who crashes a school prom has been sympathetically directed by Eddie Buzzell who seems to understand the spirit of the age. It is another production from the Arthur Freed unit and we're growing fonder of them all the time.

Songs you'll like: *You're Lucky, Alive And Kicking, Buckle Down Winsocki, The Three B's, Wish I May, I Know You By Heart, Three Men On A Date, What Do You Think I Am, Everytime.*

TECHNICOLOR: It brings out the youth in the picture.

NEWS NOTE: As we hurry to press we read that "Best Foot Forward" has opened at the de luxe Astor Theatre, New York, the home of the outstanding films of the season.

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
W. B. COURTNEY	European War Theater
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Russia and Far East
KYLE CRICHTON	Articles
HERBERT ASBURY	Articles
DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
ALLEN MARPLE	Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Articles
HENRY L. JACKSON	Wearables
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art
CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AMY PORTER	Articles
GEORGE CREEL	Washington
WILLIAM HILLMAN	Washington
FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
FRANK GERVASI	Middle East War Theater
JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
GRATTAN O'LEARY	Ottawa
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
U. L. CALVOSA	Photographs
GEORGE DE ZAYAS	Hollywood
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor
JEROME ELLISON Managing Editor

ANY WEEK

THE domestic situation seems to be less than reassuring. Our mail indicates that there are people in this country unpatriotic enough to question Mr. Roosevelt's ability to run a global war with his right hand and the United States with his left. This will doubtless be denounced as Axis propaganda—like zoot suits and race riots. Our readers are beginning to lament our government's tendency to ascribe all the results of our own blunders and fact-evading to dastardly machinations of Hitler and Tojo. And we have yet to be shown disproof of our ancient contention that the customer is always right. We, for one, do not believe that enemy agents are responsible, for example, for a bit of abashing news we've just received from Mr. Ben T. Larson of Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. Mr. Larson says that some time ago one of the official gentlemen who are managing our national food problems in Washington wrote a letter to American poultry raisers asking them what they thought of the capon as an egg producer. The writer of that letter got at least one reply. It was from a farmer named Hogelund. Mr. Hogelund replied: "My capons ain't doing so good this season but anyway better than my milch bulls."

NASTY subversive cracks like that are due partly to the heat, of course. Almost all of us are becoming somewhat tart. Ernest Haycox, the author, informs us that he was talking to Mr. Robert Simmons, Chief Justice of the Nebraska Supreme Court. And Justice Simmons had been talking to Mr. Justice Douglas of the United States Supreme Court. It's somewhat complicated. The Nebraska Supreme Court had just reversed a lesser state court basing its action on a prior decision by the big court in Washington. The case was then referred to the United States Supreme Court which proceeded to reverse its own prior ruling and, therefore, the Nebraska Supreme Court. Quite a mess, we'd say. Justice Simmons mentioned the matter to Justice Douglas. "Oh, yes," said Justice Douglas. "I remember. Your court's original mistake was in attempting to follow the reasoning of the United States Supreme Court." And Mr. Justice Simmons replied somewhat acidly: "That's true, sir. And it's a mistake which we shall not be likely to repeat."

BUT there are other important matters to consider, too. Mr. Bill Mason of Akron, Ohio, came face to face with a facer while in Houston, Texas, recently. A friend of his, an advertising solicitor, had just made reservation in a Pullman sleeper for Memphis. Having a few minutes to squander, he called on a young lady who announced that she, too, was going to Memphis. He told her that he'd like to buy her dinner on the train, asked her what car she'd be in. "I'll be in car 57," said she. "So am I," said he. "What space have you?" asked he. "Lower nine," she replied. "So have I," said Mr. Mason's friend. To remedy this somewhat intimate situation, the two holders of lower nine did everything short of laying their problem in the lap of Mr. Roosevelt who, as we've already intimated, has other things to do. They tossed a coin for the berth. She won. When she got aboard, she found lower nine occupied by two soldiers. No, she didn't go.

AND the secretary of one of our much publicized senators reports a conversation between two congressmen who, as anyone who reads may learn, have the interests of the little businessman at heart. Said one: "I guess I'll not submit my speech on The Lost Romance of the Covered Bridge for printing in the Congressional Record. It's time we cut down expenses." The other said: "Nonsense. Make it longer. Make more speeches for printing in the Record. I'm having my secretary dig up a lot of material on the history of windmills and I'm submitting it for publication. The thing for us to do is to overwhelm the Government Printing Office with stuff. And then pile it on until the big private printers can't take any more. In that way a lot of business will go down to the little printing plants." . . . .

W. D.

Vol. 112, No. 6. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1943, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

THIS WEE

AUGUST 7, 19

SHORT STORIES

ROBERT GRIFFITH
A Left Hand Like Charley White. Th wanted a good fight, and that's wha

DOROTHY BLACK
It's the Americans. Aunt Louie tried the world out, but she hadn't figured and love.

ERNEST HAYCOX
Officers' Ball. A sergeant proves that not necessarily make a gentleman.

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
No Defeat, by Arndt Giusti.

SERIAL STORIES

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Corner of Heaven. The first of nine

SAX ROHMER
Seven Sins. The sixth of eight parts.

ARTICLES

ENSIGN ROBERT C. RUARK, U
We Man the Deck Guns. A Navy arm officer tells how it feels to fight the a merchantman.

ROSCOE FLEMING
Our New Weapon—Japanese. The learning to speak it like natives—b American teachers.

JOHN FRAZIER
The Sweat of Your Brow. The human its own near-perfect air-conditioning

GEORGE CREEL
Secretary of War. Mr. Stimson hates so you never hear much about him gets things done.

JIM MARSHALL
We Are Ready with Gas. We have if the Nazi boys want to play it that

WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT
Wartime Joy Riders. Travel in these no joy for anyone.

HELENA HUNTINGTON SM
Food That Fights. Packaged meals to need and taste go out to all fronts.

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
A Russian Family. Not so very di hopes, ideals and circumstances from American family.

J. D. RATCLIFF
Sharks. Thanks to the scientists, tropical seas need no longer fear t

KYLE CRICHTON
The New Penny—and How It Grew. lem was what to make it of, now c gone to war.

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World.

WING TALK.

THE GUILTY.
First of a Series of Profiles of Axis

EDITORIALS
Don't Forget the Eagle's Claws.
610,000 Venereal Rejects.
A Cat on a Raft.

COVER FRANCES TIPTON

[WAR BONDS ARE YOUR PERSONAL INVESTMENT IN VICTORY]

A Plymouth takes you More Miles for your Gasoline Coupon

Remember?

"PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS"

THE WAR has brought into sharp focus the things you need most in an automobile and fortunately for Plymouth owners, unusual economy, long life and ease of maintenance were always part of what was meant by "Plymouth Builds Great Cars."

Millions of those Plymouths were bought before America had a war production industry. Then, the thrill of buying a shiny new automobile was one of the symbols of living. People went on trips, dates, family picnics or just for a ride—lightly and freeheartedly.

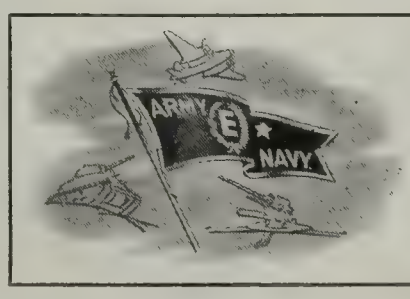
For years, "Plymouth Builds Great Cars" has meant a world of good things to the millions of people owning these great automobiles. Outstanding always, were fuel economy, tire economy, upkeep economy in Plymouth cars.

Also, Plymouth owners enjoy nationwide service and parts availability through able Plymouth dealers everywhere. As time goes on, more and more owners of other make cars, too, are going to Plymouth dealers for their wartime service.

"Plymouth Builds Great Cars" used to describe the day to day production in Plymouth plants that would total upwards of 600,000 cars a year. Now it is the background of quality in huge volume of war production: high precision work on tank, airplane and cannon assemblies; welding, grinding, machining armor plate; fabricating myriads of items from magnesium, aluminum, bronze and cannon steels; putting together with the brilliant technique of seasoned "Know How."

Yet "Plymouth Builds Great Cars" stands for qualities of high usefulness to have and hold in an automobile—to know you will get in a brilliant new car . . . as our boys come home again.

PLYMOUTH DIVISION–CHRYSLER CORPORATION



Proudly the Plymouth plants fly the "E" flag awarded for "Excellence" in war production.

ar and away the best of the new nthetic tooth brush bristles, being arketed under various trade names, e those made by du Pont.

Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very nest grade of this du Pont synthetic ristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

o, when you read or hear competitive ooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *Iow can the same du Pont bristle, in nother brush under another name, last nger or clean better than under the ame "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic ooth Brush?* You know the answer . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

'ro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon the only synthetic bristle that is ounded at the ends.

t's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

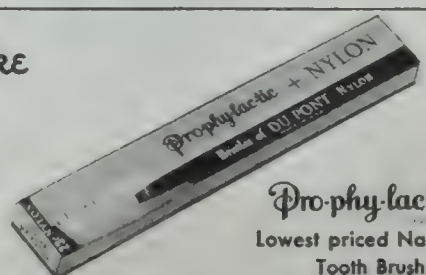
And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to insure thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** A *written* guarantee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

P. S. We also make his 23¢ brush . . . the best buy in the lower-price field.



Pro-phy-lac-tic + NYLON
Lowest priced Nationally Advertised Tooth Brush in the Country

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Girl telephone operators in several Navy yards and naval stations on the eastern seaboard now say "Aye, Aye, Sir" instead of "Thank you" when servicing calls for both men and women.—*By Stuart T. Hanger, Norfolk, Virginia.*

A new moisture repellent for cloth, paper and many other materials, applied by exposing them to its vapor, forms such a thin film that it cannot be seen under a high-powered microscope. One present use is the protection of insulators in the Army's radio equipment, on which it is nine times as effective as wax.—*By Floyd W. McKee, Salem, Ohio.*

The parish church at Cransley, Northamptonshire, England, has a stained-glass window containing a portrait of Winston Churchill, which is believed to be the only church window that shows a man smoking a cigar.

While about 300,000 physically handicapped persons are working in the United States today, some 3,000,000 others are still unemployed, although their disabilities would not prevent them from holding any of a number of jobs.

In England, a man is a traitor and subject to the penalty for treason when he adopts enemy nationality in time of war, even though he does not perform any combatant duty against his native country.—*By Catherine T. Boyd, Washington, D. C.*

Of the some 6,500,000 prisoners of war now interned in 40-odd countries, about 5,000,000 are held by the Axis powers and only 1,500,000 by the Allied Nations, approximately 65 per cent of the latter number being Germans captured in Russia.

Bolivia is the only South American country that has so far declared war on Japan as well as Germany and Italy. . . . An earthquake strong enough to be felt by a person standing over it occurs somewhere in the world every 26 minutes.

Compared with that of grown peo ple, the daily protein requirement i youngsters is 1.5 times as much, pe pound of body weight, from 17 to 2 years of age, 2 times as much from 1 to 17 years, 2.5 times from 5 to 1 years, 3 times from 3 to 5 years an 3.5 times from 1 to 3 years. Thus 60-pound boy of 7 years requires a much protein food as a 150-poun man.

Medical records contain severa cases of persons dying from anaphy lactic shock caused by the sting of bee. From a previous sting, they ha developed such an excessive suscept bility to the poisonous secretion tha they could not survive a second injec tion of it.

About thirty 1,000,000-volt X-ra machines have been made and ir stalled in war-production plants sinc 1941, when the first one made radic graphs through five inches of steel i two minutes, or 105 times as fast a the 400,000-volt outfit, the largest the in use.

Blood tests of cattle to determin paternity are sometimes made whe parentage is doubtful and a wron strain would depreciate the breedin value of the calf. These tests diffe from those made on human beings i that they are decided by comparin the pattern of the antigens of the su pected father with that of the of spring.

In criminal cases, a confession ob tained from a person previous to h arraignment before a magistrate not admissible evidence, according t a decision of the Supreme Court o the United States.

More than 2,000 teams play softba at the United States Naval Trainir Station at Great Lakes, Illinois.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesti or unusual fact accepted for this colum Contributions must be accompanied by sat factory proof. Address Keep Up with t World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New Yo (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted Collier's, The National Weekly. None of t items may be reproduced without express pe mission of the publisher

GIVE HIM A BREAK!

Evening is about his only chance to telephone home. He can get through easier if the wires aren't crowded — and his calls mean so much to him and the home folks. So please don't call Long Distance between 7 P.M. and 10 P.M. unless your calls are really necessary.

Many thanks.

BELL
TELEPHONE
SYSTEM

Today, America's fighting forces are equipped with miraculous eyes that see in the dark of night . . . through clouds, fog or storm. Eyes that warn of the approach of enemy planes and warships . . . that help direct the fire of American guns upon unseen objectives with incredible accuracy. Those "eyes" are known as Radar . . . America's amazing weapon for "detecting and ranging." Radar . . . built by Admiral . . . has proven repeatedly to be one of our most potent weapons of war. Any wonder Admiral is proud to be building Radar for our armed forces?

Continental Radio & Television Corporation, Chicago, U. S. A.

Admiral

Tune In CBS, 2:30 P. M. EWT, Sundays for Admiral "World News Today."

RADIO

AMERICA'S SMART SET

WING TALK

Workmen from an Eighth Air Force mobile repair unit race to the spot where "Stella" crash-landed and patch her up pronto

THE problem revolved around the fact that a cracked-up airplane can't fly. When a plane comes down on its nose, it has to be repaired, if repair is possible; but usually the ship has to be hauled back to air depots, and sometimes these depots are a long, long way from where the plane falls. The hauling consequently takes time, and time is almost as important as saving the plane itself.

The best brains of the Eighth Air Force thought and thought, and the result of their seething intellectual activity was one of the most efficient innovations of the war.

They built repair trucks—mobile depots—which go to the wrecked planes, rather than forcing the wrecked planes to come to the depots. As a result of this enterprise, a good number of shattered planes have been pasted together again and sent back to kick the Germans around some more.

Suppose a Lockheed bomber, coming back from a jaunt over the French coast with one engine shot out and its fuselage full of flak holes, starts losing altitude as it gets to England's shore. It sinks lower and lower, and finally the pilot decides to set it down in the nearest cow pasture. He tries to settle gently, but he hits a bump, leaps around a little and comes down in a heap. One engine is a complete mess, the other engine is banged up pretty badly, and the undercarriage is bent all out of shape.

One of the crew gets to a near-by farmhouse and telephones a central control board. An inspector comes boiling out from the nearest air base, looks over the bones of the gallant ship and decides it can be glued together again so it will be as good as new.

He turns in a report, and in a short time a caravan of vehicles comes roaring across the countryside. Leading off is a huge truck-trailer. It's a machine shop, equipped with an electric saw that will cut almost anything, a heavy-duty electric grinder, an electric generating plant and an air-compressor unit. Next is another trailer carrying a kitchen and bunks. Two jeeps bounce along behind, to carry matériel and stand by to run errands. Then there's a reconnaissance car, to haul the men, and finally, a 420-gallon water tank on a truck. Scattered through the caravan are thirteen American soldiers and six men who know Lockheeds from nose to tail.

In a matter of days, one new engine is installed, the other is repaired, the landing gear has been rebuilt, a temporary runway has been leveled off across the cow pasture, and the bomber sails back to home base.

Ideas like that can—and will—win a war.

THE aerial blitzkrieg is new, but aerial warfare is not. In 1870, during the Franco-Prussian War, the French air force licked that of Germany, although later Bismarck's strategy outdid that of Napoleon III.

Germany was winning that war. Telegraph wires from Paris were cut. Not even a messenger on foot could get through to summon help for the besieged capital. Then someone thought of trying a balloon. The queer contraptions of 1870 were new, but the French thought they might help raise the siege. Made of calico, stretched and rendered airtight by a dressing of paint, the gasbags made a queer contrast to conventional modes of travel or communications.

The French air force was headed by Felix Tournachan, known to his friends simply as Nadar. He had left Tours at six o'clock one morning, on a mission for the army. Sky speeds of 1870 were considerably less than those of 1943, and it took him until eleven o'clock to reach the outskirts of Paris. Flying at 10,000 feet, he suddenly saw a speck in the sky ahead of him. The speck grew larger. It was another balloon, from whose ropes flew the French tricolor.

Saluting his contemporary, Nadar displayed his own colors. The balloons were carried close to each other by the same air current until finally they were only a few yards apart. Then Nadar had a rude shock. The fellow in the other craft suddenly whipped out the Prussian war banner, and, while Nadar gasped, the other balloonist drew a pistol and took a pot shot at the Frenchman.

Nadar wasn't too surprised to forget that war is war. His own heavy pistol went into action. Round after round, these first aerial duelists fought it out, and, while firing at each other, the balloons drifted over Paris. The bags began to descend until they were within sight of the people. Not much could be seen of the balloonists, but the historian who recorded his memoirs of the battle could see the two rival flags.

Suddenly, one of Nadar's bullets took the German's cap off. Just as suddenly, the Prussian's bullets sliced through one of the rigging ropes of the French balloon. Then, with a round of carefully aimed shots, Nadar punctured the enemy balloon which slowly, then swiftly, descended. The battle of the air was over. France had won. ★★★

CHEVROLET

CHEVROLET MOTOR & AXLE PLANT, TONAWANDA, N. Y.

AVIATION ENGINE PLANT NO. 1, TONAWANDA, N. Y.

AVIATION ENGINE PLANT NO. 2, BUFFALO, N. Y.

THREE AWARDS TO THREE PLANTS IN ONE DAY

"... for HIGH ACHIEVEMENT"

Recently, three of the coveted Army-Navy "E" flags were awarded to three distinct Chevrolet plants in the Buffalo area engaged in the manufacture of Pratt & Whitney aircraft engines. Three awards to three plants (all operated by the same manufacturer) in a single day—a most unusual if not unique event in this war. All of these awards were made "for high achievement in the production of war materials" . . . "for leadership on the production front" . . . and all of them will provide an inspiration and a challenge to the entire Chevrolet organization to continue to turn out ever-increasing VOLUME FOR VICTORY.

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

CHEVROLET DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**

Whirlwinds' BROTHER

IT'S a 2-to-1 bet that your home electricity is born in a man-made hurricane five times as ferocious as any Nature ever cooked up. Engineers call it a steam turbine-generator.

A steam turbine is a kind of cross between a mammoth windmill and a giant's spinning top. It takes steam hot enough to heat the pipes a dull red, and squeezes the energy out of it until, 1/30 of a second later, all that's left is water too cool to bathe the baby in. The turbine turns a generator which passes this energy on to you as electricity—so you can use it to cook an egg, or freeze ice cubes, or make bombs to blast the Axis.

This machine isn't the sort of job that a manual training class would turn out! Just one part, small enough to hold in your hand, may handle more power than a dozen trucks. And the steam takes the turbine rotor for such a dizzy ride that if it were turned loose on the Atlantic seaboard, it would roll to San Francisco in four hours!

Today's turbine-generators turn out, from one ton of coal, more electricity than three tons used to give. That saved America millions of tons last year, plus precious man-hours in mining and transportation—all because G-E engineers, along with boiler and power-plant designers and engineers of electric service companies, have been improving turbines for 40 years.

More important yet, they have given us a wonderfully efficient machine to drive our ships of war—drive them faster and farther than those of our enemies.

War cannot destroy the ingenuity and experience that created the modern turbine—in fact, it stimulates them. And they will help to create for us better and richer lives in the peaceful years to come. *General Electric Co., Schenectady, N. Y.*

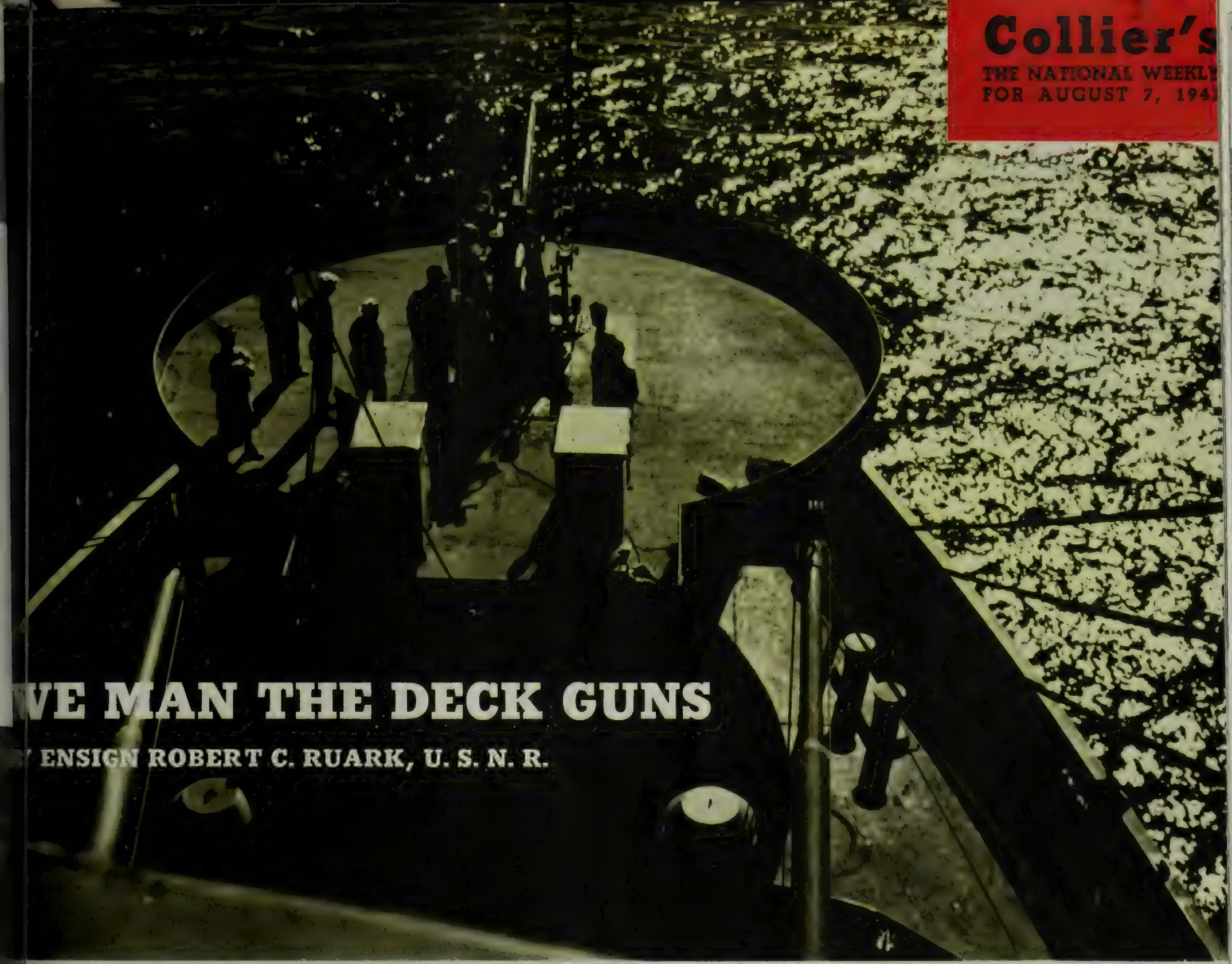
Part of the rotor of a steam turbine—the amazing machine that's at the other end of your electric lines.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

962-453K-211

Tune in "The World Today," Monday through Saturday, 6:45 P. M., CBS; also "The Hour of Charm," Sunday, NBC. BUY WAR BONDS

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR AUGUST 7, 194



VE MAN THE DECK GUNS

ENSIGN ROBERT C. RUARK, U. S. N. R.

BARRETT GALLAGHER

The Navy gun crew loads a 3-inch bow gun. It isn't nearly so serene when a sub is sighted. "In a quiet kind of way," says the author, "we do a good job"

y gunners on merchant s "don't necessarily fight ssive war," as anyone can from this account of their vities, written at sea by an er in charge of a deck gun

HE wind yowled like a tortured tomcat, and the new Liberty Ship's stays were thick with ice. Tons of ing water smashed across her decks, e groaned under a 30-degree roll. The ntic, but for curling streaks of phos-escence, was indistinguishable from night, and the lookouts, straining their into the blackness, shuddered into sheepskins as the wind chewed ugh felt face masks.

en depth charges rapped against the s skin, and the night was set afire by s. "Snowflakes," the British call those s, but "snowflake" is a pale approxi-on of the hovering hell-fire that il-nes square miles of sea, indicating one g—a submarine attack.

he forward lookout skated across the deck, and punched clumsily with mit-d hands at the alarm buzzer. Before completed his first series of rings, a pede of men, clutching life jackets helmets, poured out of the ship's pas-ways, heading for the guns.

The rattling thud of ash cans, sown in geometric pattern by the escort, increased, and the sky, so recently velvet-black, was red and pink and white against the silhouettes of the convoyed ships. But suddenly, from astern, there was a different explosion, louder and sharper than the depth charges; a different glare, brighter and taller and more vital than a flare. I have not yet read one good description of what it is like when a tanker takes a torpedo in her guts. She just goes sky-high in a sheet of flame, and that is what she did then.

An especially nasty roll shook the after-gun platform as a puppy shakes a shoe. The five-inch gun's captain lost his balance and skidded on his face into the waterways, his gun plug clanging dismally shut. He crawled to his feet, wiped the blood out of his eyes and jerked the plug open again.

All night long, the crews stood by their guns, listening to the pound of the ash cans, lurching on the icy decks, bracing against the stinging wind. Sleet slashed faces and stung eyes. From time to time, the flares lit the sea with witches' fire, and once again there was a louder, crashing explosion and a higher, brighter flame.

We had a solid week of that not so long ago. It was a week in which we never got our shoes off, never got an hour's unbroken sleep, never got a meal or a wash-up that wasn't broken off sharp by an alarm. The merchant sailors could sleep, because our alarm buzzer wasn't hooked to their quarters. But we—the U. S. Navy's Armed Guard—took a beautiful beating. Speaking only for myself, as officer in charge, my nerves were frayed to a point where the banging of a door or the striking of the ship's bell would send me plunging blindly for the gun deck.

Raw Deal in Mid-Ocean

The days weren't much better. On one lovely, sunny noon, when the wind had hauled off and the sea was quiet, I decided to take a shower no matter what happened. After a week of being penned in the same suit of long woolen drawers, you begin to think that nothing is quite so important as a shower.

I was soaping myself when the alarm went, and there was a mighty boom just astern and to the right of us. I hit the deck buck naked, with my life jacket slung over my arm, in time to see a tanker a couple of columns over go up in a tremendous burst of flame and smoke. The torpedo evidently had barely skinned our stern and had nailed a convoy mate flush on the button. It is very cold, even on a sunshiny day, in the North Atlantic when one is wearing only a life jacket . . .

This particular trip, I believe, was what is popularly known as a whing-ding. About nine submarines battled us dizzy for a week. We then took a deep breath and passed through a little sector which is exceedingly populous with Axis torpedo boats, although it must have been a holiday, or something, for we weren't bothered.

As one of the first handful of American merchant ships to enter a particular port since the war began, we finally hit the dock —and caught a straight week of air raids. Coming out, several floating mines scraped past our hull, and my boys just looked bored. One night there was a horrendous, ship-shaking explosion. One of the crew, literally knocked out of his bunk, actually yawned as he manned a bridge machine gun. "Some escort prob'ly blew up another mine," he said, slapping a magazine into place. We had used up our entire reservoir of apprehension.

Our set is called, variously, "The Sitting Ducks," "The Clay Pigeons," and "The Sea Scouts." Our coat of arms bears the motto: "Sighted Sub—Glub, Glub." We take a lot of kidding from the Merchant Marine, and considerable from the regular Navy. But I am here to say we have what is known as Good Duty, and very few of us would change it if we could. And, in a quiet kind of way, I think we do a job.

The Armed Guard belongs, almost exclusively, to us of the Naval Reserve. A lot of us, freshly commissioned from civil life, don't have and never will attain the

(Continued on page 48)

A Left Hand Like Charley White

By Robert Griffith

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

Doc raised Lefty's hand, and Big-Ear was babbling, "I knew you didn't have no glass chin!"

The sharp savagery of men w fight for money—in a story wh reveals the sordid workings of underworld of small-time pugil

LEFTY drove the car around to the rage at the rear of the hotel then took the bags upstairs. C ing down the hall, he could hear brother Louie's voice, high-pitched bitter. When he walked in, Louie stoc the middle of the room, waving his ha chewing at Max, saying, "Fighting in ter Point, a lousy hundred bucks, farmer liable to break a arm on me." made a quick pass at his nose, a ring nerism. The nose had been rebuilt; it an artificial lump between bright eyes in a pale face that had once almost pretty.

Max was sitting on the bed; he go signaled Lefty to put the bags down, walked toward Louie, holding up hands, saying, *"Shhhh, shhhh, sh* Louie and Lefty were small, slender but Max was smaller. "Boy," he "take it easy. You can stop this big fa in a round—"

"Big?" Louie's voice cut in, shrill savage. "Big?"

Max swallowed, pulling at his ne "Oh, not *big*."

"Forty pounds, I told you!" I screamed, thrusting out his face, sh both hands. "Forty pounds, I said!"

Lefty said, "Stop yelling, Oolie."

Louie spat out, "Don't call me *O* I ain't giving him a ounce! He goes forty, the fight is off!"

Lefty put the bags on the bed. opened the smaller one, removing L robe, his trunks and cup, the styptic der, the special mouthpiece in a jar worried about his brother but kep telling himself: It's just he's nervou year in the can don't wear off in a After the fight he'll be better.

Max was trying to soothe Louie, p his shoulder, smiling up at him. smile showed bad teeth beneath a br mustache; his bulging eyes did not ticipate. "I'm your manager, boy," he "I know what I'm doing."

"You a manager!" Louie cried, m his hands as he did in the ring. "Yo all you can do to manage that ma where you work! What if this big f breaks a arm on me, these strong far What if I break a hand on *him?"*

Lefty spread his brother's robe a foot of the bed, telling himself: I'm ting sick of it. But he remembered shadowboxing in a dim cell, shadov ing for a year. I hadn't ought to pity he thought; but it made him sick to of how his brother had suffered. Fo hitting some guy over some girl; hadn't been Louie, they wouldn't ma trouble. In the year that he had away, Louie could have won the weight title. No wonder he's ne Lefty thought, getting started, after a

"I won't fight," Louie said sullenly stood in the middle of the room wi arms half raised, as if he were waiti an opponent to get up from a knock He was tense; Louie never relaxed; move he made showed that in his mi was always in the ring; his brain w ways fighting. "A lousy hundred b he said.

Max was tired; he rested his head arms a while; then he sat up, rea plead again. Lefty tried to comfort

"He's just talking, Max. Here," h to his brother, "lay down here and Oolie."

"Don't call me *Oolie!"*

Lefty said, "Just wearing yourself He was embarrassed; for the third

(Continued on page 32)

Our New Weapon—JAPANESE

BY ROSCOE FLEMING

INTERNATIONAL

A Nisei instructor (purposely unidentified) expounds the alphabet in class as Capt. Frank H. Roberts, U.S.N., Ret., President Robert Stearns of the U. of Colorado, Miss Florence Walne, American head of Jap instructors, and Lieut. G. Kenneth Conover, listen. Students must also become familiar with scale models of warships of all types

guage experts said an idental couldn't learn anese in less than three rs. The Navy, in a ter-ally hard course taught Nisei, is proving that it be done in one year. e's the first account of w kind of war training

ONE of the nation's most extraor-inary schools—a military secret un-l a few months ago—the enemy's uage is being swiftly forged into a on against him. This is the Japanese uage School conducted for the U. S. by the University of Colorado in high Boulder, tucked away close un-he snow-capped Continental Divide. uctors are 90 per cent Nisei—Ameri-of Japanese blood who are proving loyalty by doing a vital job no one can do. And many young Americans already gone from the school to the fic, commissioned as Naval linguistic ers.

sten in on a final oral examination onducted by Miss Florence Walne, ctor. In crisp Japanese she bids a young man, "Discuss for twenty min-in Japanese the economic relations apan and the United States for the fifty years."

he young man bows, and talks fluently twenty minutes about something that most of us couldn't discuss that long in English.

This is the more extraordinary in that he and most of his classmates a year before didn't know a word of the language, reputed to be (although wrongly, Miss Walne says) the world's most difficult, impossible for an Occidental to learn in less than three years of intensive study.

Members of four successive graduating classes, each with a year or less of instruction, have already made good in important front-line work. Graduates are beginning to move out in real numbers, too. The latest class, Miss Walne says, comprises the largest single group of Occidentals ever to receive degrees in advanced Oriental-language study. And the ever-growing school is now of college size in itself, with the Navy still looking for qualified applicants.

How? Well, for one thing, this is scholastically the most rigorously selected group of young men ever to come together in a U. S. academic course. Many more than half are Phi Beta Kappas. Classes include such diverse figures as two naval lieutenants, one a former language instructor at the Naval Academy, one an old China hand; a former member of our embassy staff in Tokyo; a former teacher of Oriental history who saw Chiang Kai-shek's war against the Communists in 1927.

About one third of the students were born in the Orient or have lived there, but most are simply bright college boys, who were going to be lawyers or teachers or theatrical people or businessmen, now swept by war into a new and promising career. They are picked for stability, leadership and character, too, for they're to become officers. They need staying power, for it's no fun to labor twelve hours daily, six days weekly, for a solid year at a single subject, especially one as full of headaches as Japanese. Literally, they do no other work save an hour of physical training.

"All we need now is a cellophane textbook so we can study in the showers," cracked one student.

The school has taken over the men's dormitory, the Faculty Club, much of the Liberal Arts Building, and the beautiful Memorial Building. The latter is divided into cubicles that resound all day long with the crackle of Japanese, where almond-eyed, brown-skinned instructors, qualified both by proficiency and by their loyal Americanism, work with five or six students each—no more, for thoroughness.

English NOT Spoken Here

Come into the lounge in the late afternoon. A freckled redhead and a slim dark boy are absorbed in a complicated tick-tacktoe played with black and white buttons. Pipe-smoking Nisei look on through thick spectacles. All comment is in Japanese, which the redhead and the dark lad slide out in swift asides. The room hums with people, including scores of Nisei of both sexes. Their students tower over the stocky brown people, chatting and laughing and briefly relaxing.

They need relaxation, for they attend classes three or four hours daily, then study for nine or ten more, learning the language it was said couldn't be learned save after long years. They are virtually on a seven-day week, for Saturday-night relaxation means hours of Sunday study. They constitute a serious, purposeful group, preparing for immediate front-line duty as interpreters, in interviewing prisoners, reading letters, etc., and perhaps for important life careers later.

From the first day, students speak Japanese. They do endless exercises and compositions and translations; they listen again and again to phonograph records. They watch flickering black-and-white Japanese movies, devoid of kisses, but full of death scenes and of colloquial Japanese.

"The way the actors sigh and groan and carry on, the boys laugh and miss some high spots," said a student. "Plots turn on a few words, and if you miss those, you're out of luck. Death scenes last interminably and are full of language. These movies are fun—though for entertainment, we'd prefer Hedy Lamarr—but the newsreels are not. It makes you sick, and mad, too, to see the ruins at Chungking and hear the exultant announcers."

The alleged impossibility of an Occidental learning to speak, read and write Japanese adequately, without long years of hard work, was formerly almost a creed among language teachers. If it had proved to be fact, we should have been greatly handicapped, almost like a blind man groping for an enemy who could see.

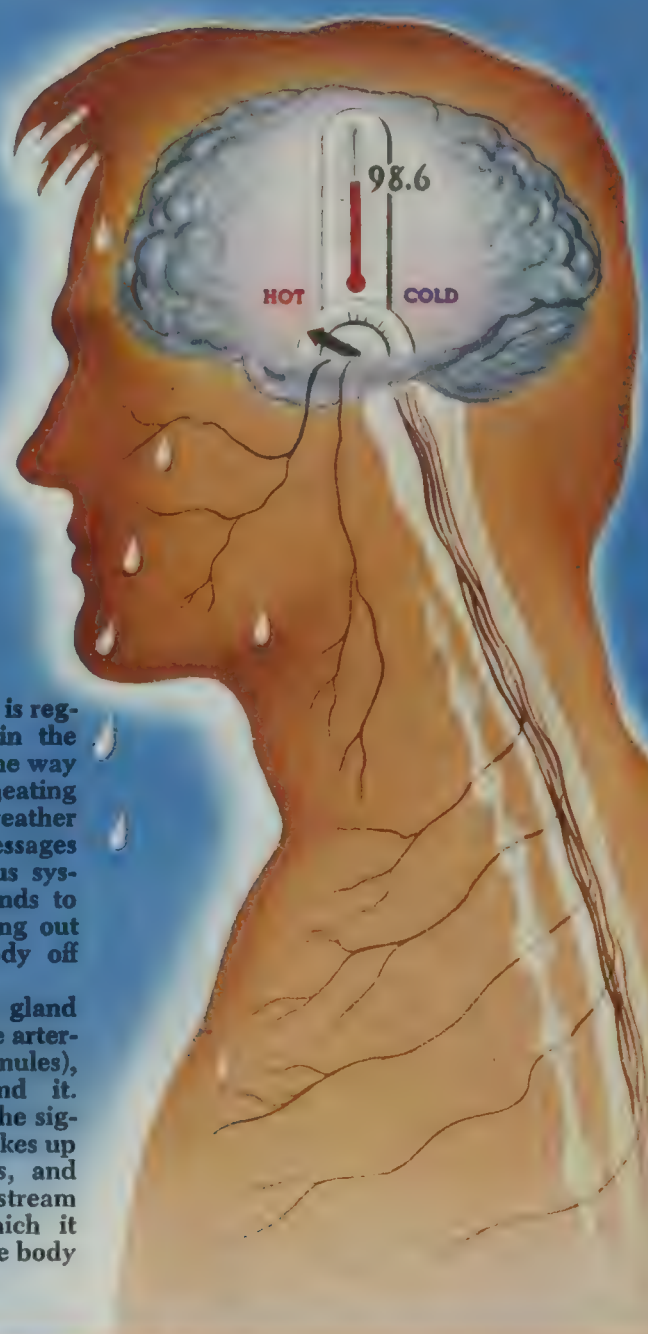
For generations, millions of Japanese have learned English in their schools. For years, it has been Japan's second language. No worth-while legal, business,

(Continued on page 61)

THE SWEAT OF YOUR BROW

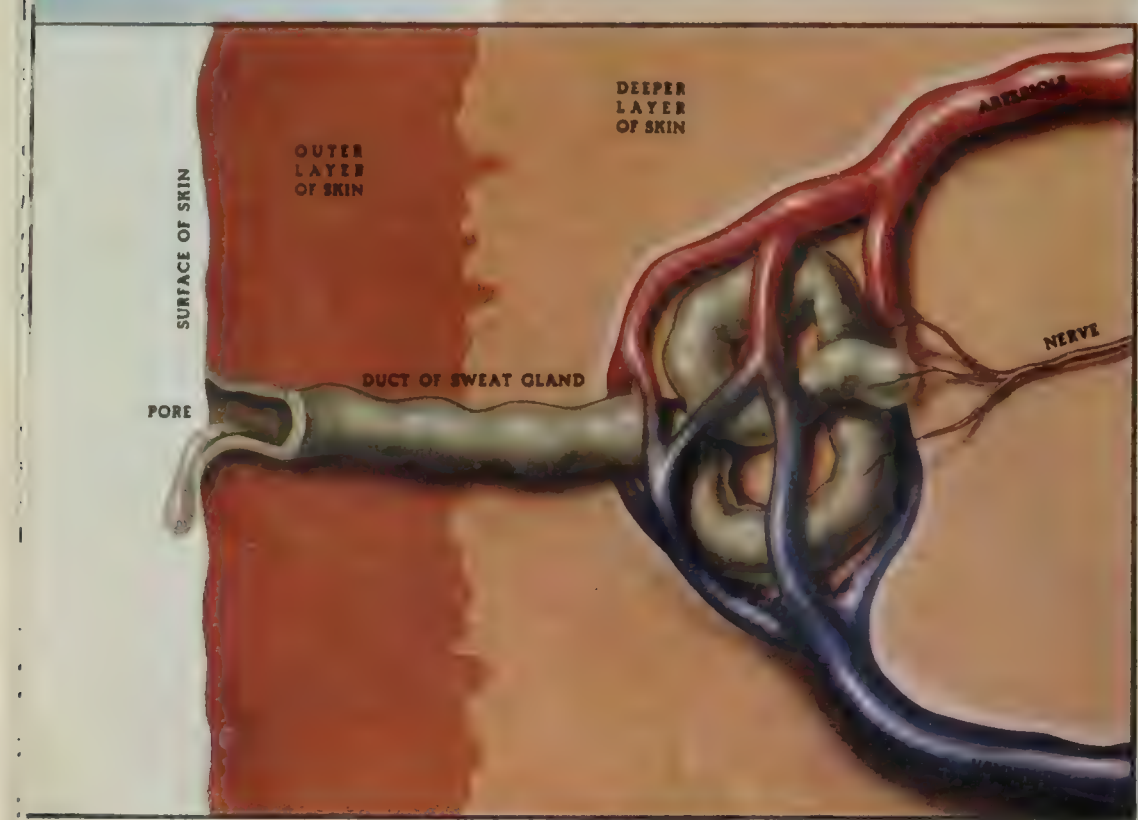
BY JOHN FRAZIER

ILLUSTRATED BY CAPT. FRANK NETTER, M.D.



The temperature of the body is regulated by a "heat center" in the brain. This acts very much the way a thermostat does in the heating system of a house. In hot weather the heat center sends out messages over the sympathetic nervous system and tells the sweat glands to get to work and start pouring out perspiration to cool the body off

This diagram shows a sweat gland very much magnified. Minute arteries (arterioles) and veins (venules), carrying blood, run around it. When the sweat gland gets the signal from the heat center, it takes up water, salt, certain vitamins, and some wastes from the blood stream and makes perspiration which it pours out on the surface of the body



Those two to three million sweat glands of yours w overtime, this weather, to keep you cool. To stay your feet, you have to replace what they throw a

DOG days are here. The best thing to do is to have a long, cool drink and face the situation squarely. It's hot, and we are going to sweat. But sweating is pretty fascinating business.

Our bodies are covered with two to three million sweat glands—microscopic, coiled tubes which collect moisture from the blood. They eject their fluid, which evaporates and cools the body.

Thanks to this near-perfect air-conditioning system, man can live almost anywhere. He survives in temperatures that range from 60 below zero to sun temperatures of 150 to 160 degrees Fahrenheit. Most other species lack this adaptability. Fish exist through a temperature range only a third as wide.

The human being is the most adaptable of all creatures. In one classic experiment, a man survived a dry-air temperature of 250 degrees for fifteen minutes. Cooled by his own perspiration, the man came out with no ill effects. A steak placed in the same chamber was cooked in thirteen minutes.

When exposed to excessively high temperatures, man loses incredible quantities of moisture. Laborers in the tropics lose as much as thirty pounds of sweat a day—20 per cent of their weight! During a hard race, an oarsman gushes out as much as five pounds of perspiration in twenty minutes. Men doing moderate work, like office workers, lose about eight pounds of sweat a day in summertime.

Thinking, too, causes people to perspire. A group of subjects sit in a room which is warm but not warm enough to make them perspire. They are then given a series of difficult problems in mental arithmetic. Almost invariably they break into profuse perspiration.

Humidity, of course, plays a large role in sweating. When the air is laden with moisture, it evaporates sweat more slowly. The sweat glands answer this challenge by secreting their juice at a more rapid rate.

The temperature factor being equal, humidity has a large influence on clothing worn by human beings. The Arabs, living in a dry climate, wear long, flowing robes. These robes protect them from the sun. They also kick up a breeze of hot, dry air which quickly evaporates perspiration. The Polynesians, on the other hand, live in a humid region. The air takes up moisture slowly—so the Polynesians wear as few clothes as the law allows.

When the Body's Thermostat Fails

No one is quite sure about the exact mechanism whereby our rate of sweating is controlled. There is a heat-control center at the base of the brain which is the master thermostat of the body. Injury to this area is apt to mean death. Body temperature goes through crazy gyrations. Doctors may attempt to control this by means of hot blankets or ice bags, but unless the damage is repaired quickly, death always results.

There are several subsidiary "sweat centers" in the brain and spinal cord, as well as this master control.

Like thermostats in a large office building, they work automatically. They send impulses out through the sympathetic nervous system—the one which controls such automatic functions as heart action, constriction of blood vessels, flow of digestive juices. Each of the two to three million sweat glands has its own controlling nerve.

Around the coiled-up end of each s gland, there are small blood vessels teries and veins which carry the b from and to the heart. When the s glands go into action, they draw w salt, some vitamins and other subst from the blood stream, and from they manufacture the sweat.

For a while, research men th sweating was caused by a rise in b temperature. Then a researcher put a ject in a heat chamber. He bathed one in ice water, frigid enough to caus blood temperature to fall. Still the sweated profusely. So it looks very as though sweating is an automatic r governed perhaps by the temperatu certain skin areas.

Sweat itself is an almost colorless, less liquid which is over 99 per cent w Such odor as it has is usually cause the presence of bacteria on the skin specified area. These bacteria may in instances cause colored sweat—s times red, sometimes green.

Vitamin Loss Through Sweatin

Besides their cooling function, glands do other jobs as well. They s a certain amount of oil which lubr such hairless areas as the palms o hands and the soles of the feet. S glands excrete some wastes—lactic They also excrete certain things whic can ill afford to lose. Recent work s that large amounts of vitamins are by this means—particularly vitami and B_1. This is of no particular portance to well-fed people doing erate work; but it may be of gr importance to badly nourished peopl ing hard labor.

Salt is the most important subs lost by sweating. Several years ago, ers from the Harvard Fatigue Labor did an outstanding piece of work at der City, Nevada. Heat prostrations a fearful problem in the flaming ca where Boulder Dam was being built. ing the first summer, fifteen men diec

The Harvard men put research su at hard labor, then bathed them in t sterile water. They analyzed the water and found that in a day's time a could lose an ounce or more of salt. lowering of the salinity of the blood. suspected, was the cause of heat cr and heat prostration.

It was a simple enough matter t place this loss with salt tablets— with every drink of water. Heat pr tions stopped. The same idea has adopted by hot industries: steel, making, baking. It can also be us nearly all of us. A half teaspoonf salt is a good restorative after a fev of fast tennis, or a couple of hours t to win the Victory garden from the w

One convincing experiment ind the value of this treatment. Three g of men were kept for two hours at a perature of 110 degrees Fahrenheit. first group got no water. At the e the two hours, they had tempera Their pulses were racing, they had ting headaches and were confused. second group got water. They, too slight fevers and slight headaches. third group got water and salt. They clearheaded, felt hot but fine.

The best advice for all of us is to hot weather with a little more th grain of salt. We may doubt the val sweat glands when our shirts cling t backs. But we would be in bad shape out them.

IT'S THE AMERICANS

BY DOROTHY BLACK

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC VARADY

Dndale Manor held out—a born pocket of resistance in otherwise friendly land. That as inhabited solely by women not frighten Pilot Elmer Jan- who moved in and took pos- ion practically singlehanded

LL around were the hills. Wine and gold in the summer, with heather and gorse. White in wintertime, caps of snow. They shut the world out. Dorndale Manor had now be- a little kingdom by itself—an island e hill-enclosed dale.

ithin this secluded kingdom, Rose on lived with The Aunts. The Aunts, Louie and Kate, belonged to that of English lady that appears ageless. looked exactly the same, now that was eighteen, as they had the day ad returned from India, an orphan six. This was the only similarity be- n them, however. As Rose grew older ame to realize that Aunt Louie wasn't as she herself seemed to think, but ly a domineering old lady, bossy as key cock, and Aunt Kate the flutter- ictim of her arrogance.

orndale Manor had been lonely gh before the war, but not so bad as s now. Now there was no more gaso- and not even summer visitors came. Louie thought this a great improve- Aunt Louie did not approve of le, or modern ways, or radio, or the hone, and what she said went, so in- the gates of Dorndale Manor they t even get much of the war news. t Louie did not want to hear about the She disapproved of it. If you tried to about it, she said, "I prefer not to dis- it, dear. If everyone had the sense to s I live, there would be no war."

ut we aren't living, Aunt Louie," had once said in a moment of revolt. n't you see? We're just buried alive."

L she got for that was a homily on in- gratitude and an evil-tasting vege- tonic. And that summer went by just any other. You felt that nothing would happen up there. But, for once, you wrong.

ne, the maid, the only one of them did much going around, came back her afternoon off, looking quite pale. Vhat do you think! They're building irfield and landing ground . . . just there . . . just outside the park!"

unt Louie said, "Nonsense!"

Vell, if it's nonsense, all I can say is it takes a lot of dredgers and wood rs and tractors," said Jane, almost y for once.

ou forget yourself," said Aunt Louie, ng her away.

t she could not wave the airfield y. Presently the air was full of the of the tractors, the crash of falling , the rattle of lorries going by. From end of the park you could see it: a t area scraped quite flat, and men ng there like ants.

our aunt is very angry about it," said t Kate, who had been bullied into a state of subjection that she usually pered her communications to Rose n Rose was brushing the goats, Cla- and Mélisande, in the stables. "She several letters, but she didn't tell me t was in them. She burnt them."

h, dear! They may want something!" Rose.

hey may, dear. But they won't get She looked at Rose with her wide less blue eyes that were so like a l's. She leaned a little closer.

t's the Americans," she said. "Jane me. She met one on the bus. She said he spoke English, but not the kind she understands. Do you think they will come here?"

"I don't know. Aunt Louie would beat them away with her red parasol, I expect," laughed Rose, vaguely excited. As long as somebody came, she did not care who it was.

"Your aunt thinks that if you go on ignoring a thing, it ceases to exist," said Aunt Kate, with the air of one making a discovery. It was true, Rose knew, but now she knew something else, as well. All those years they had been buried up there, life had been creeping nearer. It was catching up with them now.

The following evening when she went to fetch the goats back from the water meadow, there was the young man. He was sitting on the wall. He had taken off his coat and thrown it over the broken glass, Aunt Louie's defense against sightseers. He wore an olive drab shirt and tie. He had a long, solemn, blond face, and eyes very blue in contrast with his shirt. At first you thought him almost ugly and a little comic. Then he smiled, and you realized he was rather sweet.

"That's a dirty kind of a trick," said the young man, regarding the broken glass.

"I've always thought so," said Rose. She leaned against Mélisande and did not know what a pretty picture she made in her old-fashioned dress. Behind her was the water meadow, bright with cuckoo flowers. And beyond that ran the river, very blue, edged with the gold of kingcups.

The young man said, softly, " 'Where Alph, the sacred river, ran . . . down to a sunless sea.' " He said it half to himself, and then went on, to Rose, "My kite's stuck way back there."

"Your kite . . . ?" she said, astonished.

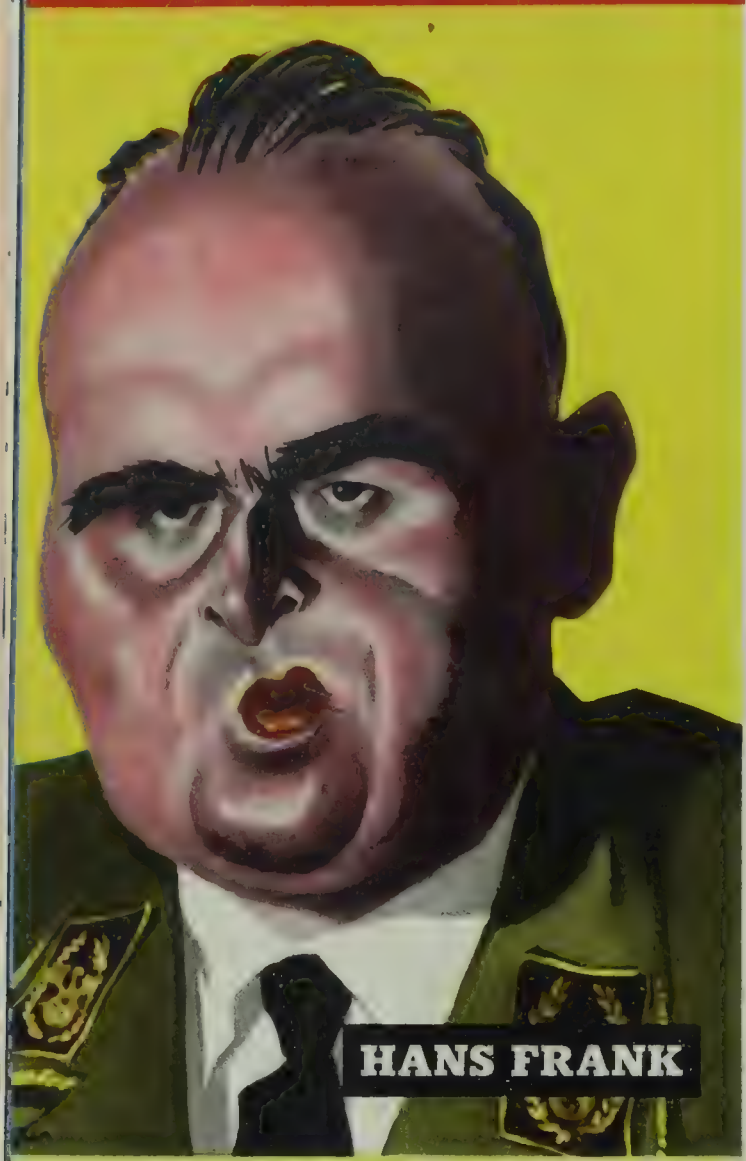
"My airplane," he grinned. "K for Kitten. That's me. I came around to see if I could telephone from anywhere here."

"We don't have a telephone," said Rose.

Aunt Louie stopped with a jerk. She pointed the parasol at the blond young man. "Rose . . . what is this?"

PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE Guilty



SAM BERMAN

THIS is Hans Frank, the German Governor General of prostrate Poland. *Remember him!* Of all the Little Hitlers, he is the most bestial. Since taking office he has reduced the Polish population by a seventh. Two million Jews and one million Poles have been killed outright, and another two millions have died in "labor camps." His work of extermination still goes on.

Though orders for the liquidation of a whole people were given by Hitler, credit for their execution must go to Frank. It was he who conceived the idea of "mass slaughter" as quicker and more terroristic than individual death sentences. He lined up hundreds at a time in public squares, and mowed them down with machine guns. The widowed and the orphaned attended to the burials, bayonets forcing them to dump the bloody bodies into open ditches.

It was Hans Frank who originated the practice of hurling hand grenades into pens where prisoners were packed like cattle; who drove barefooted men, women and children into boxcars ankle-deep in quicklime that soon ate flesh away, who filled long trains with Jews and Poles, locked them in and left them without food and water on out-of-the-way sidings.

Always searching for improvements in method, Frank reached his peak in what came to be known throughout all Poland as the Horror of Oswiecim. A thousand wretches were jammed into an underground shelter meant to hold only one or two hundred, after which the entrance was sealed and poison gas piped in. Hans Frank has compelled fathers and mothers to watch the induction of their daughters into brothels. Another popular pastime, devised personally by Hans, is the injection of drugs that rot the vital organs. Betting on how long the victim will last takes the place of horse racing as a sport.

As in the case of so many other Hitlerites, little is known of Hans Frank until the Nazi convulsion spewed him up from obscurity. An unsuccessful lawyer, he joined the party in its hoodlum stage, and first came into notice as an attorney for the defense when Adolf's thugs were arrested. Himmler liked him, and Hitler saw in him all of his own hates. Promotion followed promotion. He was a member of the Reichstag in 1930, Bavaria's Minister of Justice in 1933, and in 1939 Governor General of conquered Poland.

Hans Frank. *Remember him!* ★★★

His eyebrows shot up. "Say, what sort of a joint is this?" he grinned.

"A very old-fashioned joint. Just how old-fashioned, you are about to discover." For she saw, from the corner of her eye, Aunt Louie approaching on the starboard beam—Aunt Louie, boned collar and red parasol, taking her evening walk beside the reedy pond where later water lilies grew.

Aunt Louie stopped with a jerk. She pointed the red parasol at the blond young man.

"Rose . . . what is this?"

"Good evening, ma'am," said the blond young man, very politely. "My kite's down near by and I wanted to telephone to H.Q. But it seems you don't have one."

"Kite! At his age!" said Aunt Louie.

"He means his—his aircraft," said Rose quickly. "He's made a forced landing. He wants to telephone for help."

"How long has this been going on, pray?" demanded Aunt Louie, growing blue about the wattles like a turkey cock.

"I've never seen him before," said Rose quickly.

"Sure. . . . She's never seen me before. But I hope I shall see her again, and you, too, ma'am," said the young man on the wall. He took a piece of chewing gum from his pocket and unwrapped it. "K for Kitten, that's me. . . . Four-engined Lancaster. . . . A beaut. . . . Zoom. . . . Bam!" He grinned down at them, swinging his legs.

"What language does this person speak?" said Aunt Louie. "I cannot understand him. Tell him to go away. Tell him there is a telephone at the inn. Tell him this place is private. Then come into the house, please. I wish to speak to you, Rose." She swept off.

Rose laughed softly. "Now you see what you have done," she said. "I shall get a lecture."

"For crying out loud, what for?"

"For encouraging strange young men."

"Gee, I don't guess I'm going to need much encouragement," said the boy, quite at ease in spite of the broken glass and Aunt Louie. "My name is Elmer Jansen. What's yours?"

"Rose Denton. The inn is down there on the right, and you can telephone there for twopence."

"Thanks a lot. . . . Have some chewing gum?"

She took it politely, not wanting to snub him.

"Well, so long. I'll be back."

"It's no good your coming back . . ." she began, but she doubted whether he heard her. He went whistling off down the lane toward the village. Rose broke the stick of gum in two and solemnly gave a piece to each of the goats.

AUNT LOUIE was waiting for her in the drawing room. "Enticing strange men. Just like a little housemaid. Don't let it happen again."

"I didn't entice him."

"No man climbs a wall unless a girl encourages him. This dreadful airfield may have come and planted itself down just next door to us, but we need not demean ourselves by knowing anything about it. I expect you to ignore it, and them, Rose. As I do."

It wasn't any good saying anything. Rose went back to the stables to finish off the goats, and found Aunt Kate waiting for her. Aunt Kate had a way of hovering, if she thought anyone was in trouble. There she sat on a hay bale, looking like something cut out of an old-fashioned magazine.

"You mustn't mind your aunt, dear. You know how she dislikes strangers."

"He was so nice, Aunt Kate. . . . An American boy. Not a bit shy or awkward. And she was beastly to him."

"You know what she is, dear. Your aunt lives in a world of her own."

"Don't you ever feel you simply *must* get away, Aunt Kate?"

Truth did battle with loyalty in Aunt Kate's faded blue eyes. "Well, dear, we are very comfortable here."

"I don't want to be comfortable."

"No . . . I sometimes feel that way myself."

Aunt Kate sat plaiting hay for a moment. Then she got up and, with a little sigh, moved toward the door.

Suddenly she turned. "When is he coming back?" she whispered.

"The American? He won't come back."

"I think he will, dear. They are like us, but they aren't like us. That's what I hear. More go-ahead."

Rose hadn't any hope. It had been just an episode, and now the page was turned on it. Life, she thought, would go on just as of old, only slightly noisier.

It happened in the quiet hour of the day. Aunt Louie was resting. No bells were allowed to ring, no pianos were played, between two and four. Aunt Louie lay down. Rose had once seen her doing it. Very straight and stiff she lay, like a stone bishop on a cathedral

The bell didn't just ring. It pealed in a very pere tory fashion. The silence was shattered—like a s chucked through a stained-glass window. Jane, managed to open the door, shaken though she wa this shattering of custom, gave a scream and depa "The Germans! The Germans!" she shrilled.

It wasn't the Germans. Only a tall, wide man a leather face and a slightly pickled nose. There wings and medals on his tunic, and a sheaf of pa in his hand.

"Say, I've got to move some of my kids in h said the tall man, laconically. "We'll want half house till the quarters at the mess are ready. . . ."

Aunt Kate flapped. Aunt Kate said, "Oh, dear. Oh, dear. . . . I don't know what my sister will say."

"I gather they wrote about it, ma'am."

"There were letters, I know. Quite a numbe letters. But she didn't tell me what was in them. R dear, you'd better call your aunt."

There was no need. Down the stairs, majestic came Aunt Louie, looking like something ma "Danger. Keep Off!"

"What is all this?" demanded Aunt Louie.

"Kids . . ." said Aunt Kate. "He wants to b his kids here, Louie. . . . Be calm, dear."

"We've written, warning you on various occas but had no answer, ma'am. Now the accommoda has been requisitioned. But I guess you have plent room. The boys will only need one wing. I hop okay by you."

"It is *not* okay by me," said Aunt Louie. "It is posterous."

"Military orders often are, ma'am. But you w find the kids will bother you much. They're a bunch of boys."

"They can't come here," said Aunt Louie.

"Sorry, ma'am. They've got to."

THEY swept in, very quiet and polite, carr things. They swept past Aunt Louie like the sea, she could do no more about it than Canute. brought in a telephone. "I will not have that thing began Aunt Louie.

They carried up a radio. "Don't dare bring thing into my house!" Aunt Louie shrilled.

The officer looked about him, large and sad. "S one take care of her," he said. "She'll get hurt." before Rose and Aunt Kate could reach her, there Elmer Jansen, his long blond face solemn. He her arm.

"Take it easy, Aunt Louie," he said. "I know tough, us butting in. But we won't do any harm. We won't hurt anything. This is a swell house, we'll see no harm comes to it."

So petrified, so dumfounded was Aunt Loui this piece of cheek, that she said nothing. Nothir all. And while she was getting her breath, he ste her into the library, and put her into a chair. He s beside her, peeling a piece of gum.

"Try a bit? No. You ought to. It soothes nerves. I chew a lot when I'm flying . . . at night. of us do."

"Go away," said Aunt Louie. "I don't want to what you do. I don't want to know anything about Kate! Kate! Rose! Take this person away. . . . I'm

"Oh, no, you're not ill," said the young man ca He was like someone dealing patiently with a nau spoiled child. "You're just sort of nervous, Aunt L You'd better face it, ma'am. We didn't want to con here any more than you wanted to have us. It's just tunes of war and we've all got to make the best We won't bother you. We're out most nights, with kites. Tell you what I'll do. . . . I'll drop a messag you over Berlin!"

"It's tough on old folks," said the officer, ki to Rose outside. "But they've got to take it like the of us. The kids are good kids. Maybe they'll get r her. You never can tell."

"I'm afraid," said Rose, "they don't speak her guage."

"You can get quite a way without language," the officer genially. "I found that out in France." winked.

Elmer Jansen came out of the library.

"How's she doin'?" asked the officer.

"Still kind of allergic to us," Elmer said, grin "But she'll be all right, sir. You don't have to w I'll keep an eye on her."

There followed incredible weeks, with the m loud with young voices, the radio playing, telep bells ringing. It wasn't like the manor at all. And hours, into their part of the house, came Elmer Ja trying to bring Aunt Louie round. Paying court t as she had never been courted *(Continued on pag*

SECRETARY
CF WAR

By George Creel

ry L. Stimson never makes news. He's the man who (1) took over direction e Army after 70; (2) made it the most ern in the world; (3) saw the dark ace of Japan in 1931, when appease- t was our theme song; (4) said Hitler bent on world domination when al- everyone else saw him as a Viennese plin. But what are we talking about? ry L. Stimson never makes news

VERY so often, Washington's "campus boys" start the hopeful whisper that Henry L. Stimson is going to be taken out of the War Department leposited in the Smithsonian Institution along with Vhitney's cotton gin, the first telephone and some American antiquities. Confidentially, there is t as much chance of it as for Roosevelt to win the blican nomination next summer. Mr. Stimson be seventy-six years old and not much of a hand at pounding, but, if results are any test, he comes to being the most efficient administrator in the e vast war machine.

t the time he took over in July, 1940, the Army d have had trouble finding a buyer at a rummage Harry Woodring, then Secretary of War, was not peaking terms with Louis Johnson, the Undersec- y, and other equally bitter feuds had reached the where every desk mounted a machine gun. Any- approaching modernization was anathema, for odytes in the high command frowned on mecha- ion as a passing fad, and development of the Air es was resisted as strenuously as in the days of Mitchell. Ulysses S. Grant, returning to the scene, d have felt no sense of change from the days of War ineptitude.

oday, only three years later, the United States ts an Army as highly modernized as any in the d, and an expanding Air Force that ranks equally the other two principal commands. Best of all, it mooth-running, streamlined organization that pulls team. Ask any officer from General Marshall how this miracle of transformation came about, he'll jerk a thumb in the direction of the room e a supposedly doddering old gentleman lays down aw with a snap that keeps every man on the hop. it is not only the huge Pentagon Building, housing 00 people, that comes under his somewhat frosty At regular intervals he boards a bomber and cov- he country's military establishment in a succession st flights that tire out younger men.

riends have a very simple explanation for this nding vigor. The Secretary does not live in down- Washington, but out at secluded Woodley, a fine nanor house where Van Buren, Tyler and Buchanan to spend their summers. When he leaves the office his home, he stays put until the morning whistle s. A sedate horseback ride through Rock Creek , or maybe a game of deck tennis, and then dinner, iet evening and bed. No golf, no bridge and none e endless social round that is as much a part of al life as red tape and all-day conferences.

A better reason may be *(Continued on page 54)*

of the first things the new Secretary of War was to assign an office next to his own to Chief taff George C. Marshall. The next thing he was to prop the door wide open—permanently

LEAVITT

NO DEFEAT

By Arndt Giusti

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

Visaroff moved his knight, then brought up his queen. "Checkmate," he said quietly. Von Moske was cornered, and this time there was no escape. He reached for his pistol

ONE evening a Russian bomber surprised a German reconnaissance party, wiping it out—except for Colonel Baron von Moske.

After a time he opened his eyes. His mind cleared slowly until he was in full command of his faculties. He thought: I alone am alive. It was a miracle. He felt for his compass, his pistol and flashlight. He knew it was impossible to go on in the dark and then he remembered an abandoned farmhouse they had passed where he could find shelter until morning.

Colonel von Moske lost track of time after he reached the farmhouse and fastened its door against the storm. Overcome with fatigue he must have fallen asleep, because it was daylight now. The storm hadn't let up and, outside, the snow lay in deep drifts.

His whole body felt stiff and numb from the cold, and he realized he was lucky he hadn't frozen to death in his sleep. The stove looked as if it was intact and there was a pile of dry wood. He soon had a fire going and sat close to the stove warming himself and smoking a cigarette. He tried to forget the war.

He imagined he was at Felsenhausen, the old castle that for centuries had belonged to his family. He had been a bachelor until he came home from France, when he married a beautiful young girl. He wondered unhappily if he would ever see her again. But that was weakness unworthy of a German colonel. He must concentrate on the plan for the new offensive, which he was working out for the general; he knew von Gronau was counting on him. Von Moske liked to think of it as a chess game. No trusting to luck, always making the right move, knowing that the slightest error in judgment might mean the difference between success and failure.

While he had been looking for kindling to start the fire, he had surprisingly found a set of chessmen. Von Moske idly set up the pieces on the table, admiring the fine hand carving. He thought of taking them along as a keepsake—they would remind him of his miraculous escape from death.

But now, suddenly, he was startled from his thoughts by a sound outside the house. He reached for his pistol.

Von Moske's first impulse was to shoot the moment the door opened, but then he realized there was no danger. There was just this one man. A fur-coated figure with a bearded face.

"What is your name?"

"I am Stephan Visaroff."

The colonel had difficulty speaking in Russian and was relieved when the man answered in German.

"Where are you from?"

"Odessa."

"How do you come to be here?"

The answer was, of course, obvious. He belonged to a band of guerrillas.

"No doubt you are wondering why I didn't shoot you," remarked von Moske.

The Russian held out his hands to the warmth of the fire. His face was without expression of any kind. A stupid dolt, the colonel thought, like most of these Russians.

"When the storm is over," von Moske explained, "I must return to my post. You can save your life if you guide me safely, and I shall see to it that you are treated as a prisoner of war."

Visaroff remained silent.

"You have time to think it over," the colonel shrugged.

"The Germans are no longer there." Visaroff spoke without turning his head. "They were driven from the village last night."

"You are lying." But von Moske knew this Russian blockhead couldn't have made up such a story. It must be true.

Von Moske kept the pistol read instant use. But Visaroff made no r he just sat there. The colonel lit a rette, smoking it slowly to make i as long as possible. Then he remem the chess pieces he had found. He set them up and recall various d problems, and so the time would pa

"The Herr Colonel is a good player."

Von Moske had noticed that Vi was watching him. "Yes," he repli have won many tournaments."

"I, also, am considered a good pl said Visaroff.

Von Moske looked at him in su

"I have a proposition," said the Ru "Let us play a game of chess. There reason why both of us should die."

"You forget I have the pistol," Moske reminded him.

"I know you have made up your to shoot me," the Russian went on, ing in a matter-of-fact voice, "and ward you will try to find your way th the forest. What chance have you? N

"I have had enough of your im nence," von Moske interrupted angr

"No, wait until you hear what I h say. If we play this game of chess you win, I swear to lead you safely German lines."

Von Moske lowered the pistol.

"If you lose," Visaroff added, "yo let me go free."

Von Moske had a grim sense of h After all, why not? He wondered if roff would keep his word when he lo of course, he would. Yes, Visaroff keep his word. Everything had s hopeless, and now suddenly he felt s would see Felsenhausen and Erica

"I agree to your proposition," h

AN HOUR later the first game en a draw. Von Moske knew no he had underestimated his opponen the harder he tried to concentrat more anxious and uncertain he b Visaroff sat opposite him, silent, e sionless, his dark Slavic eyes fasten the board. He was like the Russian —stubborn, proud of its strength, ing that in the end it must win.

It flashed through von Moske's that he himself was like the Germa ple, no longer confident of victor fighting desperately against the fear feat. Suddenly he played recklessly, ing to luck . . . making a last stab.

Visaroff moved his knight, then b up his queen. Von Moske was cor and this time there was no escape.

"Checkmate," said Visaroff quie

Von Moske reached for his pist shot twice and Visaroff fell from the He lay groaning on the floor. He c speak, and blood ran from his mou his eyes were wide open.

"You Russian dog!" von screamed in blind fury and shot Then he pulled himself togethe smiled. Defeat into victory, he th

Colonel Baron von Moske had given up as dead, when a week la reached the German lines. As G von Gronau pointed out to his staff, a magnificent example of Nazi c and endurance. Von Moske was a But he was suffering from exposur the general told him to take a fu

But even with his wife's arms a him, von Moske kept seeing himse the dead eyes of Visaroff. He kn would always know, that he was a c and a cheat, the mental inferior of sian, a man whose word was worth common murderer.

Nazi officers do not commit suic according to the story that appea the newspapers Colonel Baron Hu Moske died of a heart attack.

"He must have done it in a mom madness," General von Gronau sai he was wrong. It was a moment rible, devastating clarity.

Beginning a New Serial

CORNER OF HEAVEN

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

COPYRIGHT, 1943, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

America's favorite romancer tells the exciting love story of a girl to whom the wartime world seemed new and frightening

HE'S never been out to Little Indian Creek Tavern, Jody!" Jane Barker said excitedly. "We'll have to take him this instant!"

How does it come you've never been out to the ern, Cap?" Jody said in his friendly voice. He not know his wife's old schoolfellow at all, but ptain" or "Captain McIntyre" sounded a little nal, and at this point of their acquaintanceship could not very well call him "Alan" as Jane did. p" sounded friendly and informal, and tall, ky, awkward Alan McIntyre somehow suggested his manner that what he wanted, in this strange, fused wartime Washington, was friendliness and ormality.

I've only been here three days; I've just been king around seeing the things you can see that ," Alan explained it, with his slow smile. "I've n up the Washington Monument and I've seen Lincoln Memorial, and I found a rooming house nd reported—"

A rooming house! You could have come to us!" e put in hospitably. Her husband had time to wonder just where she would have put a guest. The nurse's bed was in the hall; Jane's mother, who had come from Charlotte to await the baby's arrival and was still with them, was using his bed; he himself had been shifted into the dining room, and the baby had the dressing room. But no matter—that was just Jane—

"But I didn't know you were here," Alan was saying.

"I know; you don't know anyone's here unless you run into them somewhere," Jane conceded. "But anyway, we'll go out to the Tavern tonight, and the next time I'll cook the dinner! I've not been anywhere since before the baby came, and I'm all thrilled. You'll love the Tavern. Mrs. Lawrence only takes special people, and she does lots of the

They went down to the storeroom where he saw her spinning wheel and loom. "Is all this yours, Griselle?" Alan presently asked

cooking herself. It's famous. Could she take us?" Jane broke off to ask her husband, who had returned from the telephone.

"Yep. I said three, at half-past seven," Jody reported. "How long have you been in uniform, Captain?" he asked.

"Six months. I was in the R.O.T.C. in college and got a commission in the Reserve. When I was drafted, they put me in the Medical Corps."

"Oh, then you went in before Pearl Harbor!" Jane exclaimed. "But what about—what about your mother?" she pursued. "And Steve? Steve's—is he still—"

"Yes, Steve's the same." Alan answered the unspoken question as she floundered about in some embarrassment. "My brother," he explained to Jody. "He had a bad smashup eight years ago—he's twenty-two now. Broke his thigh. He'll never walk—not like other boys, that is; but he's all right otherwise. He wants to be a doctor, too; go into research work. He's still at home with Mother," he said to Jane.

"In the old house with the white blinds?"

"In the old house. I suppose," Alan said to Jody with his dry smile, "that you hear a good deal of Alameda, California, in one way and another?"

"Everyone Jane meets is related to someone in Alameda," Jody admitted, grinning amiably. "If she hears the name Jones, Smith or Robinson, it's 'Oh, you must be related to the Joneses of Alameda!' or 'Are the Billy Smiths your cousins?' "

"I do not!" Jane protested joyously. "No," she added, "but Alan and I grew up there and we know everybody."

"Did you do your medical work there?" Jody asked.

"No; at the university in Berkeley. Then I had two years at the City and County in San Francisco, and then they called me to report for duty, and sent me to New Jersey. Now I'm waiting orders to go somewhere else."

They were out in the February evening darkness of the tree-lined avenue now; cars were shooting through Washington's streets; Georgetown's old bulk-headed brick houses showed window squares of light. The air was soft with threatening rain.

"It's just as well to get out to the Tavern while we can. Sometimes the roads are closed," Jody said, when they had climbed into the small car that was parked at the curb.

"We've seventeen miles to go, now please don't drive fast, Jody," Jane said inconsistently as they started on their way. "You'll like this place, Alan," she added, settling herself comfortably between the two men on the front seat.

"I like everything about this town," Alan told her.

"Well, not the rushing and the delays and all the new offices you get lost in!" Jane protested. Alan smiled, and Jane wondered if every woman who met him fell in love with that flash of white teeth in the lean, sunburned face. The thick brown hair that was clipped so close was crisped into curves and waves; the eyes were gray, often narrowed into a quizzical look that was characteristic of him; the hands were clean and strong and nervous, a doctor's hands. He really is adorable, Jane decided. "I didn't hear you," she said aloud.

"The changes in Washington don't mean anything to me because I never saw it any other way," he explained.

Jane's eyes showed that even now she did not hear him.

"And you're not married, Alan? But you have a girl?" she asked abruptly.

HE LAUGHED, an embarrassed laugh, but Jody, who had been for a second alarmed, subsided. That laugh sounded as if he rather liked Jane's audacity.

"No girl," Alan said.

"Oh, too bad," Jane said. "The Tavern," she briskly resumed, "is run by Mrs. Lawrence—she's a lady—a gentlewoman, mind you, who opened the Tavern twenty years ago. And there's a ghost there too, a lady in brocade with powdered hair and a fan—and once, remember, Jody?—once when a man asked for chili sauce, her feelings were so hurt that she never would let him come again."

"Jane, pull yourself together," Jody said from the wheel. "The ghost had nothing to do with the chili sauce."

"Well, there *is* a ghost there!" Jane persisted. "Old General Cruickshank saw her—lots of people have seen her—and once, when someone told Mrs. Lawrence about it she just smiled and asked if the big white dog was with her. This is the place, Alan—it's the old Fillimore mansion—she was Mabel Fillimore."

The clouds had blown aside and, through the old trees of a magnificent drive, moonlight was streaming down in floods of silver. Far up at the end of the avenue, from the stately columned portico of an old mansion, mottled with blots of black and white, hospitable lamplight was dimly glowing.

"If ever any place was going to have a ghost!" Alan said appreciatively. They mounted a wide half circle of shallow steps and went into a great hall; doors on all sides of it were opened into rooms where fires blazed and groups of patrons were busy about little dining tables. But the tall girl who came forward to welcome them and take care of their wraps showed them to a small empty room delightful in its effect of privacy and quiet. A coal fire was burning here in a shining brass grate. The walls were paneled and chipped and faded to a beautiful old blue color, the chintz-covered chairs were drawn into an inviting half circle.

The girl had disappeared, but presently Mrs. Lawrence herself came in, carrying a plate of small toasted crackers bubbling with cheese, and accompanied by a tottering old colored man with a tray of glasses.

"Well, Mrs. Barker, you've not been here for months!" Mrs. Lawrence said, welcoming her guests. A delicate, nervous-looking little woman who had once been a beauty, and still had many of the mannerisms of a beauty, she smiled at them all from under a fluff of graying-brown curls.

"Too long! But we stayed in the country until October last fall," Jane said.

"So somebody was telling me. I'll tell you who asked for you—old General Cruickshank."

"Oh, yes, the general! He's an old darling who lives here eight months a year," Jane explained. "He's your cousin, isn't he, Mrs. Lawrence?"

"No, dear; just an old friend. He's d rooms here for twenty years."

"We'll see him tonight?" Jane ash

"No, my dear; you won't. He left California a week ago. He's getting o years—the general, he's over eighty," hostess explained, "and he's got a mar niece there, and a nephew, Doctor S Cruickshank, who lives out there in Be ley—"

"Doctor Sam Cruickshank!" Alan in interestedly. "I know him. He was of my instructors at the university the

"Well, I guess he was," Mrs. Lawre conceded, with a doubtful look at A "Anyway, the old general thought had about enough of winter, and he w out to California and he's living th You know," she added in a confider tone, to Jane, "he missed old Profe Mountjoy. He used to walk over and him every day. When the profe died—"

"THE old boy died?" Jody interrup "Yes, sir; died about six—well, seven weeks ago now," Mrs. Lawre said. "Why, that girl—the girl who ope the door to you—that's his granddau ter," she added in an undertone. "Th Griselle. There wasn't anywhere else the child to go, and there aren't any r tives, so I asked her to stay on here u she knew what she wanted to do, and she is."

"He left some property, did he?"

"Not much, when everything cleared up. . . . A few thousands ma And of course she—" Mrs. Lawrence ered her voice cautiously—"she's about as able to take care of herself baby!" she murmured. "She's a lo girl—she wants to do everything she to help me—she's a good cook too— of course speaks Russian and Greek I don't know what! *But—!*"

She stopped with an eloquent sprea gesture of her hands, and Jane said matedly, "She's a—an interesting-lool girl. Kind of—Victorian-looking."

"She's going to be handsome," the o woman said. "But that girl now—d know she's never been to a dance?"

"Oh, nonsense!" Jody said, sunk in

(Continued on page 68)

"Oh, she got here, did she?" Dodo asked interestedly. "What does she look like and where did you put her?" She relaxed, put her feet on the table and prepared to gossip

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

WE ARE READY WITH GAS

BY JIM MARSHALL

If the Axis turns on the gas, our chemical warfare experts think it will spell Fascist suicide

JUST what gas might accomplish in this war—if anyone starts using it—no one knows. The enthusiasts of our Chemical Warfare Service say "It could be the deciding factor." So could a lot of other things, including bacteria, earthquakes and the weather. The power of gas today is largely psychological—fear of the unknown.

The Japanese have used gas on a number of occasions in the war against the Chinese. Reports that gas has been used by the Germans on the Russian front have not been verified, and it is possible that the gases from exploding artillery shells may have been mistaken for toxic gas. The Italians resorted to mustard gas against the Ethiopians in 1936 with disastrous results to the barefoot Ethiopian troops who had no gas masks or protective clothing.

All of the leading belligerents have supplies of war gases ready. The United States Army has plentiful supplies of toxic gases on hand and the means to spread it around where it will do the most harm. It's stored all over the country in hundreds of thousands of cylinders and steel drums, far away from any possible enemy attack. It's stowed by the thousands of tons in isolated spots far inland and miles away from human habitation. We can hustle it overseas in jigtime, if that's the way the other side wants to play.

There aren't any terrifying new secret gases. The only two new ones this time are lewisite and the nitrogen-mustards. Lewisite was all ready to use in the last war, and a shipload of it was on its way to France when the armistice was signed. It was later dumped into the Atlantic, drums and all. The nitrogen-mustards are just our old friend mustard gas with most of the smell taken out. They have a slightly fishy smell but are not so vesicant (blistering) as ordinary mustard gas. They can cause blindness, however. Gas masks protect against them, and they can be detected by special detector crayon marks that change in color when the gas hits them. There also is an ointment that offers good protection for the skin. The stuff can also be washed off the skin with soap and water. Our Intelligence departments know the Germans have nitrogen-mustards.

Wind—the Telling Factor

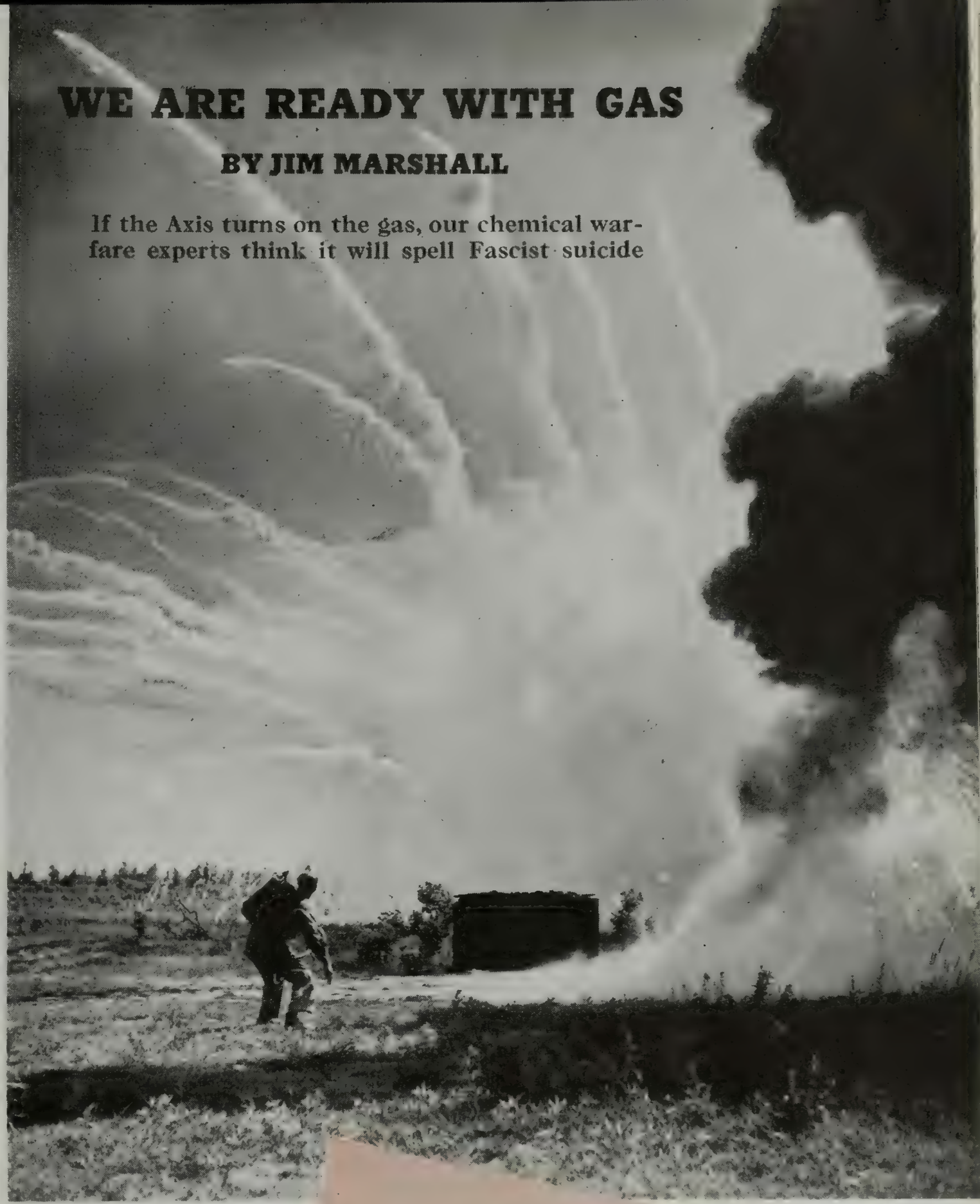
You can get all the arguments you want among the chemists and gas tossers of the Chemical Warfare Service about the effectiveness of their pet. One expert tells you it would take 7,000 German planes to do any sort of a gassing job on London, and even then, a wind change could nullify the whole thing, even supposing that the R.A.F. went to sleep and the 7,000 planes got through. In reverse, this means that thousands of our planes would have to be used to make an effective gas attack on Berlin or Tokyo.

The weather works for us in Europe, against the Russians in Eastern Europe, and for the Japs in the Pacific, because the usual wind drift around the world is from west to east. So normally we would have a better chance to waft gas into Germany, Germany would have a better chance to gas Russia, and the Japs would have an edge on us if they wanted to gas our Pacific Coast cities.

In gas production, we have an edge on the rest of the world because we have the biggest and best chemical industry. Heading up our program, we have such brains as President J. B. Conant of Harvard University, Doctor Charles Stine, vice-president of Du Pont, and Roger Adams, head of the Department of Chemistry at the University of Illinois.

Much of the work of developing new gases, methods of warfare and the protective devices is done at Edgewood Arsenal north of Baltimore in Maryland. Here scores of chemists and laboratory assistants work in secret. There are other centers at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and at Columbia University on a full-time basis. We can turn out more gas and probably deadlier gas than anyone else, and we think our troops are the best prepared in the world, both for offense and defense.

There is great public horror of gas and an intelligent sentiment against its use. This doubtless inspired the Roosevelt and Churchill promises to use it only if the enemy does. The enemy, however, already has used it and is almost certainly ready to use it again on a larger scale. The Germans are known to have *(Continued on page 59)*



ALBERT FENN PIX

A white phosphorus land mine exploding. With no protection against the burning phosphorus particles, the soldier with the flame thrower gets ready to run in case they come his way

The 4.2-inch mortar at the right, used in gas warfare, lobs gas shells rapidly and accurately over great distances

WARTIME JOY RIDERS

By William F. McDermott

The railroads have no facilities for non-essential travel

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY KROPE-PIX

Once passengers shied at upper berths, but this child perilously perched on the baggage rack finds the hard berth better than none at all

This feeding tot is unaware of the hazards of wartime travel. Going places today with youngsters is difficult and should be avoided

THE crowd milled about and pushed against the train gates. The second it was opened, a mad rush for the train began. Seats in the coaches were filled in a flash. The mob continued to pour in, jamming the aisles to suffocation and crowding the vestibules to the last bit of space. Finally, brakemen and porters managed to close the doors.

On the platform, as the train pulled out, about fifty people stood aghast, tickets in hand but unable to squeeze aboard. One white-haired woman broke out in a fit of weeping. A soldier—one of several left behind—tried to comfort her.

"There, there, Mother"—even though she was a stranger—"don't worry. You'll get another train."

"I know," she sobbed, "but my son is critically ill in camp and I must go to him."

"I can understand how you feel," said the fighting man. "This is the last train I could take in order to get to my dad's funeral."

Tragedy? Yes. Unusual? No. The fact is that the dreadful run which the unthinking public, flush with money and afflicted with the gadder's itch, is inflicting on the railroads today verges on a catastrophe of major proportions. Refusing to ration itself, the public threatens to bring down priorities on rail travel such as the airlines now enforce. In the meantime, it is, in effect, sabotaging the war effort by causing delay in trains, by running down equipment through excess wear, and by causing undue hardship to fighting men who must travel.

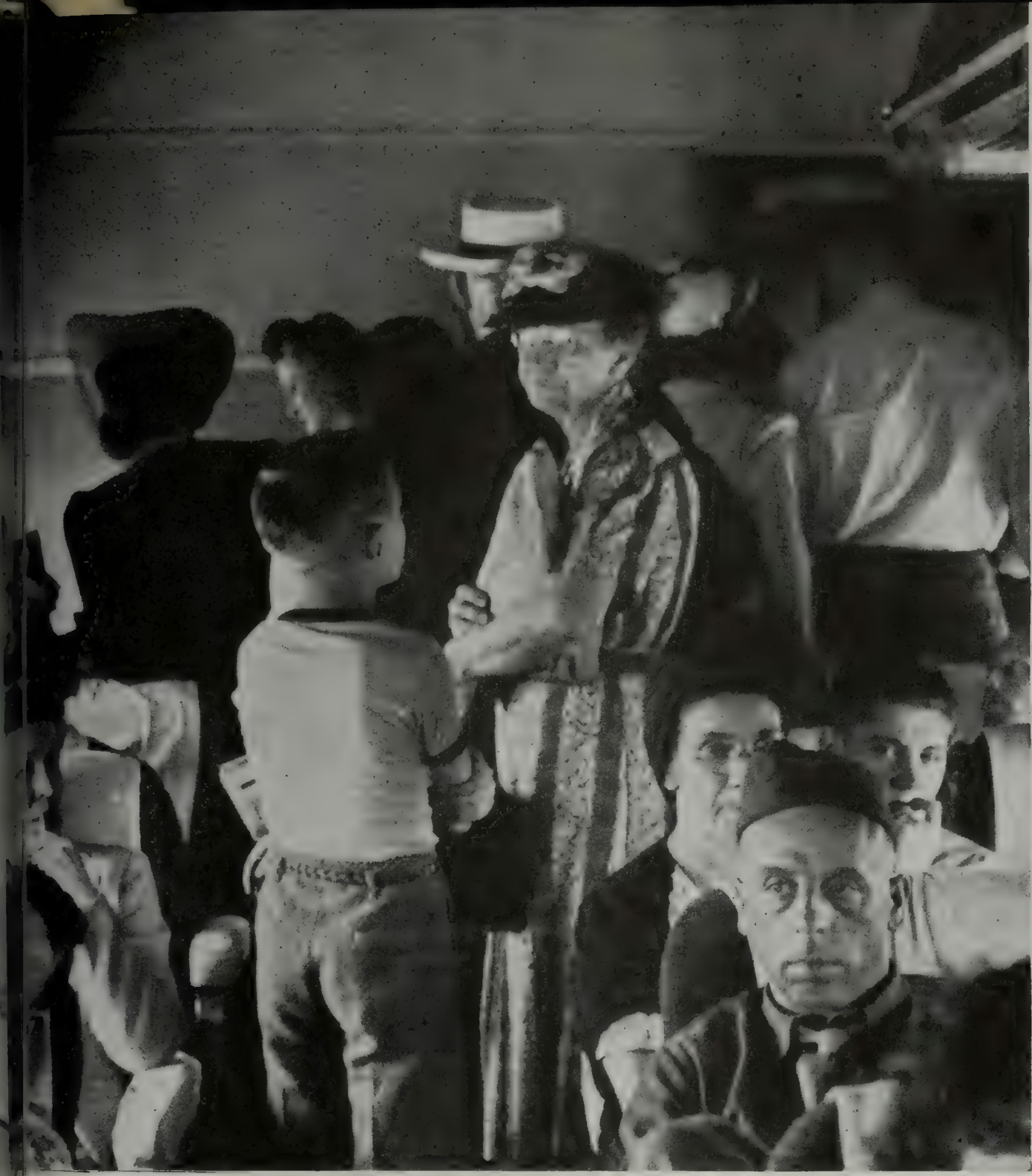
It isn't the railroads' fault. They are doing a magnificent job. In addition to breaking all records in the handling o freight they are carrying 264 per ce more passengers than in 1939, with ve little additional equipment. In the co gested war-camp regions, the increase h skyrocketed 605 per cent.

Railroads are straining themselves t the last notch to meet the demands of th public. Ancient equipment, coaches wit oil-burning lamps, old-style Pullmans an engines that had been shunted ont branch lines or retired, have been calle back into major service. I have ridde recently in coaches the like of which hadn't seen since 1900. One train I roc was a fast express on one of our greate railroads, normally running 12 or 13 car It had on 18 cars, all packed, and it w being pulled by an inferior engine—th only one available. We lost four hou on a 500-mile run.

"We're using everything we've got ar we're running it down fast," one railroa executive told me. "New equipment practically out for the duration; how we' going to make this last, I don't know."

Since December, I have traveled mar of the main rail lines from New York Texas and from Chicago to Colorado c war assignments. I have talked to n merous military and shore police, porte conductors, brakemen and news butche and they have filled in the picture.

On a Texas train I saw soldiers a civilians, women and babies, packed until it seemed not another could get o Women and children crumpled down the aisles, trying to sleep. Soldiers, e hausted from long standing, flung ther selves on the floor of the men's washroo and vestibules. Many tried to get to t



wded coaches like the one above are a common sight on today's overtaxed railroads. The eral rule is: First come, first seated. Some unlucky passengers on transcontinental runs have to d for the better part of three days. "Standing room only" doesn't discourage their traveling

Top: Mother and child await return of soldier husband who is foraging for food. Below: Cramped conditions haven't cramped this soldier's style

n though cars may be air-conditioned, the equipment cannot cope with body heat generated in jam-packed cars. Below, a man has fainted

This thoroughly exhausted soldier and his companion are limp but lucky—they have seats, and sleep as best they can. Note the tired cup on ledge

The rigors of Army life include getting from one place to another sardine style. These soldiers sleep two deep, but are too weary to care

Some people can make the best of a situation. Seat or no seat, in the privacy of the vestibule, love conquers

A soldier and his family are happily reunited on a train heading west. Warming the baby's milk on trains presents a problem of major proportions

diner for breakfast, only to find, after standing in for two hours, that the food supply was exhausted.

One of America's fastest trains pulling out of Chicago is packed to the last inch every day; its accommodations are for 450, but it regularly carries 950 to 1[illegible] people. I tried to help a woman get on it in the middle of the week—when travel is supposed to be "light"—but in vain.

I saw an eighteen-year-old soldier, headed from Oklahoma to Massachusetts on a serious illness emergency call, stand for hours though his face was flushed with fever, he had a hacking cough, and he seemed too weak to hold his head up.

In some metropolitan stations, service men are given the preference by being allowed to enter the trains first; yet after they're there, they very often give up their seats to women. One major, in charge of two coaches of soldiers, told me his men begged for permission to give up their seats to women and children standing in the aisles of coaches next to them.

Maintenance men say that air-conditioning equipment designed for seating capacity only cannot possibly cope with throngs packed in aisles. The air in coaches packed with sweating bodies often becomes unspeakably foul. Add to this the coughing of those with colds or worse, and the presence of many babies in arms and small children, and you have the setting for an epidemic.

The trouble is, people are determined to travel the most where the war congestion is the greatest. In so doing, they are seriously menacing themselves and the war effort alike. The railroads are making superhuman efforts to give the public what it wants, while they urge and exhort civilians to cut down on avoidable travel. The appeal has largely failed so far, which means that the situation resolves itself down to this: If the people won't ration themselves, the government will have to.

SEVEN SINS

BY SAX ROHMER

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

IN LONDON, late one night, the eccentric Lord Marcus Amberdale informs Scotland Yard, by telephone, that he has found a dead man in his home. With some assistants, Chief Inspector Firth goes to the scene of the murder (if murder it is) and identifies the victim as Sir Giles Loeder, a noted radio broadcaster.

Lord Marcus answers all questions satisfactorily; and in one of his rooms he shows the detectives a woman—the beautiful and notorious "Mrs. Vane"—whom he has put in a trance so that he can (so he says) perform some experiments of great importance to the world. Firth does not regard him as a suspect.

While in London, trailing a gang of Nazi conspirators, Gaston Max, a French criminal investigator, learns that the people he is after and the person, or persons, Scotland Yard is after, frequent a gambling place run by a clever woman: Mrs. Ysolde Destrée.

Working hand in hand with the English authorities, Max gains possession of a code message which, decoded, proves conclusively that Sir Giles Loeder had been a German spy; that, previous to his death, he had been keeping Berlin informed, through his carefully worded radio speeches, of what was going on in England! . . .

Lord Marcus Amberdale has an attractive young cousin: Fay Perigal. Fay is in love with Dick Kershaw, a flight lieutenant in the R.A.F., who—deeply involved in an affair with Rita Martin, a pretty but conscienceless young woman—has disappeared.

One day, Fay is deep in a conversation with Dan Corcoran (a patient at the hospital where she works) when Dan's father, Michael Corcoran, arrives. Hardly have they greeted Mr. Corcoran and exchanged a few words with him when *Dick joins them.*

The young fellow (obviously much in love with Fay) gives evidence of terrific emotional strain. He answers a few questions. After which he tells them a strange story; he says that, infatuated with Rita Martin, he had become suspicious of her; he had followed her one night and found her with Loeder. Later, alone with Loeder, he had knocked the scoundrel out, killed him! . . .

Colonel O'Halloran, of Scotland Yard, interrogates Lord Marcus, mentioning things that might make a case against his lordship. After a pause he adds: "Then, your friend Mrs. Vane knew Loeder."

VI

ORD MARCUS hesitated. Then: "I cannot recall that Mrs. Vane ever mentioned Loeder. I was, of course, are of the fact that he had been her er."

H'm!" The colonel took an appreciate sip and set his glass down. "Relations h women friends quite beyond me, berdale; always were. They used to in the old days, something to do with oman led you to chuck up the army."

I know they did." Lord Marcus spoke arily but patiently. "And they were ht."

What!"

Yes, O'Halloran. Something occurred, Egypt, which radically changed the curt of my existence. A woman (I shall mention her name) died; and it was end of life for me in that sense in which st men regard life. In another sense, it s the beginning."

The assistant commissioner was watch- Lord Marcus fixedly, sympathetically. on't tell me if you don't want to."

I have no more to tell you, O'Halloran bout her. I am merely trying to explain y I went in for those somewhat obscure dies which, from that day onward, olly enthralled me. You may recall that as traditionally a religious man, but up that time, religion had meant little to . I suddenly determined that it meant rything, but not in its accepted form. roposed to prove, scientifically, as one ves a thing in the laboratory, that the man spirit survives death. Once, there were schools in which this subject was systematically expounded. Today, it is in the hands of impostors. I set out to endeavor to recover some of that older, true knowledge; and in a measure, O'Halloran, I have succeeded!"

Colonel O'Halloran continued to watch the other man speculatively; there was a doubt to be read in his little blinking eyes, but deep sympathy remained.

"Sure you're not deluding yourself?"

"Quite sure." The musical voice was calm, expressing finality. "Some day I hope to prove this to the world. If I were to tell you where my explorations have led me, since those years in which we served together, when I was so keen on polo—" he smiled without sadness—"when I rode my own horse in the Grand National, I doubt if you would believe me, O'Halloran, or credit the cost."

"In terms of cash?"

"In terms of sacrifice. My friends accounted me mad, but I had come to a state of philosophy which, under guidance, rendered me immune to uninformed criticism. I followed my chosen path. Mrs. Vane, with whose record I am familiar, is peculiarly endowed. She possesses, in an unusual degree, a power cultivated by

(Continued on page 40)

id Sir Giles bother you with questions about the clients t Simone's?" Destrée asked, fully opening her eyes so that ita, watching her in the mirror, met their fixed regard

PRESS ASSOCIATION INC.

"Come and get it!" The old Army chow call always results in something like a commando raid. Below, at left, three paratroopers open field Ration K and enjoy a finely balanced supper, while their rifles are "at the ready"

U. S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

FOOD THAT FIGHTS

By Helena Huntington Smith

Four basic food rations have licked the Army's tremendous problem of getting the right food in the right place at the right time, and everyone's happy, including, luckily, the guy who does the eating

ON THE Alcan Highway, when the thermometer drops to 78° below, even dried navy beans will freeze, and the Army has to store its food in ice houses to keep the cold *out*. Inside a tank in action on the desert, the temperature frequently rises to 150 degrees. Army combat rations must be planned with these extreme conditions in mind.

About two years ago the Quartermaster Corps began working out the new problems of food for the new kind of war. Civilian experts were called in—experts in nutrition, dietetics, food chemistry: experts in the processing, preserving and packaging of foods.

Much of the experimentation was done under the direction of Colonel Rohland Isker of the Subsistence Research Laboratory in Chicago.

An important part of their job involves what the Army calls "acceptability." The test of "acceptability" means merely that the most scientific diet ever devised in a laboratory is no good if the boys won't eat it. So taste and appeal are important too.

The miracle food of the war is Ration K. It contains 3,000 calories; is done up in a brown-paper package (weatherproofed, gasproofed), which weighs two pounds and measures six by four by six inches and contains one day's food for a husky soldier. It is divided up into three smaller packages—one each for breakfast, dinner and supper. The main item of each meal is a small but satisfying tin of meat, or meat and eggs, or a very good soft cheese.

Small cellophane envelopes contain powders which, with water added, turn into coffee, bouillon and lemonade. (The lemon powder has Vitamin C in it, which prevents scurvy.) For sweets there are a fruit bar (good); some supermalted-milk tablets (cooling and very good); and the Army's special nonmelting chocolate bar which can be eaten as is, or boiled up with water to make cocoa. For the rest there are some hard, grahamlike crackers (acceptability rating: Dubious—they're pretty hard). And, of course, chewing gum and cigarettes. Toilet paper is brown—white paper has too high visibility from the air. (Even underwear is olive drab, to red wash-line visibility from the air.)

If you don't want to light a fire to the enemy where you are, you warm the meat tin by placing it in the moto your tank or jeep. Otherwise you po little gasoline in the sand and light it.

When our troops landed in Africa, K ration was issued to each soldier in the field kitchens failed to show up schedule. They did, however; and hearted Yanks gave away thousand K rations to hungry-looking Arab whom they passed along the roads. openhandedness vexed the Army, w had convoyed those K rations a long but it tickled the Arabs, who went for meat and the chewing gum with g They have since adopted the K ratio a sort of standard of currency.

An older type of emergency food, tion C, was developed a few years afte first World War and is a true "iron rati since each meal comes done up in tw cans.

It has meat and beans, or stew hash in one can; crackers, powdered erage and hard candy in the other. Marines landed with it in the sur Guadalcanal. It saw a lot of servic Africa with the truck and jeep boys. it all tastes pretty much the same. A has other drawbacks besides. The six for a day's eating weigh four pounds if you fall on them you're apt to yourself—whether you're parachute-ju ing or merely throwing yourself fla the bombs start dropping close.

That was why in the spring of Colonel Paul P. Logan of the Qua master Corps was asked to develop a tion which would be light and s enough for parachute troops to c And so Ration K was born.

Special Ration for Cold Climate

The group rations fulfill a different of need. Suppose a small force of were going to hack their way laboric over a rough mountain trail, as in Owen Stanley Mountains. Those wouldn't want to use the same ration mechanized force, with its relatively l use of heavy canned goods. So the A has prepared the Mountain ration. high altitudes or cold climates, it tains 4,300 calories, the highest of an the special rations. It is extremely pact for packing by muleback or back.

With large use made of foods beans and cereals as well as meat, with almost everything dehydrated, nine-pound box will provide a day's meals for three men.

But it wouldn't do at all for a soldi the New Guinea jungle. He's engag a solitary job of sniping or infiltra and he's perspiring at every pore. S him they've invented a one-man, day package called the Jungle ration. a light, cool diet, containing plenty of milk and dried fruits, with salt table replace the salt lost through perspira Every detail of it is based on what learned the hard way in the Pacific.

In the last war a large body of t with the A.E.F., due to some capri transport, lived exclusively on canne mon—"goldfish"—for nine weeks. maybe it was nine days. Anyway, i an awfully long time, and if you think so, just try it.

That's one thing that will never ha in this bigger and better war. Ger and colonels have been lying awake n thinking about variety. Nine diff meat or cheese items make each K r a surprise package, or at least that i idea.

Each of the group rations is up in several different menus—and i thousand cases of one ration and

(Continued on page 60)

They've Got What it Takes!

YOU can take it from the men who fly 'em—from Republic Aviation Corporation's chief test pilot Joe Parker *(below, right)* and the young fighter pilots with him: these new Thunderbolt fighters, the Army P-47's, they've got what it takes! And when you've wrestled one of these babies out of a screaming power-dive, you've earned a Camel. For Camels it is, with Joe Parker . . . with men in *all* the services.

THE PLANES

◆ They may not be what the doctor ordered for a quiet ride, but this new Thunderbolt fighter, built by Republic Aviation, is what the Axis asked for—and is going to get!

◆ What's it feel like? "Well," says Joe Parker *(at far right)*, who tests these Thunderbolts, "when you're diving that fast, you feel like you were a part of a solid piece of steel. And when it's over, I sure enjoy a Camel."

THE MEN WHO FLY 'EM

◆ Lunch on the day shift—and then a Camel for these Thunderbolt workers below. Says Josephine Walz *(left)*: "I find Camels milder all ways." Adds Shirley Jordan *(right)*: "And no matter how much I smoke, Camels always hold their same fresh appeal."

THE GIRLS WHO BUILD 'EM

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens.)

The "T Zone"

—where cigarettes are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you . . . and how it affects your throat. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!

BUY WAR BONDS STAMPS

Camels

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

SOVFOTO

In wartime the Russian family shares small quarters. Table discussion is largely about political and economic problems. Two families split the use of a kitchen

A RUSSIAN FAMILY

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

RADIOED FROM MOSCOW

Collier's correspondent introduces you to a typical Russian family. No Soviet home has escaped the tragedies of war, but the working people generally view their future with confidence

SOVFOTO

Russian movies carry a message. Here's audience reaction to comedy. The Soviet deems an actor essential, calls him cowardly if he enlists

IF YOU don't mind walking up five flights of stairs, come along with me and meet the Starostin family. They aren't an extraordinary family at all. They're much like the Smiths or the Joneses on your block, if you happen to live in a community of factory workers. They're an average Russian family, and if you put about twenty million families like the Starostins together, you have the Russia of today—just as, if you put twenty million typical American families together, you'd have the America of today.

The real fundamental strength of a country doesn't lie in its leaders or in its armies. It lies in the cumulative faith and patriotism of the Smiths and the Joneses. Here in Russia it lies in the ability of the Starostin family to hold out, to produce and to fight on the home front.

Suppose we go into their home and meet them and find out how they live and what they do and how much food they get and what they pay for it. Let's find out how they dress, what their amusements are, and what they think of the war and its outcome. By that time—who knows?—we might come to the conclusion that the Starostin family is not much different from the Smiths or the Jones family down the street. And, too, we might get a better understanding of this country about which so little is known in America.

I was quite out of breath when I climbed five flights in a large apartment house on Rochdelskaya, which is in the Krasnaya Presnia section of Moscow. This is not a particularly beautiful section of the city, but today we aren't looking for the superficial beauty of a park or boulevard or the man-made beauty of buildings like the Bolshoi Theater, or the magnificent, clean stateliness of the Lenin Library. are in a neighborhood dominated by tories and workers' flats, for only in a neighborhood can we find the ave family of Russian workers.

Grandma Ekaterina Filipovna Star opened the door and smiled when she ticed me catching my breath. The of a foreign correspondent is not which trains him to climb five long fl of iron stairways. Grandma Star looks much like any other grandmo whether you'd meet her in Seven Kent; Londonderry, Ireland; or Mi town, Ohio. At sixty-four, there are in her face that reflect a lifetime of but she stands straight and her smi welcome lights up her face as she murs a typical Russian word of welc "Mozhno," which means much more the literal, "You may come in."

Grandma Starostin worked in a t factory which is just across the s She worked there for thirty-five y married a fellow workman and bore five children; and now, because he's she receives an old-age pension and house for two of her married daug and her two grandchildren. She pre over her neat, immaculately clean, t room apartment, and very definitel is the head of the family. She h huge samovar on the table and tea ready.

I sat down with the two married d ters and two shy grandchildren Grandma Starostin busied herself wi cutting of bread and sausage. Occasio as we talked, she would put in a wo half-consciously pat one of the ch on the head, a gesture which seemed part of her, made perhaps unknow

We sat in a room that was half room, half bedroom. It was about t feet long and ten feet wide. The apartment had an area of twent square yards, for it is by square that apartments are rented. Ther

(Continued on page 56)

This snowbird wears spiked shoes

NOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

ANGING over vast stretches of the rctic, U. S. Army planes must make igh-speed landings on surfaces covered ith snow—and sometimes glare ice.

This means a nasty skidding problem. o ordinary tire will work. That's why oodyear has developed an entirely new pe of airplane tire — one with a remarkble tread that "takes hold" on slippery, rassy fields or on sheets of sheer ice.

In this versatile Ice Grip Tire, thouands of steel-wire coils are embedded in the tread. You can scarcely see them but they "bite" into the icy surface, help bring the plane to a quick, safe stop. And, unlike most tires developed for this purpose, the Goodyear tread gives efficient non-skid traction on normal runways.

While it was designed primarily to answer an emergency military need, the new Goodyear Ice Grip Tire is now also ready to serve commercial airlines . . . to make a permanent contribution to the greater safety of all winter flying.

Widely known for its pioneering with tires and other rubber products, Goodyear also is working for victory by using its broad experience in metals, chemistry, fabrics, aircraft — fields vital to war now, vital to peace later on.

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

MARINE STUDIOS, MARINELAND, FLA.

This diver has no worries. The tiger shark is an tized, the jewfish harmless. In the open sea, shar another matter, but science has found a new ch which protects torpedoed sailors and downed

SHARKS

BY J. D. RATCLIFF

As many a shipwrecked mariner will testify, sharks do eat men—or did, before science got on the job. Now, sharks have no more appetite for Yanks than Englishmen have for sauerkraut

YOU may have seen the compact little horror story that ran in the newspapers last year. Three fliers crashed off the South American coast. Their plane sank almost immediately, and the men started swimming. Sharks lazed along behind them, making a leisurely investigation. After an hour, they struck. They took one of the fliers. The other two swam on. Another hour passed, and the sharks attacked a second time. The third man reached shore to tell the story.

This story was the opening chapter in one of the best research stories to come out of the war. Two scientists, working for the Office of Strategic Services, read the newspaper report. They were Doctor Henry Field, curator at the Field Museum in Chicago and Harold J. Coolidge of Harvard. Couldn't something be done to protect men from shark attack?

They knew that only a few species of sharks attack men. Nevertheless, hardly a day passes that news articles do not refer to "shark-infested waters;" and stories of rubber-boat survivors invariably include mention of sharks. All seamen, all fliers, are shark-conscious.

The war's most horrible scene of slaughter was enacted last year off Madagascar. A German torpedo ripped into a British ship carrying Italian prisoners. Sharks, maddened by the smell of blood, attacked and destroyed everything floating in the water.

Such cases are rare exceptions. Under ordinary circumstances, the shark isn't the courageous ma everyone pictures him to be. He is a rather timi ture. He prefers his natural fish foods and attack only when driven by hunger or mob instinct.

Both Field and Coolidge knew this cold a was good enough for a man sitting on shore but much help to a sailor or flier floating in tropic The shark remained a psychological hazard rank. What was needed was a workable, effici pellent.

They took their idea to the Navy and to the of Scientific Research and Development, which c nates all research work relating to war. Both w thusiastic. Funds were allotted, and a dozen re men got busy. William Douglas Burden, head o ida's famous aquarium, Marineland, took charg was assisted throughout by Mr. Arthur F. McBr Mr. Arthur H. Schmidt of his Marineland staff.

Most of the work was centered in Massachus the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution. Th ratory had large salt-water tanks for the exper and had eighty small dog sharks on hand.

There were three obvious approaches. Sound or odor might act as shark repellents. The first tw quickly eliminated. Odor seemed to be the b proach. The shark has small, poorly develope but the olfactory (smell) lobe of its brain is lar highly developed.

The researchers worked out a technique for various chemical repellents. Thus, they worke way through hundreds of chemicals. None o had any appreciable effect in repelling the attack

A Bit of Fisherman's Lore

Things looked pretty hopeless at this stage. Th Stewart Springer, foremost United States autho sharks, remembered a bit of fisherman's lore. frequently kill sharks caught on stationary lines Florida coast, and when dead sharks were other sharks stayed away. So, after every storm men had to move lines to new locations. Why? decomposing shark meat give off some odor wh live fish away? Springer decided to see.

He and his helpers killed dog sharks, let t around the laboratory until they gave off an stench. When the meat was sufficiently ripe, the little chunks of it to the feeding cages. The wouldn't come near. They would start swimmi grily toward the baskets, get the scent, then away. This was the start.

Field tests in Florida followed. Tiger sha bull sharks follow the shrimp boats—waiting for fish to be shoveled overboard once shrimp lifted. In a matter of seconds, sharks struck b trailed behind these boats. When decayed sha was added to the bait, they would charge—the and disappear when they got the scent.

After this preliminary work, chemists got the decayed meat—seeking the "X" factor w pelled sharks. They worked their way throug pounds of odoriferous shark meat. Last win came up with a pure chemical repellent 100 effective as the decayed fish itself. We can't tell name of the chemical—the Navy won't permit it is cheap and plentiful.

Meanwhile, the chemists working at Woo found still another chemical which acted as a repellent. This was combined with the stuff e from shark meat to achieve a double-barrele

How does this chemical work in practice? McBride of Marineland led a party of scientists dor to see—where there are thousands of hamm and ground sharks which feed on the mullet run ing offshore in a small boat, they put out sha baited with a variety of choice foods: bloody beef, whole goats, mullet. Sharks attacked th voraciously, but once the repellent was adde wasn't a single strike.

This work was completed only a few weeks a repellent is being pressed into a cage about th the wafer of soap that fits in shaving mugs. I pinned on Mae West life jackets and will be for about twenty-four hours—long enough for to be picked up. Fliers and seamen will be arm this chemical protection as quickly as possibl they have it, they no longer need to fear the that shadowy menace of the seas.

THERE'S SOMETHING NEW IN THE PICTURE

The "Best Friend of Charleston" was the first locomotive entirely built in this country—for the South Carolina Railroad, now part of the Southern Railway System.

Daily movement of a staggering quantity of oil from New Orleans to the Eastern States is the No. 1 war job of the Southern Railway. The Southern assigns its fleet of General Motors Diesel freight locomotives as the key motive power to expedite this important flow.

There will be something new in the farm and industrial pictures too. For there will be GM Diesels ready to serve wherever America needs power.

OUT of every war has grown a new era in transportation. This one is no exception. The pattern of that new era had been set, even before this war, by the General Motors Diesel Locomotive. And its Leadership in the Peace to come is forecast in the way this locomotive is today meeting the challenges of war.

GM
GENERAL MOTORS
DIESEL POWER

LOCOMOTIVES.....ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION, La Grange, Ill.

ENGINES..150 to 2000 H.P...CLEVELAND DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Cleveland, Ohio

ENGINES.....15 to 250 H.P.....DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Detroit, Mich.

Just naturally better!

Nature did you . . . and us . . . an especial favor. Here's why . . .

"Dry" grapes from the non-irrigated I.V.C. vineyard give these California wines their delicious flavor. Unpuffed with excess water, our "dry" grapes are smaller, but the juice is more luscious . . . just naturally richer!

I·V·C WINES

Since 1883, I.V.C. Gold Medal and Cucamonga wines have been bottled at the winery. Red and white – table and dessert – sparkling and still ...I.V.C. presses, matures and bottles 26 different wines for your pleasure... here at the world's largest vineyard.

Distributed exclusively by Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

A Left Hand Like Charley White

Continued from page 12

this day he had absently called his brother by that baby name. "He's got to eat," Lefty told Max. "You going to have something sent up?"

Louie turned upon his brother. "Shut up, shut up, shut up! Eat, lay down and rest, do this, do that! Why you always talking?"

There was a knock, and then the door opened and two men stood in the hallway: a worried-looking fat man with white hair, wearing a checkered cap, and behind him, peering, a little man with a big cauliflower ear. Max called out, "Well, Doc!" His face, made up for appeasement, changed quickly. He put on his smile and went to meet the fat man. The little one closed the door carefully and moved a few feet to the left, like the inept member of an amateur theatrical company.

"Max," the fat man said, letting Max shake his hand, "I got to see you."

"Why, yes, Doc," Max said, dropping his smile.

Louie stood staring, with his swollen lips parted. He lifted his hands, questioning. "You the promoter here?"

"Yes, yes," Max said; he touched Louie's arm in an affectionate gesture. "Louie, this is Doc Rivers, promoter here."

"Oh," Doc said, taking off his cap and showing vague distress.

Louie put out his hand quickly and smiled. Doc wiped his hand on his trousers and then gripped Louie's hand. Louie said, "How are you, Doc?" Lefty was proud of Louie, of the way he could act. Louie would have shaken hands like that a year ago, in a cabaret, after winning a fight. But Louie was scowling again. "How much this farmer go, anyway? Forty-five? Fifty?"

"Don't make no difference now if he weighs a ton," Doc said. "He ain't fighting."

LOUIE'S mouth fell open; his hands dropped, and he laughed. It was that crowlike laugh that Lefty worried about. "Haaaw! Not fighting!"

Max's eyes popped in alarm. "Not fighting? It cost me dough to come up to this jerk club!"

Lefty turned and walked to the window. "There you are," he said.

Louie grabbed at Doc's hand; his eyes were suddenly wide and desperate. "I got to *have* that fight! I got to find out!" He stopped then, startled at what he had said. "The guy's escared," he said. "Haaw!"

Doc disengaged himself and sat down on the bed. He wiped imaginary sweat from his forehead and held his arms wide. "Money," he said, explaining everything.

"Make him fight!" Louie cried, pawing at Doc's shoulder.

"Wait a second," Max said. He stood before Doc, squinting down at him. "We got to hold you to your agreement," he said, making the words seem a stern rebuke. "A verbal contract, good in court."

Doc put on a righteous face; he withdrew a fat wallet from his trousers pocket and slapped it reassuringly. "Absolutely," he said. He replaced the wallet, but then self-consciously removed it to his inner coat pocket. "A hundred bucks," he said, screwing up his face as if in pain. "I said to him, I said, 'A hundred bucks; fifty I promised you and fifty you get, a hundred bucks!' "

"I'll fight him on the street!" Louie chattered shrilly, feinting at Doc. "You tell him—tell him, he don't show up, I'll go looking for him! Butcher the yella farmer!"

Lefty turned from the window. "Oh, shut up what you'll do," he scolded.

Max's eyes moved with effort from the pocket where Doc's wallet rested. "Well," he said irritably. "Go get somebody else."

"Who?" Doc demanded. "You tell me who."

"Or," Max added, but not hopefully, "pay us off."

There was a spell of silence. Doc gave Max a sidelong glance. "There's just one way I can see . . ."

Max stiffened; his eyes bulged with indignation, and he thrust his outspread hand toward Doc's face, like a cop stopping a big truck. "No-no! You don't cut *us!* Not a nickel!"

"Look, Max," Doc pleaded, "for the sake of clean sport, Max. I put in twenty-five and you put in twenty-five—"

Max snorted, turning on his heel. "Lefty," he said, "go get the car."

Louie had opened his mouth to speak to Max; then he whirled to look at Lefty. "Okay!" he jabbered nervously, waving his hands. "Okay! The fight is off!"

Doc stood up, his fat face showing his hurt. "Look, boys," he said. *"Please.* I want to be fair and square . . ."

Louie wheeled to face him, his puffy lips drawn back. "Yeah, fair and square!" His right hand had dropped; with his left stiff, he pushed Doc violently backward. "Kind of a racket you running here? You want I should fight this farmer; he weighs fifty-sixty; a lousy hundred bucks—you think you can cut me?" He thrust his face up into Doc's. "Two cents, I take a punch at you, lousy gyp!"

Doc's face was gray, and his lips trembled. "No, no, Louie!" he begged, backing away, holding out his hands. "I don't only want to break even."

"Lousy gyp!" Louie snarled, and he knocked Doc's protecting arms down with one short movement of his left forearm. "Two cents—"

Lefty said, "Louie, you stop."

Louie stepped back, quickly glancing toward his brother.

"Okay!" he said; his voice broke and became shrill. "Okay—the fight is off!"

Lefty winced; he stood with his back to the window, watching Louie, seeing the way his breathing had quickened, the erratic flexing of his fists. Louie said, speaking to nobody in the room, "I got to *have* that fight."

Lefty pursed his lips, glancing at Max. Max was watching Doc. Lefty looked at Doc and knew there would be no more talk of a cut. He knew the fight would go on. Poor kid, he thought, looking at Louie, what if he goes in there, c he is? In that dirty can, fighting fighting in his head, one guy after and now he's escared. He's ea fight, and he's escared not to fight leave him fight that farmer. No what might happen; the bell rings bugs. Lefty knew what could h a fighter in a few seconds.

He said to Doc, "I'll fight."

"What?" Doc said. His face e for an instant he was hopeful.

Louie laughed. "Haaw! You f

Doc moved warily away fro "You'll fight *him?"*

"For fifty bucks," Lefty said.

Max snorted angrily. "Oh, be quiet."

Doc was disappointed. "Why n not, Max?"

"Why not?" Max mocked. "V one thing, they're brothers."

Doc looked from Louie t "Brothers?"

Big-Ear stepped forward. "Th look it," he said. Doc waved him

"For another thing," Max said "Lefty ain't had a fight in three

Louie laughed derisively, "Th he urged Max. "Tell him about t

LEFTY looked down at his feet absently stroking his chin, but remembered and put his hands be back.

"He's got a glass chin," Max sa always got knocked out."

"Not always," Lefty said.

Doc was looking at Lefty in way. "*Saay!* I seen you fight once I had three years back, Young —wasn't it you fought him in Zan

"Yeah," Lefty said, nodding, pleased. "Young Jeffries. I stopp

Doc nodded enthusiasticall grasped Lefty's hand and shook they had just met. He laughed, face grew red with hope. "Sure! I ber, I remember. You had a g hand, I remember. It reminded m thing of Charley White."

"Haaw!" Louie shrieked. "A l like Charley White!" He danced pointing at Lefty. "Yeah—on t side! The same side!"

Lefty looked steadily at Do fifty bucks," he said.

Max's face became thoughtf

The Wisdom of the East

a good reason for the Oriental pe—to clean smoke by filtering it. *the same good reason for Fleetwood's gth.* By straining and filtering each ough extra length of unsmoked Fleetwood *gives* you the goodness ant tobacco smoke—while it *saves* n more of the nicotine, throat ir- nd tars that stain fingers and teeth —provided you smoke a Fleetwood no farther than you would smoke a shorter, old-size cigarette.

The end of any cigarette is a cleansing, cooling filter for the smoke. The longer the end, the cleaner the smoke. Light your Fleetwood. Smoke your usual amount. Then discard the l-o-n-g-e-r end (the strainer) that made every puff a *cleaner, finer* smoke!

FLEETWOOD

A CLEANER, FINER SMOKE

IOR CIGARETTE AT THE STANDARD PRICE • THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC. • "HOUSE OF TRADITION" • LOUISVILLE, KY.

When she orders you around like this...

and you'd rather be at ease like this...

TRY THIS

Everybody's breath offends now and then—after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours. Only 5¢.

If you can't always get your favorite LIFE SAVERS flavor...it's because some one in the Armed Services likes that flavor too. And we know you'll agree that he should have first call.

fished a stubby pencil from his pocket and made figures on the bureau cover.

"Fifteen bucks, about," Lefty said. "Thirty-three and a third out of fifty."

"Seventeen," Max said. He smiled up at Doc. "Well," he said with an elaborate gesture of resignation. "If it's any help to you—"

Louie sat down abruptly and wiped sweat from his face. "What's all this?" he snarled. But Lefty knew he was relieved.

Doc glanced from face to face, suddenly suspicious that he had been somehow tricked. "It'll be all right, won't it? I mean, course you two are brothers . . ."

Lefty said soberly, "It'll be all right."

Louie jumped up, hunching his thin shoulders, shaking his left hand, jabwise, at Lefty. "I won't carry him!" he cried savagely. "I won't hold him up!"

"Nobody asked you," Lefty said.

Max patted Lefty's shoulder, smiling at Doc. "It'll be all right," he said. "These boys'll give you a fine show."

Louie barked, "I'll knock his head off! I'll knock him out first punch!"

Lefty said, "Stop yelling."

"Then that's settled," Max said, seeing the satisfaction in Doc's face; he sat down. "Only," he added, rising hastily, "I got to have our end now, just in case. . . . Want to get a early start home, after."

Doc inflated his chest and yanked out the big wallet. He extracted a fifty-dollar bill and laid it in Max's waiting palm.

"There's fifty," Doc said, and then, counting, "fifty-one, fifty-two, fifty-three . ." He paused to lick his thumb, and said over his shoulder to Lefty, "You better get out of here, case somebody thinks something is coming off. Howard," he said to Big-Ear, "you take him up to my place."

Louie flopped to the bed; he sat there sulkily, pounding his clenched right hand into the palm of his left. "Remember what I said," he told Lefty, lowering his voice. "Remember what I said."

Big-Ear stepped forward, crooking his finger at Lefty. "We ain't afraid of *him*, are we?" he said. "We ain't. . . ." But his voice drizzled off when he caught the baleful look in Louie's eyes, and he backed toward the door and opened it without turning.

Lefty picked up his topcoat and adjusted his cap. "Well," he said, following Big-Ear, "so long."

Louie just looked at him; the others didn't answer. Closing the door, Lefty heard Doc counting, "Seventy-six, seventy-seven, seventy-eight . . ."

LATER, in a basement dressing room at the armory, a crowd of Center Point sports stood looking down at Lefty as he sat on a bench along the wall, waiting to fight. Big-Ear sat beside him, holding a great towel and with a galvanized pail half full of water on the floor between his feet. Lefty glanced up warily and saw the sports all staring at him, and he looked quickly away. A stout man in horn-rimmed glasses, who had been gazing unblinkingly at Lefty for half an hour, finally asked, "How much you getting for fighting this Louie what's-his-name?"

"His name?" Lefty said judiciously. "I think his name is Joe."

From upstairs the sounds of stamping feet and yelling voices came intermittently. Big-Ear cleared his throat and turned on the bench to face Lefty. "I figure," he began loudly, then stopped and went on in a whisper, "I figure this guy is a sucker for a good right hand. . . . Oh, you got a left hand."

Lefty looked down at the borrowed sneakers on his feet. He wasn't comfortable, waiting to fight Louie. He had seen Louie's fights, all of them. Louie had his own ways of winning. Lefty told himself: It's the best thing, and fifty bucks is fifty bucks. After the first fight, he'll be better; he'll be all right. He won't be so nervous. It's better he sho[illegible] me. The way he is, that big farm [illegible] of hurt him bad.

Upstairs, the impatient fight cr[illegible] grown noisier. Lefty stood up [illegible] his bandaged hands, starting t[illegible] lightly, moving his left arm slow [illegible] southpaw pitcher warming up. [illegible] jumped up and stepped forward "B[illegible] loosen up," he said self-conscious[illegible]

Lefty realized that it was ho[illegible] room; he was hot, anyway, an[illegible] down. Doc, looking excited and [illegible] but very important, opened the d[illegible] "All right, Lefty," he called. Le[illegible] up; he took his topcoat and d[illegible] about his shoulders. "Now y[illegible] what to *do*," Doc said, as if he d[illegible]

Lefty winked. "Don't worr[illegible] him," he said. "He's just talking[illegible]

Doc looked puzzled. "Well," [illegible] "you do the best you can, Le[illegible] other fights wasn't so hot." H[illegible] Lefty's arm and started away.

"Don't worry," Lefty said.

Big-Ear was behind Lefty; he [illegible] and patted Lefty's arm as Doc h[illegible] "Don't worry," he said. "This [illegible] sucker for a left hand."

Lefty turned to Big-Ear, rather [illegible] "Yes," he said, smiling. "He alwa[illegible] They started up the stairs, and th[illegible] from the dressing room followed [illegible]

UPSTAIRS, Louie and Max we[illegible] of them, going down the aisl[illegible] stopped, watching Louie hurryin[illegible] ring; he waited till Louie had du[illegible] der the ropes, till he had come [illegible] pirouette, bowing, with his v[illegible] smile. There was only a spatt[illegible] handclaps, and Lefty was disap[illegible] Louie made a grimace and turned [illegible] to his corner. There was no app[illegible] all when Lefty crawled into the ri[illegible]

Big-Ear came clumsily thro[illegible] ropes, splashing water from his [illegible] "What's that for?" Lefty ask[illegible] "Where's the fire?" He held the[illegible] while Big-Ear got out of the ring [illegible] below. Re-entering, Big-Ear sa[illegible] across the ring, breaking the ne[illegible] for Louie, and he picked up the p[illegible] Lefty and tried to do likewise. Do[illegible] center of the ring, raised his h[illegible] silence, and the crowd began t[illegible] and yell. Big-Ear was awkwardl[illegible] the gloves on, when Lefty had t[illegible] acknowledge his introduction: [illegible] St. Louis . . . weighing one hund[illegible] thirty-seven pounds—Lefty . . . S[illegible]

Lying back against the padded [illegible] the ropes, Lefty heard the cro[illegible] Louie a noisy salute at his intro[illegible] He saw Louie, bowing again, sm[illegible] phony show smile, and somehow [illegible] resentful. For these strangers, he [illegible] my brother will crucify me. Me[illegible] him a favor. Why can't he act[illegible] human being once in his life? A[illegible] else would do it; not his brothe[illegible] Within the red gloves, Lefty's fis[illegible] tight and hard and filled him wit[illegible] fidence that had no foundation b[illegible] theless gave him comfort. Okay, [illegible] himself, I ain't helpless. Louie [illegible] and danced in mid-ring till the che[illegible] away. Poor kid, Lefty thought, I'[illegible] done it; he waited a year for this [illegible]

He got up and went to the cente[illegible] ring, where Doc stood beckoni[illegible] faced Louie; Doc put his arms abo[illegible] shoulders, drawing them together. [illegible] boys," he was saying, "I want [illegible] clean fight, and give the customers [illegible] clean show. Don't lay heavy on th[illegible] the nuts is wore on the posts."

Louie shuffled on his toes, lick[illegible] swollen lips, looking at Lefty; [illegible] looked at the floor. Poor kid [illegible] thought, all he ever wanted was to [illegible] in a ring and have a crowd holler [illegible] while he put some guy's eyes ou[illegible] was finishing, "Shake hands now an[illegible] out fighting . . ." He wanted to sa[illegible]

bu for sportsmanship's sake, forbore. ey barely touched glove tips and tu ed toward their corners. Lefty walked sl ly; he stood with his back to Louie, st ously working the glove on his left ha d, waiting for the bell. He saw the tin keeper's hand pulling at the bell cord, bu not till the act was completed did he tu and walk out to meet his brother. Th e was Louie, his eyes black and br t and malignant, his mouth bulging wi the special mouthpiece; Lefty wa hed the right hand, not held as any ot r fighter would hold his but more as a ca night poise its claws for striking.

efty heard somebody in the crowd ca ng his name; he muttered, "Oh, what the hell," and threw the left hand. He th w it for all there was in him. Louie be him to the punch, but almost at the sa e time that Louie's right batted into his hin, Lefty felt the impact of his own bl solid on Louie's face. Black was all round him, and he put his head down, wa ing. Then Louie's punches rained up him, coming in pairs, a smash in the ay a wallop in the belly, a jolting punch n e face, a hammer blow to the neck, the eel of a glove across his face.

efty reached blindly, grabbing, and ou d Louie in close. He was the stronger, bu he could not stop his brother's two ip ng fists. "Take it easy," he said, twist- n away from the low ones. "Take it ea down there."

e hung on, with Louie punching, ri ting, snorting as he let his punches to Lefty wondered why Doc didn't break he linch. The familiar nausea had come o m with the first blow, and the left side of is face was numb; but when he could ec gain, he let go and stepped back.

acking away then, he saw Louie com- ng n, brushing at his right eye. He saw he hin, white break in the brow and the en ning of blood; and he remembered to Louie had always feared eye cuts. He vent forward with his hands only half ar d, crying, "Oh, Oolie, I'm sorry, I'm ly!"

ouie rammed a left into his face and him hard on the chin with a right g. Lefty's legs were weak; his arm cles seemed cramped; he had punched once, and he was panting. But, back- away, he threw his punch, his left d, and missed; the crowd yelled for so he let it go again, and missed so y that he fell to his knees. The crowd hed then; and Louie, when Lefty had half risen, stepped behind him and bed him to the floor with one, great, -swung haymaker. Lying there, pushing the dirty canvas away, the sense of the fight departed Lefty; he was only a man hired to do a job, so he got up.

He got up and walked straight to meet his brother, and he swung his one punch as he walked. All the time, he could see Louie's right coming; he skewed his head against it, but not quickly enough. It hit him; another hit him, flush on the chin. But a strange thing was occurring: Lefty's left was still swinging; it was a bodyless, floating left fist in a glove, sailing along, as if it had sailed so for miles, and when it landed on Louie's cheek, it seemed a mere touch; it only nudged the strained face gently and then fell strengthless at Lefty's side.

Louie was down; he was crawling on the canvas; he had been knocked down, and yet, his eyes were as black and bright, his face was unchanged, as if he were still the one to shape the course of the battle; and it was obvious that he did not know, his brain had not yet told him, that he was down. The frenzied voice of the crowd came up to Lefty from every side, and he was thinking crazily: If they'd stop, I could lay down and rest.

LOUIE had struggled to his knees. He looked up into the glare of light, and Lefty, now seeing the trickle of blood that blinded his brother's right eye, knew what had happened. Lefty saw Louie's face change in a way that he recognized, and pity choked him, remembering his brother, a little boy crying.

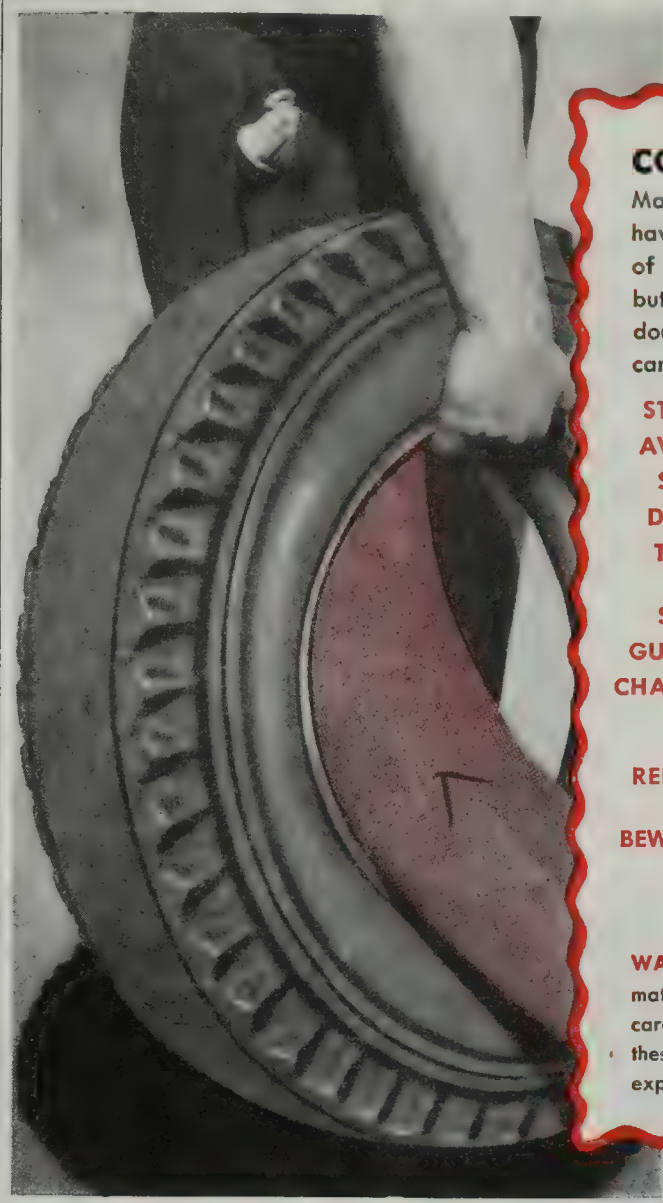
Doc was counting, away too fast, swinging his arm down with every count. Louie tried to lurch to his feet and only drove his head against the floor. Two men in ringside seats whooped above the clamor of the crowd, throwing their hats high. Doc ran to raise Lefty's right hand, and Big-Ear came stumbling through the ropes to paw, puppylike, at Lefty, pulling at his gloves, babbling, "I knew it! Knew you didn't have no glass chin!"

Lefty looked down at his brother. Doc said, as if whispering, but actually shouting, in his ear, "Go pick him up. Make a hit with the fans." Lefty shook his head. There was nothing he could say; there was nothing he could do. He sobbed as he thought: He'll hate me forever now, his own brother. A strange feeling grew within him and became a familiar, remembered sensation, his dimming sight, the lightness of his body, the rushing silence in his ears, and he thought bitterly: Oh, why so slow? Why now? Why so late? for he knew he was going out like a light.

THE END

"It hasn't been all one-sided—he's taught me a number of things too"

COLLIER'S CLAUDE SMITH



CONSERVE RUBBER

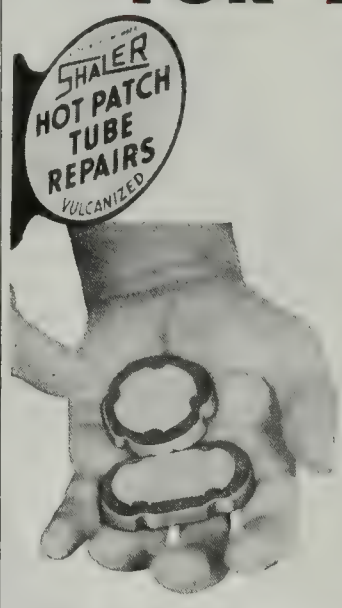
Many tires with proper care have given over 100,000 miles of service. Unusual, to be true, but proper care will more than double the life of tires over our carefree days of high speed.

START *Slowly.*
AVOID *Bad Roads.*
STOP *Scuffing Curbs.*
DRIVE *Slowly—35 M.P.H.*
TURN *Corners and curves slowly.*
STOP *Gradually.*
GUARD *Inflation.*
CHANGE *Tires from one wheel to another in rotation frequently.*
REPAIR *Small cuts and bruises AT ONCE.*
BEWARE *Of damaged rims, misalignment, faulty brakes and always match up dual truck tires.*

WAR TIRES are made of reclaimed materials. They require even more care than our prewar tires. Follow these simple precautions and you may expect good mileage from them too!

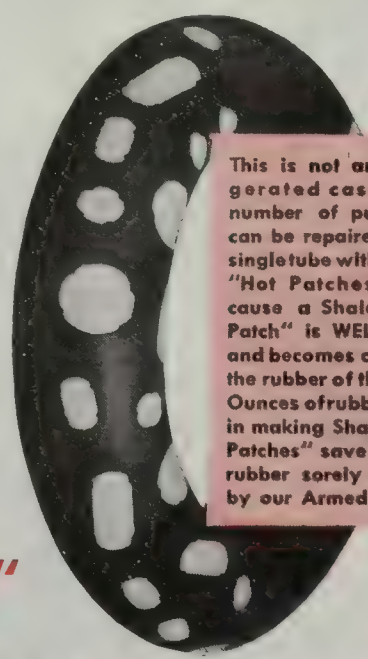
CARE FOR YOUR CAR

FOR YOUR COUNTRY



Look for the Authorized Shaler Dealer sign and "Let a Man Who Knows How" repair your tubes. 168,000 Authorized Shaler Dealers from Coast to Coast are equipped to serve you.

• Your tubes can be repaired many times if repaired the Shaler Vulcanized "Hot Patch" way. Tube repairs made with Shaler "Hot Patches" insure against unnecessary failures which may ruin not only the tube but the tire casing as well. Being vulcanized or welded to the rubber of the tube, the "Hot Patch" becomes a permanent part of the tube. To be safe,—to conserve our vitally needed rubber supply — to insure maximum mileage from every tire, insist on a Shaler Vulcanized "Hot Patch" repair of every puncture. Made by the makers of RISLONE and KAR-BOUT, oil alloys that free sticky valves and prolong engine life... THE SHALER COMPANY, Waupun, Wis. and Toronto, Can.



This is not an exaggerated case—any number of punctures can be repaired on a single tube with Shaler "Hot Patches"—because a Shaler "Hot Patch" is WELDED to and becomes a part of the rubber of the tube. Ounces of rubber used in making Shaler "Hot Patches" save tons of rubber sorely needed by our Armed Forces.

SHALER

"HOT PATCHES"

THE SAFEST TUBE REPAIRS KNOWN

THE NEW PENNY—and How it Grew

BY KYLE CRICHTON

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB LEAVITT

AS IF the food shortage and the gasoline rationing weren't bad enough, the war has dealt us one last crowning blow, to wit, the new zinc-coated penny. As a war baby not even cherished by its mother, it is calculated to drive mad every ticket seller, bank teller and money-changer in the nation. It has the looks of a dime and the value of a cent, and the Republicans will undoubtedly claim that the whole thing is a Democratic plot.

The mother of invention in this case is Nellie Tayloe Ross, Director of the Mint, who was told very bluntly by the WPB in June, 1942, that the old one-cent piece might be cherished by the American public with devotion, but, as from this day forth, there would not be another pound of copper available for it.

This was a blow of some magnitude, for Mrs. Ross (the first woman to be governor of an American state—Wyoming) because the demand for pennies had never been greater than in 1942. From the beginning of coinage until the Mint discontinued the copper coins, about eleven billion one-cent pieces had been struck. In the fiscal year of 1942 alone, one billion and a half pieces were struck—almost one tenth of the all-time total, requiring 4,600 tons of copper for that purpose.

With the phenomenal increase of vending machines (we seem to get almost everything that way these days) and the various sales taxes, more pennies were needed than ever before. Mrs. Ross had been experimenting with the problem for months because it was plain that there were going to be metal shortages. Her metallurgists had been making extensive tests with glass, plastics, zinc and steel. Stainless steel would be good, she informed the WPB eagerly. How about it? No stainless steel, they said sternly. Zinc? No zinc. Glass wasn't practicable, and plastics provided coins so light that they made no impression on the vending machines, plastics were also badly needed for war purposes.

The final result was no choice at all; the Mint would have to take low-carbon steel or nothing. This was a harrowing prospect, because the steel would most certainly rust, and the coins would soon look like slugs, an abhorred word among all true coin lovers such as the owners of slot machines. A concession was made by WPB whereby the coins were to be electroplated with five ten-thousandths of an inch of zinc. The steel comes to the three great U. S. Mints (Philadelphia, Denver, San Francisco) in bars eight feet long and a w of five coins across.

Coinage of the new steel coin started in Febr of this year, and by June 1st, a total of 113,526 one-cent pieces had been produced. Of that num 95,642,677 pieces had been distributed by that s date, showing the great need for them. The weigh the new coin is 42.5 grains; the old bronze coin wa grains. The new coin has a diameter of .750 inches a thickness of .062 inches.

In the interval between the discontinuance of old and the coining of the new, things were in a n The Federal Reserve banks were clamoring for pen and there were no pennies. At this juncture Mrs. appealed nationally for penny hoarders to disgorge, the coins came forth in floods. It was found that s families had as many as 2,000 pennies cached awa glass jars, tin cans, piggy banks and dresser drav Doctor J. Elwood Amos of the University of burgh put on a drive among his students which vided a record haul of 1,000,000 pennies. That helped a great deal and is being continued. It is true that the copper coins now in circulation wil called in and melted down; we're going to need al pennies, new and old, we can get our hands on.

The saving of 4,600 tons of copper a year is s cient to meet the combined requirements of two c ers, two destroyers, 1,245 Flying Fortresses, 120 guns and 120 howitzers—or it can provide the co for 1,250,000 shells for big field guns.

There was no denying that the new penny ca much confusion on its appearance. The ticket s who grabbed up a quarter, a nickel and a dime, thin she was getting a forty-cent admission, was often grined to find that what she really had was th one cents. But the difference between a dime and latest penny is readily apparent after a few looks at new beauty and, even more fortunately, the bright newcomer tends to become dark after a bit of use.

Taking the Shine Off the New Penny

If the Mint ever gets enough coins ahead so can keep them in storage before shipping them o is hoped that the darkening process will already taken place before their public appearance. Atte to darken them artificially with the use of liquids f because it was impossible to get an even coating; coins just looked mottled and rather ill.

There were many indignant suggestions about recting the situation. Most frequent question Why wasn't a new design used?

Answers: (a) If it was hexagonal, it couldn't be in vending machines and in money-counting mach in banks. (b) Can you imagine the outcry at the tho of a hole being punched in Lincoln's face? (c) It w take months to get a new design made, approved put into production. There would first have to competition for the design among the artists, or uproar would be tremendous. After that, the de would have to be approved by the Fine Arts C mittee and the President. It would take ano month to make the master die, and additional mo to get the working dies into operation.

Several sections of the country had not had a at the new pennies when this was written, but will be around very shortly and it is just as well t prepared. They are lighter than a dime and ha soggy fake sound when bounced.

Think that over philosophically when you've taken in a handful of pennies under the misappre sion that you're rich in silver. Leading a charge of citizens up the steps of the Treasury isn't going t any good. The penny is made of zinc-coated steel cause there isn't a single other thing in the world it c be made of. After all, it isn't hay.

The smile is one of relief. Nellie Tayloe Ross, rector of the Mint, was told by WPB that couldn't use copper for pennies any more. I she examines a new batch made of zinc-plated s

How life insurance dollars help produce steel for Victory

WHEN PEARL HARBOR CAME, Americans had reason to be proud that our steel industry was ready to beat our ploughshares into swords at an astonishing rate.

This year alone, American steel mills will have turned out the steel needed for countless wartime uses. Steel for an estimated 60,000 tanks, 90,000 airplanes, 15,000,000 tons of shipping . . . steel for guns, shells, and bombs. Steel for great cables like those that righted the *Oklahoma* and other battleships sunk at Pearl Harbor . . . steel for the fleets of scrapers and tractors that helped build the Alaskan highway.

Result of courage and faith

These contributions to our war effort didn't just happen by accident. Long before Pearl Harbor, far-sighted steel management had the courage and the faith to increase steel capacity far beyond immediate needs.

Management was able to do this because of our natural resources, our native ingenuity, the skill of American manpower. . . and the millions of dollars invested in industry by people who have faith in America's future.

Among these are the policyholders of America's life insurance companies. Through their companies, 67,000,000 policyholders have invested about $1,750,000,000 in the bonds of industrial concerns. Of this amount, more than $350,000,000 represents investments made by Metropolitan for policyholders.

These investments have been made not only in the steel industry, but in the aluminum, rubber, oil, chemical, and many others. Our war effort requires maximum production in these industries. This production could not have been attained without adequate financial backing. Every life insurance agent who persuades some individual to provide or retain life insurance is the means of making life insurance dollars available for such investments.

Today—war comes first

Today, most of Metropolitan's fund available for investment is going into United States Government Bonds to help finance the war. When the war ends, the dollars that policyholders have set aside to insure the security of their families will again be ready to support and encourage sound and stable peacetime industries.

Steel, for example, is already doing its postwar planning. The present feats of that industry are an indication of what we may expect in steel for better peacetime products, ranging from railway equipment to kitchen cabinets, and from automobiles to bread knives.

Planning for the future

Just as life insurance policyholders contributed to our present industrial capacity, every one who uses life insurance to plan his own future is helping, through payment of premiums, to underwrite industry's postwar planning.

For Metropolitan's 30,000,000 policyholders have faith in the continued and growing greatness of their country.

BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS FROM ANY METROPOLITAN AGENT, OR AT ANY METROPOLITAN OFFICE

COPYRIGHT 1943—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

75th ANNIVERSARY 1868-1943

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(*A MUTUAL COMPANY*)

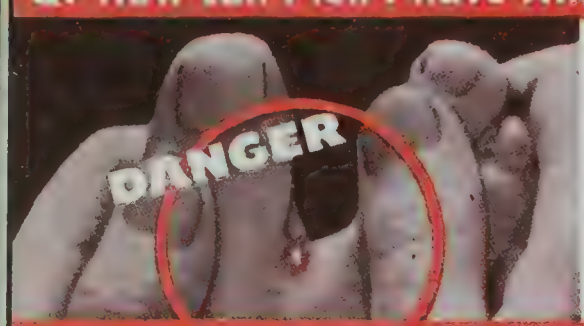
Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln,
PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

ATHLETE'S FOOT is caused by tiny plants called fungi, which are present on all feet most of the time. When excessive perspiration occurs, as it does in hot summer weather, two things happen. 1. The Athlete's Foot fungi feed on the perspiration and dead skin, grow twice as fast. 2. The perspiration irritates the skin between the toes, causing cracks. Then, the fungi attack the raw flesh through the cracks and spread.

Q. How can I tell I have Athlete's Foot?



A. Look for cracks between your toes tonight! These are the danger signals. When skin cracks, your natural protective barrier of smooth, unbroken skin is gone. Ceaseless itching, pain in walking, inflammation of the toes—all tell you Athlete's Foot has struck your feet!

Q. How can I relieve Athlete's Foot?

A. At the first sign of a crack drench the toes with Absorbine Jr. *full strength.* Repeat night and morning.

Q. Why should I use Absorbine Jr.?

A. 1. Absorbine Jr. is an effective fungicide. It *kills* the Athlete's Foot fungi *on contact.*

2. It dissolves the perspiration products on which the Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.

3. It dries the skin between the toes.

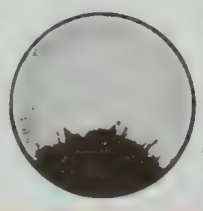
4. It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.

5. It eases itching, pain of Athlete's Foot.

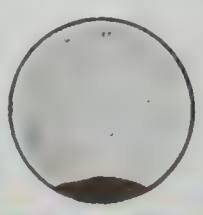
Q. Where can I get Absorbine Jr.?

A. Buy Absorbine Jr. at your drugstore. $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, address W. F. Young, Inc., 201N Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. Don't take chances with Athlete's Foot this summer. It can keep you off your job, cause days of misery. Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.

PROOF that Athlete's Foot fungi DIE AT TOUCH of Absorbine Jr.



Fungi growing fast Photomicrograph of Athlete's Foot fungi. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, irritates delicate nerve endings. No wonder Athlete's Foot causes such severe pain!



Fungi dead Photomicrograph showing that Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot fungi as they are reached. No longer can they grow, causing you so much pain and misery.

ABSORBINE Jr. KILLS ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGI ON CONTACT

Also brings QUICK RELIEF to these summer troubles

It's the Americans

Continued from page 16

before, with slabs of chocolate, bunches of flowers, packets of candy.

"Young man, I am *not* your aunt," she said one day, angrily.

He looked at her in the queer, gentle way he had, his long face lighting.

"Sure, I know it. But I wish you were," he said, and he peeled a piece of chewing gum for himself, and offered her a bit. She snorted angrily, ignoring it, and fled.

It made no difference to Elmer. When he wanted her, he just went after her. He never had any difficulty in catching her. He would walk beside her, explaining to her how you flew a bomber. He told her how Berlin looked at night, the flak coming up at you. He told her how lonely a kid felt sometimes, up there in the sky.

Aunt Louie did not believe a word of it. She thought him an accomplished liar. "He's probably a greaser," she said scornfully.

"But he isn't, Aunt Louie. He's the skipper of a crew. Seven people," said Rose.

"You seem to know a great deal about it," said Aunt Louie.

HOW could she help knowing about it? He would come and sit in the stables, on a bale of hay, and talk to her while she combed the goats. Talk of his aircraft, as a young man speaks of his first love. Her idiosyncrasies, her likes and dislikes, her tendency to ice over. And he told Rose of the loneliness of the skies, the cloud scenery making another world—a world where rainbows were colored circles.

Aunt Louie never found him there; otherwise she would probably have put an end to it, as she had put an end to the only romance Aunt Kate had ever had. But would she? Elmer had a way of getting round Aunt Louie no one else had ever had.

Even over the matter of the pigeon, Elmer won. Up on the picture rail in the big hall, quite a large, stout pigeon appeared one day, bowing graciously to Aunt Louie as she passed.

"Shoo!" cried Aunt Louie, flapping a duster. "Take it away. I won't have birds in the house."

"That's Airborne Joe," said Elmer. "He's our carrier pigeon. Each bomber has one—in case. Just in case. He's a cute little fellow. He has his own oxygen mask for when we get way up."

"Stop talking nonsense and remove that bird," said Aunt Louie.

"He's got to stay around today. The aircraft's being cleaned up, Aunt Louie. He won't do any harm."

"He *is* doing harm," said Aunt Louie ominously. "*Will* you take him away?"

"He won't come down till teatime, anyhow," said Elmer. "I'll take him away then. He's a punctual kind of bird, is Airborne Joe. Sometime I plan to fit a rear light on him, let him go, and race him home."

Aunt Louie looked at him with that drowning expression she sometimes had, and went away, slamming a door.

"Gee . . ." said Elmer. "I hope she isn't sore."

He picked a letter up from the table, locked at it, and put it down. "Why does nobody ever post them?" asked Rose. "They've been here for days."

"That's 'In Case' mail," said Elmer quietly, his hands in his pockets. "When we set out, we hand a letter to the chap there, saying, 'Take this in case anything happens to me, and I don't get back.'"

She drew her breath in swiftly. "Oh!"

"When a kite is posted as missing, we drink the kids' health in their favorite drinks. Then we throw away the glasses into a corner so that they get broken. . . . Then we don't talk of them any mo[illegible] It's the only way."

His voice was flat and matter-of-fact. He might have been describing a power border. Rose walked over to the window. Her throat ached.

He came and stood beside her, a fair boy with a long, humorous face—most ugly, till he smiled. "Well," he said, "I got to go." For a moment it was as [illegible] wanted to say something else, but [illegible] didn't. He turned and went out.

Presently she saw him with a vast accumulation of kit, and Airborne Joe on his shoulder, crossing the garden. And later, drawing her curtains aside at bedtime, she heard the roar of bombers, and saw them rising, one and one, winging like big [illegible] bats over a full moon, till the night [illegible] lowed them and they became part of it and the noise of them died away. She closed her eyes and prayed in her [illegible] "O God, bring him back safe. [illegible] bring him back safe."

She had never known before where he went. He never talked about it. But this time her heart told her.

There seemed to be a strange stillness over the world next morning. No engines throbbed on the landing ground. There was silence in the requisitioned side of the house.

They would be sleeping, thought Rose, after the raid. She tiptoed through the hall on her way to breakfast. The [illegible] had just come in. He stood, pale and leaden-eyed, by the mail table, looking through the letters. If he saw Rose, he gave no sign.

It was while they were at breakfast there came a knock at the door and a boy in uniform stood there. For a moment Rose's heart leaped, for she thought it was news—Elmer, come to tell Aunt Louie all about it—even if she didn't want to know. It was an orderly, carrying a little tray. The tray had a letter on it, and a slab of chocolate. He handed it to Aunt Louie and withdrew.

"What's this foolery?" said Aunt Louie, tearing open the letter. "Elmer Jones. What does he want to write to me about? Pah, all this nonsense."

But in that moment, Rose knew. Fear and a queer, cold courage and self-control came to her. She said, and her voice was hard and clear, "That's 'In Case' mail, Aunt Louie. It means he has not come back."

THERE was a silence. Aunt Louie picked up the letter again, and looked at it. Her hands that never shook were shaking. "Hadn't you better read it?" said Rose quietly.

"Dear Aunt Louie: If you ever get this it will mean I have got it and shall not be back to bother you any further with my nonsense and the tales you don't believe. Thanks a whole lot for being so swell to all of us. I had a lot of fun at the mess and no one is more sorry than I am at having to leave so suddenly.

"I had this chocolate from home yesterday. I hope you will like it and am sad we shan't meet again."

"Gone!" said Aunt Kate, incredulously. "I—I can hardly believe it. Why, [illegible] yesterday . . ."

"Be quiet, Kate," snapped Aunt Louie. She looked at Rose. "You are sure of this?"

"He told me. All those letters out there on the table mean that. Nobody delivers them until the aircraft is posted as missing."

Aunt Louie got up. In some queer way she seemed to have unstiffened. "I—I

ing to my room," she said. The door osed behind her.

She's crying!" said Aunt Kate, horrifi. "I haven't seen your aunt cry since t death of Queen Victoria. She thought s didn't like him, you know. But now s realizes she did. He was so wonderf with her. Patient . . . like a lover. She ver had a lover, you know. I've often ought that is why she was so hard. He s so sweet with her, that boy. And she dn't know, but she liked it! Oh, my poor ose! And you loved him."

Rose said, quietly, "I shall love him till lie."

HE went about her usual work all that day. She fed the chickens, groomed the rses, attended to the goats. Part of her emed to have died.

She met the officer coming out of the ess, and stopped him, but found she uldn't speak. She didn't have to. He t his hand on her shoulder.

"Sorry, kid. He was one of the best lots we had. He crashed on the way me. The others saw him. He left a let- which I sent along to your aunt. . . ."

Rose nodded. She said nothing. There s nothing to say. Now she had only

SUMMARY

So many have so much to say
About the topics of the day
With countless personal variations
Of all the war communications
And other matters pertinent
To business and the government,
That after having heard or read
What barely half of them have said,
I have an even hazier photo
Of what is going on in toto.

S. H. Dewhurst

emory, and a dream of the thing that ight have been between them. And, in r mind, a picture of the last she had seen him, as the bombers went out, like bats, er the moon.

All that day she kept thinking if only ere was something she could do for m! But she couldn't even have the puny mfort of laying flowers on his grave. . . . nd then, quite suddenly, after she was in d that night, she thought of it.

She got up, and put on her childish oldshioned red flannel dressing gown, and ent downstairs. She didn't know what s favorite drink was. When he had been ith them, he had liked Aunt Kate's cowip wine.

She filled a wineglass and stood there the flickering candlelight.

"Here's to K for Kitten," she said, loud nd clear. "God bless them all!" She ained the glass and flung it from her ith a sob. It hit the wall and shivered to small pieces. . . .

A voice said mildly, "What's going on ere . . . ?"

She stood quite still, her eyes closed. e only had one good arm, but he put it ound her. His head was bandaged, his ng, solemn face looked longer than ever, ith its white swathings. His right arm as in a sling.

He drew her to him. "If I thought you ere crying for me," he said, "I certainly ould be a happy guy. . . . Even though ve lost my kite, and we didn't get the ear gunner out."

"What happened to you? What happened?" she whispered. "They said that ou had gone. Aunt Louie got her 'In ase' mail."

"And the slab of chocolate?"

She nodded. "And the slab of chocolate."

"We got shot down all right, and the ite sank. But I got clear with some of the kids. Gee, but those rubber dinghies are pretty uncomfortable, I can tell you. For kids with long legs. Then a destroyer picked us up, and I came right along."

He kissed her.

"What will your aunt say?"

"Does it matter?" she asked.

"No. But it would be kind of nice if we didn't have to upset her."

"She cried—I can tell you that. When she got your letter, she cried. Aunt Kate said it was the first time since the death of Queen Victoria."

"She did? Then let's go right along and see her now."

He was gray with weariness, almost asleep on his feet. She said, "Wait till tomorrow, darling. We'll tell her tomorrow."

But he shook his head. With his one good arm around her they went upstairs. There was a line of light under Aunt Louie's door, late as it was. Softly Rose opened it. . . . Softly they went in.

She wasn't in bed. She was kneeling, in her gray dressing gown beside her *priedieu,* looking for all the world like some ancient monk. She wasn't so much praying as issuing a few orders to the Almighty:

"Too young," Aunt Louie was saying angrily; "far, far too young . . ."

Elmer looked at Rose, and his face lighted—the way it did. Then he went over and laid a hand on the old woman's shoulder.

"Aunt Louie, just a minute. I want that letter back."

She looked up at him. For a moment Rose thought she was going to put her arms around him.

"It wasn't time to send my 'In Case' mail," he said. "Not this trip. After all, I got back."

Aunt Louie got up very slowly. She put a hand on both his shoulders and looked at him, her hard face all broken up and gentle.

"You're hurt . . ." she said. "Have you had it properly seen to? Rose, don't stand there like a dummy. Get some sheets on the best spare bed, while I take him down to the dining room and give him some sandwiches and something to drink."

LATER, Rose found them sitting at the table, an unlikely couple. It was the first time that she had ever known her aunt to be liberal with the whisky and the sardines.

"You shouldn't take all this trouble for me," said Elmer. "If you give me all this encouragement, I'll be asking you to let me marry Rose tomorrow."

"We'll talk about it tomorrow," said Aunt Louie. In her eyes was the look she would have had for her own son, if she had ever had one. "You'll get off to bed now."

He was skillfully unwrapping a piece of chewing gum with his one good hand. "Have a bit? Go on. Try it," he coaxed. "You don't have to finish it if you don't like it."

"Oh, well! Thank you very much." Aunt Louie took it gingerly.

Elmer bent over, suddenly, and kissed her. "Good night, Aunt Louie," he said. "Funny the way I kind of knew from the start you'd be my aunt some day, too."

Rose took him upstairs. What Aunt Louie would have said at any other time, if she had suggested showing a young man to the spare room, wearing her nightgown and dressing gown, Rose couldn't imagine. Now, she said nothing at all. When Rose got back, she was standing there, looking at the piece of chewing gum that lay in the palm of her hand.

"Now then, Rose. Get to bed," she said, with a swift return of her old grimness. "What on earth has been going on here? The whole place full of broken glass! I shall have to speak to Jane tomorrow."

The End

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Calif.

Seven Sins

Continued from page 25

certain priestesses of Ancient Egypt, that of releasing the spirit, which is deathless, from the body, which commonly trammels it throughout earth life. Many such priestesses of the past, whose powers exceeded anything we can well imagine today, were in no sense models of physical purity."

Colonel O'Halloran began to roll a cigarette. "Frankly, all rather beyond me."

"Naturally. One is strangely alone in such pursuits; it is part of the price one has to pay. Fortunately, my financial resources, and my family name up to a point, enable me to defy prejudice and to ignore misunderstanding." He raised his hand to his high brow so that the green scarab which he wore twinkled like the eye of a reptile. "But I recognize the fact that when homicide intrudes upon my studies I have no armor against malice."

Colonel O'Halloran bit ragged ends from his cigarette and, taking up the carafe, refilled both glasses. "Quite satisfied about your man Wake?"

"Yes," Lord Marcus replied, prolonging the word in a meditative way. "He juggles with the household accounts, steals my wine, my whisky and my cigars. I believe he goes in for dog racing, and no doubt the housekeeping allowance is employed to make up his losses. In every other respect, he suits me well."

COLONEL O'HALLORAN grinned; it was a cheerful, mischievous, rather boyish grin. "Wouldn't suit me."

"A more honest man would probably be less competent."

"Might be. Less expensive, too. Fact is, Amberdale—might as well get down to it—you have some queer acquaintances. Wake and Mrs. Vane are only two of 'em. The interest of my department begins and ends, more or less, with the Loeder case; but Loeder case overlaps much more urgent job. There's a spy ring in London. It's a serious menace to war effort. These people are believed, in certain quarters, to use the underground gambling racket as a means of getting information."

"Might I ask in what way this concerns my queer acquaintances?"

"Well—saw you lunching with Mrs. Destrée the other day at the Grand Marnier. She's up to her neck in the racket, although we can't prove it. See what I mean?"

"I take it to mean, O'Halloran, that these associations are held to lend color to the suspicion that I am an undesirable character."

Colonel O'Halloran grinned again. "Not by me. But the average working police officer can be excused if he tries to add up two and two to make four. Destrée is a pretty woman and goes nearly everywhere; Eurasian, I should say, but attractive. Thing is, Amberdale, why have *you* taken her up?"

Lord Marcus raised his glass, twirling it slowly and watching the amber liquid as a seer watches his crystal.

"I am trying"—his effortless oratory was audible above all other sounds—"to assemble a psychic chain. The spiritual core within a man is much older than his body, O'Halloran. Some of us have shared common experiences when the world was young. Those of us who are peculiarly sensitive recognize these associations; in this way groups are formed, groups brought together by old love and by old enmity. The seven deadly sins turn us aside from our true destiny and have kept us on the treadmill of mortal life all down the centuries. Now, the significance of seven is a subject which I have no time to discuss, but I am trying to assemble a group of seven people whose paths have crossed one another in past lives."

"What for?" asked the colonel.

"To strengthen my individual power. The *force* which I could generate in this way might achieve miracles. Mrs. Vane, in trance, is able to recognize those who belong to the same cycle as ourselves. She might identify you—correctly, I have no doubt—or she might point to a complete stranger."

"New kind of hunting, Amberdale."

"No, O'Halloran, very old. I make it my business to seek out those whom she has recognized in order to learn if they are in other respects suitable. In this way I recently made the acquaintance of Mrs. Destrée. She is a woman steeped in evil; her spirit is old as Atlantis; but it is a spirit of power. In such an experiment as this which I contemplate, the positive and the negative good and evil must be nicely adjusted. My cousin, Fay Perigal, will, I hope, consent to join us. She will help to adjust the scales."

"She isn't keen, I take it?"

"It frightens her," Lord Marcus replied simply. "But since the time when she was a little girl, when during her holidays I used to take her to Hampton Court, to the zoo, to matinees, and so forth, I have known that her spirit was a white flame, a spirit older and wiser than mine." He sipped his sherry, and, as if he feared that he had transgressed, smiled his disarming smile. "I must apologize, O'Halloran, for this sermon; but you are partly to blame."

"Not a bit of it. Extraordinarily interested." The assistant commissioner emptied his second glass. "Suppose we go in to lunch?"

RITA MARTIN set out at three o'clock from Simone's upon an assignment booked for her that morning by Mlle. Dorine.

Recently, her associates had noted a change creeping over her, but only one had succeeded in discovering its cause. Sadness was in it, and her friend, Dora, fully understood its origin, since she guessed rather than knew that Rita's smart clothes and comfortable apartment had been due to the munificence of the late Sir Giles Loeder. But there was something else.

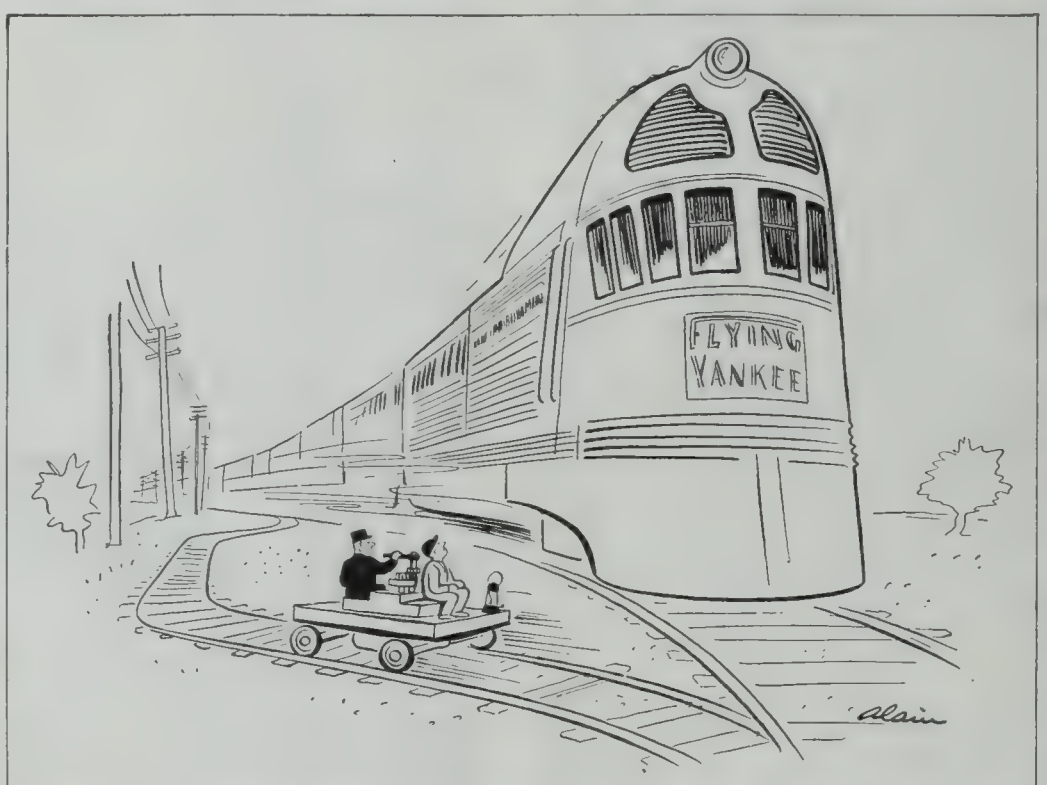
Rita seemed to become apprehensive every time the telephone rang; seemed to mistrust any new client who entered the place. Dora understood this also. She had overheard Lady Huskin cross-examining Rita about her friendship with Sir Giles; she knew that Rita had been with him on the night of his death. Rita, however, had not confided in Dora, who only that morning had said to her, "You are as restless as a cat. What's up with you?" But Rita had shrugged her shoulders irritably and had made no reply. Now, as she passed through the shop, the receptionist said to her:

"You can go home when you have finished, Miss Rita. You need not return to the salon."

"Thank you, Mlle. Dorine. Goodby."

"Goodby."

She opened the door and stepped into the street, then hurried on around the corner. A young auxiliary policeman (in private life a screen juvenile) who stood there, smiled appreciatively, but his smile seemed to frighten her. He scratched his chin reflectively, looking after the trim figure and wondering if he had lost his sex appeal. In fact, she had barely noticed the man but had merely noticed the uniform, and members of the police force had become objects of dread to Rita.



COLLIER'S "Flying Yankee—we always give it the right of way" DANIEL ALAIN

There was not an hour of the day and there were comparatively few of the night—those haunted, sleepless nights—when she did not check up in every memorable particular upon the events of her final parting from Sir Giles. Over and over again, a maddening iteration, she had reviewed those persons who knew, or who might know, that she had been in his company just before his murder.

There were the people who had been at the roulette party in Hay Hill. Actually, Sir Giles had introduced none of them: he never did on such occasions. He had contrived to keep her well in the background, so that even Lady Huskin had failed to see her. Teddie Olivar had invited her to a drink in a side room, and there might have been others who knew her by sight. Now, of course, that old cat Lady Huskin knew.

She found herself avoiding the glances of all taxi drivers; for the man who had driven her home on that fatal night would certainly be able to describe her. By an unfortunate coincidence, she had been twice in his taxi, first on the way to the B.B.C., and later from Berkeley Square to her own apartment in King's Road.

Why had the police not asked for her evidence?

Then, there was someone else—someone else whom she knew in her hea[illegible] seen her, and had seen her with Sir [illegible] Dick Kershaw. Why had he not [illegible] forward, demanded an explanation? [illegible] he too gone to the police?

This was the menace which over[illegible] Rita Martin, haunted her by day a[illegible] night. It was beginning to take inev[illegible] toll of her good looks. As if, she refl[illegible] fortune had not hit her hard enoug[illegible] already; for where could she hope to [illegible] the quarterly rent of her snug little [illegible] ters in Chelsea? In fact, failing one [illegible] the man upon whom she had counte[illegible] who unaccountably had disappeared, [illegible] did the future hold for her? And [illegible] this assignment.

It was with Mrs. Destrée at Ga[illegible] House.

She dreaded the interview beyond [illegible] ure, but it was impossible that she s[illegible] avoid it, and she could no longer a[illegible] to lose her employment; this would [illegible] going straight into the army. Further[illegible] it would mean. . . . Her thoughts mad[illegible] feel quite dizzy. In fact, she stood st[illegible] the corner of Clarges Street, endeav[illegible] to regain command of herself.

Destrée . . . who was Destrée? Des[illegible] name she had often heard spoken, [illegible] hitherto Destrée had not been a clie[illegible] Simone's; then, on that evening, Rita [illegible] seen her glittering in the shadows [illegible] brilliant night moth. Rita, a brunette [illegible] self, admired dark beauty, and she th[illegible] Destrée was exotically lovely. But ev[illegible] Sir Giles had offered to introduce [illegible] which he studiously avoided doing, [illegible] would have refused the honor. Rita [illegible] a realist and did not shirk facts. [illegible] feared Destrée as the average woman [illegible] an adder.

When she arrived at Gatacre Hous[illegible] was almost sick with apprehension.

"LADY HUSKIN mentioned your n[illegible] to me," said Destrée. "You k[illegible] Lady Huskin?"

"Yes, madam, I dress her ladys[illegible] hair regularly."

Her voice was toneless but not [illegible] gether steady.

Destrée sat in a cushioned chair w[illegible] more nearly resembled a throne. [illegible] thought that it was some kind of [illegible] work; the pale lemon-colored wood [illegible] inlaid with ivory and mother-of-p[illegible] Destrée wore a white swan's-down [illegible] having long sleeves, and she sat be[illegible] a wonderfully equipped dressing t[illegible] watching her own and Rita's reflectio[illegible] the mirror.

"You have seen me before, somet[illegible] I believe, Miss Rita?"

Rita swallowed rapidly and stoope[illegible] pick up a brush from the small table be[illegible] her. "Yes, madam, I believe I saw [illegible] once—in the distance."

Destrée sighed contentedly as the b[illegible] was passed through her hair and cl[illegible] her eyes entirely, or seemed to do so. [illegible] Mrs. Sankey's?" she murmured.

"Well, madam, I believe that was [illegible] name of the lady to whose flat I was ta[illegible] one evening. Mrs. Sankey herself was [illegible] there."

"No. She lives out of London. She [illegible] her flat for parties. . . . Yes, I remem[illegible] now," Destrée murmured. "You c[illegible] with poor Sir Giles Loeder."

"Yes, madam."

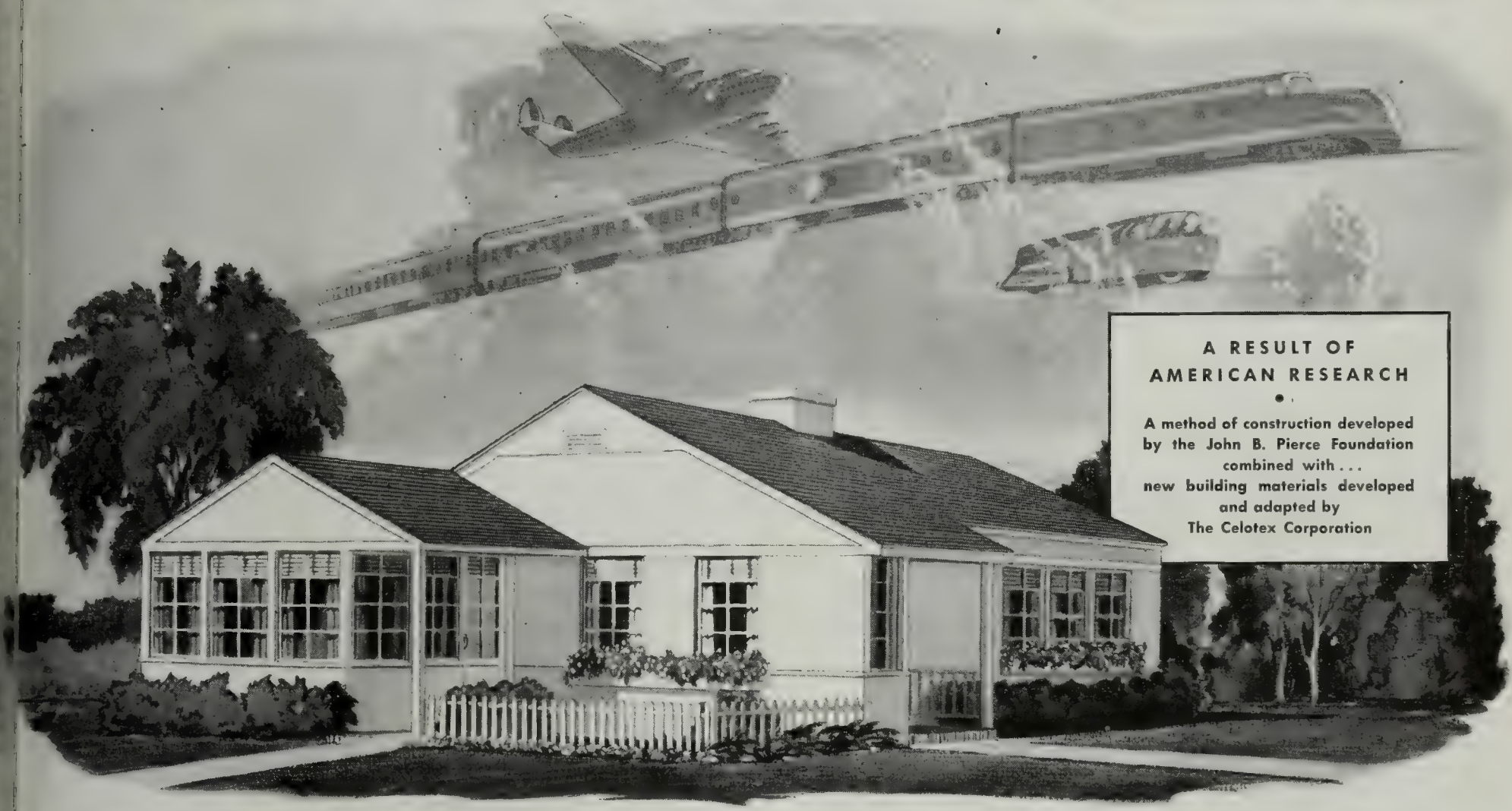
"Poor Sir Giles was rather fond [illegible] pretty girls, I am afraid. Yes? His ch[illegible] was—most democratic."

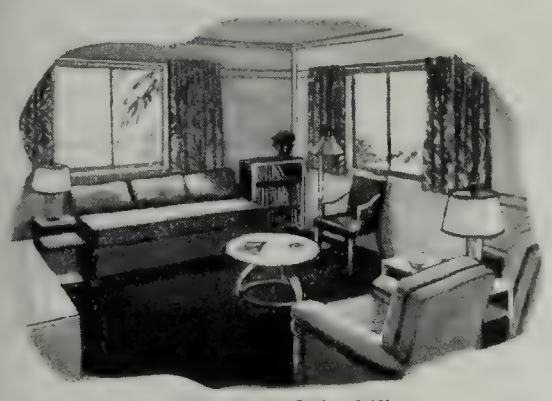
Perhaps there was nothing in these w[illegible] but a sort of playful sadness, yet they a[illegible] sharply upon Rita; in fact, they stimul[illegible] a spirit of bravado which sometimes [illegible] rationally took charge of her behavior.

"Really, madam, I am afraid I k[illegible]

REVOLUTIONARY!

One of America's Finest Low-Cost "MIRACLE HOMES" OF TOMORROW





New Beauty and Livability

Your living room will be charming, spacious, flooded with light from "picture" windows. The wall space and window space will be well balanced, making possible many variations of furnishings and decorations. Throughout the house, not one inch of space is wasted—it's *all* useful and livable.

A Paradise of Convenience

Your kitchen and bathroom will come as complete units, giving you a choice of styles and colors. The kitchen will be a marvel of work-saving convenience—complete with built-in cabinets and latest type sink, electric refrigerator, electric range, electric washer, ironer and water heater.

A CELOTEX CEMESTO HOUSE . . .

Own One Tomorrow with War Bonds Bought Today!

OUR BIG JOB now is to win the war. When that job is finished, a great new day will dawn for every American citizen. Planes, trains, cars, radio—all are ready to give us post-war miracles . . . and so is this great new development in the *home* of tomorrow!

This Celotex Cemesto House is no dream, no flight of fancy. It is a reality . . . ready and waiting to revolutionize all previous standards of livability in a beautiful, permanent home that costs very little to buy and keep up.

The reason for this is a new method of construction for low-cost housing developed by the John B. Pierce Foundation using new materials created through many years of research by The Celotex Corporation. Both method and materials have been thoroughly tested and proved in *more than fifty million dollars worth* of home and industrial building.

What is Cemesto?

The house takes its name from the material—complete exterior and interior insulated wall in *one* fire-resistant unit! Though less than two inches thick, Cemesto gives greater strength, weather protection and fuel economy than other walls *many times* as thick! These mass-produced insulated wall units make possible amazing savings in construction time and costs. Yet this method of construction and these new materials create houses that give you a choice of individual design.

Your Cemesto House will have further individuality because of another Celotex multiple-function product—Celo-Roof. This product combines complete roofing, sheathing and insulation in single roof units. Developed for greater strength and permanence in a variety of designs and colors that give roofs modern streamlined beauty at low cost.

Learn About Cemesto Now

Of course, war restrictions make it impossible for you to build and own your Cemesto House today. But, you can begin now to learn more about Cemesto—what it looks like . . . how it has been adapted to a new fundamental structural design which will be used in many variations in Cemesto Houses of tomorrow.

This method of construction, developed by the John B. Pierce Foundation, is now being used to build streamlined war model homes for workers near many huge war plants. One of these housing projects is described in an illustrated booklet, "A Vital Contribution," which you can get by signing and mailing the coupon. Do it, today. See how war-housing is today's proving ground in furthering the development of one of America's finest low-cost "Miracle Homes" of tomorrow.

CELOTEX
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ROOFING • INSULATING BOARD • ROCK WOOL
GYPSUM WALL BOARD • LATH • PLASTER
SOUND CONDITIONING PRODUCTS

THE CELOTEX CORPORATION, Dept. C-5, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me your illustrated booklet, "A Vital Contribution," which shows how Cemesto is being used today in vital war-housing projects.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Why Professor Tate spends his week-ends as a Section Hand

FOR VICTORY—KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS

Professor Richard Tate teaches history in a western college town where Southern Pacific trains often stop.

Meeting him in his classroom you'd probably not suspect that he also works on railroad track, with a section crew. But Dick Tate doing his week-end job on S. P. right of way is a different man from Professor Tate delivering a weekday lecture to his students.

He looks leaner, healthier. He "eats" hungrier. And he's better pleased with his part in the war effort...

PROFESSOR TATE likes to think of himself as an example of what's happening to our whole country in this war.

"Nowadays," the Professor declares, "we Americans are learning that a lot of tough work must be done if we're to keep our right to a free, good life.

"I see the trains go by packed with troops and war goods, and I know that railroad transportation is vital. That's why I'm mighty pleased I can get in some good licks of work on Southern Pacific track."

IN WESTERN COMMUNITIES all along Southern Pacific's 15,000 miles of line, thousands of good citizens like our Professor Tate are giving up their week-end leisure to do a necessary war job for the railroad.

We are very proud of these emergency railroaders who answered our appeal for help to meet a serious shortage of track workers. Proud, too, of all our full-time S. P. "regulars" who carry the main part of the work load.

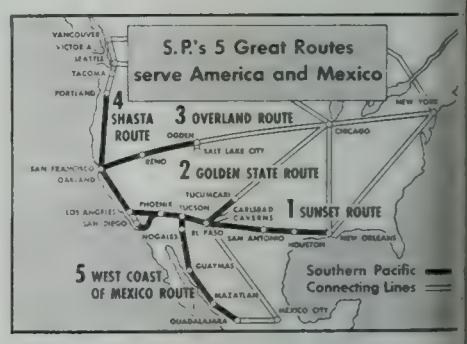
With more than 12,000 S. P. men now in the armed forces we need all the help we can get to keep the war trains rolling. We also need more cars and locomotives—but with what we now have *we're moving the greatest traffic load in all our 80 years of railroading!*

SOUTHERN PACIFIC serves the great sweep of West and South. Over pioneer, strategic routes, our tracks converge on the Pacific Coast to point like daggers at Japan.

From Ogden in Utah across Great Salt Lake, across the High Sierra to San Francisco. From New Orleans in the deep South, from Houston, San Antonio, El Paso, along the Rio Grande to Los Angeles and San Diego.

From Tucumcari in New Mexico over the Continental Divide to Southern California . . . from Portland in the evergreen Northwest down through Oregon, down through all of California. Southern Pacific's network of tracks throughout the West, Southwest and South contacts more military and naval establishments than any other railroad.

Steadily our war load grows. In mounting tempo until peace comes, the Victory trains must roll. *The men and women of Southern Pacific—ninety-five thousand strong—are dedicated to this vital, all-important task!*



S·P

The friendly Southern Pacific

One of America's railroads—ALL united for Victory

very little about that. I have always lived in the country, with my father, a retired civil servant."

This statement, which Rita thought necessary in order that Destrée's mind should be disabused of any false idea implied by the word "democratic," was strictly true. Her father was a postman whose enthusiastic patronage of all the bars in his territory had led to his premature retirement.

"You met Sir Giles when you came to London, I suppose?"

"Yes, madam."

Destrée sighed again and was silent for some time, when: "Did he bother you with a lot of questions about the clients at Simone's?" she inquired, fully opening her eyes so that Rita, who was watching her reflection in the mirror, met their fixed regard and became conscious of an almost physical effort as she turned her head aside.

"Simone's clients, madam?"

"Yes, of course. Little titbits for his articles and broadcasts. Women are so indiscreet at their hairdresser's, and poor Sir Giles was such a student of life and sometimes so boring."

Rita's heart was thumping with such violence that she was afraid to stand too near to Destrée in case Destrée should hear it.

"I don't remember that he did, madam."

"Oh, well, I only wondered. He had such an inquiring mind. How tragic that you should be with him on the very night of his death!"

The long-expected moment was here. This woman whose silky hair swept through Rita's fingers was going to cross-examine her; perhaps to inform the police, secretly, so that her own association with the gambling parties should not be compromised. Hurriedly, Rita tried to prepare a line of defense, but could think of none.

She replied, almost in a whisper:

"It was terrible, madam."

"He had a large sum of money with him, I believe?"

GOOD heavens! That was a line of attack which Rita had not anticipated. If it were true, and she didn't know if it were true or otherwise, she might find herself arrested for the theft!

"Is that so, madam?" was all that she could think of saying.

Destrée closed her eyes again; she had seen all that she wanted to see. "So I believe. Sir Giles and I were old friends, and the idea that someone killed him for his money is terrible—too terrible! Perhaps you can throw some light upon what became of the case he was carrying?"

"I, madam!" Rita dropped a brush, stooped and picked it up. "Pardon me. How clumsy I am! Really, I know nothing about it."

"But surely, you left together?"

"Well, yes, madam, we did. And I think he was carrying a case, as you say."

"Yes, I think so," murmured Destrée, "and the police seem to be sure. In fact, I think I read that they had a clue to the theft."

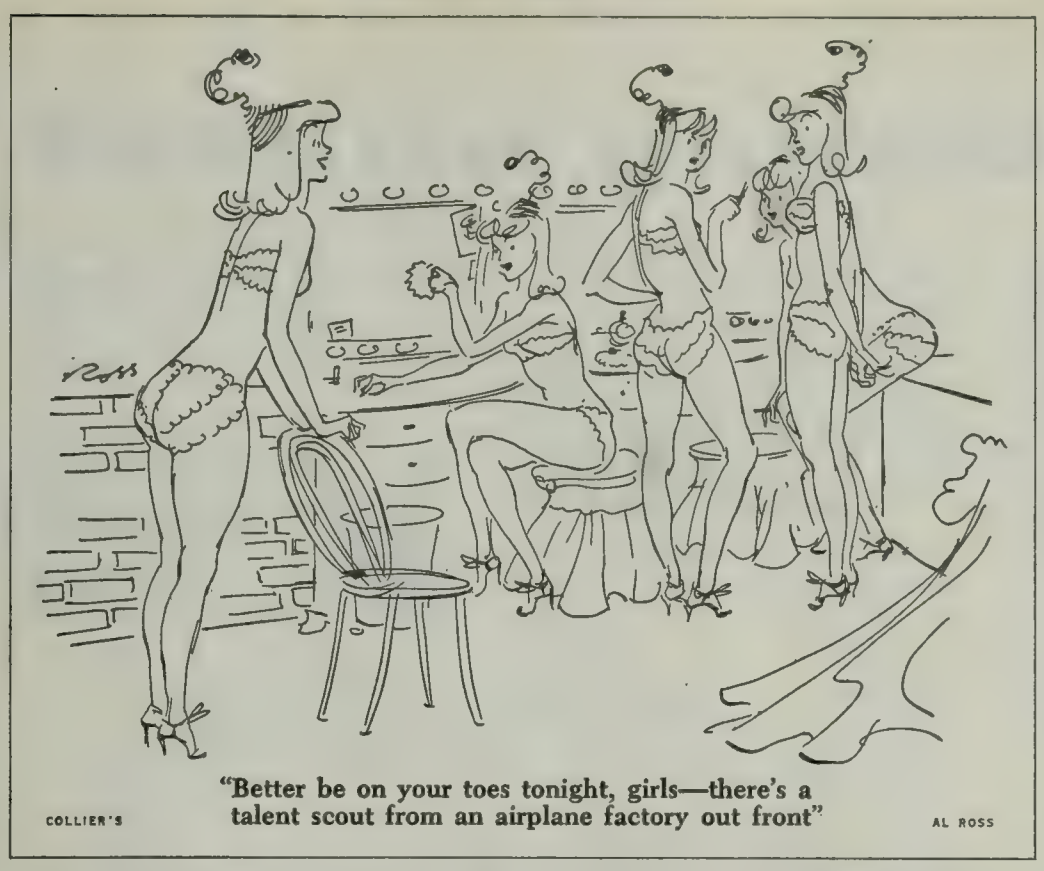
"Yes, madam, I believe I read something of the kind."

"A man so—democratic, in his acquaintances, might easily be made the victim of a plot. You see? Such dreadful things are happening all too often in the blackout in London, just now, don't you think?"

Rita stooped over the side table, arranging bottles, brushes, combs, and other implements of her profession. "I believe it is so. Nothing happened, madam, while I was with him."

"For your sake, I am glad to hear it. In fact, I am so surprised that you have not been questioned already."

Rita thought rapidly. "I could tell them nothing that would help in any way," she said, hesitantly, "or I should, of course, have come forward."



COLLIER'S "Better be on your toes tonight, girls—there's a talent scout from an airplane factory out front" AL ROSS

She worked rapidly, trying to forget herself in her task, trying to overcome a sense of faintness which she ascribed to the atmosphere of the room, laden as it was with the perfume of lilies.

When, at last, hairdressing operations were completed to Destrée's satisfaction (and Rita was forced to admit to herself that she was not exacting) Destrée stood up, closed her eyes and stretched her arms. She wore white shoes, lined and trimmed with fur.

"I must rest a while," she murmured, "before I dress. Please be so good, Miss Rita, as to bring me the wrap hanging on the screen; there."

"Certainly, madam."

Rita crossed the thickly carpeted floor, and took down that remarkable robe displaying all those variegated tints of the Californian poppy, arrayed in which Destrée loved to take her ease. As she turned, having it draped over her arm, Destrée dropped the garment of swan's-down, and the powdered satin beauty of her body was so perfect that Rita inhaled sharply and stood quite still for a moment. Recovering herself, as Destrée extended rounded arms, Rita draped the silken robe over her shoulders.

"Remember to let me know," she murmured, "if anything should occur."

When Sergeant Bluett entered the office of Chief Detective Inspector Firth he found no one there. He looked about him and began to whistle Up in the Morning Early, beating time with a newspaper which he carried. Then, a frown crossed his features, and he ceased whistling abruptly. He went over to the desk. Upon that monument of orderliness lay an official envelope bearing the address: Chief Detective Inspector Firth. "Ah!" said Bluett, picked up the envelope and then laid it down again. He knew that it contained photographs.

He began to whistle again, checked himself, and turned as the door opened.

Chief Detective Inspector Firth came in carrying a bulky volume under his arm. "Ah, there you are, Bluett. I thought likely enough ye had resigned."

He crossed to his desk and placed the volume upon it. Bluett returned to his favorite leaning post, the mantelpiece, as Firth sat down.

"Verra difficult these days," said the chief inspector, "to establish contact wi' sources of information overseas. It means a lot of putting two and two together."

COLLIER'S "Spill your troubles into this dictaphone, chum. I'll listen to 'em when I have more time" MISCHA RICHTER

He opened the big book, which had a thumbhole index. "There she is," he muttered. "But although I would recognize her, the woman hersel' is both better and worse."

Bluett, his ingenuous features displaying a shade of interest, came over and stood behind the chief inspector, looking down at a page upon which various items, some typed, and some in small, neat handwriting, were pasted. The page was headed: *Destrée, Mrs. Ysolde.*

A paragraph in small manuscript which had been stuck on read: "Place of birth, nationality of parents, unknown. Unable to trace prior to residence in Madagascar." This paragraph was initialed illegibly, and the hieroglyphics were followed by several reference numbers.

ANOTHER paragraph, typed, began with a date. It said:

"Married at Diego-Suarrez, Madagascar, by special license to Commander François Louis Destrée of the French Navy." Underneath was added, again in manuscript, "For details see J.B. pp. 19-21." According to other items it appeared that Commander Destrée had died in Algiers in 1928, having then been separated from his wife for some time. There was a further paragraph headed: "New York State Troopers." This said: "Destrée, Mrs. Ysolde: French, formerly lived in Madagascar; filed naturalization papers as United States citizen, May 3, 1931."

Underneath, and presumably from another source, appeared a brief note: "Party in question residing in Hollywood." Below it, and bearing a date later in the same year, came the statement: "Left Hollywood February 15th of this year: present whereabouts unknown."

Under a date late in 1938, there was a manuscript entry: "Mrs. Ysolde Destrée occupies a suite at Claridge's Hotel. Has accounts at Fifth Avenue Bank, New York; Hambro's Bank, London. Funds apparently ample. United States passport. Social contacts good; credit good; moves in international circles."

"Ye note that?" said Firth, looking up over his shoulder at the ingenuous countenance of Bluett. "That big gap? There's nothing here—" he rested a long sensitive forefinger on the page—"for close on seven years. Nothing between the time that she left Hollywood and turned up at Claridge's."

"That's right," said Bluett. "And I should say from the look of her flat she's still in funds. A beautiful woman—and a widow, too."

Firth, who had redirected his attention to the page, looked up again, and glared at his subordinate. "There are times," he said, "when yere sense o' humor becomes almost funny."

His eyes half closed, he regarded the smooth, fresh face and upstanding hair with marked disapproval. He returned to his reading.

Firth turned his gaze upon the left-hand page and studied a photograph which was pasted there, a head and shoulders of Destrée, depicting her wearing a tightly fitting suit and no hat: in fact, obviously an enlargement of a passport picture. "I wonder," he murmured. "That's a formidable woman, Bluett. I'm open to believe she knows more about the death o' Sir Giles Loeder than anybody suspects."

CHIEF INSPECTOR FIRTH had been writing busily for more than an hour when Bluett came in the next night.

"Which would ye say, Bluett," he demanded, "is the most fashionable night club in London now?"

"Green Spider," Bluett replied promptly.

"Is tha' so? And for luncheon?"

"Grand Marnier."

"Aye, I'm thinking ye're no' far wrong. Now"—he leaned back in his chair—"I have some particulars concerning the

Jap-hunting without a gun!

THE TRUE STORY OF HOW A CRIPPLED LOCKHEED LIGHTNING OUTFLEW 13 JAP ZEROS AND GOT HOME, SAFE!

1. With cameras instead of guns in its nose, a P-38 Lightning was photo-

graphing the Jap base of Rabaul. Suddenly ten Zeros dove out of the sun, and before the American pilot knew what was happening, tracer bullets were ripping into his plane and then one engine conked out.

2. Somehow, with only one engine left, he had to get away from those ten Zeros. He pulled back the stick,

jammed down the throttle, pointed her nose at the sky. By the time the Japs came to, he was five miles up and on his way home.

3. 400 miles later, three more Japs started a deadly game of hide and seek. Still going on one engine, he streaked straight out over the ocean and "Just ran 'em out of gas!" Yes, he ran them out of gas...but he also ran clear back to New Guinea with photographs that were vital to our Coral Sea victory.

4. The Lightning is used as a cam-

era plane because it can fly faster, higher, and farther than any enemy fighter — can take punishment and still deliver the goods. These qualities result from many months of designing and testing. From hundreds of wind tunnel experiments we developed the non-stall wing design that makes it impossible for a P-38 to go into a tail-spin even on one engine. It's this sort of designing that gives every Lockheed and Vega plane *extra* strength and *extra* dependability.

Copyright 1943, Lockheed Aircraft Corporation. Vega Aircraft Corporation, Burbank, California. Member Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.

LOOK TO *Lockheed* FOR LEADERSHIP

:hareholders in both o' them. Destrée is ılmost certainly one."

"That's right. She's got the knack of ›eing in on a good thing."

"I'm thinking so. Roulette in Mayfair s a good thing."

"Ah," murmured Bluett, "but we can't ›in that to her." He rested his elbow on he mantelpiece, then, with a startled look, ›egan to search all his pockets. "I've eft my newspaper behind," he muttered.

"That will be a serious blow. Was your linner wrapped in it?" Firth showed a row ›f small, regular lower teeth, in one of his are smiles. "I ha' been making a summary of the Loeder case to date." He apped the writing block. "Maybe you vill check it over wi' me. I ha' notes here ;' the principal parties so far concerned n the matter, wi' what we know about hem." He glanced down. "Lord Marcus Amberdale: We ha' failed to prove any ıssociation between him and the murlered man, or to think of any motive which could have prompted the crime."

"Unless he's mad," muttered Bluett.

"A fact which is duly noted. Mrs. Vane: Observation has been kept on this lady, but ıothing has come of it. Medical evidence ınd the evidence o' my own eyes suggest hat she knows nothing more than she has old us."

"THE limping man," muttered Bluett, absently.

"As such, he doesna' appear in my summary. We may be in a poseetion to put a ıame to him in a short time. Next: Miss Ray Perigal. I dismiss her from the case. Vake, the butler: I ha' serious doubts o' his man, but we can get no direct evidence gainst him. You have interviewed his vife, and you tell me she seems a decent ›ody, and that her story of what Wake did ›n the night of the murder corresponds ntirely wi' his own."

"That's right."

"It is a matter into which I am minded ›o go further. I had him closely covered, s you know, and reports are curious. Vore o' this later. Mrs. Sankey, at whose lat in Hay Hill it is practically certain .oeder was playing on the night o' the rime."

"Left town," said Bluett. "Flat shut up."

"I am aware of it, and the fact in itself s suspeecious. This woman is the widow f an Indian civil servant, and I believe he sublets her flat to the roulette gang for high figure. She is just a stooge, and lkely innocent enough as they come. It s Mrs. Destrée who could tell us whether ir Giles had money in his possession on hat night when he left. I think he did."

"The empty case certainly points that vay," admitted Bluett.

"It a'most confirms it; but the leather arries no fingerprints. Mr. Michaelis: e is a naturalized British subject, a man ' means and director of a number of city ompanies, including a concern called Mayfair Caterers' which controls the Green Spider and the Grand Marnier. I m wondering if another of his companies s the roulette racket?"

"In my opinion," said Bluett, "he is in n everything that Destrée is in on. I nean, he represents her on the Green pider, the Grand Marnier—and, like nough, on roulette as well."

"That there is a man called Francis, who ccupies a flat immediately above that of Destrée. According to Max, they are asociated. This Francis is an American. I ave had no chance to check his papers, ut, if he's crooked, his papers will be in rder. We know that game. I ha' found ut, though, that he's London correspondnt of the Transcontinent News Service of New York. That's okay, so far as it goes. n his spare time he is a radio comedian—"

"That's right: Francis Batt. Very good, oo. *I* found that out."

"*You* did?" The tawny eyes half closed rom the bottom upward. "It's just possible, Bluett, that someone told ye? I was thinking about Gaston Max?"

"So was I. That's funny. I was thinking he might have mentioned it to *you*."

"Ah." The chief inspector frowned thoughtfully. "We know that Loeder was a German agent; and so we have to bear in mind that his murder may have been o' a political character."

"Gaston Max treats it as a sort of side show," said Bluett gloomily. "But we have got to solve it, haven't we? I mean, whether it's a gang murder or not. But I think your own theory is the right one: that robbery was the motive."

Chief Inspector Firth sighed and lay back in his chair again. "Weel, we had powers some days ago to investigate Sir Giles' affairs and to open his safe. I left it to you. What did you find?"

"Nothing much," Bluett admitted, "except evidence that he paid Rita Martin's rent and, of course, that curious matter of his drawing five thousand pounds in small notes from his bank about two weeks before his murder. The bank gave me the numbers of the notes, but they haven't traced any yet."

"It wouldn't help us much if they did," said Firth despondently; "at least, not that I can see. Of course, I should like to know what he wanted that money for. It's a large sum to draw out in cash. If only we could ha' got the gambling gang inside for a day or two, maybe an investigation o' their affairs might have shown if he had money on him at the time—"

He ceased speaking as the phone buzzed. Taking up the instrument: "Yes," he said sharply, "who is it? Mr. Michael Corcoran?" He glanced up at Bluett through half-closed eyes. "Michael Corcoran, K.C. Oh, very well—please show him up." He replaced the receiver. "That's verra queer," he muttered. "What in the name o' glory can Michael Corcoran want to see me about?"

"Shall I go?"

"No, wait. I'll give you the tip if necessary."

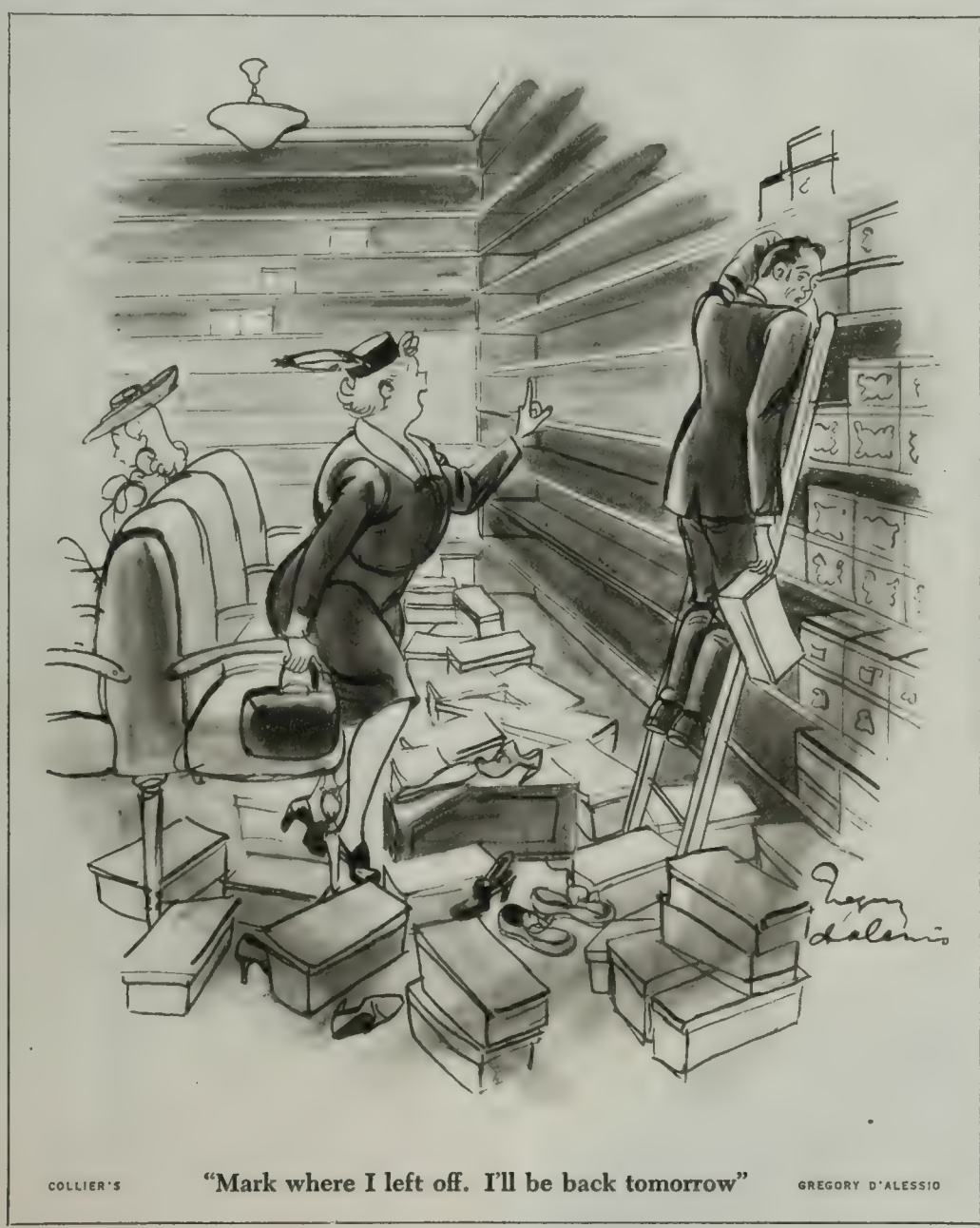
A few moments later Michael Corcoran entered, a portfolio under his arm; his air, one of professional briskness, and his attire, professionally correct.

"Good afternoon, Inspector."

"Good afternoon, sir. This is my assistant, Detective Sergeant Bluett. Would you wish this to be a private interview?"

"Not at all—not at all." Corcoran laid his portfolio on the desk and turned to Bluett. "My business concerns a case upon which I presume you are both working. In short, I am here on behalf of a client."

"Indeed, sir," said Firth, a puzzled frown between his brows. "How does your client's business concern me?"



COLLIER'S "Mark where I left off. I'll be back tomorrow" GREGORY D'ALESSIO

"It concerns you very intimately, Inspector, for the simple reason that my client killed Sir Giles Loeder."

COLONEL O'HALLORAN stared from the bay window of his office. He was busily rolling a cigarette, and his upcast gaze appeared to be fixed upon barrage balloons, oily bubbles in an azure bowl, for the afternoon was a brilliant one. In a leathern armchair near the large and somewhat untidy desk, Gaston Max sat, watching the check-coated back of the assistant commissioner. Max wore a pearl-gray suit, smartly tailored, dark blue soft-collared shirt, and a dull red tie with black spots. He was twirling a heavy-looking monocle by its cord around and around one extended forefinger.

"I am obliged, Colonel O'Halloran, my friend, for your interest. My case against the spy ring is making famous progress. Bernstein & Company are highly respected in the black market. We do a spanking trade. In fact, the good Lord Huskin, a worthy and clever man, acting on behalf of Lord Woolton, of course, has been inquiring about us lately. If I am arrested, you must get me out."

"Thanks," snapped the assistant commissioner without turning. "Don't count on it."

Gaston Max shrugged. Then: "I have something of interest to tell you. Only a few nights ago I was followed to Windmill Street by Detective Sergeant Bluett, a highly efficient officer. This did not matter. To him I revealed myself; we are all for one and one for all; but someone else followed me, also."

"Eh! what's that?" said the colonel, completing the manufacture of a cigarette and snatching out a lighter. "Weren't spotted, were you?"

"I hope not, and I believe not. But I am sure this will interest you: he who followed me had a limp."

"A *limp?*" Colonel O'Halloran's small eyes grew even smaller.

"Yes, he limped, this one. But when I departed, for it was unwise that I should return, Sergeant Bluett remained on the premises, hoping that the one who limped might come back. It made me to think furiously. I knew, for the good Bluett had told me, that he suspected a car to have followed him. But this I dismissed as a coincidence or a myth, and I worked out patiently, by deduction and by inquiry, what actually had occurred."

"And what had occurred?"

"I learned that someone, a man called Olivar—oh, without malice, quite innocently—had told some of the people connected with the gambling racket that when detained late I slept at my office. They spoke, of course, of Mr. Bernstein—"

"Of course!"

"I concluded that what had occurred was as follows: On my departure from the flat of the charming Mrs. Destrée, someone had gone ahead, perhaps in a car—for these people, under various pretexts, all seem to be able to run their cars in spite of petrol allowances and regulations. This person, I believe, had waited in the yard until I returned, then had crept up the stairs hoping to learn what I was doing and to whom I was speaking."

"I SEE," said the colonel. "Did he discover anything?"

"I have said that I hope not. But I feel that I again may have aroused their suspicions."

"Again—and in what way?"

"This limping man has become with me, also, an obsession. It is the same with our good Inspector Firth. It is a plague, I think. As there is one mixed up with Madam Destrée who walks like a cat, so lightly, so much on the toes, I wonder if this might conceal a—not impediment, but yes, impediment will do—in his feet. By accident, you understand—using my own devices—I remove a pair of shoes."

"Good Lord! How the devil did you manage that?"

"I brought them away in a suitcase which had contained bottles of brandy, mixed up in the packing; it was easy. I returned them an hour later with apologies, but I had made a discovery."

"Yes?" the colonel took a step forward, blinking so rapidly now that the movement of his lids became almost continuous.

"One of those shoes had an interior double sole. This man has one leg half an inch shorter than the other!"

"The limping man!"

"We do not know, my colonel. *A* limping man, yes; but *the* limping man—my faith!—we have to see. Even when we have seen, what do we know? The dreams of a medium, they may mean nothing!"

"But to whom did these shoes belong?" The colonel displayed definite excitement. His homemade cigarette had gone out. He snapped the lighter into flame again.

"To a man called Julian Francis, who occupies a flat above that of Destrée."

"Yes, yes; mentioned him before. Go on."

"Yes, her first lieutenant at the roulette

Fitted for Fighting

Scientific foot care and proper shoes are a major consideration in keeping our men in fighting trim. For even in this war of tanks, trucks and jeeps, soldiers must often depend on their own two feet to get where they want to go.

Today, millions of U. S. Army shoes are soled as well as heeled with *rubber*. And Seiberling skill and fine quality rubber are going into millions of them.

Rubber is long wearing. It is waterproof. It soaks up the shock of stony, rough terrain. It's easy on marching feet—a great aid to the health, comfort and morale of our fighting men.

But in addition to rubber soles and heels, Seiberling experts are doing an outstanding job in the production of military tires, bullet-sealing gas tanks, rubber boats and pontons and much other urgently needed war materiel.

They are building *well* and building *fast*, with the skill which has made the Seiberling name on Rubber like Sterling on Silver. And they are learning much that will enable Seiberling products to serve you *better*, in many *new* ways when the war is won.

Meanwhile, save rubber by caring for your tires. Drive slowly, keep your tires properly inflated and see your nearest Seiberling Dealer regularly. He's an expert at making tires last longer.

SEIBERLING *Experts in Rubber*

Wartime manufacturers of Bullet-Sealed Tubes and Military Tires for our armed forces—Bullet-Sealing Gasoline Tanks—Rubber Floats, Boats and Pontons—Rubber Parts for Gas Masks, Airplanes and Tanks. Also makers of Tires and Tubes for passenger cars and trucks—Sealed Air Tubes—Rubber Heels, Soles and Mechanical Goods

et. He is a citizen of the United States, iciled in London. He is a correspond of a well-known news agency, and he so a talented radio entertainer."

Radio entertainer?"

Surely you have heard him. He sing plays and makes an occasion. He is ed Francis Batt."

Francis Batt! Yes, believe I heard hir a few nights ago. Wasn't he on a pr n called Harry Dean's Guest Night But, yes, certainly. He travels here ar e to entertain the forces. He is ve d; oh, very good."

Interests a bit mixed—what! Keepi ething up your sleeve, Max."

aston Max revealed gleaming teeth smile which dispossessed the thin substituted the comedian. "Yes, ow so much and yet so little. I h evidence, you see, that Francis wa who stole up Mr. Bernstein's s night."

H'm," muttered the colonel, d y. "Well—your affair. What . Vane? Take it you haven't lost er?"

But not at all. I called upon her harming suite at the Barchester H day last week. She received me t amiability."

Pretty woman, or used to be. Hav her for some time."

But delightful. And her hair!—of derful tint adored by artists who p engines. But, yes, but she is beau course. She is"—Max shrugged ing his palms—"of no very deep gence. No, but not clever enoug good criminal. I think Lord Mar ght about her: she has psychic quali- "

He seems sure of it," murmured the as- nt commissioner. "By the way—I saw at Grand Marnier the other day lunch- with Destrée."

But, yes!" This news seemed to startle ton Max. "With Destrée, you say?"

Yes. I confess I was surprised. Inter- purely psychic, so he told me."

MES WAKE in these days was a long emove from that chimera, a happy ; and for his uneasy frame of mind a ber of things were responsible. In the place, it was not every butler of his l and experience who would have ac- ted the responsibility for such an blishment as that of Lord Marcus Am- dale. Its mysterious atmosphere, the nge experiments which took place e, queer people who called, and the (to which Wake was not blind) that house with the scarlet door remained er police observation: these incon- iences did not add to the gaiety of life. there was something else.

Now and again, upon his lawful oc- ions concerning household catering, ke would drop in at a discreet public se, extensively patronized by upper ants of Mayfair, at about opening time he morning, for a glass of bitter beer. two separate occasions, recently, Mr. ncis had joined him.

Wake did not enjoy these meetings. The h was that he had conceived a horror the gambling racket, which urged him future to keep well away from it, and m those associated with it. But, un- pily, he appreciated the fact that these ple knew too much about his affairs entitle him to take a high hand.

At the first of these meetings, a reunion unexpected that Wake had felt his acherous temperature rising, Mr. Fran- had been most charming. After asking ut Mrs. Wake, he had insisted upon ering a whisky-and-soda for Mr. Wake. finally suggested that, since Scotland rd's interest in roulette seemed to have mbered again, he might care to resume duties from time to time as croupier. "It's very good of you, Mr. Francis," ke had replied, "but with that other

ugh. whatever had [illegible] press, Wake was aw[illegible] knew where the body had [illegible]

"Oh, I see; you mean the Loe[illegible] der?"

"Exactly, sir. Police interest in the matter might lead them to the other, I thought."

"Well, we're short of croupiers, and I guess we wouldn't mind raising the fee to fifteen guineas a night. Would that interest you?"

"Indeed, sir, it is a handsome offer; and if you should feel justified in renewing it, shall we say early next month, it is one which I might be disposed to accept."

The purely business part of the conversation had ended there, but this meeting with Mr. Francis left Wake in an uneasy frame of mind. It was not improved when for a croupier on we[illegible] explained. "I could get no reply [illegible] line, and so I figured you had very like [illegible] gone around to your wife's. But I drew a blank there, too."

"Oh, I see." Wake experienced a measure of relief. "Did you find a substitute, Mr. Francis?"

"I took a hand myself." The dimple appeared in his heavy chin, his whimsical regard hovered on the brink of laughter. "But it was awkward. The offer for next Friday is twenty guineas, Wake. Are you free?"

"I am not, sir." The reply was quite

COLLIER'S "All you ever think of is your own morale! How about us?" GARDNER REA

[illegible] FIRTH was [illegible] a double sheet of fools- c[illegible] spread out upon his desk, on either side of which certain photographs were pasted, when he heard someone whistling Up in the Morning Early, and the door of his office opened. He did not look up until the man who had entered closed the door behind him and rapped upon it. Firth raised his head.

"Ah, Max," he said, for indeed this pearl-gray figure was that of the celebrated Frenchman. "Ye come at a good moment."

"Any moment is a good moment when I see you, my friend." Max dropped down into a chair facing the chief inspector.

"How is the big case shaping?" Firth inquired. "I gather that for some reason the death o' the man Loeder set ye back."

"Oh, but most seriously. Loeder was their mouthpiece. It was Loeder who told the news to Berlin. At his death, I had to begin all over again. My faith, yes. If you would tell me who killed him, my friend, it might help a little."

"Is tha' so?" said Firth slowly. "Weel, I have here"—he rested a long, sensitive hand upon a document which looked like a legal brief—"a confession witnessed in the presence o' Michael Corcoran, K. C., of the man who claims to have killed Sir Giles Loeder."

Gaston Max sprang to his feet. "What! *what* do you say?"

"This is the confession, no word of which I doubt, of a young American airman, Flight Lieutenant Richard Hawke Kershaw."

"Richard Hawke Kershaw!" Gaston Max raised his hand to his brow, a man bemused. "Where have I heard that name?"

"I canna say, but here is his confession."

"And you believe it?"

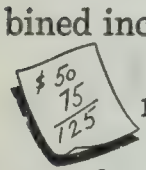
"Impleecitly."

(To be continued next week)

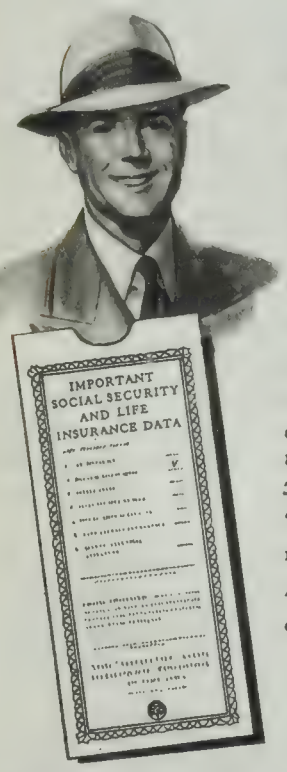
Wh

children most

and bring her combined income—from Social Security and life insurance—up to



normal family requirements . . . a Mutual Life Policy can also give your widow a living income during the long years she probably will not be covered by Social Security.



Wouldn't you like to learn how life insurance and Social Security can work together for your family welfare?

The Mutual Life representative knows the Social Security rules. Let him show you what Social Security will do for you . . . how much other income may be needed if your family —or yourself at 65 — are to accept Social Security and still live in reasonable comfort.

***Write for* FREE *Social Security* FILE**

This specially designed file lists the 7 types of official records required to collect Social Security benefits, and provides for their convenient safe keeping. You will also receive a handy form on which you can estimate now your future Social Security benefits. It may save costly delay in obtaining Social Security benefits when due. Mail this coupon today to Dept. CS-3.

NAME ..... AGE .....

ADDRESS .....

OCCUPATION .....

THE MUTUAL LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY of NEW YORK

"First in America"

Lewis W. Douglas, *President*

1843 . . OUR 100th ANNIVERSARY YEAR . . 1943

34 NASSAU STREET · NEW YORK CITY

Deck Guns

om page 11

acific last fall, a
out from port and was
ed, in the engine room, by a Jap
pedo. The merchant crew abandoned ship, but the Navy gun crew stood by to await developments. The lads didn't have to wait long; the Nips circled the ship, and popped up on the other side. That was the final pop. At point-blank range, our guys laid a four-inch shell into the sub's torpedo bins, and wafted our little brown brethren all the way back to Tokyo. The wounded ship, incidentally, stood up under the impact of the fish and crawled back into port.

One of the instructors at an Armed Guard school—nearly all the teachers are officers who've seen active duty—knocked off a sub in an amusing way. Jerry got rattled and bobbed up smack under the American ship's stern. He was so close that the after gun couldn't depress sufficiently to bear on him, so the officer calmly waited until the ship moved
couple of hundred feet. He then sig
down the barrel of the big gun, like
sniping squirrels, and blew the Ger
out of the water. The sub was so
he explosion knocked the gun crew

The third assistant engineer on my
claims to have been present at the sin
of a German raider in the South Atla
says that the Navy gun crew, firi
ree-inch rifle, beat off and finally
e heavily armed raider after sev
embers of the crew had been killed.
connection with raiders, here's a
ich, for gallantry, hasn't been o
dowed in the war.

Not so long ago, the only survivor
Armed Guard crew drifted into
ed Guard center with a story to
one, but two gun-bristling raider
ed their ship, and practically poun
a pulp. The young ensign in ch
ght his guns long after the ship
n abandoned, actually sinking
ler.

His crew fearfully depleted, the yo
gradually worked through all the
gun stations, until finally he was ac
pointer, one man was loading and
er was working the trainer's sco
y kept pouring shells into the o
er, which had entered the action, e
ugh the boy's face had been practic
wn away, and shell fragments
pped his stomach apart. They drove
the second raider.

Staggering, the youngster helped his
remaining men get a boat over the s
but refused to go with them. They arg
but he was firm; he didn't want to bur
them with a carcass that, at best, had
a few hours to live. The men finally ro
off, the ensign waved them a calm goo
and went down with his ship.

You win wars with men like that.

But the Armed Guardsmen don't pu
their toughest duty in actual combat.
comes during the inactive hours, w
you're roosting on the guns in the rain
snow and broiling sun, waiting for so
thing to pop. The fun begins when
actually get a whack at the vermin wh
been gnawing at your heels. We had
nice morning . . .

It was the day after a German sub
popped off a tanker practically under
nose. Everybody was sore as a cop w
bunions, for the war gets very personal

(Continued on page 52)

COLLIER'S "I'll bid four no-trump—sir!" GARRETT PRICE

A SQUADRON OF NORTH AMERICAN AT-6 TEXAN TRAINERS "PEELING OFF" FROM ECHELON FORMATION

PILOTS OF 24 NATIONS TRAIN IN "TEXANS"

The most widely used trainer in the world today is the North American Texan, formerly known as the Harvard. More than 10,000 airplanes—believed to be a world's record—have been built in North American Aviation's trainer series. Twenty-four nations have chosen the Texan as their own combat trainer. Their wing insignia adorn this page.

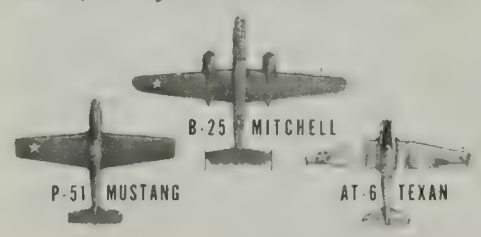
In gunnery and bombing practice; in formation and instrument flying; in coast patrol and semi-combat duty the Texan has proved its versatility.

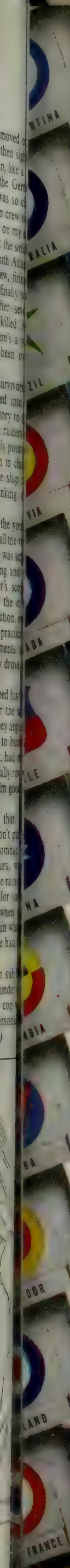
A pilot trained in a Texan is equal to any job in modern air war. He feels as much at home in a P-51 Mustang fighter or B-25 Mitchell Bomber as in a North American trainer. For the instrument panels and controls in all three North American planes have been specially designed to make the transition "painless" from trainer to fighter or bomber—helping give young pilots full confidence on their first flight in a heavier plane.

In the United States Army Air Forces almost every pilot of a fighter or bomber—whether single-engine or twin-engine—won his wings in a North American trainer. That's a mighty important fact that we, the men and women of North American, are proud of.

Free! Reprint of this page. Send postcard to North American Aviation, Inc., Dept. A, Inglewood, California.

NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION, INC.
Inglewood, California
Dallas Kansas City
Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.





Jack

A sudden spurt in growth marks t onset of the 'teen age. Although eve bodily tissue changes, growth of the bo framework accounts for most of the gai

Arms and legs grow more rapidly than t trunk; thus the adolescent presents a sha contrast to the younger child of relativ long trunk and short limbs.

Boys may become 5 inches taller and pounds heavier in a single year. A masculi bristle displaces the boyish fuzz, while th faces grow more rugged.

Though girls' faces retain their youth contour, other changes, such as the develo ment of the breasts, increased breadth acr the hips and a deposit of skin fat, are ch acteristic of an earlier feminine maturity.

The hearts of both boys and girls nea double in size to fulfill increased circulato needs.

The musculature doubles without t requisite coordinating power; hence t "gangling" appearance of adolescence.

Both boys and girls pattern themselv with physiques which reveal the size, sha and appearance of new beings at maturit

The extra energy needed for rapid grow must come from an ample and well-balanc diet. This always *must* include liberal qua tities of carbohydrates, which are convert by digestion into dextrose sugar, the ch source of all energy. When you think of t energy needed to power adolescent grow in mind and body, think of dextrose, f dextrose is food energy in its purest for

FOR VICTORY
Buy United States
War Bonds & Stamps

in the beanstalk age

THE physical transformation of "teen-agers" is accepted with little concern by parents, but emotional changes often cause anxiety to fond mothers and fathers.

As glands become activated, the psychic outlook of youth changes. New forces acquired must be tempered; new desires aroused must be controlled.

Nothing should be done to thwart these dispositional changes. They merely indicate adjustment of the child to his approaching estate of maturity.

Parents should recognize, however, that proper foods are of special benefit during this final period of growth, because superior nutrition prevents some of the emotional upsets resulting from overstrain of an immature physique.

How dextrose powers growth

Even when the adolescent is at rest, the bodily tissues are active. The need for energy foods to "fuel" this constant activity is increased. There is a marked demand for carbohydrates, all of which must be changed into dextrose sugar before they can be used by the body for energy. Dextrose and food energy are synonymous—for dextrose is the natural sugar of the body, the chief source of human energy and driving power.

During periods of rapid growth and development, the body requires more dextrose than in later life. But, regardless of age, everyone needs dextrose to maintain health, sustain activity, fight fatigue.

Where do we get dextrose?

Dextrose is not a new "discovery". It is, always has been and always will be the basic source of human energy. Dextrose is found in many fruits and vegetables. The dextrose sugar used by modern manufacturers of processed foods is derived from golden American corn, grown by American farmers.

Today, available everywhere are many fine foods "rich in dextrose". Among these are cereals, fine candies, ice cream, crackers and cookies, soft drinks, canned fruits and fruit juices, table syrups, prepared desserts, jams, jellies and preserves. Even better breads are baked with dextrose sugar.

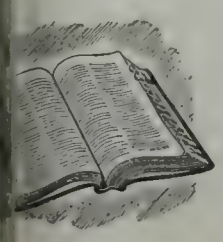
Usually you will find mention of dextrose on the labels of these foods. Look for it—it is your assurance of genuine food energy at no extra cost.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY
One of the producers of dextrose sugar

* all through life

dextrose

is the
SUGAR your body uses directly for ENERGY



•DEFINITION

dextrose is a scientific name. It is *not* a trade mark. It describes a vital sugar—just as the names *lactose, maltose, sucrose, etc.*, define other types of sugar.

FOOD FOR FIGHTERS

The U. S. Army selected dextrose as the basic food-energy sugar of Field Ration "K"—issued to fighting men to sustain them in emergencies.

ALL-AMERICAN

The chief source of dextrose is American corn, grown by American farmers. Dextrose is refined in American factories and distributed by American companies.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

the Atlantic, and anyone who has ever seen a tanker get it doesn't sleep for some days after.

The morning was cold and gray, with a light rain and scudding clouds. We had been glued to the guns all night, for about the fourth straight night. Then, through a light haze of profanity, we saw a British destroyer, just ahead of us, wheel and race through the convoy, laying depth charges like some sort of super hen. He must have dropped fifteen or twenty.

Something popped up, just behind a tanker on our starboard hand. The tanker blocked my view, but it didn't bother about five other ships. They opened up with everything they had, short of pistols, and for about a minute, all you could see was the solid chock of high explosive hitting something. Then—boom! A big, fat explosion and silence. We weren't bothered any more by that particular shark. I was told when we arrived in port that two of Hitler's undersea peashooters will harass no more convoys . . . that a Liberator escort aircraft banged off another.

It's funny about action. When the firing stopped, I suddenly noticed that my kids and I had been screaming at the top of our lungs, praying with loud swear words for that so-and-so tanker to get the hell out of the so-and-so way and give us one little whack, just one tiny little whack. There wasn't a man aboard who wouldn't have given a month's pay for the chance to fire one shot.

We had a lively trip, but don't get any wrong ideas that the duty is all action. A large hunk of us will go through the entire war without hearing one depth charge, seeing one plane, spotting one mine or being around at one sinking. The boys who don't see the fun will be the actual heroes of this business, because, while discipline is a cinch and time scoots by when you've got a school of tinfish frolicking at your feet, it gets mighty tough on the long hauls when nothing ever happens. But there are compensations. . . .

The Other Side of the Story

Speaking as an officer, I think I can say that the Armed Guard provides more space for authority and ingenuity, more freedom from maddening detail, and more unsupervised leisure than any duty available to a junior officer—with the possible exception of combat flying.

Everywhere that ships go, we go. Since the war began, the men in my crew have made more than a casual acquaintance with Australia, the islands of the South Pacific, South America, the isles of the Caribbean, Africa and Alaska. We've got our mouths fixed for the Persian Gulf and India now, and we'll be powerfully disappointed if we don't get down that way.

The nice thing is that when we tie up in port, the heavy work's done and we're out on the town. A skeleton watch rides herd on the guns, and the rest of us are free to observe life, something which becomes very interesting after several weeks at sea.

They call destroyer duty the "Dungaree Navy," denoting a certain informality of dress and discipline. Submarines, too, are supposed to maintain a free and easy routine. Well, compared to the Armed Guard, destroyer duty is as formal as a lorgnette, and our subs are palaces of protocol. Aboard merchant ships everybody eats alike, dresses alike and sleeps in much the same quarters. High-pressure caps have a tendency to blow overboard, and two days on a freighter would wreck the hardiest uniform ever cut, so dress of the day is stocking cap, dungarees and turtle-neck sweater, for everybody from skipper to sculleryman. As for the food . . . time out for a long, low whistle of appreciation. We eat high on the hog in the Merchant Marine, all the lovely things you can't get ashore—coffee, sugar, butter, bacon, steaks, fresh fruit. Regular Navy chow has a reputation, but the grub you gobble on merchant ships is superstupendous.

There is ample time, on most ships and most runs, for liberal reading, studying and contemplation. Especially contemplation. After some months of this service, I lay claim to being the best free-style contemplator unjailed, and I do my best contemplation stretched on a comfortable bunk, with two pillows under my head. Every now and then, when the cabin steward comes in with fresh linen and maybe a basket of fruit, I get to feeling a mite guilty about all the suffering civilians back home.

But it's not all shootin' and sleepin'. No Armed Guard officer's life is entirely placid. The chore of being mother, father, surgeon and part-time spiritual adviser to a score or more of lusty youngsters, complicated with the jobs of gunnery officer, signal officer, censor and instructor, delivers a man from a death of pure ennui. I've become amazed at the medical miracles one may perform with a razor blade, sulfa drugs and CC pills, at the questions a 19-year-old seaman can fire at his officer, and at the psychological cures that may be worked if you've a mind to spend a little time on the problems. I had quite a few problem children when I first came aboard my ship, but I also had time enough to worry around until I found out what was biting them. I might say today that most of my chronic shirkers, officer-haters, over-leavers and bottle babies are all petty officers today, and damn' good ones. But for the fact that I had time to work on them, at least one would be out of the Navy today and a couple more would be full-time candidates for the brig.

No Place for Formality

Discipline on a merchant ship is a very different thing from discipline on a battleship or at a naval base. Formal inspections, rigid uniform regulations, and sharp salutes are patently impossible on a freighter, where the officer meets each member of his crew from 15 to 50 times daily. The risk of overfamiliarity between officer and man is great, and it calls for considerable caution on both sides to avoid either stupid formality or more stupid familiarity. Just because I don't break out my sword knot and hold full-dress inspection twice a week doesn't mean that the kids should address me as "Hey, you!" or that my gunner's mate and I should go ashore together and get creamed up every night. Fairly dignified reserve—some on my part, and a lot more on the men's part—is the answer.

The Armed Guard's relationship with the merchant crew is another thing entirely. It calls for a bit of doing on both sides.

Generally, the first thing I'm asked is whether I resent the high wages and bonuses of the merchantmen, as contrasted to our rather frail Navy pay. After all, when the merchant sailors run for the lifeboats, we have to run for the guns, and all that. . . .

The answer, flatly, is no, we don't give a damn how much money the merchant crew makes—and no matter if it were twice as much as it is, it still isn't half enough for the job they're doing. We're not in this war on a dollars-and-cents basis, any more than the boys at Guadalcanal. Anyhow, the merchant crew has all the dirty work, and we have all the fun.

"I always look terrible the first thing in the morning"

COLLIER'S ROBERTA MACDONALD

When we're feeling our way through submarine-clogged waters, or trying to sneak past a flock of Heinkels and Junkers, we don't have to sit down in a stuffy engine room and wait for somebody to shove a fish through the bulkhead, or drop a bomb down the stack. We're topside, where we can see what's going on, and when the fun starts we can hand it back. I'd rather be a gunnery officer, at $250 a month, and see my kids pop out of their bunks and man the guns, click-clack, than be the skipper of the finest transport that ever put out to sea. We don't begrudge the merchant seaman a dime. He's making a living after a long, lean haul. We're out here only because there's a war on and, God willing, we'll all be back ashore as soon as the war's off.

The trickiness of our relationship hasn't anything to do with money. It is a fact that some skippers have deeply resented the presence of a Navy gun crew on the ship where formerly they held absolute sway, and have tried to make it tough on the "junior jerk" or "ninety-day wonder" in charge of the Naval unit. And, even though the majority of merchant officers and men try to be decent to us, there's bound to be at least a thin wall of resentment at our intrusion into their lives. After all, we're interlopers of a sort.

On the other hand, some young naval officers have gone aboard ship, fresh out of civilian life, with the entirely r idea that, in addition to being ir of the ship's armament, they h denly been endowed with comple mand of the craft itself. You can the hit this attitude might make salty old skipper who has been around the seven seas since shor Columbus' retirement.

I know of several cases where t officers took sad beatings. One w the silent treatment by all hands fo ter of some 72 days at sea. Ano silently and sarcastically saluted b merchant officers every time he the messroom or passed them on I also know of several skippers w been the subject of long and bitte for willful violation of Navy-impo essary wartime restrictions.

A little tact on both sides gene cancel most causes of unplea Early in the game, I made a fe grown rules for myself, and worked out pretty well. I figure long as the skipper let me run t I'd let him run the ship, seeing as knew considerably more about did. I don't manhandle his expen tant, or crowd him on his bridge my mouth off touchy subjects, ha erything through the master whe to do with the internal organizatio ship, and allow no one, from the down, to deal with my men except me. I've had no trouble, I say, simple reason that everybody in chant crew wants to get back h as badly as I do.

Extra Hands with the Gu

If he doesn't try to force his a down anybody's throat, the Arme officer gets a lot of co-operation the merchant personnel. Every alarm pops off on our ship, a goo merchantmen rush to supplement on the guns, even though I've m ample naval personnel to handle fensive job that might come up. the merchant crew—one who brother on the Murmansk run, who was machine-gunned by a submarine commander—generall dead heat with the fastest of my m the buzzer begins to work.

My own Navy kids get along s the merchantmen. The only rule I regarding their contacts with other is—no gambling.

This is due to no great moral on my part, but it would be a littl to allow my youngsters, who are all of $70 a month, to lock hor poker game where the Chinese bets $25 on a pair of deuces. A there's a naval regulation again bling. I wrote this piece at sea, home light. I had a good closin graph rigged up, too, about how our job of transforming a forme bellied merchantman into a fighti which can hold up its end in a scr the wireless operator supplied ending.

Sparks just rushed into my cab a slip of paper in his hand.

"According to the radio," he s citedly, "the convoy just ahead having a helluva time. They say —count 'em—25 submarines ha attacking the convoy all week, the convoy has knocked off five subs. Didn't say how many we lost of that, boy—five subs blown to

I thought of it, and then I fig better amble topside and check t We'd been sort of relaxed for a so, too, on the theory that sub wouldn't be too rough on a con was going home light.

It just goes to show you. Ther any rules in this business.

THE END

"LET ME HELP YOU GET THE MOST OUT OF YOUR AUTOMOBILE"

"FEW of us ever get all the good out of an automobile that is built into it.

"That's because modern cars perform so well with the bare minimum of attention, that not many of us really do all the things outlined in the operating manual that comes with every car.

"On the other hand, we're now in a situation where it's our patriotic duty to make every car last as long as we can and run as economically and efficiently as possible.

"So you're not just helping yourself when you take a little extra pains to see that your car is properly serviced – you're helping the country too!

"Now, my biggest wartime job is to help you give your car the extra attention it needs these days.

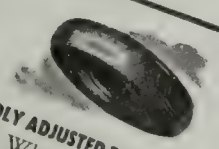
"My equipment is up-to-date and complete. My men are trained to know what to do, when it should be done, and how to do it right. All we need is a chance to work on your car regularly – and we can not only keep it running well, but do a lot to protect it against future wear and tear.

"So why not take steps *now* to get the most out of your car that's built into it, and to make sure that it not only lasts through the duration, but beyond?"

Your G.M. Dealer

THIS LITTLE BOOKLET is a big help in getting the most out of your car in wartime. For a free copy, see any General Motors dealer or write General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.

OIL DRAINS DOWN from cylinder walls and pistons in cars that stand idle for considerable periods. Scored pistons can result. See your General Motors dealer for advice on ways to prevent such damage.



BADLY ADJUSTED BRAKES did this. When brakes "take hold" only at a certain spot, tire wear is concentrated instead of being distributed evenly. Prevent this with your GM dealer's expert brake care.

Save for Victory—
Buy War Bonds

GENERAL MOTORS
"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · CADILLAC

Secretary of War

Continued from page 17

found in the fact that the Secretary of War, more than any other man in Washington, is a *trained* public servant, not just some dub catapulted into high place to meet the exigencies of politics. Lawyer, statesman, soldier, diplomat and administrator, he's been all of them.

Why, then, haven't people been told more about this super-duper? That isn't even a two-bit question. Henry Stimson lacks oomph and is entirely without the publicity sense that furnishes the press with good hot stuff. Reserved, formal and dignified, his precise approach reduces even the most difficult, picturesque task to the status of a chore. Washington correspondents, expert at spotting phonies, rise respectfully to their feet when the Secretary enters for a press conference, but not one ever thinks of doing a personality piece about him. Consistent efficiency, unrelieved by blunders, may be admirable and praiseworthy, but it makes mighty poor reading.

His story doesn't even have a "rags to riches" angle, for on leaving Yale and Harvard, he tied up with Elihu Root and has been in the big money ever since. All of his public service, in fact, has entailed heavy financial sacrifice. Back in 1906, for example, he was nearing the top of New York's legal heap when Theodore Roosevelt persuaded him to accept appointment as United States attorney for the Southern District.

It was in this job that he first showed both his administrative ability and his utter lack of color and drama. Gathering together a staff of brilliant youngsters—Felix Frankfurter was one of them—Henry Stimson did exactly the same sort of things that made Tom Dewey a national figure.

To mention only two of his famous cases, he forced the powerful sugar trust to disgorge millions, and jailed Charles F. Morse, that kingpin of "frenzied financiers." Mr. Stimson, however, managed to make it all part of the day's work, a matter of humdrum routine.

Nominated by the Republicans for governor of New York in 1910, he confined himself to facts, figures and logical argument, and was beaten by John A. Dix. Next called by President Taft to serve as Secretary of War, Mr. Stimson—as the record shows—did a remarkable job of reorganization, ending practices and customs that had been in vogue since 1812. As he himself did not seem to think it worth mentioning, gentlemen of the press took the same view. Just a washout as far as press-agenting was concerned.

Turned Down by the Army

Then there was his prize flop in 1917. No sooner had Woodrow Wilson sounded the call to arms than Henry Stimson quit his lucrative practice and hit Washington on the jump. They gave him high rank in the Judge Advocate's office, but he insisted on combat service. As he was forty-nine at the time, the Army turned him down, whereupon he hustled over to Fort Myer and signed up for the regular training course. Not even Harold Ickes could have asked a better chance for front-page stuff. A graying ex-Secretary of War hayfooting it in sun and rain side by side with rookies half his age! And how did Mr. Stimson handle his big opportunity? Instead of calling in the reporters and photographers, and proudly showing blistered dogs, he carried secrecy to the point of false whiskers and dark glasses.

Even when Newton Baker, deeply impressed, gave his distinguished predecessor a commission as lieutenant colonel of the 305th Field Artillery, Henry Stimson sailed without a single newsreelman at the dock. In France he trained his men carefully and competently, and led them into action with a gallantry that won him promotion to the colonelcy of the 31st Field Artillery. Swell stuff but all done so matter-of-factly that it didn't rate an item on an inside page. Worse still, Mr. Stimson dropped his military title overboard on the way home, preferring plain "Mister," and was soon looked on as one who had ducked his country's call.

Another big publicity chance that he muffed was his settlement of a Nicaraguan revolution in 1927. Swart rebels and dark jungles where every step risked death! How some men would have wallowed in the assignment, sucking out every drop of news value! As for Mr. Stimson, his methods made the difficult, dangerous job about as exciting as a study of furniture production in Grand Rapids. The solution that he proposed, after due study, involved a truce, a general amnesty and an honest presidential election supervised by Americans.

Appointment in Nicaragua

With the agreement of President Adolfo Diaz in his pocket, the sixty-year-old envoy adjusted his glasses, made sure that his clothes were free from spots, and strode dignifiedly off into the wilderness in search of General José Moncada, the rebel chieftain. Locating him at last, the two sat for days in a jungle hut, and at the end Mr. Stimson had Moncada's signature on the dotted line. By way of polishing off the Nicaraguan job, he set up a native constabulary and introduced a number of social and political reforms. And what did he tell the newspapermen on his return? "A satisfactory settlement, gentlemen. I may even go so far as to say *most* satisfactory."

Now Henry Stimson headed back to private practice at a lope, but President Coolidge overruled him. "No," he said. "Got another chore for you—Governor General of the Philippines." And off went the aging envoy without a word of demur, leaving the fat fees for others to collect. Two years in the islands—fruitful years that erased many old bitternesses and laid the foundations for new understandings—but never once was a dash of color, a touch of drama, permitted to enliven Henry Stimson's precise, succinct reports of accomplishment. A perfect publicity bust!

In 1929, President Hoover called Mr. Stimson back from the Philippines to be his Secretary of State and, for a wonder, the years that followed were a blaze of high lights. Under the pressure of tremendous events, the man's ultralegal veneer cracked wide open, revealing unsuspected fires. It may not be remembered now, but when Japan marched troops into Manchuria in 1931, Mr. Stimson let loose a blast that made the country doubt its ears. Denouncing the invasion as a breach of treaty obligations, he based his protest on the fact that Japan, no less than the United States, was signatory to the Nine-Power Pact that guaranteed respect for "the sovereignty, the independence and the territorial integrity of China." No lawyer's brief, concerned with quibbles, no haggling talk about commercial interests, but the bold statement that a nation's pledged word involved a nation's honor.

With Japan raining bombs on Shanghai, proving a campaign of planned aggression, Secretary Stimson called on Great Britain to join with the United States in a forceful note to Japan, confident that the action would give courage to every signatory. Sir John Simon, speaking for Great Britain, refused, an example followed relievedly by other parties to the pact. Henry Stimson, therefore, stood alone, and Japan was left free to pursue the policy that had its inevitable culmination in Pearl Harbor.

The "Stimson policy" may not have affected Americans, but it certainly worked a change in him. At the time of his retirement to private practice in 1933, he was sixty-six, an age not usually associated with ardors, but Mr. Stimson defied this general rule and proceeded to constitute himself a clarion. He declared publicly for the repeal of the embargo that denied arms to the Spanish government for the suppression of the Franco rebellion. The nature of that government, as he saw it, did not enter into the consideration. The United States had recognized it, and was, by virtue of that recognition, committed to give it all proper assistance when threatened with overthrow by revolt within and German and Italian levies without.

More clearly than anyone else, he saw the growing menace of Japan, the dark determinations that lay behind smooth, lying words. In repeated statements he denounced the continued shipment of oil and scrap iron to Japan, pointing out that it made a farce of our professions of sympathy for invaded China. The one decent course for the United States, he insisted, was for this democracy to withhold its resources from aggressor nations, and give them in full measure to the victims of the aggressors.

When Adolf Hitler was still regarded as a comic figure, Henry Stimson painted him more truly as another Mohammed, bent on world domination, and he attacked the Administration's "cash-and-carry" plan as ostrich stuff. America's problem, he argued, was not one of neutrality but *defense*. Evil forces were on the march that threatened free institutions the whole world over, and to shut our eyes to the danger, to hark back to the "hermit" policy of Jefferson, came close to criminal folly.

On June 18, 1940, all of Henry Stimson's intense feeling found expression in a particularly explicit broadcast. Paraphrasing Abraham Lincoln, he declared that the world could not endure half slave and half free, and laid down these insistences: repeal the neutrality act; open all American ports to British and French vessels for supply and repair; stop the shipment of oil and scrap iron to J[illegible] send planes and munitions to the [illegible] on an effective scale, and if necess[illegible] get them there, in our own ship[illegible] under our own convoy. Submarine [illegible] fare, in his vigorous phrase, was [illegible] and the United States had come to [illegible] pass when it did not dare to take [illegible] against pirates.

On June 19th, the very next da[illegible] master dramatist of all time calle[illegible] long distance and offered him th[illegible] of Secretary of War. Neither the [illegible] dent nor Mr. Stimson, it seems [illegible] mention, have ever been given [illegible] credit for courage in the matter, t[illegible] for the offer and the other for acce[illegible]

Not only was the new appoi[illegible] stanch Republican and an unsparin[illegible] of the Administration's foreign [illegible] but the isolationists had singled h[illegible] as a pet hate, branding him a "w[illegible] ger" and "British tool." For Henr[illegible] son it meant a break with his par[illegible] the friends of a lifetime. Only a[illegible] while before, an edict had been issu[illegible] any Republican accepting a post [illegible] Roosevelt Administration would [illegible] garded as a "third-term stooge."

Analyzed honestly, none othe[illegible] patriotic motives can be found [illegible] Roosevelt, forced to face an ur[illegible] fact, saw that the War Depa[illegible] needed an instant and radical reor[illegible] tion. Henry Stimson, by virtue of [illegible] ing, experience and character, [illegible] standout for the job. Mr. St[illegible] assured that he would be gi[illegible] free hand, accepted the offer as [illegible] to duty from the Commander in C[illegible] the Armed Forces.

As Mr. Roosevelt must have ex[illegible] the appointment was resented by [illegible] crats and attacked by Republican[illegible] "cheap political trick." And as Mr [illegible] son undoubtedly knew, he was re[illegible] of his party and assailed as a re[illegible] even Senator Taft, son of his old [illegible] joining in the savage outcry.

Always a first-class executive, h[illegible] step was to surround himself with [illegible] tent aides. Robert P. Patterson wa[illegible] from the federal bench to serve as [illegible] secretary; for Assistant Secretary he [illegible] John J. McCloy, a brilliant lawy[illegible] wide experience in organizational [illegible] Robert A. Lovett, a shrewd inv[illegible] banker and a flier in the first Worl[illegible] was made Assistant Secretary of [illegible] Air; and hard-driving Brehon Sor[illegible] promoted to be lieutenant gener[illegible] placed at the head of Services of [illegible]

Captain of a Winning Tea[illegible]

In the new Pentagon Building, t[illegible] retary assigned an office right nex[illegible] own for General Marshall, the C[illegible] Staff, and propped the door betwe[illegible] wide open. Strong men all, but [illegible] Stimson's experienced hands ha[illegible] pulling as a team. A great team!

All good, sound performance [illegible] news. That's why people don't he[illegible] of Henry Stimson. He just *isn't* ne[illegible] quarrels, no blunders, no bellows. [illegible] for getting the boot, that's nonsens[illegible]

And here's still another thing t[illegible] ries a note of encouragement to th[illegible] try. Before Henry Stimson's app[illegible] on the scene, New Deal circles hel[illegible] to the conviction that public [illegible] should be restricted to persons [illegible] twenties, or else so untried in any [illegible] human endeavor as to have ad[illegible] minds. Now, however, after watc[illegible] seventy-six-year-old head of the [illegible] partment, there is grudging admiss[illegible] maybe the age limit was put too lo[illegible]

THE END

NOT ACCORDING TO HOYLE

Pasquale Rolli of Philadelphia was badly frightened in an automobile accident. He started to hiccup and kept it up for eight days.

Harmon Reeder of Tahlequah, Oklahoma, walked along the railroad tracks and was struck by a train. He sent a written apology to the locomotive engineer.

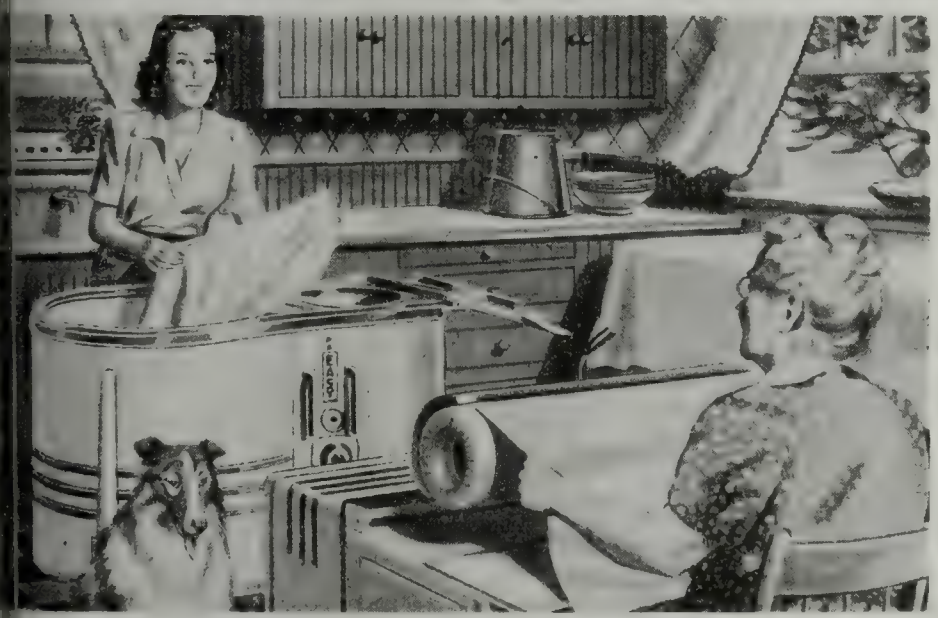
Students at Temple University held a spelling bee with their teachers. The students won.

Two motorists, one drunk and one sober, crashed their cars in a traffic accident in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. The judge exonerated the drunken driver and found the sober one guilty.

W. E. FARBSTEIN

The farmer's daughter and the 8,000,000 traveling men...

1. Uncle Sam's traveling men . . . more than 8,000,000 strong...are on the march all over the world. But they're never out of touch with home. Thanks to the farmer's daughter, and the millions like her, our boys can count on a steady stream of the food and other supplies they need to win. Easy salutes the farmer's daughter, the farmer's wife, and all the other heroines fighting so valiantly on the home front . . .



nd we get a kick out of knowing that the time and energy an Easy her saves is helping so many of these women to do a better job. We thank tars that we decided, 66 years ago, never to compromise with quality. Be- of this policy, more than 2,000,000 Easy Washer owners can count on pre-war washers to serve them faithfully through the emergency.

3. Until peace comes we'll go on building aviation starter motors and other ordnance instead of America's leading washer. But out of this war work will come even better washers tomorrow. Buy your post-war Easy Washer by buying War Bonds now! To keep your present Easy humming, send 3¢ in stamps for oiling chart, to Dept. C-8, Easy Washing Machine Corp., Syracuse, N. Y.

Join the U. S. Crop Corps . . . Get paid for a farm vacation . . . See your County Agricultural Agent!

EASY *America's Leading* **WASHER**

ORDNANCE TODAY ★ WASHERS TOMORROW

Crawford
COMPLETELY DEPENDABLE

Whether smartly streamlined or mounted with diamonds and rubies, Crawford Military and Dress Watches combine the accuracy of fine watchmaking with the beauty of rich jewelry.

Crawford fob and wrist watches at better shops from $19.95 to $500.00

BEAUTY • ACCURACY

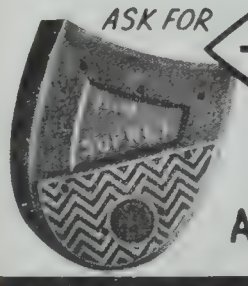
Crawford
WATCH COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS

"A. E. F. AFRICA"
Because MARLIN BLADES are popular in the armed forces, we suggest—make *yours* last longer!
The Marlin Firearms Co.

JOHNNY SHOEMAKER SEZ..

"LITTLE WILLIE NEEDS NEW SHOES? SAVE A COUPON HE CAN USE—GET YOURS REPAIRED"

ASK FOR HOOD



RUBBER HEELS AND SOLES

HOOD RUBBER HEELS GIVE YOU WEAR PLUS COMFORT

A Russian Family

Continued from page 28

another bedroom in addition to this room and kitchen.

The kitchen was shared by a family of three, living in a room across the hall. This would be a typical arrangement for a worker's family in Moscow. The war interrupted a huge building campaign, and until the war is over, half-completed apartment houses which one sees everywhere, designed to give workers larger quarters, must remain uncompleted.

One daughter, 31-year-old Alexandra Fedorovna, with black eyes and dark hair, held her eight-year-old son Vladimir in her lap. Her husband died four years ago, and now she and Vladimir live with Grandma Starostin.

Vladimir is at kindergarten. He has all his meals there, and this costs his mother sixty rubles a month. The rate of exchange, rather an artificial one and out of line with the buying power, is five rubles to the dollar, which means that Vladimir gets three meals a day for twelve dollars a month. He was a tall, dark-eyed youngster, very solemn and a little shy because he was wearing his best suit and white Buster Brown collar. I asked him what they'd given him to eat at school that day.

"Today for breakfast we had two slices of bread with butter, an omelet and tea with sugar," the youngster said very seriously. "At noon we had noodle soup, potatoes and apple jam. At three o'clock we had tea but no sugar, and a piece of bread with more apple jam. When we left at five o'clock we had kasha (porridge) with milk on it, and bread. I like apple jam," he added, smiling and unbending for the first time.

"The little rascal," Grandma Starostin laughed, ruffling his hair. "He eats all that and then comes home and always wants something with us at our evening meal."

Vladimir's mother, Alexandra, explained that she worked in the same textile factory across the street in which her mother had once worked. She began in 1928 as a weaver, but has recently been promoted to the job of testing the finished product to determine if it's up to standard. Her salary is 600 rubles a month ($120), but invariably she makes more than that.

All Soviet factories have bonus systems, and if a plant exceeds its scheduled production, each worker receives additional compensation according to his position. Alexandra, for instance, earned 800 rubles ($160) this month. Originally she and all of her factory fellow workers were on eight-hour shifts, but now hours are determined entirely by the need for production. She usually works ten or eleven hours a day.

"But we don't work by the clock," she says scornfully. "Our men at the front don't fight by the clock."

Blood Donor's Bonus

Alexandra, in addition, is a blood donor. Virtually every widow or wife of a Red army man is a blood donor. Every six weeks she travels to the central blood clinic to give a pint of blood and she would do it more often, but doctors allow no one to act as a donor more than once in six weeks. Each time she gives her blood she gets 270 rubles ($54) in cash and an extra ration card entitling her to an extra pound and a half of butter, a pound and a half of sugar, a pound of meat and a pound of cereals.

As for recreation, strangely enough Alexandra is not a ballet or opera fan, nor does she especially care for the movies. Alexandra is strictly a theater fan and she attends whenever she can. The Cherry Tree of Chekhov and Moscow's current hit play, Front, are her two favorites. She doesn't go out much at night. Usually she is too tired and she'd rather romp with young Vladimir and gossip with girl friends who live in the apartment house.

"I go to bed early," she says, smiling a little sadly. "The sooner you get to sleep, the sooner you forget your troubles. The time goes quickly, and the end of the war will seem to come more quickly."

While we were talking, her 27-year-old sister Klavdia was romping with her son Vitali, a rolypoly, laughing-eyed five-year-old. Vitali is the kind of youngster you want to wrap up and take home with you. He climbs onto your lap, gurgling with happiness and then, suddenly remembering something, he'll dash out into the hall and ride triumphantly into the room on his tricycle. His mother is slim and fine-featured, with soft blond hair and very light blue eyes. She, too, works in the textile factory across the street. It's called the Trekhgornaya Manufactura, and in peacetime her foreman was a tall, very dark Moscowite who was very popular with the workers, especially the women workers. But his eyes fell on the blond beauty of Klavdia, and seven years ago they were married. They had the apartment next door to Grandma Starostin, but then war came. He enlisted, and lonely Klavdia and her son moved in with Grandma.

"I couldn't stand being alone," Klavdia says, smiling ruefully as though ashamed of her weakness. "I moved in here and now at least Grandma and I can talk about Nikolai. In hard times like these you want to be with your own people. It makes life easier."

Klavdia began in the factory as a clerk and now has become inspector of textiles. Her salary is 500 rubles ($100) a month, but this month she made 600 rubles ($120). She, too, is a blood donor and has given blood twelve times. Despite her almost frail blond beauty, Klavdia is a very serious-minded girl. She was a member of the Komsomol (League of young Communists) when she was younger and is now studying to become a member of the Communist party.

Party memberships aren't given out in Russia. One must work pretty hard to become one of the party. A girl like Klavdia goes to school three nights a week when she's finished at the factory. Here she learns history, political economy, the principles of Marx and Lenin, t tory of the party. Then she has to stiff examination which not all are pass. But she is confident she'll pa be admitted to membership.

It must be remembered that the munist party in Russia is not a p party in the sense that we at home stand political parties. Here, one earn membership either by study giving special, meritorious service country. If Klavdia makes it, sh the envy of her fellow factory w

Back to Her Real Job

Klavdia is a movie fan who esp likes the present film, Actress, the s a musical-comedy star who gave career to act as a nurse, and then hundreds of wounded criticize her staying at her real job because actress she gave so much joy to w and soldiers who so avidly need mental relaxation furnished by filr theaters. Finally the actress-nurs back to her real job.

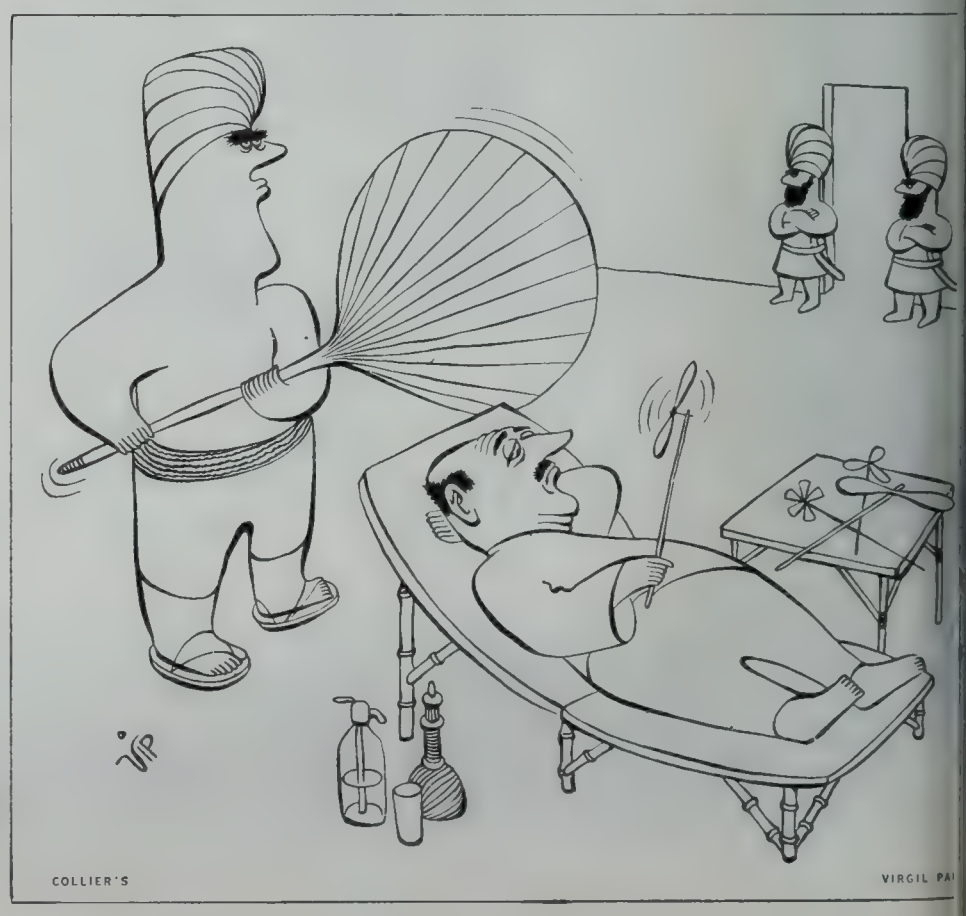
The film is an interesting comm on a condition which we have not ognized at home. Soviet authoriti opera, ballet, the theater and films dustries essential to the war effo leading lights are not only exemp service but considered almost to be ers if they do enlist.

Klavdia showed me a letter fr husband. He had been sent from th to an officers' training camp, and K was very proud (just as your ne Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Jones wou proud). The letter also told of the food the men enjoy at the front.

"We have a lot of canned foo America," he wrote, "and it is exc Because of that one line in the Klavdia had become an ardent fri America as an ally.

"We all celebrated when we hea wonderful news from Tunisia," sh "In our newspapers we first read ou war news, then eagerly look for sto American and British victories and ing raids over Germany. That is news to read about our allies."

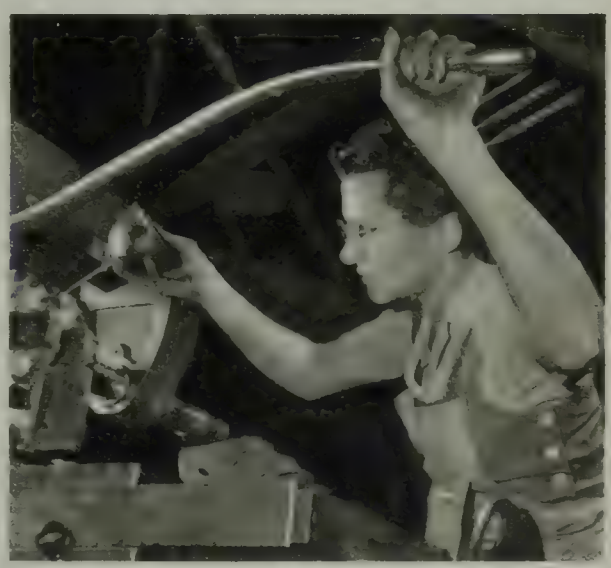
Grandma Starostin, who had be tening, interrupted to say that late had been getting a lot of canned lard, sugar and chocolate, all of



Westinghouse makes a pledge to a boy in a submarine . . .

. . . that if care and skill and conscience can insure it—every single piece of Westinghouse war equipment shall meet the test of battle with performance beyond expectation . . . that every Westinghouse war weapon shall prove worthy of its high trust.

Westinghouse makes a pledge to a girl at a milling machine . . .



. . . to Ann McCastland, whose husband is with the fighting Marines, and to thousands like her in Westinghouse factories who have loved ones at the fighting fronts—a pledge that in wartime our only business is Victory . . . that we are vitally concerned with anything our "know-how" can design or build to speed the winning of the war.

Westinghouse makes a pledge to a woman and her dreams . . .

. . . that some day, not too far distant, her life shall be richer and happier because of the tremendous progress now being born of research and experience in making war weapons . . . that new electric products, appliances, equipment, shall bring her greater comfort and leisure in the days of peace to come. Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Plants in 25 cities—offices everywhere.

No bone, no waste, TREET is ALL meat

Treet makes hearty meat meals... stretches red points, too!

Been skimping on meat portions to save your points? Here's cheering news. You can serve man-sized meat portions by using Treet, Armour's meal-in-a-minute meat. One tin makes a big meat meal for 4 . . . at just a little more than 1 point per person.

Tonight—perk up the family's appetite with this Treet and Corn feast! Watch how they go for those juicy, tender Treet slices . . . how satisfied they'll be with this filling meat dinner!

There are dozens of other quick, tempting dishes you can make with Treet. Sliced cold, baked or fried, ready-to-eat Treet always gets a hearty welcome. For Treet is made only from juicy pork shoulder meat and tender, flavorful ham. You'll find high-vitamin Treet is the meat for war-busy days . . . it saves your time and red points, too.

Treet's the fighters' favorite!

Treet goes over so big with our armed forces your dealer may be out of it occasionally. But he'll have it again in a few days. So keep on asking for Treet.

TREET and SPANISH CORN

Cut Treet into 8 slices. Fry 1½ min. each side. Heat No. 2 can of whole kernel corn. Mix with ¼ cup chopped green pepper, ¼ cup chopped onion, 2 tbsps. chopped pimento, which have been cooked 3 or 4 min. in 1 tbsp. Cloverbloom butter. Serves 4.

Armour and Company

For finest quality and flavor ask for

Star Canned Meats, Star Ham and Bacon, Star Beef, Veal and Lamb, Star Sausages, Cloverbloom Poultry and Dairy Products.

© ARMOUR AND COMPANY

came from America. This food, obtained on ordinary ration cards, made millions of Russians friends of America. Strangely enough, it is American lard which is most highly prized.

Klavdia and Alexandra have two older married sisters, Natasha and Sonya. They live together and not far from the Starostin apartment. No home in Russia has managed to escape tragedy, and the Starostins are no exception. The husbands of both Natasha and Sonya are listed as missing.

"But it may be," Grandma Starostin said hopefully, "that they were cut off and are now back of the German lines with guerrilla groups."

Let's consider the economic situation of the family. With the eighty-two rubles pension Grandma receives, their total average income is 1,600 rubles ($320) a month. The two girls pay a total tax of 300 rubles a month at the factory. This covers various taxes such as income tax, culture tax and war tax.

This culture tax is used by the government for building parks, theaters, and for all recreational activities given to the people. All moving-picture theaters, ballet and opera houses are operated by the government and paid for by this culture tax. Because of it, prices at all Moscow theaters are, in relation to our own, absurdly cheap, and even the best ballet and opera is within the price range of any worker.

The tax paid by these women also includes the purchase of war bonds. This is not mandatory, but, as in America, virtually every factory worker loans a certain percentage of his earnings to the country. Take these three hundred rubles ($60) away, and Grandma Starostin still has a monthly budget of 1,300 rubles ($260) with which to feed and clothe her family.

Their rent is fifty-three rubles ($10.60) a month, which is the average rent of any worker's family in Russia. That includes heating, water and radio. Lighting is another eight rubles ($1.60). Their ration cards allow them 12½ pounds of meat per month which will cost an average of sixty rubles ($12). Mutton is quite cheap, averaging four rubles a pound, while pork, of which there is a scarcity, costs eight rubles a pound.

OPA Isn't That Bad

Their ration cards permit them thirteen pounds of cereal a month at an average cost of four rubles per pound, a total of fifty-two rubles ($10.40). They are allowed five pounds of butter at eight rubles a pound; five pounds of bread daily at eighty kopecks (fifteen cents) a pound, and three pounds of sugar a month at two rubles (forty cents) a pound. No milk is allowed for adults, but five-year-old Vitali, in addition to his meals at kindergarten, is allowed two glasses of milk per day (twenty cents).

Grandma Starostin went over last month's housekeeping accounts with me. Last month, the family living expenses, including rent, food and the children's fees, came to 535 rubles ($107), which left quite a comfortable margin for clothing and extras.

Outside of the government shops where ration cards are honored, there's an open market in Moscow. Here, farmers who have produced a surplus, or people who have commodity goods to sell secondhand, gather, and they may charge anything they wish. Their prices would make a New York or Detroit millionaire blink, but actually, of course, few Moscow families either need or can afford to patronize the market. Typical prices at this open market are: milk, seven dollars a quart; potatoes, six dollars a pound; sugar, eighty dollars a pound, with butter and lard about the same. A pound of meat would cost about 180 rubles ($16). A pai[illegible] secondhand shoes costs anywhere [illegible] 1,000 to 4,000 rubles. Divide by five, [illegible] you have it in dollars.

The Starostin family never patro[illegible] the open market. Because both daug[illegible] are factory workers and blood do[illegible] their ration cards amply supply the fa[illegible] with food. They get necessary clo[illegible] through their factory department sto[illegible] reasonable prices. Girls aren't buying [illegible] frocks or silk stockings in Russia [illegible] days. All fabrics are needed for unif[illegible] and other war purposes, while silk a[illegible] substitutes are used for making paracl[illegible] and other equipment.

Russian women through long pra[illegible] have the knack of making clothes [illegible] longer, and now that it's summer, mi[illegible] of them go barelegged to save their c[illegible] stockings. Only last week, Grandma [illegible]rostin received eighteen yards of ma[illegible] from the factory to make suits for th[illegible] boys. She also received a pair of sho[illegible] each child. This cost 250 rubles ($50)

Factory Supplies Its Workers

There are few commodity goods o[illegible] shelves of Moscow stores, and the [illegible] of the few goods they have are far be[illegible] anyone's purse. Workers look to th[illegible]tory for everything, and the factory [illegible] take care of them. The recreational, [illegible]cational and economic life of the f[illegible] revolves around the factory, and wo[illegible] get whatever is available in the for[illegible] commodity goods. If these good[illegible] scanty and not up to prewar standard [illegible] is not the fault of the government [illegible] the factory. It is the fault of war, a[illegible] one complains, least of all the Sta[illegible] family, which considers itself fairly [illegible] off.

We talked of many things, but we [illegible] talk about war—except once. I a[illegible] "Do you think we have a fair chan[illegible] beating Hitler?"

There was an astonished silence [illegible] then a peal of laughter from Gran[illegible] from Alexandra and from Klavdia. [illegible] Vitali, who didn't know what the lau[illegible] was about but who did know that e[illegible] one was happy and that life was [illegible] joined in and then climbed up on m[illegible] still laughing happily.

"We cannot lose," Klavdia said si[illegible] "We just cannot lose."

I imagine the Smiths and the Jo[illegible] are saying the same thing at home [illegible] Any military strategist could show [illegible] families dozens of ways in which th[illegible] can be lost but, happily, wars are w[illegible] the long run, by families like the S[illegible] and the Joneses and the Starostins [illegible] millions like them, while armchair s[illegible]gists are drawing military diagram[illegible] luncheon tablecloths. Anyhow, we [illegible] talk about war beyond that.

The people in Moscow are mucl[illegible] busy working to help the war effo[illegible] waste time talking about the war. [illegible] didn't even talk about 19-year-old [illegible] Starostin, the fifth child. He enlist[illegible] seventeen and has been missing for [illegible] a year now. Sometimes men list[illegible] missing do come back—not ofte[illegible] often enough to keep the spark of [illegible] from dying. No, we didn't talk abou[illegible] any more than you talk to the Smit[illegible] the Joneses about a son listed as [illegible]ing." There's nothing you can say.

I left the family because it was [illegible] for the kids to go to bed. I left then [illegible] fed, contented, and with two chi[illegible] having lost their shyness, playing h[illegible] on the floor. The walk down thos[illegible] flights wasn't nearly so hard as the [illegible] up. I regretted only one thing: I [illegible] wasn't able to kidnap young Vital[illegible] bring him downstairs in my arms. Y[illegible] probably felt the same way abou[illegible] Smith kid next door, or that Jones y[illegible]ster down the street.

THE END

We Are Ready with Gas

Continued from page 21

hu e supplies in Russia and to be making m e in French factories. The British h e tons of the stuff piled up, and so ha we and the Russians and Japanese—pr bably everyone except the Chinese, ar they may have a couple of cylinders st k away in some odd nook.

ermany's weakness—and perhaps her he tancy to start gassing—lies in two fa s: She has masks for only five per cent of er people and she is losing supremacy of he air. England has masks for every-on and is gaining air mastery. We have m ks for every armed man and several m ion more for distribution to civilians n oastal areas where there is some very d nt possibility of a gas attack.

as horrifies people because it is an un-kr wn quantity. Only a few have ever ex rienced it. You can't take a movie of a s attack as you can of a bombing or sh ling. Just now its psychological effects pr bably are greater than its physical ef-fe s. It works through fear as well as th ugh the eyes, nose and skin. This fear w lessen as the public comes to know m what gas can and cannot do and learns th there are very simple and effective m ods of detection and protection.

oduction of gases without smell or co r is largely love's labor lost. There are th e simple ways of detecting such gases. A oldier can splash a special paint on the fr t of his truck or tank; make a chalk m k on his car or gun; or simply wear a p r arm band. If he gets into gas, the p t, chalk or paper, which are all of a ecial composition containing secret ch nicals, quickly change color.

ll he has to do then is put on his gas k or get into one of the new cello-ne sacks which all our overseas troops carry with them. These sacks are pressed into a small flat pack that can arried in a pocket, and they are com-, temporary protection from any kind as.

as is tricky to use because its effective-depends a great deal on the weather. hot dry weather, it will dissipate dly. A wind change can make it de-dly dangerous to the user. This hap-d more than once to the Germans in last war. They shot the gas toward Allies, and a west wind rolled it right at them.

Gas More "Humane" Than Guns

ur Chemical Warfare people say there any such thing as "humane warfare," hat gas certainly is more humane than bs, bayonets, shells or torpedoes. can give you figures, too: In the last ninety-five per cent of all bayonet nds proved fatal. Twenty-four per of those hit by bullets and shell frag-ts died. But only two per cent of the casualties failed to recover. There only thirty-eight cases of blindness ed by gas in the 1918 A.E.F.

or as a rule are there bad lasting ef-from being gassed. Fantastic as it s, fewer cases of tuberculosis devel-after the last war among gassed vet-s than among those who were not d. Careful investigation by the Army ical Department shows scarcely one nanent disability from gas.

umber One man of our Chemical fare Service is Major General William orter, who has been in the Navy, the Service and the Regular Army ever 1909. He was graduated from An-lis, served a year with the fleet and resigned to join the Army's Coast lery Corps at Fort Monroe, Virginia. saw service in the Philippines and in ce and Germany during the first ld War.

Chief of the Operations Division of the Service is Brigadier General Alden H. Waitt, an old-timer at the game and thoroughly sold on the possibilities of chemical warfare—if he ever gets orders to start it.

"During peacetime," General Waitt told Collier's, "idealists may talk of banning war gas just as those of past generations wanted to ban gunpowder and machine guns, but in a struggle for self-existence, a nation becomes realistic and selects its weapons on the basis of military advantage. We can be sure that our enemies will resort to gas warfare when it is to their military advantage to do so, and most surely when their situation becomes really desperate."

Unlike most branches of the Army, the Chemical Warfare Service during peacetime more than paid its way, although because of the sentiment against this kind of war it never got enough money to do a real job. But it managed to develop a safe method of fumigating ships. Its experts in 1923 invented methods of spraying and dusting crops from planes. It also developed a dope to protect bridges and piling from marine borers and did a lot of work on the boll-weevil problem.

Triple-Threat Air Raid

Today CWS doesn't only play around with gas. It deals also in smoke and fog screens and in incendiary bombs. It could stage an air raid in which it first laid down a smoke screen to confuse the enemy, then sprayed down gas to disrupt his defenses and finally showered down incendiaries to set fire to whatever was below. Whether this triple threat ever has been put into action isn't known, but the CWS would like to try it sometime when conditions are right. The service also deals in flame throwers that can burn up a steel tank.

We have around a dozen gases ranging from straight chlorine and phosgene to some fearsome stuff called trichloromethyl chloroformate. In the Army these go by symbols—HS for mustard, M-1 for lewisite, CG for phosgene and DM for adamsite, which smells like coal smoke and causes sneezing and what the CWS describes as "a sick, depressed feeling."

The boys feel that Germans, Italians or Japs with a sick, depressed feeling would be duck soup for the Yanks. As we've said, none of these gases is new; mustard gas, for example, was discovered in 1822.

Besides gas, the CWS also puts out a line of four varieties of smoke, some secret stuff called the H-C mixture, being one of them. This is harmless to troops on either side. There is no protection for anyone, though, against burning particles of white phosophorus, used to screen advancing troops and to start fires or, as the Army puts it, "create incendiary effects."

In the matter of gas, as far as our men know, no one nation has a great advantage over another as far as possession of any new deadly gas is concerned. Methods of detection, protection and decontamination are being constantly improved, and so the danger from gas tends to grow less.

The Allies' great advantage is that not only have they more gas than the enemy but they are better equipped to use it. Our productive capacity is many times that of the Axis because we have the raw material.

After the first gas surprise—the effect of which can only be momentary—the winner still will be, as old General Nathan Bedford Forrest used to say, "The side that gets thar fustest with the mostest."

That will be us.

THE END

★ ★ ★ Splendid saving food!

SAVES TIME SAVES WORK SAVES FUEL

Whole grain nourishment. Rice Krispies are so CRISP you'll hear them*

Snap! Crackle! Pop!

U.S. NEEDS US STRONG · EAT THE BASIC 7 EVERY DAY
7 BASIC FOOD GROUPS ARE NEEDED DAILY FOR GOOD NUTRITION
This food is included in...
NUTRITION GROUP SIX

Thank goodness for Rice Krispies these busy days. Ready *instantly* . . . they save time, work, fuel and other foods.

And how grand to know that they're one of the types of food recommended for daily use by the new U. S. Wartime Nutrition Program. *Rice Krispies are restored to whole grain food values in thiamin (Vitamin B_1), niacin and iron.

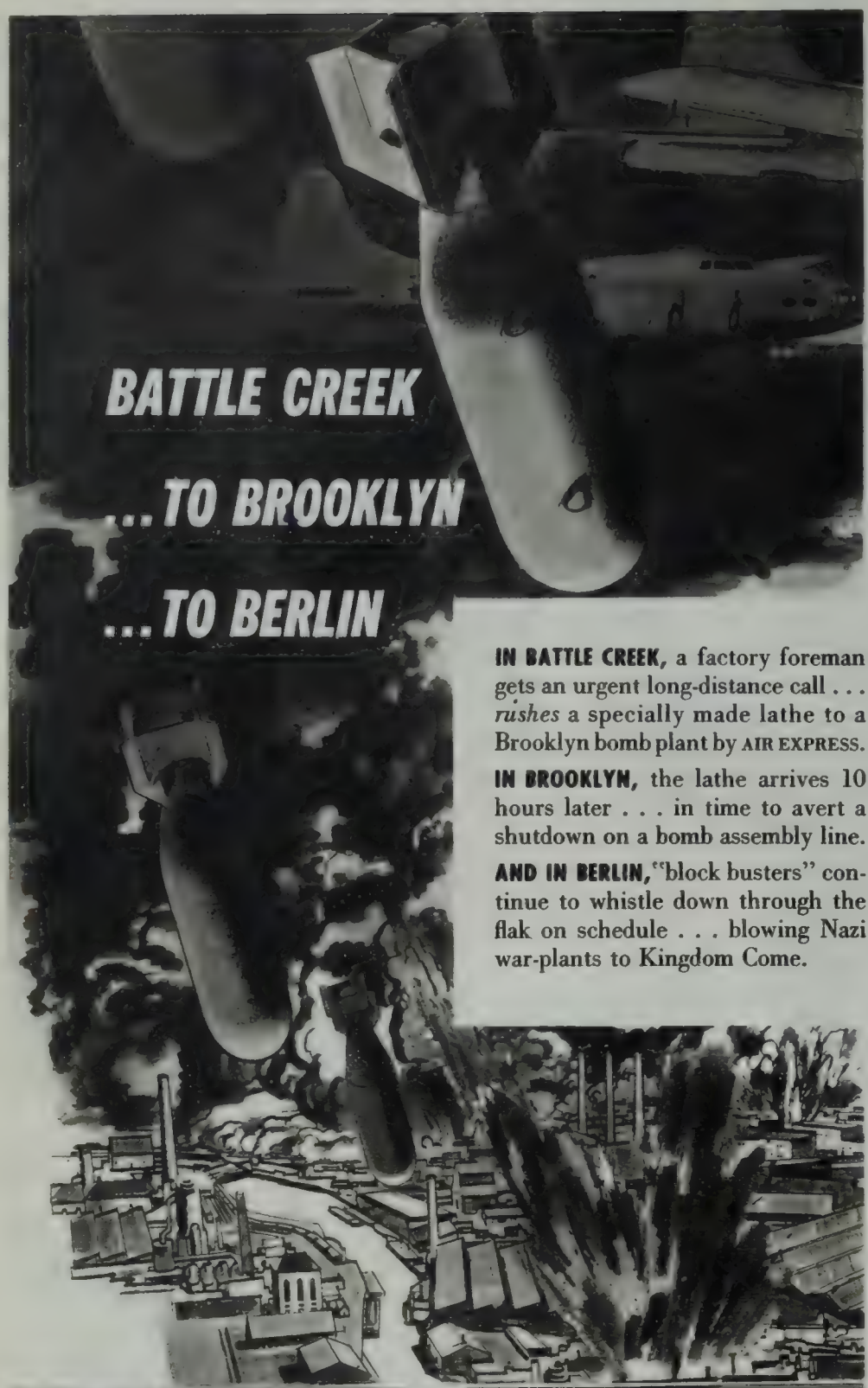
Serve these snap-crackle-pop tempters often with milk or cream to help make up for scarce protein foods and their vitamins.

Delicious Rice Krispies are oven-popped, gently toasted, flavored according to an exclusive Kellogg recipe.

"Rice Krispies" is a trade mark (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) of Kellogg Company for its oven-popped rice.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

Copr. 1943 by Kellogg Company



IN BATTLE CREEK, a factory foreman gets an urgent long-distance call . . . *rushes* a specially made lathe to a Brooklyn bomb plant by AIR EXPRESS.

IN BROOKLYN, the lathe arrives 10 hours later . . . in time to avert a shutdown on a bomb assembly line.

AND IN BERLIN, "block busters" continue to whistle down through the flak on schedule . . . blowing Nazi war-plants to Kingdom Come.

TODAY, AIR EXPRESS is smashing wartime bottlenecks with 3-mile-a-minute service direct to more than 350 points in the U. S. and to over 60 foreign countries. At the same time AIR EXPRESS is working hand in hand with the Army and Navy to supply our fighting men on battle fronts throughout the world.

TOMORROW, AIR EXPRESS will girdle the globe in international peacetime commerce . . . to bring *all* foreign markets to the doorstep of American business.

AIR EXPRESS SPEEDS WAR PRODUCTION

SHIP EARLY—as soon as shipment is ready—to assure *fastest* delivery. PACK COMPACTLY to conserve valuable space. WRITE for our Calendar-blotter complete with Air Express shipping information. Dept. PR, Railway Express Agency, 230 Park Ave., N.Y.C.

AIR EXPRESS
Gets there FIRST

Phone RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY, AIR EXPRESS DIVISION
Representing the AIRLINES of the United States

Food That Fights

Continued from page 26

menu are landed at the same place at the same time, why, it's just a coincidence.

Good food alone is not considered enough. A man who is busy fighting—a flier who has landed on a desert island with problems of rescue to think about—can't take time to stop, finger to lip, like a housewife in front of a pantry shelf, wondering: "Now let's see, what shall I have for supper tonight?" Somebody else had better do that kind of thinking for him. And somebody does.

A while back, several assorted experts of the Quartermaster Corps in Washington went out for a picnic on the banks of the Potomac, taking a box of Mountain ration along. Several were women. They found out that they could do a lot of things with the contents besides cooking them straight. By combining the chocolate with the cereal, for instance, you could make an excellent pudding. By cooking the fruit bar with sugar and water, you could make marmalade. Recipes will be found in the package.

But from Alaska and the South Seas and England and Africa come dolorous reports of the craving for fresh meat, milk, vegetables, eggs—oh, lovely, lovely eggs! An officer with a European Theater ribbon on his blouse sat down in a dining car between Washington and New York.

"Keep bringing me eggs," he ordered the waiter. "I don't care how you cook 'em. Just fresh eggs." To a fellow passenger he explained: "I just got in with a convoy. I've been dreaming of this for months."

The Navy's food problem is quite different from that of the Army. For the Navy lives high as long as it remains afloat. Submarine crews live highest of all, on a food allowance that is fifteen cents a day higher per man than that of the other branches, and it's part of the submarine code that the icebox is never locked.

The mere mention of powdered soluble coffee will turn an old Navy man purple. Good coffee—real coffee—is part of the Navy tradition, and it's never more important than in the thick of a fight. While the boys on Guadalcanal dream feverishly of tinkling ice cubes, the Navy luxuriates in ice cream—at least on large ships—and it's another tradition that when a supply ship comes alongside in the tropics, the ice cream is put aboard even before the fuel oil.

Good News for the Thirsty

All the newer carriers and battlewagons have soda fountains. When one of the carriers was hit in a South Pacific battle, she developed a list, and word went out over the loud-speaker that ice cream would be sold at half price. Business was brisk; but as hours passed, the list began to improve, and a second announcement declared that the price was now back to normal.

Once the Navy has taken to small boats, however—ah, who wouldn't be in the Army then? Lifeboats and rafts are now equipped with fishing kits, and the instructions, printed on waterproofed paper, point out hopefully that "many tribes and some nations commonly eat raw fish and like it."

You'll never know how vast this global war is, until you've realized the tininess and multiplicity of its details. Ten million things can go wrong; ten million things must go right. Why was the K ration named K? Because someone foresaw that, with other food combinations named B, C and D, a letter with a different sound would be needed to avoid mistakes over a field telephone.

One group of Marines who landed Guadalcanal ate canned corn for five d because dunking in the surf during land operations had washed all the paper la off the cans. Now the canned-goods la are impressed directly on the tin.

The Navy found that ordinary woo and cardboard cartons couldn't stand ing hurled off of top decks and went pieces in salt water. A new and toug type of container was promptly de oped.

Flavored to the Taste

The Army has learned that where w found at foreign-base camps is unpleas tasting, the boys won't drink enough for their health. But they will if you ac fruit flavoring.

Current lunch problem in the Forces: What's a pursuit pilot going to on his way home from knocking dow few Zeros? Give him a K ration, *But*—he has to open the meat tin with hand while flying his ship with the ot So they're trying to find a plastic c tainer that he can tear open with his te

Somebody described the ideal e gency ration as one which fits in the poc weighs next to nothing and eats lik Thanksgiving dinner cooked by Mot The Army and the experts are still s ing onward and upward toward this g

THE END

DELAYED ACTION

Forty-six years after Charle Eastland played on the varsit team, he received his football "O" from the University of Oregon.

Twelve years after Gregory A Tello of San Diego took out a li cense to wed, he married the gir

---

Forty-five years after Andrew Sturm carried away a key from th Brown Palace Hotel in Denver, i was returned to the desk clerk.

Mrs. Sarah Tooley of Valley City North Dakota, got her first perma nent at the age of 101.

Twelve years after he stoppe speaking to her, Mrs. Harold Flint off Hall of London sued her hus band for divorce.

Thirteen years after a woman i Brockton, Massachusetts, lost he false teeth in a patrol wagon, sh appeared at the police station an retrieved them.

One week after a bandit held u Mrs. Frances Boston in a Kansa City store, she got excited an fainted away.

Thirty years after Edward D Fitzgibbons graduated from th Kansas City School of Law, h opened an office for the practice o his profession.

Twenty-five years after Carl Bu chanan of Aurora, Indiana, wa given a letter to mail, he found in his pocket and dropped it in mailbox.

W. E. FARBSTEIN

Our New Weapon—JAPANESE

Continued from page 13

di omatic or military career was possi- bl without English, and it is said that so e Japanese business firms even used it r domestic correspondence.

nportant business and diplomatic tr sactions were carried on in English or hrough Japanese interpreters. Many of our diplomatic representatives never le ned Japanese. Indeed, only a few hu dred Americans really knew it, and m t of these were unavailable for war.

Japanese was at the beginning, as th Japanese boasted, almost as safe as co for their communications. English, on he other hand, was an open book to th h. Language became, for them, a for- ble military weapon, and the once- tu y stories about Japanese shouting fa orders in English to deceive our should join the other once-funny s es about the laughable inefficiency of th ships, planes and fliers. In tragic in nces, the language ruse worked.

e Navy was awake. It had long had oficient but too small group of men knew Japanese, and it determined, before Pearl Harbor, to prepare fur- though secretly, for both diplomatic military reasons. Naval authorities erred with the few teachers of Japa- (only a handful of our larger uni- ties taught the language) and some ers thought speeded-up courses were ticable.

the Navy went ahead. In October, , two schools were started, one at vard and one at the University of fornia, where the blue-eyed, able Walne was head of the Japanese guage section. The schools were mili- secrets until, after Pearl Harbor, mili- authorities would not exempt the fornia instructors from the order that ersons of Japanese descent must go d. So in July, 1942, all instruction centered at Boulder.

hy the Nisei? Well, the course is so that it outpaced not only slow stu- s, but "book-learning" instructors had learned their Japanese in college. Ve have made a new precision instru- t out of the teaching of a classic sub- ' says Miss Walne. "We can tell st to the hour where the student ld be, and," she added a trifle grimly, e isn't there, he isn't here."

At Home in Two Languages

the only instructors who could pour apanese to these students fast enough those truly bilingual—including a few Japan-reared Occidentals who titute about ten per cent of the fac- —and the Nisei who from birth have at home in both languages.

e Navy doesn't want students named dentified—also for obvious reasons. doesn't apply to instructors, how- Courteous, painstaking Susumu Na- ra, chief instructor, is, like Miss e, from the Berkeley faculty. Born taken to Japan when six, he returned at sixteen and worked his way gh college as a houseboy in the of a Baptist minister.

en there's Doctor Lee Watanabe and Watanabe. One of four physicians on the teaching staff, Doctor Wata- was studying at Mayo Clinic when ar broke out. There's Ariaki Inouye, eley landscape architect; Mrs. Kyo no, whose son is in the United States y; Mrs. Maud Yakushi, a graduate e Womens' College in Tokyo; lovely g Yoshiki Arimatsu, who was a voice nt in Los Angeles; another girl e American father is in a Japanese nment camp—and scores more.

ss Walne herself was born in Japan, daughter of Reverend and Mrs. E. N. Walne, Baptist missionaries. She's been across the Pacific so many times she's lost count. She completed her Japanese studies at Radcliffe.

"It's not only untrue, it's defeatism and playing into the hands of our enemies, to say that Japanese is too difficult for us to learn," she says. "After all, as the daily language of 70,000,000 people, it cannot be so terribly difficult.

"Vowel values in spoken Japanese resemble the Italian. The language is sounded exactly as spelled. The Japanese, having no written language of their own, many centuries ago adopted the Chinese ideographs. But the monosyllabic ideographs were too clumsy to express the polysyllabic Japanese, and the Japanese developed out of them the supplementary 'table of fifty sounds' each representing a syllable. Grammar and syntax are basically simple, though there are complicated grammatical forms.

Literal Training by Ear

"In this swift, practical course we naturally by-pass culture and ethnology. It is based on texts evolved at the U. S. Embassy in Tokyo to teach—in three years—elementary Japanese to staff members. A Japanologist asked me what we do about phonetics, and I told him, 'We don't do anything. We just tell the boys their instructors speak as the Japanese do; to listen to them and speak that way.'"

The Navy still wants applicants, between 20 and 30 years old, qualified to become officers. They should have had at least three years of college work, and preferably some basic training in either Chinese or Japanese. But students of Phi Beta Kappa standing may qualify without Oriental languages. The Navy has now announced that Waves—whose qualifications as to education and intelligence must equal those of the men—will be accepted as students. When graduated, they will perform behind-the-lines duties where the use of Japanese is necessary, releasing the men for front-line work. Lieutenant Commander A. E. Hindmarsh, 3801 Navy Department Building, Washington, represents the department in enrollment, organization and administration. At Boulder, Captain Frank H. Roberts heads all naval training courses, and Lieutenant G. Kenneth Conover is executive of the language school.

In Boulder's streets, townsfolk and visitors alike are now accustomed to strolling, shopping groups of Nisei and their children. The community has done well. Few Orientals previously lived there, and the town and school were suddenly called upon to receive many people of Japanese blood, not set apart in a camp, but to be rented homes without discrimination, and to be neighbored with, to be entertained at faculty teas and community gatherings; to be received without hostility or condescension.

It's been done. A school class elected an instructor's son to the school council; a young people's Methodist group elected a Nisei its treasurer. Instructors have faculty rank—the school is an integral department of the university, conducted for the Navy under contract.

"We've done our part, considering everything," said A. A. Paddock, editor of the Boulder Camera.

Said Nakamura: "Boulder and the university have been fine to us. As loyal Americans, ours has been a difficult role, and each of us chosen for this important work is grateful for the chance to show this is our country, too."

THE END

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

OFFICERS' BALL

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

Military rank has its prerogatives, but it cannot command the human heart

MRS. TREVOR debated the use of the perfume quite a little while; it was lilac and had been ordered from the east as a gift more than two years before, conveyed by Butterfield stage to Tucson and north to Prescott by courier. Since she had never cared much for perfume—and this was heavier than most—she had used it only once, as a concession to Jack who had bought it. He had always wanted strong fragrance around him.

Perhaps all men were the same, loving the incense which suggested beauty. It was time she thought of things like that again; to stir men and to be stirred by them, to put an end to the fruitlessness of being a woman wholly alone. She lifted the bottle's stopper, still debating. Tonight she went before critical eyes and she could not afford to be cheap in the way the women of the fort suspected her of being.

Tonight was important, for it would be the women who accepted or rejected her; still, it was a man who had interest in her, it was Lieutenant Jessup who would hold her as they danced. She closed her eyes a moment, and opened them and made two light contacts with the stopper against her hair.

She looked into the mirror and she said in critical detachment, "Why, I'm pretty." Then she instantly said, "No, not very pretty." The evening dress was green with small threads of silver at the bodice, and showed the filled symmetry of her upper body. Her hair, which was heavy and very dark and sometimes hard to manage, tonight pleased her, and the pleasure lightened her eyes. She was not yet twenty-five and her experiences should have hardened her; but the softness and warmth of her wishes tempered her realism, and so produced a countenance made firm by gravity, made wistful by her hopes.

There was one more thing. She held her hands on the dresser and looked down at the wedding ring which she had now worn for two years—one of marriage and one of widowhood—and for a moment her composed expression was disturbed by the unhappiness of the marriage and by the year of disillusion which had followed. Well, she thought, a year was long enough, and when she removed the ring and laid it away it was with the conviction she had honestly discharged a painful obligation.

She was ready, and moved to the window to look upon Prescott's dusty square. The day had been hot and the odor of baked lumber lay upon the town, but the mountain air began to bring in its chill. She saw the surrey come down the road from Fort Whipple and a start of warmth went through her. She let herself think of Lieutenant Jessup with some freedom. Perhaps this was the man; perhaps he was not, but nevertheless he opened a door for her and he would never know how much of a kindness that was to a woman who had lived alone and apart for so long. She let herself hope that out of this night might come a return to those normal and womanly things for which she had never ceased to pray.

LIEUTENANT JESSUP put on his boots, which had been rubbed to a high polish by his striker; he gave his wing collar a last jerk and slid into his dress blouse with its brass buttons and cord. He put on belt and dress helmet and gave it the slightest rake, and folded his white gloves into a pocket. He slipped the helmet strap under his chin and grinned at Lieutenant Belden who shared this room with him in bachelor hall. Belden said:

"Very fancy. Should make some lady's heart flutter. That is the intent, I take it?"

"The aim of man is conquest," said Jessup.

"I had not known you were considering matrimony, old man."

"Did I mention the word?"

"Who is the lady?"

"Mrs. Trevor."

Lieutenant Belden's eyebrows lifted. He said: "Ah. A beautiful creature. But will

The sergeant drove them toward He heard Lieutenant Jessup spe heard Mrs. Trevor's gentle repl sat straight and looked into the

the ladies of the post appreciat bringing her into their exclusive pre

"Perhaps not," said Jessup. "Bu Trevor will be flattered to be amon even if snubbed."

"You are hoping she will be grat you," said Belden.

Jessup let go with a long, ringin and stamped out of quarters. A waited at the walk, and a sergeant, full dress, stood beside it. The s straightened and stood aside as climbed into the surrey. "Mrs. T place," said the lieutenant. "You where she lives?"

"Yes, sir," said the sergeant and to the seat. He was as tall as Jessu a brown face fixed in proper grav shoulders swelled up from a cavalr trim torso and he sat stiff on the he drove the surrey out of Fort Wh gate toward the lights of near-by P His clothes were of rougher quali Jessup's, but the fit of them and the of cavalry yellow upon them gave same dash.

Jessup said with a tone of cu "How is it you know where she

"Prescott," said the sergeant, "is

FOR THOSE WHO WANT THE BEST

IMPORTED
CARTA BLANCA
BEER

FROM
OLD MEXICO

Golton-Clark

FREE... CUES FOR BARBECUES

—illustrated outdoor cooking recipes, menus and suggestions. Write Dept. C, The American Distilling Company, Inc., 247 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

"Tried and True Since '92"

AMERICAN

THE AMERICAN DISTILLING COMPANY Inc.

PEKIN, ILL. NEW YORK, N.Y. SAUSALITO, CAL.

Agents and Importers

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

Steal home tonight with the secret of pipe-bliss in your pocket—a package of Briggs tobacco. Let the old briar give you a new thrill with Briggs' gloriously rich flavor, its tongue-caressing mildness, its heavenly fragrance. That's the result of Briggs being cask-mellowed for years—longer than many costly blends . . . and man!—it's worth waiting for! Better buy that Briggs right now!

The Smoke with a Smile

PRODUCT OF P. LORILLARD COMPANY

PULVEX
FLEA POWDER
25¢ AND 50¢

For smart drinkers

RONRICO

Best RUM *bar none*

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free copy. Ronrico Corporation, Dept. (D) Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof.

*Trade Marks of Ronrico Corporation

Weary Feet Perk Up With Ice-Mint Treat

When feet burn, callouses sting and every step is torture, don't just groan and do nothing. Rub on a little Ice-Mint. Frosty white, cream-like, its cooling soothing comfort helps drive the fire and pain right out . . . tired muscles relax in grateful relief. A world of difference in a few minutes. See how Ice-Mint helps soften up corns and callouses too. Get foot happy today, the Ice-Mint way. Your druggist has Ice-Mint.

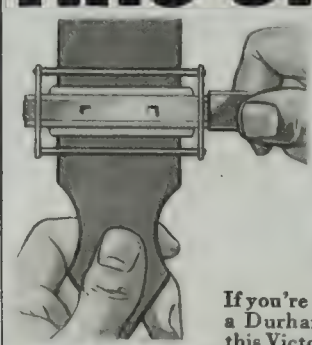
FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost **as well as with natural teeth.** Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25¢ and 50¢ at druggists.... If your druggist hasn't it, ***don't waste money on substitutes,*** but send us 10¢ and we will mail you a generous trial box. © L. P. INC.

KLUTCH CO., Box 3007-H, ELMIRA, N. Y.

THIS STROP



gives DURHAM blades NINE LIVES

If you're the lucky owner of a Durham Duplex Razor*, this Victory Strop will make your long-lasting Durham blades last even longer. Durham's famous *hollow-ground* blades are *twice thicker*—to take repeated stroppings for "new blade" smoothness every shave.

*In case you don't own a Durham Razor, you may still find one at your drugstore.

Send $1 direct for special Durham strop outfit. Can be used only on Durham Duplex Blades. Sorry, No C. O. D.'s.

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. P, MYSTIC, CONN.

town. I knew her husband, and have been able to be of some small assistance to Mrs. Trevor in the past."

"Ah," said Jessup. "You take your discharge tomorrow, by the way?"

"Yes, sir."

"I believe," said Jessup, "the colonel has offered you a chance at a commission upon your re-enlistment. Are you re-enlisting?"

"Yes, sir."

Jessup rendered his cool, casual advice. "You're an excellent noncom, Dustin, but you had better think twice on this commission. You have observed other officers who come from the ranks. They have a rough time of it. There's a difference in background. You see what I mean?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't let yourself in for a rough time," said Jessup in a slightly patronizing tone.

THE sergeant turned about the square and stopped before Mrs. Trevor's house. The lieutenant gave his shoulders a shake to set his uniform more snugly, moved to the door and gave it a brisk knock. Mrs. Trevor came promptly to the door; the sergeant, carefully watching this scene, saw Jessup remove his hat, tuck it under his arm and make a smiling bow. Mrs. Trevor's face broke into charming lines; the pleasure on her cheeks was something the sergeant's eyes soberly noted and remembered. She turned back into the house momentarily and returned with her wrap, which the lieutenant spread around her shoulders. Then the two of them came forward to the surrey.

Mrs. Trevor was smiling and soft, and happiness radiated from her. She gave the sergeant a quick glance. "Good evening, Dustin."

"Good evening, Mrs. Trevor," he said and noticed that the lieutenant's eyes sharply flicked him. The lieutenant handed Mrs. Trevor into the surrey, and Dustin circled the rig around the square and pointed for the Fort. He sat as before, square and still on his seat, listening to the half-voiced murmuring of Jessup's speech and the little surges of intimacy in it; listening also to the changing melodies in Mrs. Trevor's tone.

Officers and their ladies were strolling up through the bland night toward the Quartermaster's Building, and townsmen's rigs deposited their couples at the door. In his turn, the sergeant reached the strip of plush carpet before the building and waited for the regimental sergeant major to hand down Mrs. Trevor. Afterward he drove the surrey around the building and hitched the team to a rack.

He dallied long enough to smoke a pipe. As he was finishing it the regimental band broke into the grand march, and he heard the massed feet of the couples go tramping around the floor. He tapped out his pipe, careful to scrub the ashes dead beneath his boot, and got to wondering how the ladies of the post would meet Mrs. Trevor. A stinging warmth went through him as he thought of the embarrassment they could cause her and he murmured to himself: "Damn 'em, she's a lady! Let them see it." With that in his mind he entered a rear door of the Quartermaster's Building and made his way to the punch bowl, which was his duty for the evening.

The grand march had faded into the first dance and all the couples moved in swinging turns around the floor, beneath the draped bunting and crossed guns and improvised shields. The colonel went by with his lady, lifting and dropping on his heels with an old man's stiff attempt at flourish, his face scarlet above a set of massive white mustaches. Bachelor officers began to form a stag line near the punch bowl. He heard one of them say: "Who's Jessup got?"

"Mrs. Trevor."

"Ah. Let's see. Wasn't her husbanc gambler in town?"

"Jack Trevor. He was shot and kil a little before you came to duty here."

"Well, I must say. Beautiful wom though."

Sergeant Dustin stood balanced on balls of his feet, his features solid a deliberately inexpressive against the de tan of his face, but his glance went upon the floor and found Mrs. Tre and remained with her.

She was with the lieutenant, sm against the lieutenant's height; now a then he caught a view of her face a saw its prettiness, its liveliness, its expr sive charm. The lieutenant, he observ was on his mettle and seemed to be m ing progress with her, for now and th she looked up to him and laughed.

When the dance ended the two drif around the floor and came to other c ples; and the sergeant's eyes grew n rower as he watched these little sce —Jessup introducing Mrs. Trevor to ladies and the officers. The officers bov and the ladies made acknowledgm and for a moment the group was like th some kind of talk carrying it briefly. Aft ward the group most casually broke leaving Jessup and Mrs. Trevor to the selves. Mrs. Trevor's face remained co posed.

The lieutenant danced with Mrs. Tre a second time; thereafter the bache stags began to claim her. Couples pr ently drifted toward the punch bowl a this spot grew lively. The colonel and regiment's majors came together a fell into shop talk, and Jessup and M Trevor stopped before Captain Bullitt a Mrs. Bullitt. Jessup said: "Mrs. Bull Mrs. Trevor."

Mrs. Bullitt was a stately woman; was a matron of some consequence a she gave Mrs. Trevor a cool survey, s ing: "Good evening, Mrs. Trevor. I h heard of you."

Captain Bullitt made his courtesy a Mrs. Trevor looked upon both of th with her set gentleness. Jessup essaye few light phrases; he was thus enga when Mrs. Bullitt cut him off by turn to her husband. "Will," she said, "I m see Mrs. Ames before I forget," a walked away with him.

JESSUP'S cheeks grew pink. Mrs. T vor, still smiling, turned toward a ch lightly murmuring to Jessup. The lieut ant stood by a little while and then excu himself and made off on an errand. Th was nobody near Mrs. Trevor then. sat alone with her pleasant composu hands in her lap, looking out upon floor with a faraway expression. sergeant had a punch glass in his ha He watched her a moment; he saw beginning of a break in her composu the first weariness and the first hopele ness. He swung to her at once with glass of punch.

The little act of courtesy touched h She said in slight surprise, "That is n of you, Dustin."

He made a small bow and went aw crossing the floor toward the small dre ing room improvised for the ladies; called out Sergeant Delaney's daugh who was in charge of the room. He sa "Mrs. Trevor's wrap. The red one. Y know it? He returned to Mrs. Tre with the wrap and laid it over her sho ders, saying: "Night's getting chilly a there's a draft in this big place."

Her glance again came to him with greater interest. "How did you kn which wrap was mine?"

"I paid attention to it," he said.

"Why, Sergeant," she said. The pl antness was a mask, the happiness wa mask. He saw it fall away as she watc him. Her eyes seemed very black, strong feeling had a momentary effect her features. Somehow this one small

his part had set off unpleasant emotions. It surprised him a little; but he was reassured by the warmth in her voice. "You're very kind."

"No," he said. "I wouldn't say that."

Jessup returned to observe the scene, half in indulgence and half in critical sharpness. "I see," he drawled, "you've been cared for."

"Yes," said Mrs. Trevor.

"We have here," said Jessup most coolly, "a gentleman in the making."

"I don't understand," said Mrs. Trevor.

"The sergeant's enlistment expires at eleven o'clock in the morning. The colonel has promised him, if he re-enlists, a try at a commission."

"Why," said Mrs. Trevor, "that's a wonderful thing."

Jessup stared at the sergeant. "Changing from the rough to the smooth is not always a happy change; nor can all men make it."

The music was about to begin. Mrs. Trevor stood up, handing her wrap to the sergeant. She looked most seriously at him. "You're of course going to re-enlist."

"I have been thinking of it."

She paused, with Jessup's arm touching him. "Many people dream, but few people realize their dreams. You have a chance that comes only to few. Don't miss it."

BEHIND THE 8-BALL

A man in prison in Canon City, Colorado, fractured his leg in an accident. *The next day his commutation of sentence arrived.*

Mrs. J. W. Noble of Garden City, Kansas, found 33 four-leaf clovers one afternoon. *During the hunt she lost her new gold wrist watch.*

Eugene Booth bought a café in Tulsa with his life savings. *He took charge at 9 A.M.—and at 4 P.M. a tornado struck and demolished the place.*

Russell Bigelow, second mate on an oil tanker tied up at Elizabeth, New Jersey, struck a match on his trousers. *They were oil-soaked and he ended up in a hospital.*

Thieves broke into a factory at Duncannon, Pennsylvania, and cracked a huge safe. *It was empty and they left this note on the safe door: "Another night shot to pieces!"*

A dentist in Raton, New Mexico, offered free extraction of two teeth to the person buying the biggest bond in a War Bond Sales Campaign. *The winner didn't have a single tooth.*

George Meister, Chicago grocer, carried a gun in his pocket every day for four years. *But on the very last day he left it at home, a bandit entered the shop and took $120 away from him.*

Charles Wilson of Norwalk, Connecticut, had his Social Security number tattooed on his shoulder. *Then the government assigned another number to him.*

Charles Ellison, sitting as a juror in Nashville, was locked up for a week in an important case. *When he was released, he found 7 traffic tickets on his parked car.*

W. E. FARBSTEIN

The sergeant watched her go with Jessup into the main hall, turn to him and form a set as the music began; he carried Mrs. Trevor's wrap back to the dressing room and again took post at the punch bowl. He stood there as he might have stood sentry duty, at ease but straight and woodenly grave.

The colonel presently came by and damped down his thirst. He swashed the punch around his mouth, and said: "Hogwash for ladies. Dustin, you'll make a damned dashing officer for looks. When you swear in again tomorrow, report to me. I've got some papers for you to fill out."

"Sir," said the sergeant, "I'd like twenty-four hours in a civilian suit before I take the oath again."

"Good enough," said the colonel. "But be damned careful what you do in those twenty-four hours. Don't lay any folly against your record."

"No, sir," said the sergeant.

The colonel blended with the crowd, and the sergeant's attention ferreted through the hall until it came upon Mrs. Trevor; and for an hour his glance scarcely left her. She was with Jessup, she was with a stag officer, she was with Jessup again.

Once, during intermission, they formed part of a group, but gradually the group broke away until they were alone again; and when the next dance began she was once more with a stag officer. It was clear to Dustin then. The ladies of the post had laid down the law; married officers were not dancing with Mrs. Trevor. At twelve o'clock the band played Auld Lang Syne and the sergeant left the building and brought the surrey around, taking his turn in the line of carriages.

Townspeople and post people mixed together in the midnight darkness, speaking and laughing and moving away. Jessup and Mrs. Trevor stood together, and the stag officers came up to render their last pleasantries and to depart. The colonel and his lady paused to speak; the colonel's lady said something to Mrs. Trevor and touched her arm; that was all. The crowd broke into little groups and moved through the darkness toward afterdance suppers. Jessup and Mrs. Trevor were alone when the sergeant brought up the surrey.

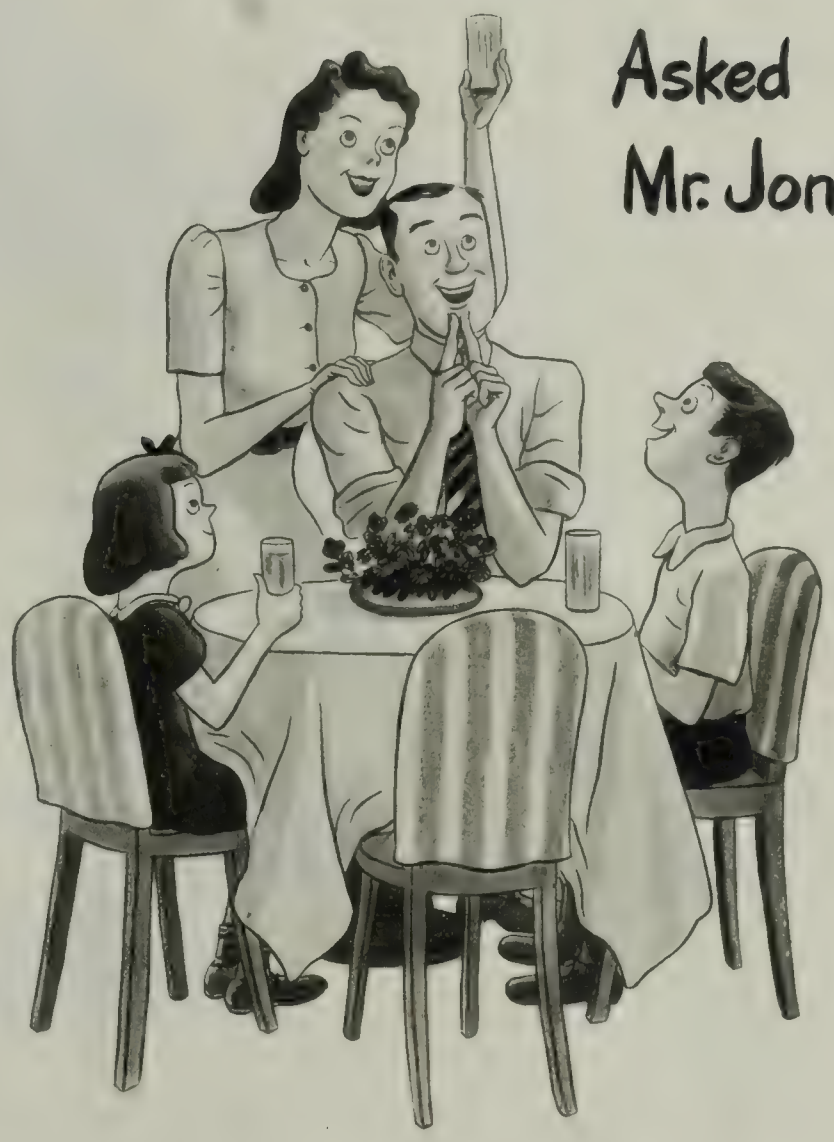
HE DROVE them across the parade and through the gate toward town. He heard Jessup speaking in a soft, idle tone; he heard Mrs. Trevor's gentle reply. He sat straight on the seat and looked forward into the night with his eyes half closed. This was Jessup's hour; this was when Jessup, having flattered a lady by taking her to an officers' ball, now collected on his flattery.

When Dustin stopped at Mrs. Trevor's house, he sat still, watching Jessup hand out Mrs. Trevor. Mrs. Trevor walked quite slowly toward her door; the lieutenant followed her a moment with his glance, and the sergeant saw the keen, half-excited expression on the officer's face. Suddenly Jessup looked at him, murmuring: "Wait for me," and followed Mrs. Trevor to her door.

He was smiling down at her lifted face and he said some quiet thing which held her still for quite a long moment. Then her shoulders made a gesture and Jessup stepped into the house with her and closed the door behind him.

The sergeant drew a great long breath and reached for his pipe. He bit his teeth into the stem. He wrapped the reins around the brake handle and got down and began pacing back and forth, the noise of his boots on the boardwalk making a racket. He stopped and faced Mrs. Trevor's house and drew a heavy sigh out of his chest and put the pipe into his pocket. He had not been there more than two or three minutes when Jessup came

"Fine or superfine?"



Asked Mr. Jones

"Oh, Superfine definitely," answered Mrs. Jones.

"Hmmm, glass is frosted. Wouldn't be iced coffee?"

"*No!*" answered Mrs. Jones, "though goodness knows some people are still under the mistaken impression that it's just a coffee *substitute*."

"Well, does it taste like coffee?" asked Mr. Jones, who wasn't to be thrown off the scent that easily.

"It certainly doesn't," said Mrs. Jones sharply. "And it doesn't taste like tea, either—it just tastes like . . . like, well, like what it *is*."

"This isn't just something you happened to dream up yourself?" asked Mr. Jones, suspiciously.

"Of course not," answered Mrs. Jones. "I'll give you a hint. It's one of America's *great* mealtime drinks and it starts with 'P'."

"Now let's see," said Mr. Jones, putting his tongue in his cheek. "Pomegranate juice, persimmon juice . . ."

"Oh, Stanley!" cried Mrs. Jones. "It's POSTUM!"

"POSTUM?" chuckled Mr. Jones. "You mean that wonderful drink we've been having right along—hot?"

"Of course!" answered Mrs. Jones happily. "It tastes just as good *iced*, you know . . . *even better* in this hot weather."

"Well," said Stanley, "why didn't somebody think of this before?"

"Millions—" began Mrs. Jones, and then thought better of it. Mr. Jones was happy, wasn't he?

YOU OUGHT TO TRY POSTUM. *It comes in two convenient forms: Postum, the one you boil, percolate, or drip; and* Instant *Postum, made instantly by simply adding boiling water. (Complete directions for* Iced Postum *are on the package.) Both are products of General Foods.*

Postum - One of America's Great Mealtime Drinks

from the house, walking rapidly; his face was flushed and sulky.

"Come on—come on," he said and jumped into the surrey.

He sat beside the sergeant with his arms locked across his chest and his face pulled into a tight scowl. He remained that way until Dustin drew the surrey before bachelor hall. Then Jessup stepped to the ground and looked up at the sergeant.

"Who told you to get Mrs. Trevor's wrap? Was it your idea?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah," said Jessup, "you are quite a gentleman, but you are still a sergeant. Keep your bounds, do you understand?"

The sergeant drove the rig to headquarters stables. As he got down he noticed something white in the back seat and found it to be Mrs. Trevor's handkerchief. He held it in his palm, the scent of it rising to him; and he smiled a little as he thought of her, and then no longer smiled when he noticed how tightly compressed the handkerchief was. She had squeezed it in her hand until it was a small round ball.

IT WAS long after taps, with the guards regularly tramping up and down the limits of the fort. After he had put the team away the sergeant moved past the headquarters stables and stood in the darkness until the sentry on Post One had gone on toward Post Two; then he cut across the line, reached the road and made his way to town. It was scarcely half an hour since he had left Mrs. Trevor's, and a light still burned in her window. He gave the door a soft rap and stood back, prepared to wait.

She opened it almost immediately and he saw two things at once: She had made no preparations for bed, and she had been crying; he noticed the dark, damp shining in her eyes. When she saw him she smiled slightly; but a heaviness clung to her lips. He held out the handkerchief to her.

She took it and thanked him; she looked at him in a most direct way. "You have been particularly nice to me, especially kind."

"Kindness has nothing to do with it." Then he said: "Why did you let him into the house?"

"To thank him," she said. Then she shrugged her shoulders. "More than that, perhaps. To see what he had to say."

"It wasn't what you wanted to hear, was it?"

"No," she said.

"He came to collect for his evening, didn't he?"

"Yes," she said.

"You knew that was what he would do," he said.

She said: "Sergeant, a woman in my position always expects the worst, but always hopes that somehow it will be better than that."

"Damn the man! He hurt you!"

"Yes. But it doesn't matter."

"You have had a bad time tonight."

"I should have expected that, too."

"Then why did you go?"

"It was a chance for me. Like your chance. Those things seldom come, particularly for a gambler's widow. Did I show my misery so plainly?"

"No," he said. "You never let them see what they were doing to you. But I knew."

She asked: "How could you know?"

"I know exactly how you'd look if you were really happy. Good night, Mrs. Trevor."

When he reached the sidewalk he looked back and found her at the doorway, her body silhouetted small and distinct against the light. He didn't look around again, but he felt her glance following him.

He was paid off at eleven o'clock and at noon he left D Troop quarters dressed in civilian clothes. It was a strange feeling for him and he had to remember not to salute the officer of the day when the latter passed. He walked by the guard gate, grinned at the sergeant of the guard, and strolled townward with a cigar fragrantly burning. The suit was an expensive one, the cigar was the best to be had in Prescott; and all this was meant for only twenty-four hours. This was the end of five years and a break before he began another period of service, and he savored the break of discipline keenly as he moved down the town's street. The Lordsburg stage stood made up by the Wells-Fargo office, and for a moment Bob Dustin remembered the world lying beyond this post and this town—the land and the rivers, the green valleys and the cities, all waiting for him. On this day he could think of those things, dwell upon them—and reject them as a free man.

He had dinner at the hotel and, with his second cigar lighted, he continued around the square at a sauntering pace until he had reached Mrs. Trevor's. He paused here and dropped his cigar into the dust; he faced Mrs. Trevor's door with his shoulders squared and a flash of excitement in his eyes. He had no need to knock. Mrs. Trevor was at the doorway when he reached it.

She was smiling and, since he had watched the manner of her smiling before, he knew she was pleased with him. She said: "You make a handsome civilian, Sergeant."

He entered at her silent suggestion. He closed the door and stood in the room's cool shadows. He said: "I had the hotel's best dinner and the hotel's best cigar. I stood on the corner and jingled my money in my pocket. I had the gold broken into silver so it would make a nicer sound. And I gave some thought to the stage, just fancying where I'd care to go. It is a nice day, five years due."

She was troubled at his mention of the stage. "Don't think of leaving. You're not, are you?"

"Now," he said, "you're nice to think about me."

She tilted her head and the light of the windows got into her hair and set it to shining. Her lips were distinct against her skin; and the disappointments of her life showed in her eyes at the moment. "Two years ago I took a stage away from a town. Don't you do it, Sergeant."

SOMEONE'S boots tapped along the walk, and a set of knuckles briskly rapped the door. To the sergeant, that brisk rap had a familiar tone; to Mrs. Trevor, the sound produced a change, the pleasantness leaving her face as she moved to the door. Lieutenant Jessup stood confidently before her when she opened it; and came in.

He looked coolly, critically at the sergeant. He studied the sergeant's clothes. "A fine set of feathers for a day, Sergeant." He gave Mrs. Trevor a keen glance. "I had not known he was an acquaintance of yours. Or is he presuming on his status?"

"Mr. Dustin is welcome here," said Mrs. Trevor.

Lieutenant Jessup's mouth grew firm and he said with that distinct politeness which a man might use on an inferior, "Dustin, step outside while I talk with Mrs. Trevor."

Dustin said to Mrs. Trevor: "Do you want me to go?"

"No," she said.

"Ah," said Jessup, "that makes everything quite clear, doesn't it?"

"I'd soften 'em up with sustained pattern and dive-bombing, throw my paratroops in on the right flank, crash through the center with my heavy armor and mobile artillery—"

COLLIER'S LEONARD DOVE

The sergeant said, "You're a vain peacock, Jessup. Always fluffin feathers. This time you made a m You're in the house of a lady, an have caused her considerable emb ment. I am going to knock you dov scrub your face on the carpet. The going to boot you across the porch dropped his head and moved acr room at Jessup who stood alert. Th tenant's color was suddenly high had a wary expression in his eye lifted his arms, half in defense.

"Why," he said, actually surpris the sergeant should be thus pres "you're a little out of your water, Keep on your own side; don't inte

The sergeant came steadily on, nothing more at all; but suddenl Trevor took three long steps and p self in front of him. She placed the her hand on the sergeant's chest, a was as firm and as positive as h "No," she said, "you're not hittin Do you know what you'd lose if yo

He said: "It is time, isn't it, for body to take your part?"

The lieutenant started to speak Trevor kept her hand on the ser chest, and spoke over her shoulder. Jessup, you go on." He seemed slow about it, whereupon Mrs. T voice slapped him roughly: "Do more of a fool than you've alread Go on!"

THE lieutenant had his pride and affronted. He made a stiff bow, rankled glance at Dustin and we with his feet stamping on the boards. Suddenly the pressure lef Trevor's hand and she dropped it were so near destroying what is rig coming to you."

"Why," said the sergeant, "I ca him go unscotched."

"You would have ruined yourse said. "You never would have b officer. Oh, Sergeant, you don't kno hard a thing it is to lose a chance. never had to pay for a foolish thin after the foolish thing was done. look back, you'd remember, you' stop regretting."

"I'll remember I didn't knoc down," said the sergeant.

"No," she said, "you will hold it you will do nothing. You will g and re-enlist and do what it is in you should do."

"When I think what that fool p through last night, Mary—"

"It will pass, Sergeant, as a h other hurts have passed. Jessup is man and you must not let a littl destroy you. The little people will destroy us, if we let them." Th stopped short and stared at him, a in a swift voice, in a changed and s voice: "Just now you called me M has always been Mrs. Trevor befo yet it sounded natural. Why?"

"I have called you that in my m a year," he said.

She came over the room to him, reading his face, its substance, its sion; and a strong light came in eyes and stirred her lips. She touche and suddenly she put her head him, and he placed his arms arou and stood motionless. "You woul thrown it all away for me?" she whi

"It is about time somebody threw thing away for you," he said. T thought to himself: Why, it is n came to. He waited, the fragrance hair rising to him; he waited and w not sure. But when she lifted he and he saw the fine, pleased glow eyes he said: "Now that is what always be there. Did I put it there?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I'll keep it there," h and kissed her.

THE END

Mrs. Howard's recipe for the "grumps"...

MR. HOWARD had the glooms tonight. Was just sort of grumping his way through the evening.

Then Mrs. Howard (bless her heart) turned on his favorite quiz show. And before he knew what happened, there was Mr. Howard chortling out the answers (well one answer anyway) ahead of the experts.

Funny how little things can make such a difference to people—especially these days. Little privileges like listening to what you want to on the radio. Little pleasures like wearing a new tie . . . chatting over the back fence with Fred next door.

Little things, sure! But they warm the heart . . . comfort the spirit. They build morale.

☆ ☆ ☆

It happens that there are millions of Americans who attach a special value to their right to enjoy a refreshing glass of beer . . . in the company of good friends . . . with wholesome American food . . . as a beverage of moderation after a good day's work.

A glass of beer—a small thing, surely, not of crucial importance to any of us. And yet—morale *is* a lot of little things like this.

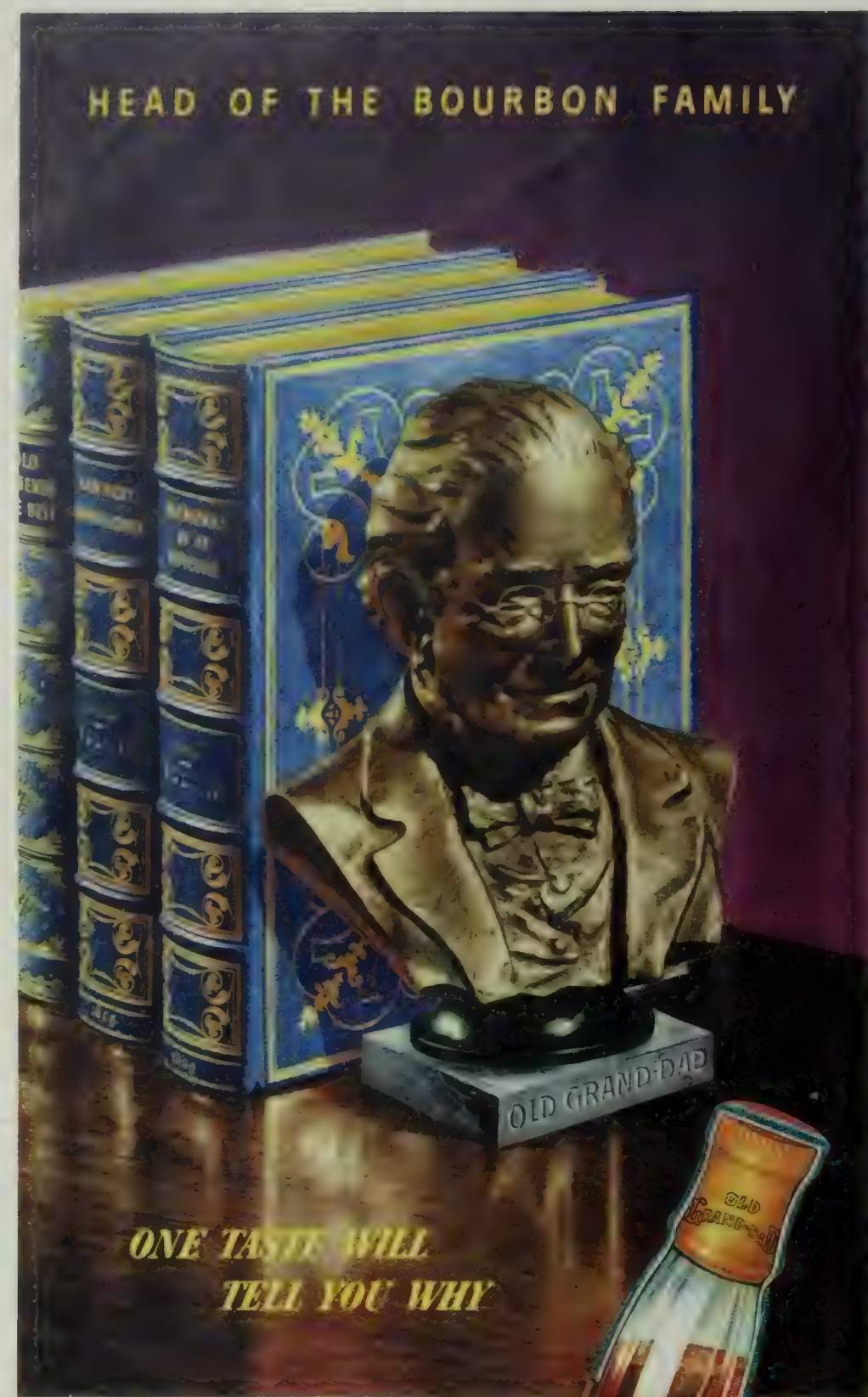
Little things that help to lift the spirit, keep up the courage. Little things that are part and parcel of our own American way of life.

And, after all, aren't they among the things we fight for?

A refreshing glass of beer or ale—a moment of relaxation . . . in trying times like these they too help to keep morale up.

MORALE IS A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS

BREWING INDUSTRY FOUNDATION



This Whiskey is 4 Years Old

Please be patient.

We're doing our best to spread our prewar stocks of Old Grand-Dad fairly — as we're now engaged in war production of alcohol.

BOTTLED IN BOND, 100 PROOF

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Corner of Heaven

Continued from page 20

comfortable chair and enjoying his cocktail.

"She hasn't been around young people at all. She watches 'em, dancing 'round here sometimes, Saturday nights, as if they were in a zoo. Her grandfather kept her in a cloister—that's what it amounted to! He was old-fashioned. You'd laugh at her telling me she'd always made her own clothes. 'But,' she says, 'of course when I'd be in town with Grandfather or General Cruickshank I'd buy the material sometimes; I didn't always spin that!' "

"Spin!" The ejaculation came from Alan McIntyre.

"Oh, certainly!" Mrs. Lawrence told them, pleased with their interest and surprise. "Old man Mountjoy had her taught to do everything like that—spinning and churning and putting up fruit. Why, when she was over one day there was a nice boy here, one of the Hitchcock boys, and I got them talking together, and he asked her if she'd been playing tennis that morning. 'Oh, no,' she says, 'I was quilting for a while and then I did some Greek with Grandfather and then I had to pickle some pork—we killed a hog last week.' Well," finished the speaker, against a general burst of laughter, "that was enough for *him!* He walked right out the door and I haven't seen him since!"

"Oh, I love it!" said Jane. "And what's she going to do?"

"Well, I don't know. There doesn't seem to be any demand for the sort of thing she *can* do," Mabel Lawrence confessed, perplexed. "She's perfectly happy puttering around with Dora in the kitchen, but that doesn't seem to be the right life for the granddaughter of Professor Mountjoy."

"I know that name," said Alan. "What'd he do?"

"Stars," Jody answered. "Supposed to have written the finest study yet about one of the satellites of—what was it, Jane?"

"Jupiter," Jane said at random. "Has Jupiter satellites? If he has, it was Jupiter."

"Betelgeuse was the one he was always talking about, that is, when I heard him," Mrs. Lawrence contributed uncertainly. "But he and old General Cruickshank used to play chess and backgammon mostly. She plays chess, too, Griselle does. And what she doesn't know about the stars! And here I am gossiping!" she broke off apologetically, "and you'll want to finish your drinks and come and have dinner. Here's Griselle now."

FOR the dark girl had opened the door noiselessly.

"Whenever you're ready, Aunt Mabel," she said, apparently unaware of the sudden interest with which the three guests were studying her. "Mrs. Barker's table is ready. And there's a woman on the telephone who wants to arrange something for Saturday night."

"Coming," Mrs. Lawrence said, and they all went out together. "Is Ella taking care of their table?" Alan heard her ask the girl in an undertone.

"Ella's disappeared again," Griselle answered, with a philosophical smile that suddenly brightened her rather sober young face. "I'll do it."

"You'd be an angel if you would!" the old woman said fervently. Alan felt a little quickening of pleasure in his blood as the girl nodded. "Dora wants you to fix the gravy," she went on, in an undertone.

"Oh, yes; I'll do all that, I'll do all that!"

They crossed the hall to one of the larger rooms, where various little dinner parties were in progress, and were placed by Griselle at a small table near the great open fire. Helped by the old colored butler, the girl came and went with glasses and silver. Presently a turtle soup was steaming before them, and after that, the famous fried chicken, mantled in bubbling grav was streaked cream.

"You've lived all your life in thi of Maryland, haven't you, Griselle?' presently said in her friendly way.

"At my grandfather's house, yes girl said.

"But you go into Washington o

"Not often. Not at all now," G answered simply. "But sometimes C father and I would drive in to see collection at one of the galleries, look up something in the Library Shakespeareana is wonderful," she thoughtfully.

"But not movies?" Jody guessed a grin.

"Newsreels. I think three tim went to newsreels. And once at the reel there was an animated cartoon know," Griselle explained, "not moving, but drawings."

"I know," Alan said seriously, "I what you mean."

"It was wonderful! It was the ol trope theory, I suppose," Grisell served, taking away the plates.

"WELL, talk of the Neanc man!" Jody exclaimed, wh was gone. " 'The zoetrope theory!' the heck!"

"Really she is—a primitive," Jan tributed.

"How old d'you suppose she is teen?" Jody wondered.

"I'll ask her," Jane said. "She care. She'll probably tell me in par but we can work it out."

"Parasangs are measures of di Jane," her husband reminded her

"How old are you, Griselle?" asked, at the first opportunity.

"Twenty," Griselle answered tatingly.

"And where'd you finish your ing?"

"Well, I never finished it because really began it," Griselle said, smili went to school at Birds Corners I was quite little. But after that— was ten—my grandfather taught m mother died when I was seven; s I had always stayed with Grandfa stopped at long division."

"I see," Jane said gravely. Her twitched a little.

"What's worrying me, Griselle, said, "is whether or not I tip you?"

He was rewarded by her rare she glanced about the rooms th some time had been emptying of

"Some men do," she answered rather they didn't. But Aunt Mab not to refuse it."

"I'll tell you," Jody substituted stead of a tip, suppose you come int some day and go to dinner and the with Mrs. Barker and me, how'd th

"Oh," she said eagerly, "I'd lov At night? I'd love that."

"Then that's a date!" he said. " get a young man for you?"

"A young man for me?" Gris peated, bewildered. "Someone I know?"

"Forget it," Jody said hastily. " Here's Uncle Ben back," he said, the diversion, as the old colore threading his way between tables hastily toward them.

"Miss Griselle," old Ben sai aunt's burned herself! She pullin' puddin' out of the oven, an' it sp her hand—"

Griselle was away like a flash Alan, saying hastily to the others, " I can do something," followed i ately, and Jane, after a momen after them to the hot, big, old-fa kitchen. Little Mrs. Lawrence, h

chair and writhing with pain, had ped her burned hand in a great white owel. She made no sound of agony, either could she say words as Gri- and Alan reached her with their ed questions.

half-hour that followed made them at they knew one another well. Alan is bag with him; when they had he injured woman upstairs and into e busied himself deftly, and Gri- stood beside him and handed him he asked for or ran to and fro with and hot water. Alan was only ly conscious of the stately, faded y of the great bedroom, and of the g young vitality of the girl who l him, yet he did sense them pleas- too.

ere now!" he said presently, straight- up. "I think that will do. Have you or near by, who could look at that in a day or two?"

, I don't think I'll have to have a !" Mrs. Lawrence said restlessly, sping with pain.

young doctor in his captain's uni- stood looking down at her sympa- lly for a moment.

giving you something for the pain," d, "and I'd be glad to come out on— Saturday, to take a look at you."

, Saturday!" the woman in the bed l. "We're having a debutante din- r forty on Saturday, and dancing!"

'll get Dicey, and maybe Elnora, Griselle said quietly. "Don't you about Saturday."

cey—oh, yes, she will be back," Mrs. nce said gratefully. "Yes, we can cey. And you'll order chickens the ing in the morning?"

walk over and see Miller myself, nt Mabel. Just don't you worry. I'll vn with Doctor McIntyre," Griselle 'and check up; everybody was all to go last time I went down; then me up again and see how you feel. was a shock to her," Griselle said y to Alan, in the big, dim hallway. ll, naturally." He and she walked the wide stairway together; various s were loitering about below, ready art, and Alan watched the girl take of them, straightening out questions of wraps and hats, carefully apportioning bills, taking money and making change.

The Barkers were the last to say good night.

"Tell Mrs. Lawrence we hope she'll have a comfortable night," Jane said.

"I'm sure she will. I'm going to move in and sleep on the couch in her room," Griselle stated. "I'll take care of her!"

"And don't forget that we have a movie date," Jody warned her.

"Oh, I'm not likely to!" They saw her young, strong figure silhouetted in the doorway when they turned at the foot of the steps; then the door closed and the bar of light that had lain across the porch disappeared.

ALAN McINTYRE went out to the Tavern four times after that. He went twice to change dressings on Mrs. Lawrence's hand; once to walk in the bare winter beauty of the woods with Griselle, and once to bring her back after a dinner party.

The dinner party came about when Griselle had unexpectedly come into town on the bus, and had telephoned Jane—who had lost a certain beautiful compact on her visit to the Tavern—that the compact had been found. It had been rolled in with a mass of napkins and tablecloths and had not come to light until old Dicey, the laundress, had been able to get at her delayed washing.

Griselle had the compact with her and would deliver it to any place Jane might designate.

This was enough for Jane. She got hold of Alan and Jody at about four o'clock on a gloomy, overcast afternoon, and they took Griselle to her first real movie, and afterward to dinner at the smartest hotel. It was all fairyland to Griselle. She could not believe that people were doing this sort of thing all the time, moving through these beautiful lighted places, ordering things from so dazzling a bill of fare, listening to such music.

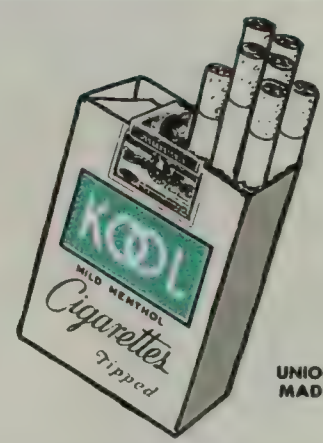
She had been rapt and silent throughout the movie; they had expected that. But she grew more rapt and silent as the evening wore on, and only her brightening eyes, and the unusual high

isn't for you to wonder why we kicked the Japs off this place, Updyke!"

JEFF KEATE

The last time you had a cold

(*like this*)



UNION MADE

You probably switched to a cigarette

(*like this*)

If you found it cool and soothing then

(*when your nose and throat were sensitive*)

Wouldn't you be smart to smoke KOOLS all the time?

Start today! Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS

for good!

The Songs that Sound like HOME

"How about 'Home on the Range', Joe?"

"Give us 'Banks of the Wabash' or 'Carry Me Back to Old Virginny'!"

You can close your eyes and imagine yourself back on the front porch on a summer night; or around a picnic fire when somebody started to harmonize.

Songs you heard on the radio or on recordings—son forge another link with the home you are fighting for.

On the high seas, on the desert or in the jungle—in heat or arctic cold—that word HOME stands for ever you love best and cherish most—everything worth pre and protecting.

Until American homes are safe from our enemies, Crosley will make nothing but war materials.

In peace, it was our business to safeguard the family's food in Crosley Refrigerators with the Shelvador; to offer conveniences like ranges and washers and ironers; to bring information and entertainment into millions of American homes with Crosley Radios and Radio-Phonographs; and to provide low-cost transportation for the family with the Crosley Car.

But now all that must wait. For Crosley—a greatly expanded and newly equipped Crosley—has only one customer—Uncle Sam. One occupation—to make what you need this war. One purpose—to get it to you fast!

The pace and demands of War have stimulated new tions and the manufacture of new products with new ma Crosley, when Peace comes, will make even finer radios, erators and other appliances for the home, and the Car for civilian use.

More than 8,000 loyal men and women at Crosley have bee awarded the 10% War Bond Flag as a symbol that the savings, as well as their skilled hands, are working for victor

CROSLEY

THE CROSLEY CORPORATION · CINCINNATI, OHIO AND RICHMOND, IND.

Peacetime Manufacturers of Radios, Refrigerators, Household Appliances, and the Crosley Car

HOME OF WLW, "THE NATION'S STATION"

her cheeks, told them what she ng.

nd perfumes and lights and mu- do make things wonderful, don't e said once to Jane. "They— y you away!"

self and her own appearance she entirely unconscious. She had town on the bus a heavy plain t and a brown hat; her bag was ober one of black, and her gown skimpy brown and black rayon e afterward characterized it to "Mail Order Catalog 7763-B, 2, price, $8.89."

rter to nine they stopped at the flat, and Griselle had a peep at ng baby; then Alan took the ar and drove her out to the The night was restless with wind; no sky; a thin snow was al- tering down.

n't the air delicious!" Griselle ing it in eagerly.

have to tell me how to go," her.

and foot passengers were already ng from the streets; tires left n the shallow purity of the snow. rners there were whirls of white lamps. "This is exciting!" Alan Windshield scrapers were squeak- on the cars they passed; horns autiously where the side roads Mark all these corners, and make e map," he said, "or I'll never "

LLE said nothing to this, and he understood why. When they e Tavern, mounted the circular were deep-coated in soft, sugary stamped their way across the fts were already forming in the d blowing against the railings, hole world was one wild whirl- hite. There would be no going ht. The pure, cold air stung their made them laugh and gasp with eir breath blew out in long against the light from the oor. The solemn big clock at f the stairs wheezed out a slow s.

ew minutes, shaking the snow clothes, holding out wet, red- ds toward the library fire, they nothing more coherent than and "Ah-h-h!" But when Mrs. descended to bewail the weather late gloomily upon the fate of ests who had dared start back tonight, she found them joy- ting like the old friends they felt to be.

s dark, heavy hair was loosened, endrils of it were drying at her nd curling themselves against of her forehead; her cheeks ed by the snow to a brilliant in this moment of unwonted nt and gaiety she seemed to w and fascinating personality. ld be darned attractive, he stening as she reported the joys ning to Mrs. Lawrence. As it obviously out of the question attempt the drive back, he made as the two women discussed nts for his staying at the Tav- e was presently relegated to a entious bedroom whose flow- and faded, deep-piled carpets another day. It was magnifi- plied with mirrored wardrobes ed hangings; the bed was of , carved at head and foot with pineapples and acanthus leaves. look at the weather when he opened one of the heavy, wide admit a thin stream of icy air, at the storm had reached bliz- rtions.

ood to get deep down under lankets and go off to sleep de- spite the artillery fire of crackling branches in the dark, wild night outside, and the occasionally slow descending crash that meant that some great branch had broken free and was falling to the ground.

Somewhere toward morning all this noise must have stopped, for when he awakened there was an unearthly stillness in the world. There was an unearthly cold too; even before he made any movement toward getting up, Alan sensed that the room was almost as chilly as the garden below it. Dawn was creeping in at the windows; he reached for his bedside light and twisted up his left wrist at the same moment, to bring his watch into view.

No light. The wires were down somewhere, and no wonder. Alan partially dressed himself, shuddering and shriveling, and went to the door to peer into the hall. Mrs. Lawrence was coming upstairs with a large tin pitcher smoking in her hand.

"You're up," she said dispiritedly. "Did you ever see anything like this in your life? We're snowed under, and every bit of light and heat in this house—stove, plumbing, telephone, too, are all cut off!"

"Who do ya think yuh talking to?"

THEY were walking up through the drifts to the old Mountjoy place. Griselle, her right foot sinking unexpectedly into apparently bottomless snow, clutched at Alan, and leaned, laughing, against his shoulder.

Sliding against her in his turn, Alan shouted, "Here we both go!"

They sat up in the snow, helpless with laughter, and dragged each other to a standing position.

"Now hang onto me! Otherwise we might disappear into one of these drifts and never be seen again."

"I *was* hanging onto you, Alan!" It was her first use of his name; she was exquisitely, thrillingly conscious of it. "The wind has blown the fence clear, here," she said; "let's hang onto the fence!"

"This road's been opened, too. Now we're all right."

"Mr. Miller does that. He's foreman at our place. Look up, there," the girl said, pointing with a red-mittened finger at a house that stood on a rise, surrounded with snow-bowed trees and shrubs, "that's Stockley's Choice."

"Stockley's Choice?" he echoed.

"That's the name of our place. My great-grandfather only bought it seventy years ago. They were Massachusetts people, but they came down here after the Civil War. This was one of the Stockley farms."

" 'Only seventy years ago,' sounds odd to a Californian," he said. "To have a place twenty years is something, out there."

"There are Stockleys all 'round here still," she said. "Mrs. Miller's aunt was a Stockley. And this place was the first Stockley's Choice."

"And do you blame him!" Alan said. "This is what I always thought a Maryland mansion would be like," Alan remarked, as they floundered up the rise toward the house.

"But this isn't a mansion!" she protested. "It was just a farmhouse—the house of one of the old early prosperous farmers, before the Revolution, even."

They had reached the steps now; a simple flight of three shallow steps up to a flat, friendly front door with side panels of glass and a fanlight. Griselle pushed open the door and they went in to a wide hallway that ran straight through to another glass door that gave on to what had once been a garden behind the house. The air was stale and smelled of mice.

"Miller doesn't keep it up, of course," Griselle said. "But it gives you some idea. This is the east parlor—we never used this; and this is Grandfather's study. Look at the books!"

Alan looked indeed at the books, which lined the plain, square, high-walled old room from floor to ceiling. Except for two narrow lofty windows and a wood-paneled fireplace, it was all books. There were two well-worn leather easy chairs in the room and a revolving globe; the floor rugs were shabby; a couch was covered with a quilt made of scores of diamond-shaped patches.

"He used to work in here, evenings," Griselle said. She put her strong, young hand upon a great fat dictionary that lay upon the worktable; suddenly she bent her head and for an instant laid her cheek against it.

"He was writing here when he died," she said; "his white hair was on the book when I came in in the morning."

Her eyes were wet; but she did not seem to be appealing to Alan for sympathy; it was only, he thought, that she wanted him to get the picture of the magnificent old scientist, with his leonine mane, working here in this gracious, shabby old room during the very last hours that were to be given him.

She showed him the paneled stairway; the upstairs rooms with their tiny windowed corner cupboards in the fireplace angles; the attic with prim, round-topped windows in the east and west gables. They went down to the kitchen, and to a storeroom where he saw her spinning wheel and loom and the frame at which, with the help of older women, she had pieced quilts. All the furniture in the house was shabby, yet good—the chairs of walnut and applewood, the china in the cupboards of fine old blue.

"Is all this yours, Griselle?" Alan presently asked.

"All the furniture, yes, and the portraits. But the house is mortgaged almost up to its full value; it will be sold for the mortgage," she answered. "Everything here will be stored, except the books, and they are for sale, too. The books," she added, "are all my grandfather left me in the way of an inheritance, and I wouldn't sell them if I thought I would ever be smart enough to want to read them."

THE candor of the last speech made Alan laugh.

"At the same time, someone must be wanting just that collection," he said.

"That's what the librarian said. He came out here after Grandfather died and said that now that so many valuable collections have been destroyed—in England, I suppose he meant—there would be a tremendous demand for them. So that's my dower!" Griselle finished cheerfully.

"And what are you going to do with it?" asked Alan.

"Educate myself. General Cruickshank," she went on, "used to talk to Grandfather and me about it. He thought I'd been educated—lopsidedly. He wants me to come to California and go to college, mix with other people my age— Well, this is rather stuffy," she broke off to say, as they came back to the wide main hall again, "and we don't do any good here. So let's go back and get those chickens into the old icehouse. They'll all go bad in the refrigerator, now that the power is off."

"Educated lopsidedly?" Alan repeated, when they were out in the road again.

"General Cruickshank thinks so. He wanted my grandfather to send me away, but after Grandfather got feeble I couldn't leave him. And his health went up and down for years. I'm glad now I didn't!" Griselle said. "But if I did have a few thousand dollars, and if I could, I would like to go to some college, just for the experience."

"What college? Vassar?"

"No; California. I promised the general it would be California. Berkeley."

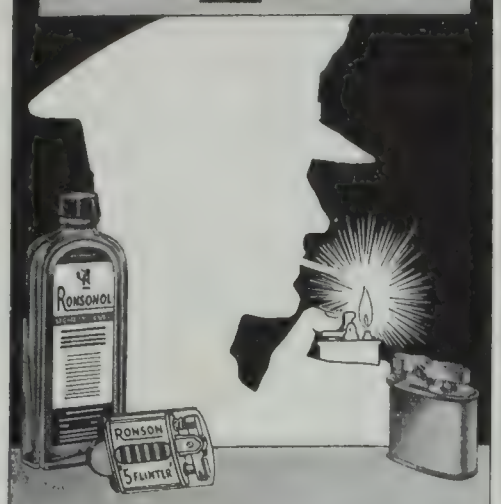
"Berkeley's my college! That's where the University of California is," Alan said, pleased. "You will love it there. It's on the hills, and you look down at San Francisco Bay and all the lights. It's a great school."

"I know I would love it," she said wistfully.

"You've never been to California?" Alan asked.

"I've never been anywhere. I've never been to New York. Does your mother live in Berkeley?" Griselle asked, plunging gal-

BEST FOR YOUR LIGHTER, TOO!



RONSON REDSKIN 'FLINTS'

The distinctive 'REDSKIN' coating is your guarantee of highest quality—extra-length, tempered hardness, showers of sure-fire sparks, freedom from powdering and from other deterioration.

RONSONOL Fuel—quick lighting, clean burning. RONSON Wicks—high absorption, long lasting.

For best results, avoid inferior imitations.

for all lighters—ask for
RONSON
LIGHTER ACCESSORIES
by RONSON, World's Greatest Lighter

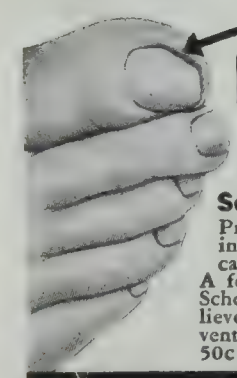
IMPORTANT—More so now than ever! Keep your lighter 'fighting-fit.' If your RONSON (pocket or table model) needs attention, for servicing at minimum cost, send it to RONSON, Service Dept., Newark, N. J.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out about two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢



Painful
TOE NAIL GROOVE
Inflamed, Irritated, Sore or Calloused Here?

Pressure of the great toe nail into the sensitive nail groove causes this painful foot trouble. A few drops of soothing Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL quickly relieves soreness, pain; helps prevent infection; aids healing. Only 50c at Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores.

Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL

lantly beside him through the crusted snow.

"Alameda. Not far away. In my grandmother's old place. They rent rooms; we've had some tough years!" Alan said, with a laugh and a sigh. "And they may have a tough time now," he went on, giving Griselle his big gloved fingers to steady her, as they stepped back into the scraped path behind the house. "But after the war, it'll all get straightened out! And now for the chickens!"

ON THE third morning after the storm, the siege suddenly was ended. Griselle awakened to a blissful sense of stealing warmth in her bedroom; stretched a hand toward the switch and basked in glorious light. Breakfast was served in the little dining room this morning; old Dicey plowed her way up through bright sunshine, over melting snow, to ask about plans for the week-end influx of guests, and the brisk trilling of the telephone made them all jump as if years, and not mere days, had interrupted its use.

The telephone bell marked the definite end of their isolation, of this heavenly interval of companionship and fun. Griselle knew it the instant she heard it, and her heart sank. Yes, it was the War Department; orders had come. Alan must get back to Washington at once, if he had to walk the seventeen miles, for he was leaving for an unspecified destination at ten o'clock that night.

The Barkers telephoned, too, half anxious and half envious. Alan promised them a speedy return of their car, came back from the telephone to report to Griselle and Mrs. Lawrence that hundreds of trees had come down across the Washington parks and sidewalks, that the capital had had its light and heat and water crisis, too.

And he must go at once, for he had a lot of arranging and packing to do before leaving. Griselle said she would drive with him for three miles and walk back; that was one sure way of forcing oneself into exercise.

She was rather silent as they drove down under the big trees; if they talked at all it was of the white-smothered fields and the strangely changed shapes of barns and fences on the neighboring farms. Nature was in a gentle, apologetic mood this morning; water was dripping brightly everywhere; the air was soft and kind.

"This is far enough; this is three miles," Griselle presently said, in a smothered voice. And then, as he stopped the car, she laid a red-mittened hand on his arm. "Alan," she said, "there's something—I may not see you again, and I can't write this—"

HE SQUARED about in the driver's seat, facing her. He thought he knew what was coming, and felt sorrow and pity and embarrassment all at once.

Not that this situation had ever arisen in his experience before. But he had suspected even as early as yesterday, and he had known today that she was going to say this to him.

"Alan," she said quickly, "I can't go to college in California or anywhere else, because I—because I can't. You may think it's just shyness. It *is* shyness, but it's the kind of shyness no woman you ever knew ever suffered from! I've never known people; I've never talked with girls; I don't know—I don't even know slang, or what kind of stockings to ask for in the shops, or how to do my hair! If I had to stay all my life with Aunt Mabel and Dora, I'd stay there before I'd go into a strange boardinghouse—or try to tip a porter. I—I can't do it!"

She stopped short in an agony of shyness and self-consciousness.

"I'd make mistakes, and they'd laugh at me," she went on. "I'd say awkward things—the wrong things, and I'd know they were whispering about me, and that would make me worse! If I were once started—if just the first few months were over, then I believe I could get along! But they *aren't . . .!*"

She interrupted herself. Her ten mittened fingers were clasped anxiously together; her brow was wrinkled; her troubled eyes were fixed on Alan's own. All about them, over the blanketed fields and whitened woods there was absolute silence.

"My dear girl," Alan said, wondering if he was to escape after all, "you needn't feel that way. After a few weeks—after a few days—you'll feel entirely at home."

"If there was one person who could help me through," she said, "I'd feel different. I'd feel confident and bold and—and able to do anything!"

"If you went to California you'd know old General Cruickshank, wouldn't you?" Alan reminded her. "Doesn't he live there in Berkeley, somewhere near to the college?"

"But he couldn't help me that way," Griselle said. "His niece, Mrs. Armitage—Mitzi, they call her—lives with him, and she—she— Did you ever meet her?"

"No; I've never met her—or *him*. As a matter of fact he didn't live there when I was in med school. I knew his nephew, Doctor Sam Cruickshank, and I met that family once or twice."

"Mrs. Armitage is very beautiful," Griselle said slowly. "She and Lieutenant Armitage were out at the Tavern for a week last spring on their honeymoon. She was divorced before that and he used to worry about her, the general did. But he was pleased when she married Lieutenant Armitage."

"You didn't like her?" Alan guessed shrewdly.

"I think she didn't like me," Griselle substituted slowly. "She talked that—that talk I don't understand. About hair-dos and dancing and clothes. She made me feel like a—like a camel! I couldn't go live with people like that—"

Again she stopped short, and when she started again it was with a little visible effort.

"I was wondering," she said, "if a woman could do for a man—a man who was being sent away into the Solomons or Australia—enough to make him glad that he was married. Glad that he had a wife. I mean," she went on hurriedly, as Alan, flushing under his brown skin, did not speak, "I mean he would have letters, and presents whenever she could send them. If he had a mother or grandmother or a brother he was helping, she w there, to stand by them, and to rep to take care of them always, if an anything happened. He would kn she was young and strong, and h trained to do things, and that sh always keep a home for them. comfort them and stand by then and love them. He could think if he *did* go down in the water, or find himself dying in some hosp could think, 'They're safe and hap way; they're not counting on m there.'

"You see, I'm turning it aroun selle said, smiling gallantly, altho cheeks were uncomfortably hot. " ing *you* I love you—the way a loves a man. I can't help it. Coul could we—would it be very hard to leave me behind you as you wife?"

Just how he answered her, Alan idea. Phrases came to him. He wa obligated to his mother and broth had seen few men, seen nothin world.

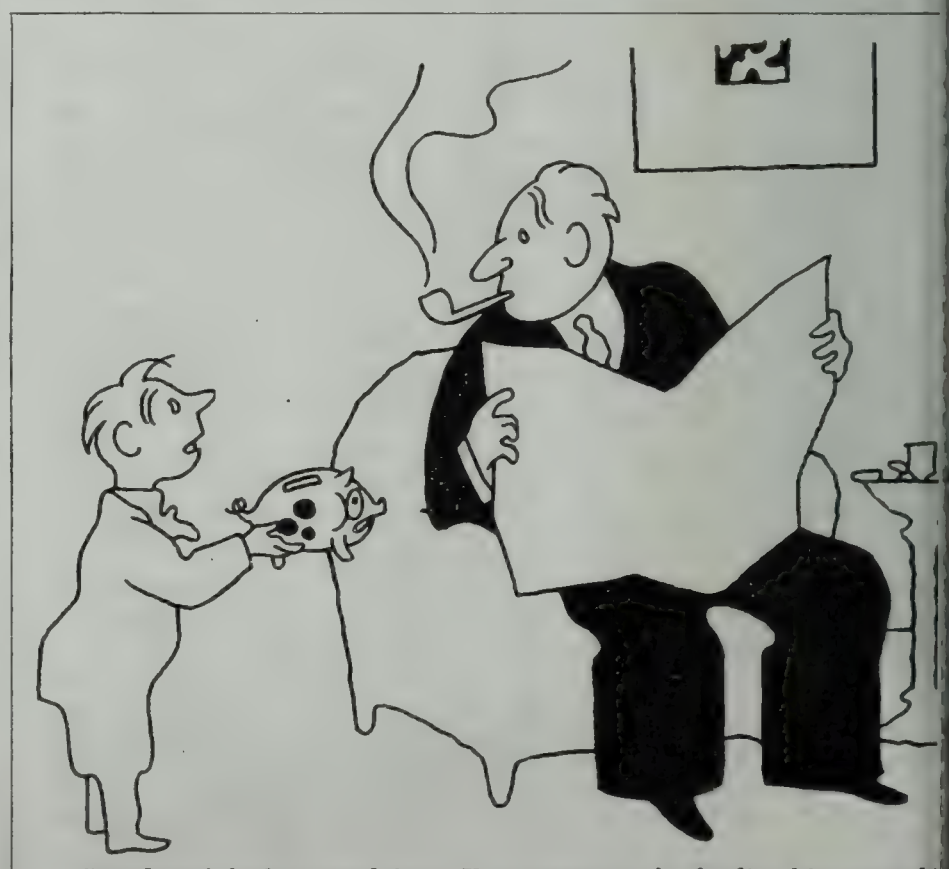
What she felt for him—and w made him proud and happy by for him—was a perfectly natur after these wonderful days of con ship, but he hoped—and he kne before long, she would meet so with whom she could truly fall in l then she would understand what trying to tell her.

BECAUSE he was not going her anything less than real l while she might be the finest co and the best—well, the best c he'd ever known—he knew this the real thing for either of them. being the wife of a prospectl deeply burdened doctor was not poor match for her.

His flow of words ran thin and silent, and she sat watching him color in her cheeks. There was a of silence, and then she said quietl Goodby."

Then she was out of the car and toward the Tavern, over the churn Alan twisted about to watch he strong figure moving steadily. T opened his mouth to call after her, better of it, and sat still. At the tu road she stopped and turned an her hand, and Alan jumped from and waved back.

"That was generous of her," aloud, driving on. "That was s



"He doesn't look so good, Pop. You suppose we're feeding him enough"

COLLIER'S GARDN

me she wasn't mad, wasn't crying! the most generous—she's built on nest lines, intellectual and spiritual very way—of any woman I've ever u! Funny I'm not crazy about her. s I was!"

llie Cruickshank, as Mollie Lang- had been a beautiful, slender, ro- , poetry-scribbling girl in those rous days after the Great Armistice, Captain Samuel Anstruther Cruick- had come home from the war, ined to claim her promise of mar-

rything had pointed then to his ing a rich and fashionable physi- nd the Cruickshanks had started life er with some pretensions of gran- n the handsome old Cruickshank on in Berkeley.

AT was only a little more than enty years ago, Mollie would some- muse, vaguely perplexed and per- . And what had happened? What appened to Sam's profession, and use, and herself?

Sam, by the time the second war broke out, wasn't successful at was a comfortable, lazy, good- d failure; the old house was clipped ch of its beautiful garden space; vas a gas station within fifty feet of nt porch. And Mollie weighed just two hundred pounds, boarded a of girl undergraduates to keep the going at all, and even then had a me making ends meet.

as all very mysterious. When her ow twenty-three, had been a tiny here had been a good cook in the , an upstairs maid, a gardener, a for the doctor's car. There had also nurse for Fred, a fine old Negress ould take charge only of tiny babies eft her positions the minute the could walk and be troublesome. ere were always other infants wait- Laura, and four years after Fred's Mollie had engaged Laura again, ne for Dodo.

just could not believe that she was ne woman who used to sit and write , and tell Sooey Chong what to have nner, and Marshall that if the doc- s not using the car she'd like to go he city that afternoon. What on had happened to all the money that en in the bank, the money that used r in when Miss Carter was writing m's bills, and getting hundreds back urn mail?

Carter had long ago disappeared, ry another doctor who was coining down in Riverside. Sam did not nany bills to send out now; he was good a doctor as he ever had been mehow he did not have as many s as he used to. Not that he was lited; doctors and patients alike re- l Doctor Sam Cruickshank, but he is life in the helter-skelter confusion as a college girls' boardinghouse, he dictated month-end bills at all, always to Dodo or one of the other who did it for love, and carried on conversations with him while they

n in the evening a few patients drift in, for the battered old brass Samuel A. Cruickshank, M.D.," was rewed in the paintless railing of the orch. Then the doctor, taking a sort ry motion like a tacking ship, would nto his consulting room, and sit the dry inkwells and spattered s, dispensing pills and philosophy ly, and apt to ramble into long con- ons with his old friends.

. Cruickshank had moved as a bride fifteen-room mansion with a whole of garden about it. Her late father- had been a wealthy pioneer, and it eased her to be Mrs. Cruickshank of kshank Street. A great many girls nvied her when she married Sam. At exactly what point, in the ensuing years, that envy had changed to pity, she could not have said; perhaps she was not conscious even now that anyone thought her an object for pity. If the house had not been painted in thirty years, and had grown old-fashioned and shabby, it was still roomy and comfortable, and full of joyous girls who raced downstairs to the phone in their house coats, pasted freshly washed handkerchiefs on the windows, dawdled with boys on the moonlighted porch (until Mrs. Cruickshank thought that really she would have to pull herself out of her warm bed and call down a warning to them) and dropped exercise papers, themes, blue books, class books, pencils, compacts and letters all over the place.

Then there were her children, Dodo and Fred, to contribute to her satisfaction with life; Fred, in uniform now and away from home, to be sure, but Dodo very much absorbed in all that went on about her, interested as were the other girls in love affairs, campus gossip, football and basketball games, theatricals, sorority gossip, and occasionally classes and finals. The doors of the Cruickshank house were never locked, and rarely closed; young life surged through them and boiled over the halls and stairways.

ON a certain April night, there was unusual disturbance and excitement at Mrs. Cruickshank's. Gardens were packed with lilacs and roses, and fields everywhere were brimming with milky orange poppies; the night was balmy and still, and there was a full moon. Easter vacation was only a few days ahead, finals were agonizing practically every student in the college, and the town was full of sailors, soldiers and Marines.

At the last moment, girls distractedly attempted to acquire just enough knowledge of their various subjects to remain in school, at the same time keeping in full touch with the blissful beginnings of holiday joys, dinners in Oakland, movies everywhere, dancing over in the city at the Mark or the Fairmont.

The day had brought untimely summer to the campus. Languor and yawning took possession of the classrooms; drugstore counters were mobbed all day long; coats and sweaters cached in any likely place, in lockers at the Hall and in the back seats of anyone's car. Mrs. Cruickshank's house echoed to moans of protest: "Whew! Isn't this awful! I'm melting! Whew!"

AT SIX o'clock, with sunlight streaming into the kitchen, Mrs. Cruickshank wiped her wet face and announced to Belle, the cook, that the girls would like iced tea with their suppers.

"So you might as well lay out fourteen glasses there on the big tray," she said, "and, Dodo, you go down and split up that big lump of ice that's lying on a piece of gunny sacking in the basement. I was going to make ice cream, but I just sent Papa over to the drugstore to buy it—I declare I think it's much cheaper in the long run!"

"I hope Papa remembers to get half orange ice," Dodo said, drawing herself up from her chair as slowly as if she feared she might come apart. "But why fourteen? Who has company?"

"Nobody has company, but Torchy never drinks tea; she says it makes her feel worse, and that girl's come."

"What girl?" Dodo demanded, stopping short at the cellar doorway.

"That—that Mountjoy girl that Uncle Andy's been talking about. From Maryland. Griselle Mountjoy," Mrs. Cruickshank answered, glancing up with a flushed face from an inspection of the oven.

"Oh, she got here, did she?" Dodo asked interestedly. "What does she look like and where did you put her?"

"I put her in with Torchy," Mrs. Cruickshank answered briefly.

"O Lord, poor Torchy!" Dodo laughed. Her costume consisted of two microscopic undergarments, slippers and a lightweight brunch coat. She rested her feet comfortably against the kitchen table and prepared for gossip. "Why does it always have to be Torchy when a freak comes here?" she asked.

"Well, that's the only empty bed I have unless I send her up to the Raccoon Cage," her mother answered.

"Oh, you couldn't do that—not the first night!" Dodo conceded. "What's she look like?"

"She looked perfectly terrible when she walked in the front door," Mrs. Cruickshank said cautiously, with a glance upward. "She acted as if she was scared to breathe! And Belle says she saw her walking up and down the block I don't know how long before she came up the steps."

"Dear old Uncle Andy has wished something on us again!" Dodo said.

"Well, he's been talking for some time—put more butter in that, Belle!" Mollie Cruickshank said. "He's been talking for some time about her coming out here, but I never thought she'd come, and now she's here I don't believe she'll like it. However, it's just as well to keep on Uncle Andy's good side."

"Why?" Dodo said idly. "Everything he has will go to Mitzi."

"A lot of it will. But I shouldn't wonder," Mollie said, spacing the last words significantly, "I shouldn't wonder one *bit* if Uncle Andrew remembered us all in his will. Why should all of it go to Mitzi? After all, she's his niece and Papa's his nephew; it's the same relationship. I certainly expect him to leave Sam enough to pay off our mortgage. He paid off our first mortgage years ago, but we had to put on another, year before last when Grandma Warren was so ill. Uncle Andy knows about it, too. I shouldn't think anyone would want to eat, a night like this!" Mollie broke off, panting. "Dodo, do go downstairs and split some ice, like a darling; I heard some of the girls coming in, and we're all ready! You might go up and see how Griselle is coming on, and sort of bring her down; she's probably too shy to come of her own accord."

"She sounds perfectly hopeless, if you ask me!" Dodo said, drawing herself up from her chair as slowly as if she feared she might come apart, and departed cellarward.

And perfectly hopeless indeed Griselle Mountjoy was, standing at the window of the front hall bedroom and looking down at the street and the trees and the neglected front garden of the Cruickshank house. She had faced bad moments in her twenty years, but never anything like this one.

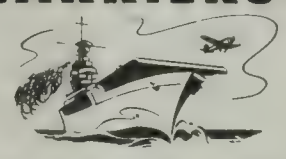
She was trapped here, in this horrible bedroom; she had burned all her bridges behind her. And to run away would be to cut the one tie she had—not a very strong tie, but still something. Old General Cruickshank had made this arrangement for her with his nephew's wife; Mollie boarded a lot of college girls, why not one more? Griselle wanted to come to California and go to college; why not try it at Mollie's?

IN HIS dictatorial old mind, it had worked out perfectly; the letter he had written to Griselle about it had been more like a command than a suggestion. And Griselle, beset all along the route by misgivings, had somehow pushed herself on from point to point, packing her things, saying goodbys, leaving the old life of the Tavern and Stockley's Choice behind her.

Now, looking out of the bedroom window, she thought: Why did you do this? Why are you such a fool?

(To be continued next week)

CARRIERS!



THEY GET THERE BY Hamilton TIME

THREE VITAL TIMEPIECES are used to navigate U. S. aircraft carriers—Hamilton chronometers (above), chronometer watches and comparing watches. All are examples of the precision that has made Hamilton watches famous for 50 years.

HAMILTON
The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

FOR DRY SCALP AND DULL HAIR USE JERIS HAIR OIL
MILLIONS OF BOTTLES USED YEARLY

Room with Bath $2 up
HOTEL LOWRY
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA
GARAGE • COFFEE SHOP

"CAT'S PAW NON-SLIP Thin Heels
help guard against fatigue"...says lovely
MAUREEN O'HARA

Star of RKO "The Falcon's Spurs"

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Publisher

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Editor

JEROME ELLIS
Managing Edi

Don't Forget the Eagle's Claws

LARGE possibilities, we think, reside in the resolution which Representative James W. Fulbright (Dem., Ark.) wants Congress to adopt:

Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring) that the Congress hereby expresses itself as favoring the creation of appropriate international machinery with power adequate to establish and maintain a just and lasting peace among the nations of the world, and as favoring participation by the United States therein.

There is nothing fixed or hidebound about that proposed statement; no effort to prescribe for an unpredictable future. It leaves the field wide open for debate by all elements of public opinion in this country. If adopted during the war, it should reassure our allies, who can't help remembering that we pulled back into our shell after the other war.

As important collateral reading on this subject, we'd like to recommend Walter Lippmann's new book, U. S. Foreign Policy (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 1943; 177 pages, $1.50).

The core of Mr. Lippmann's treatise is that we cannot build a Parliament of Man in a day after the war, or in a year, but that we can lay a foundation on which such a structure might in time be built. The foundation Mr. Lippmann suggests, and argues for with great clearness and much historical learning, is an openly avowed and adequately armed postwar American-British-Chinese-Russian alliance for preservation of the peace and development of world trade. We hope a lot of Americans will read the book.

In this connection, though, we would like to file an objection. The objection is to the tone of voice in which many of these American postwar planners write and speak—Lippmann, Wendell L. Willkie, Vice-President Wallace, and various others. It is a humble, even a timid, tone of voice, and we cannot care for it.

Mr. Willkie, for instance, keeps reiterating that we've got to learn to understand Russia, but we've yet to hear him suggest that Russia try to understand us. Vice-President Wallace fears we may somehow double-cross Russia; he seems unworried by the possibility that Russia might double-cross us. Mr. Lippmann is loud in his gratitude for what the British navy did as our silent Atlantic shield from the time of the Monroe Doctrine to World War II, but he minimizes what we did for the British during that period.

This kind of inferiority-complex sales talk, we think, will sell precious few Americans on even the highest-minded and best-planned postwar setup. Americans never have humbled the before any other nation, and we can't see th ginning to do so now.

Nor need they. If we can negotiate some postwar alliances, we'll save ourselves a gr of expense for the upkeep of a big military es ment after this war. But if we have to go i we can.

We are in line now to emerge from this the greatest land, sea and air power in world Our productive equipment and raw mater such, furthermore, that we can bristle as long be with enormous air and ocean fleets and a of eight to ten million. It will be no fun an cut down our civilian living standards gri but it can be done.

That is the measure of the strength we c tribute to any postwar alliances into which enter. Therefore, we do not have to offer our bution on bended knee and with handsome a for living.

The Eagle, in short, has excellent claws and potential. He can best serve himself and of the world by henceforth—generously b hardheadedly—acting his age, size and pow

610,000 Venereal Rejects

RECENTLY, U. S. Surgeon General Thomas Parran reported that among the first 2,000,000 draftees, 4.6 per cent were rejected for syphilis and 1.5 per cent for gonorrhea. The Army expects to reach an ultimate strength of about 10 million. Carry this 6.1 per cent of venereal rejections through that total, and you get 610,000 men likely to be rejected for venereal disease by the time the goal is reached.

We have never been able to figure out why any curable venereal victim ever is rejected. Why not induct him and cure him? Is it some squeamish hang-over from the time when nice people didn't call venereal diseases by their right names; fear of some vaguely imagined but unsampled public opinion; plain inertia in military circles; or what?

We are continually told that a large and hardship-laden draft of fathers is in the cards. Loud demands are heard from some quarters that the draft minimum age be lowered to seventeen. We've been drafting farm labor beyond the danger point. Yet we pass up these hundreds of thousands of otherwise healthy men who could be restored to full fitness in a short time.

Whatever the reason for these venereal rejections, we move that the rejections be discontinued at once.

A Cat on a Raft

IT APPEARS that one day last March, a merchant ship was torpedoed in the North Atlantic, and that presently six of its seamen found themselves aboard a life raft with the ship's cat, which was named Maizie.

They were adrift for fifty-six hours; and on being rescued, they announced that the cat had ke from going crazy.

The cat, eating malted-milk tablets and cor foods at each mess call, plainly understo men's predicament as well as her own. Ac to the Associated Press story of the inciden even comforted the men suffering from e and seasickness, going from one to another like a mother."

The story takes a good deal of the edge, w off the widespread belief that cats are cold unsympathetic though beautiful animals, whc their affections to places rather than peop have little use for the human race.

Maybe only cats who are treated as if the that way are that way. Maybe if you treat you treat dogs—talk to them, pet them, assu they'll return just as much respect and a as you give them—they'll respond as warmly dogs. The experiment would at least seem any cat owner's trying.

Collier's

AUGUST 14, 1943 TEN CENTS

DO NOT CUT, TEAR OR DE
BOOKS OR MAGAZINES.

OUR AERIAL

RADIOED FROM ENGLAND

CAPT. ARTHUR GORDON, Eigh

PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

Cadillac

Making its mark..on a Nazi Mark IV

OUTMANEUVERED at every turn by the harrying tactics of a squadron of high speed American M-5 light tanks, this formidable Nazi Mark IV tank has been immobilized by a well placed hit in its vital mechanism.

The M-5 has been in production at the Cadillac Motor Car Division for over a year. But so perfectly was this military secret kept that few outside Cadillac plants knew of its existence before it swept into battle.

Army Ordnance engineers, familiar with every phase of tank operation, joined forces with Cadillac engineers in developing the M-5. As a result, the M-5 incorporates all that is latest and best in light tank practice plus two innovations from Cadillac peacetime engineering. This accounts for its high speed and great maneuverability.

Likewise entrusted to us are more than 170 vital parts manufactured to extremely close tolerances for America's foremost liquid-cooled aircraft engine. These and other assignments on which Cadillac craftsmen are engaged to the fullest production capacity in our history are war production jobs which take full advantage of all that the Cadillac reputation and tradition imply.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

ARMY E NAVY

LET YOUR DOLLARS WORK, TOO—
BUY
WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

VICTOR RECORD GUIDE

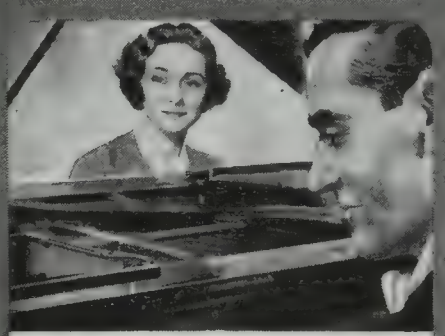
HEAR THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ON VICTOR AND BLUE SEAL RECORDS

Pierre Monteux conducts the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra in D'Indy's lofty Second Symphony. You'll be especially thrilled by the chorale-like finale; one of the most dramatic passages in symphonic music, it is performed with exciting grandeur.

Album DM-943 (or M-943).. $5.50*

General Platoff Don Cossack Chorus, directed by Nicholas Kostrukoff, sings with rich harmony two Russian folk songs—"The Red Sarafan," beloved the world over for its simple, charming melody, and the nostalgic "Monotonously Rings the Little Bell."

Victor Red Seal Record 11-8454..$1*



Pierre Luboshutz and Genia Nemenoff, duo-pianists, play the charmingly humorous Overture from "The Marriage of Figaro" and the delicate, elfin-like Scherzo from Mendelssohn's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." A sparkling record for your library!

Victor Red Seal Record 11-8455..$1*

Victor Records You'll Play Again and Again

Song Fest. Eleven grand old songs, including Smiles, My Wild Irish Rose, Sweet Adeline, Stein Song, and Till We Meet Again. Boston "Pops" Orchestra, conducted by Arthur Fiedler.

Victor Red Seal Record 11-8453..$1*

So Deep is the Night (adapted from Chopin's lovely "Tristesse"), and **My Paradise,** sung as romantic duets by Anne Ziegler and Webster Booth, English favorites.

Victor Red Seal Record 10-1049..75¢*

**Suggested list prices exclusive of excise tax*

To help us make new Victor Records for you, sell your old ones to your dealer

BUY WAR BONDS EVERY PAY DAY

RCA Victor Division
RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
W. B. COURTNEY	European War Theater
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Russia and Far East
KYLE CRICHTON	Articles
HERBERT ASBURY	Articles
DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
ALLEN MARPLE	Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Articles
HENRY L. JACKSON	Wearables
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art
CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AMY PORTER	Articles
GEORGE CREEL	Washington
WILLIAM HILLMAN	Washington
FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
FRANK GERVASI	Middle East War Theater
JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
GRATTAN O'LEARY	Ottawa
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
U. L. CALVOSA	Photographs
GEORGE DE ZAYAS	Hollywood
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor
JEROME ELLISON Managing Editor

ANY WEEK

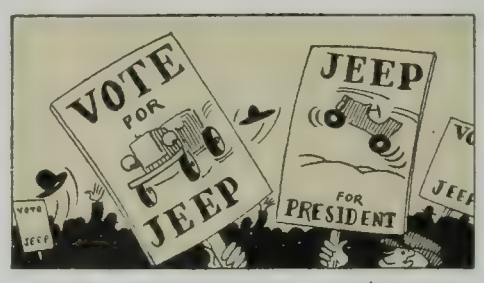
SO YOU think you've seen and heard everything. So did we until, waiting for a bus in Washington, we stood behind a couple of Wacs. One carried an electric iron, a hot-water bottle and a brief case. The other had a small bunch of dejected flowers in her right hand and a copper teakettle in her left. And the first was saying to the second: "I've got my own ideas about how she got to be our leader. Listen, I'd like to see that dame trying to run a home."

LOOKING around, we saw in the biggest window of one of New York City's most lofty-lip shops a wax (or whatever they make them of) admiral, uniformed, braided and bejeweled to the last shred, gold rope and spangle that a commander of the fleet could legally or physically carry. Frequently we have stood before that window admiring the magnificent fellow. But one evening at the height of the jungle humidity he began to buckle in all his glory beneath the weight of it all. His collapse started at the ankles. Slowly he settled forward. In the morning he was prostrate, face down. And several hundred dollars' worth of plate glass lay shattered on the pavement. But his face, although a bit scarred, was still stern and defiant even if it was staring at the scorched sidewalk.

FROM his prune ranch in California, our associate, Jim Marshall, notifies us that in eager pursuit of a few revolutionary facts which will presently appear in this magazine he met the eminent Mr. Harry Chandler, publisher of the Los Angeles Times. Mr. Chandler was dozing in a chair in the lobby of San Francisco's St. Francis Hotel. Mr. Chandler and Mr. Marshall chatted intelligently for a few moments when along came one of the hotel's assistant managers. Mr. Marshall introduced the manager to Mr. Chandler and the former was extra gracious. "Well, Mr. Chandler," said he, "is there anything I can do to make your stay with us even more enjoyable?" Mr. Chandler considered for a moment, then said: "Come to think of it, yes. You might get me a room."

AND Mr. Link Bruesseus of Chicago, Illinois, says that he knows where we may read a sign: "Air Raid Shelter. Keep Out." To earn our money on this paragraph we include the experience of a lady we know who went to a better-class department store in New York after reading its advertisement of a Duration Dress Shop. Not finding it at once she appealed to the obviously better-class young lady in an information booth. "Floor below the main floor," fluted Information. Our friend looked at her narrowly. "You mean the basement?" she asked. "In this store," said the information lady haughtily, "there is no basement."

MAYBE it's the weather. Or maybe it isn't. Anyway, here's a citizen—Mr. Benjamin Du Parc of Woonsocket, Rhode Island—who has a candidate for President who'd get several million soldier votes and, as Mr. Du Parc says, "be acclaimed by millions of us civilians who are getting pretty tired of thinkers and crave for a few workers." Mr. Du Parc's nominee for President of the United States is a jeep. "At least," says he, "the jeep can do everything that ninety-nine per cent of our betters in Washington are supposed to do and do it better."



MR. ROOSEVELT will not take to the air and tell us that his is (just now anyway) a thankless job. But Mrs. L. P. Bronk of Salt Lake City, Utah, assures us that that is a fact frequently on his overburdened mind. Moreover, Mrs. Bronk tells us how she knows. She learned that from a man who came to her door and offered for twenty-five cents to reveal to her a lot of inside stuff which, he said, the newspapers didn't dare to print. She doesn't say what else he told her, but when he had finished and pocketed his modest fee she asked him how he came by all his information. "Madam, I was trained to be an Austrian spy. This money you have given me will go into a fund to restore the Austrian empire to its former status. When that happens I will have a regular job." What Mrs. Bronk wants to know is whether she should believe him. . . . W. D.

Vol. 112, No. 7. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1943, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

THIS WEEK

AUGUST 14, 19

SHORT STORIES

VICTORIA LINCOLN
It Isn't Just Us. You don't have to b worker or a heroine under fire to part.

ETHEL LOBAN
Reno Interlude. Can glamor be re close range?

JOHN WELLS
Like a Soldier. He was afraid, at fi he wouldn't be able to take it.

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
"Going Up?" by Seth Babits.

SERIAL STORIES

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Corner of Heaven. The second of nin

SAX ROHMER
Seven Sins. The seventh of eight parts

ARTICLES

CARL A. HATCH
Unite for Peace Now! The fate of th will be irrevocably influenced by a ha U. S. Senators.

DR. R. R. SPENCER and J. D. RATCLIFF
We're Winning the Cancer War. Sci close to finding a cure for the maste of all.

ERIC A. JOHNSTON
The Americas—Partners in Enterprise. the war our business watchword will South, young man!

FRANK GERVASI
Blasting a Road to Rome. Why Hitler i ing for Italy.

CAPTAIN ARTHUR GORDON
Our Aerial Spies. Photo reconnaissanc have the most dangerous job of the

HANSON W. BALDWIN
How to Force a Beachhead. A military explains the details of invasion tactics

THÉRÈSE BONNEY
The Swedes Make the Best of It. Ne thetic foods and goods replace acu shortages.

FRANK D. MORRIS
Front and Center. Heroes all, they're up to receive the honors of the Navy

JERRY D. LEWIS
"Murder," She Says. Joan Harrison, t producer, paves her way to success wit tery chillers.

J. RODGER DARLING
Eat 'Em and Like 'Em. They're think new styles in fish to tempt your appeti

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World.

WING TALK.

DAVID O. WOODBURY
Your Life Tomorrow.

THE GUILTY (Kurt Daleuge).
Profile of Axis Terrorist No. 2.

EDITORIALS.

COVER C. C.

Who is this man who saw the Gordons' future?

he Gordons didn't know him when he called, that ful evening just two months ago. Yet they're forever eful for his "second sight."

Every three years," the man had said, "the average er has an accident. It's my job to spare *you* the years ffering that accidents have meant to others . . . and *could* meet tragedy tomorrow!"

ill Gordon wasn't worried. He was a careful driver. h wartime restrictions, he wasn't driving much. But *d* happen . . . not the very next day, but only a week r the man had called.

ill was driving to work with several neighbors in his He saw another car approach—too late! People e badly hurt and the court said Bill must pay heavy ages.

the man who guessed their future had not con- ed the Gordons that they should have insurance, y would have lost their War Bonds and their home; 'd have had to mortgage their future to pay the gment!

Who is the man who foretold the Gordons' future . . : saved them from financial ruin?

He is a representative of The State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company

Yes, and there are 7,000 other State m representatives throughout 40 states and Ontario, ada, ready to help *you* avoid accident loss!

hey can show you startling facts which make it clear auto insurance is even more necessary in wartime. For instance: *most* accidents have always occurred at speeds *less* than 35 miles per hour. Personal injury damages tend to be *higher* than ever before. Repair costs are *up*.

They can describe Liability and Property Damage insurance that is so low in cost no driver can afford to be without it . . . State Farm's *More-Auto-Insurance-For-Your-Money* Plan. This plan has made State Farm the biggest auto insurance company in the world. It has saved more than a million policyholders in excess of $50,000,000 in the cost of their auto insurance!

State Farm policies are non-assessable. Rates are adjusted to the type of gas ration card you have. There are special coverage provisions if you "share the ride." Other important coverages available are:

80% Collision coverage. This is America's most popular collision insurance. It pays 80c of every collision repair bill dollar from the very first dollar, and everything over $250.

Medical Payments coverage pays medical or funeral costs of members of your family and guest passengers in accidents for which you are not liable . . . at a cost of less than 1c a day!

Comprehensive coverage protects you from loss due to fire, theft, and thirty other causes of loss or damage.

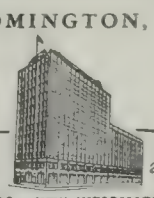
Emergency Road Service and Bail Bond Expense coverage pays 80% of expenses incurred on a highway for mechanical first aid, towing, and a number of other expenses. It also pays 80% of fee or premium paid for a bail bond required for traffic offense.

State Farm offers similar advantages in Fire and Life insurance. Ask *your friend*, the State Farm agent, about them. (*The names in this advertisement are fictitious.*)

STATE FARM INSURANCE COMPANIES

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

Pacific Coast Office: Berkeley, Calif.



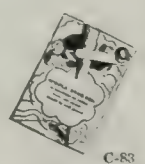
Canadian Office: Toronto, Canada

Buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps TODAY!

FREE TO DRIVERS—NEW INFORMATIVE BOOKLET

Mr. G. E. Mecherle
State Farm Insurance Companies
Bloomington, Illinois

Please send me your new booklet presenting basic facts about automobile insurance. I understand this request will not obligate me in any way.



C-83

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City . . . . . *State* . . . .

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

A new acoustic stethoscope enables a physician to hear all the sounds in the human body, or those which range from 40 to 4,000 cycles. Many of these rattles, squeaks, murmurs and groans have never been heard before because the range of the ordinary stethoscope is only from 200 to 1,500 cycles.

When liquefied, dry ice produces such a violently expanding gas that it is now used as a propelling force in a "dry-ice gun." A cylinder under the barrel is filled with crushed ice which soon melts and gives off gas; a measured amount of which enters the firing chamber when the trigger is pulled and propels .22-caliber bullets with a terrific force, one load of the ice being sufficient for 1,800 shots.

Although Gandhi has been the guiding spirit and chief spokesman of the Indian National Congress for the past 24 years, he has not been a member of this body since his resignation in 1934.—*By Cpl. Leonard Yankiver, Fort Hancock, N. J.*

Since 1910, American turf fans have witnessed 18 walkovers, or races in which all but one of the entered horses failed to appear. As such a situation does not cancel a stake race, the single starter runs around the course alone, is named the winner and awarded the purse.—*By John P. Schablein, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Unlike most mammals, members of the horse family have stomachs that can hold only from a third to a half of the food eaten at one meal. Hence most of their food is pushed through the stomach at such a rate that it undergoes little digestion in this organ.

One of Hitler's favorite tricks to prevent the people in the occupied countries from going to church is to have their weekly food ration cards issued only on Sunday morning during the hours of service.

The stationery furnished to the v prisoners in the 21 concentrat camps of this country today forest any attempt to transmit a secret m sage on it. Being chemically treat the paper quickly turns any writ in invisible ink either red or gre depending on whether the fluid alkaline or acid.—*By Louis Burg Browns Mills, N. J.*

For years, London has barred E lish actresses, chorus girls and other kinds of female entertain from working in British territories the Orient.

A London artist has painted an o miniature that can be seen o through reflection. Executed on canvas about two feet square, work is a jumble of form and co in the shape of a crescent. But wh it is flat on a table and a shining ver pillar, four inches high, is plac upon it, all the formless mass is flected on the pillar as a perf locket-size portrait of King George

The Alien Property Custodian v soon sell, through sealed bids, m of the 150 enemy-owned industr plants seized here since we enter the war. Ranging in value from $1 000 to many millions, they will, most cases, go to the highest bid automatically, provided his bid is r sonable, that he is qualified to be t owner of the firm and that he will allow it to contribute to monopoly fall into the hands of foreigners.

Lin Sen, president of China si 1932, is paid $800 (Chinese) a mon now equivalent to $42 in U. S. c rency, the lowest salary on rec for the elected head of a mode government.

Five dollars will be paid for each interest or unusual fact accepted for this colu Contributions must be accompanied by s factory proof. Address Keep Up with World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New Y (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted Collier's, The National Weekly. None of items may be reproduced without express mission of the publisher

The United States Marine Band, Captain William F. Santelmann, leader, photographed on the Marine barracks parade ground, Washington, D. C.

ONLY A RADIO WITH FM BRINGS YOU "NATURAL COLOR" MUSIC

note of music from the U. S. Marine Band, piano, or a great entertainer — or any sound ear—is composed of a fundamental tone plus a of *overtones* which sound in harmony with it.

overtones give color and realism to music. In cert hall, you hear these tones, and the music p, rounded, and resonant. But over the con- nal radio, because of inherent limitations in nission, you hear less than half the range you to hear.

eral Electric FM brings you the *full range e* — all the fundamentals plus the glorious ral Color" overtones. Instead of traveling over a narrow "highway" of 5000 cycles, radio sounds travel over a broad "highway" of 15,000 cycles.

FM radio is so astonishingly lifelike that a whisper, the crackle of a match, a sigh, the tinkle of a glass, every subtlety of tone is unerringly reproduced. And FM radio is virtually static-free.

By now, an estimated 2,000,000 persons listen daily to FM programs over 49 FM stations. Which is proof that this new kind of radio offers something you can't get in conventional radio!

General Electric FM radio is built now for military purposes only. But your General Electric FM radio after victory will be finer than ever before.

FREE: The story of electronics and FM radio is told in a full-color, 32-page book. Write for "Electronics — a New Science for a New World," to *Electronics Dept., General Electric, Schenectady, New York.*

• *Tune in* "The World Today" *and hear the news direct from the men who see it happen, every evening except Sunday at 6:45 E. W. T. over CBS. On Sunday listen to "The Hour of Charm" at 10 P.M. E.W.T. over NBC. Buy War Bonds today for the better things of tomorrow, including an FM radio.*

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Leader in radio, television, and electronic research

170-89

Every General Electric radio is an electronic instrument

Radio is a product of electronic research. The newest kind of radio is FM (Frequency Modulation) which brings you "Natural Color" reception—with all the *overtones* that you miss in conventional radio.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

go to sea in many ways, but in none so loaded with dramatic possibilities as in the Sikorsky Helicopter—powered by Warner engines, Champion equipped.

Ever since the first airplane flight, the helicopter principle of vertical ascent and descent and the ability to hover motionless has challenged the ingenuity of designers.

The Sikorsky Helicopter does all these things and more, suggesting countless uses in both war and the peace to come. Most vital of its possibilities at the moment is its ability to take off and land on cargo ships, spot their mortal enemy, the submarine, and to direct fire from convoy and escort ships.

The Sikorsky Helicopter, now in production for the Army Air Forces, is powered by a Warner engine equipped with dependable Champion Spark Plugs. Here, as on every front, Champions are giving their dependable best for Victory.

On the home front, Champion Spark Plugs "keep 'em rolling" by getting the last mile out of every gallon of gasoline—by providing that efficient ignition which insures better and more dependable engine performance—upholding and adding to their worldwide reputation as Champions both in name and in performance.

FOR NATIONAL SECURITY—
FOR PERSONAL SECURITY—BUY WAR BONDS

BRITISH COMB

The superhot R.A.F. Mosquito is made of wood and powered by Rolls-Royce engines. Note here how camouflage blends with the ground

At an Eighth Air Force Station Somewhere in England. The general and I stood in a Surrey lane beneath the reality of modern war—a flight of heavy bombers on their way. We fell to making contrast—this war's airmen with those of the first World War.

Some things hadn't changed. They had the same mess-hall and hangar gags. The mother who, as she kissed her air cadet son goodby, warned him to "fly low and slow." (Of course, that's even funnier with today's high-performance ships; whereas you really couldn't fly much of any other way with a Jenny.) The ferry pilot who, having learned to fly in the rarefied air of mountainous fields, delivered a combat plane to a sea-level drome with its comparatively dense air. He made a perfect three-point landing, turned to taxi to the hangar—and found he still had fifty feet of altitude.

Then only today in the local paper we had seen the old one about twin-motors. This time it was told about the ultranew and superhot Mosquito of the R.A.F.—and on Geoffrey de Havilland, famous test pilot and son of *the* De Havilland who is one of the great names in early aviation. Geoffrey was flying a Skeet through its tricks—cutting the grass, clipping treetops—with one engine dead. A taxpayer, watching him, complained bitterly: "Gross squandering of money out of the people's pockets, I call it! Putting *two* Rolls-Royce engines on those things when anybody can see they go fast enough with one!"

This war's flying Yank is briefer in word and emotion. His jargon is full of proof that a word suffices him where Pop needed a phrase. Old Yanks described the blessing of altitude as "money in the bank." But when you hear new Yanks use the sole word "Angels" they are not referring to nurses or betraying heavenly leanings. One Angel in the mathematics of the Eighth Air Force equals one thousand feet of altitude.

MOST noticeable contrast to one who has known aviation in both World Wars is the greater esteem in which pilots are held by other branches today. The ground soldier has come to love, pray for, and sometimes even actually stand up in his slit trench and cheer the flier who sweeps in high or low ahead of him. He knows that the air force saves ground force lives.

But along hundreds of miles of Western Front in 1918, the man in the trench seldom saw his own side's planes, and he ever saw air fighters in person at a it was usually in some leave area—Pari say. Those air-war pioneers were incline to be on the swashbuckling side. The wore boots, to the disgust of the cavalr man; "ice-cream pants" to the disgust the infantryman. They were somebody pick barroom fights with.

The airmen had their comebacks, course. Classic was the squelching of a infantry shavetail who taunted a pil that he never saw him over the fron lines. "Of course not," said the flie "How could you? There are no skylight in your dugouts, are there?"

In this war, however, the pilot is every body's pal. This good feeling can be di cerned in the expressed wish of the Nint U. S. Fighter Command, which supporte Montgomery's Eighth Army, to wear th shoulder badge of that famous army—th Crusader's Cross in yellow on a whit shield against a blue background.

THERE are, of course, many officer ve erans of '17 who came back from civ life to serve again no less valiantly, i less actively. The Eighth Air Force chuck les about one of these "Retreads," a gray haired captain who arrived at a statio late one night, dead-beat. He flopped int bed and began peanut vending. A rai came. The first bomb was miles off, bu windows rattled, and the double doors o the barracks heaved and clanked. Th veteran snored on.

Soon, bombs were dropping so clos that hot-air blasts puffed through the ope windows. And the veteran snored on Then the grandpa thumper fell—so nea that the whole building fluxed. Abov the din, the barracks doors could be hear rattling viciously. The veteran woke, sa up, glared toward the doors and yelle indignantly: "You blank-blank fool, can' you see the doors ain't locked? Come in!"

So the general and I stood and remi nisced and watched that mass flight o bombers pass from the waning day. Thes were not this general's boys, in particu lar. But you could see from the com passion that shared equal place in hi countenance with stern professional ap praisal of the formation that, in a ver special way, they were his boys, too.

"Good luck!" he said and turned int the house to wait near the telephone leaving them to the destiny of the nigh skies and the gods of young and valian wings.

W. B. COURTNEY

When life hangs on millionths of an inch

'HIS INCIDENT HAPPENED WHEN the Allies were pounding Rommel's divisions back into 'offin Corner"...

The engine of a Warhawk fighter plane, flown an American pilot, was ripped by 20 mm. ell fire. Half-blind from leaking oil, the pilot fused to bail out. He streaked for home— d made it.

Later, he was reported* to have remarked, 've been thinking about writing to the Packard ople about the way their engine brought me er a mountain and kept me up for 45 minutes thout any oil in it. But I probably won't get ound to it."

It's not necessary for you to thank us, Lieu- nant. A lot of the men and women at Packard ho helped build that Rolls-Royce engine saw e dispatch. And many of them felt that they d *special* reasons for being both proud and ankful that you came back safely...

Sue Bramble, pictured at the right, for ex- mple.

It's her job to check surface finishes. She is e of many inspectors who made sure that tal parts of that precision engine you flew ere finished down to *millionths* of an inch... parts "jeweled" and polished so finely that they brought you home even with the precious lubricant leaking away.

Building engines like this has meant working to a degree of accuracy that was undreamed of by any automobile manufacturer in peacetime. Yet Packard craftsmen are turning out these superb Rolls-Royce engines in mass-production quantities, by modern mass-production methods.

Today, Packard-built Rolls-Royce engines are going into twin-engine deHavilland Mosquito bombers, 4-motor Lancaster bombers, and Hurricane and Warhawk fighters—delivering the kind of performance that fighter pilots and bomber crews know they can depend on.

And in the Navy's famed PT boats, Packard super-marine engines are more than living up to the exacting and time-honored traditions of Packard craftsmanship.

Tomorrow, Packard's wartime lessons in precision manufacturing will bear fruit in immeasurably finer peacetime Packard cars.

Ask The Man Who Owns One

PACKARD

Precision-Built Power

* From a dispatch by Kenneth Crawford in the newspaper "PM", April 23rd issue

No wonder they're thrilled! Because it's built with American-Made rubber ...bears the name GENERAL...and is the tire everyone knew American engineering ingenuity would produce.

In this new General Tire . . . from American-Made rubber . . . you see the result of the relentless effort by General's corps of research engineers to help solve America's rubber problem.

All the knowledge gained by General's production specialists in 25 years of building quality tires . . . all their methods for getting *the most* out of rubber . . . have contributed to the development of this new-day General.

It has General's famous Silent-Grip tread design. It has General's same extra strong cord body, as always. And, it has American-Made rubber processed by the same craftsmen who gave you General's quality in the past.

You are invited by your local General Tire dealer now to see this new General that someday, when the rubber crisis is over, will be available to all without restriction.

THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY • AKRON, OHIO

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR AUGUST 14, 1943

UNITE FOR PEACE NOW!

BY CARL A. HATCH
U. S. SENATOR FROM NEW MEXICO

With traditional senatorial reluctance to put the finger on any fellow club member, Senator Hatch gives you an idea of what is going to happen to America's war aims and ideals unless his co-workers can get together on a foreign policy that everyone, including the folks back home, can understand

"We are sick of a world that permits fighting and dying, and we want no more of it," says Senator Hatch in his plea for Senate unity on foreign policy

INTERNATIONAL

NINETY-FIVE men and one woman hold the fate of the world in their hands! I say this flatly and with perhaps less than proper modesty, because I happen to be one of those men. But it is true. The hundreds of millions of people and the vast power of wealth they possess will be vitally affected by the action of ninety-six senators of the United States in the months to come.

But even that is not half the story. Not ninety-six men but a small proportion of that number will definitely and perhaps irrevocably influence the future of every country on earth. Our Constitution requires that a two-thirds majority of the Senate ratify all treaties formulated by the President. One third of ninety-six men is, of course, thirty-two; adding one more makes thirty-three.

Thus, the fate of this country and perhaps of all countries may well rest on the intelligence, wisdom and patriotism of thirty-three senators. If they refuse to concur and agree with the treaty presented by the President, that treaty cannot become effective.

But I go even further. I am going to reduce the number again and say that in all probability the fate of any treaty will rest within the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. That committee consists of twenty-three members—fifteen Democrats, seven Republicans and one Progressive. I repeat, upon the shoulders of those twenty-three men our nation's policy may rest. For, to obtain anything like the necessary two-thirds majority of the Senate, the proposal must have the strong support of the majority of the Committee on Foreign Relations. A bare majority will not suffice.

The thoughts, beliefs and opinions of those twenty-three men are of the deepest interest to every American citizen. Naturally, as a member of the Senate, I shall not discuss individual traits and characteristics of any senator. But I can say this: There exists grave danger to any postwar program as conditions are in the United States Senate today.

This was proved by the votes on various amendments to the Reciprocal Trade Agreements which were argued and debated at length in the Senate this spring. This was a trade program, the mildest form of international agreement and one which committed us to no vital change in our foreign policy, and yet the fight over the amendments was tense and bitter. Every amendment offered was rejected, it is true, but each was rejected by less than two-thirds majority. If there exists that much difference about a trade treaty, what would happen if a major treaty involving a long-term policy of collaboration with foreign nations should come before the Senate?

What can the nations of the world expect and what can our own people expect if disunity and lack of co-operation exist within our own treaty-ratifying body? Can we ever collaborate or co-operate with other nations if we cannot first collaborate and co-operate with ourselves?

Disunity in the Senate

This danger—and I consider it a real danger—is illustrated by a recent poll of the Senate on the issue of an international police force. Of the senators polled, twenty-four voted "Yes," thirty-two answered "No," and forty did not vote. The same poll was taken by Doctor Gallup among the public, and on that question the people voted as follows: "Yes"—74 per cent; "No"—14 per cent; no opinion —12 per cent.

From my own contacts in different parts of the country, I am utterly convinced that the people of America have firmly determined that there shall be some form of international collaboration which will provide a means of settling disputes without recourse to force and arms. We are fighting and dying in this war and we are sick to death of a world that permits it. We want no more of it after this is over.

Not only are there isolationists and internationalists in our Senate, but it is almost literally true that there are ninety-six individual views on our foreign policy. In a recent book, Walter Lippmann clearly proves that our country has had no settled foreign policy for nearly fifty years.

In 1918, when Senator Beveridge urged Will Hays, Republican National Chairman, to get a united policy in the party

(Continued on page 41)

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

Her face had something in it that the doctor wanted to get into words. "Life's quite a thing, isn't it?" he said. "Yep," said Mrs. MacKenzie, bending over the little baby in her arms

IT ISN'T JUST US

BY VICTORIA LINCOLN

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

When a woman can only take care of children and do cooking and washing, how can she back up her man at the front?

ALWAYS before this morning, Mrs. MacKenzie woke smiling to a sense of her blessings. She would begin to stir before dawn, turning from side to side, lazily, in the double bed where she now lay alone. Then her sleepy sea-green eyes would open on the smooth pillow where Mack's head used to lie, and her small, work-hardened hand would stroke it a little. She missed him, but proudly. And she had never learned to worry. She always thought of herself as a very lucky person.

When it gets hot in the San Fernando Valley, it gets very hot. Mrs. MacKenzie would lie, stretching her full five feet and ninety-eight pounds of well-being, running her fingers through her mop of short red curls, and smiling with pleasure to smell yesterday's sun still oozing from the earth all around her little four-room bungalow. Mrs. MacKenzie liked hot weather.

The bungalow stood in a row of similar ready-built structures.

There weren't any trees in sight. The eye traveled uninterrupted across sun-browned fields, across green, irrigated fields, to the distant mountains. But Mrs. MacKenzie woke in a luxury of green and trembling shade. They had been the first settlers in Paradise Homes, she and Mr. MacKenzie, and the first thing he had done was to plant a bougainvillea. It grew all over the east windows, now, setting off the MacKenzie home from the others in point of desirability, and giving the MacKenzie family a social cachet.

"Now Mrs. MacKenzie, she could tell you everything you want to know," one of the shier residents would say to a stranger. "She's the lady lives in the place with the lovely big bougainvillea."

And it was so, without smugness, but with a comfortable sense of her own dignity and position, that Mrs. MacKenzie thought of herself. Lying abed, rumpling her short red curls, she looked absurdly childish for a woman of thirty-two. But risen to her feet, she took upon herself an authority, an assumption of responsibility —a sort of *noblesse oblige*, really, inherent upon her position as first settler and lady with the big bougainvillea.

Yet in a settlement that would have been very quick to resent putting on airs, no one ever suggested that Mrs. MacKenzie was bossy or stuck up. People liked her, and this was because her friendliness was as genuine as her dignity and her happiness was greater than both. She had a deep, permeating sense of her own persistent good luck.

Her luck covered all kinds of things—her health, her husband's love, her wonderful kids, the bougainvillea. It extended to games of chance; once she had won a turkey in a lottery; and two summers ago, before Mack enlisted, they had gone all the way down to Venice, to show the kids the ocean, and she had won a whole se handsome dishes at miniature bowling.

"Honest," she would say, "I'm so lu it would scare me if I had any sense."

This was the first morning in m years that Mrs. MacKenzie had not w ened smiling. Today she woke in hor in panic emptiness.

The War Department . . . your husba Sgt. Angus MacKenzie . . . missing in tion.

Yes, it was true, the telegram had cor She had taken it from the boy and re it through, standing there at the front d in the dark. Missing. Not dead, Ma not dead. Missing. Hurt perhaps, lost the jungle, maybe a prisoner. Oh, b Mack, Mack, not dead. They didn't s he was dead.

Mrs. MacKenzie lay in her bed, ri and still. She did not make a sound, s did not let a tear fall, for little Lana sl in the crib at her feet, and Deanna mig wake up and walk in any minute, or Cla or Marlene. There was no need for t

(Continued on page 78)

We're Winning the Cancer War

By Dr. R. R. Spencer, Chief, National Cancer Institute, and J. D. Ratcliff

Doctor R. R. Spencer is a veteran of one of medicine's most heroic fights—the fight against Rocky Mountain spotted fever in Montana's Bitterroot Valley. Six medical research men lost their lives before Spencer and his colleagues found a successful vaccine for this disease. Doctor Spencer has recently succeeded Doctor Carl Voegtlin as head of the world's outstanding cancer laboratory, the National Cancer Institute

There's an answer to cancer. American researchers believe they are close to finding it

A CURE for cancer would be the greatest medical news in all history. What are the chances of winning the battle against this master evil?

If you had asked a research man that question five years ago, he would have been pessimistic. Not today. One leader in the field states, "Given time and money, any scientific problem can be solved. And," he adds, "cancer is no exception."

Think, for a moment, of the stake involved. Each year cancer kills more than 200,000 people throughout the world. At the time of Pearl Harbor, cancer was taking more American lives every twenty-four months than bullets had taken in *all* the wars in U. S. history!

Cancer is chiefly a disease of the aged, but it kills more children than infantile paralysis. Every three and a half minutes, day and night, it ticks off a life in the United States—158,000 lives a year.

For a great many years, certain research men sought an easy solution to this grim slaughter. When they failed, they turned to the undramatic business of finding a solid foundation under the problem. They feel that once this foundation is complete, a solution to the staggering riddle will be within reach.

There is no better place to get an estimate of where we stand than at the National Cancer Institute. This unique institution is tax-supported, a division in the U. S. Public Health Service of the Federal Security Agency. Its laboratories, in Bethesda, Maryland, have launched a most ambitious, well-co-ordinated attack on the cancer problem. No other government in the world has a comparable organization—a single great laboratory devoted to the solution of a single disease problem. And no private laboratory has resources for a similar all-out attack.

A cancer is simply a mass of cells gone wild—anarchist cells. Other body cells follow orderly, controlled patterns of behavior. But cancer cells grow wildly, crazily, following no pattern. They grow until they choke some vital organ—heart, lung, liver. Or they grow through the wall of a major blood vessel and cause hemorrhage, or against the spinal cord and cause paralysis. Death is their final victory.

Cancer cells are, in a sense, freaks. In some instances they are architecturally and functionally different from the normal cells from which they arose, and they maintain their differences indefinitely. A mouse's spontaneous tumor can be transplanted to a second mouse, and to a third, a fourth and a fifth. This can be carried on for years on end, but the cells maintain a constant identity. They are daughters of the cells that grew in the original mouse's body; and not a part of the host they happen to be growing in at the moment.

Why do these cells go wild? Here we are at the threshold of the great mystery—a problem wrapped up in the very fundamentals of life and growth. Most researchers in the field will accept one generalization. In one way or another, cancer traces to irritation. The word "irritation," however, must be used in its broadest sense, because in experimentally induced cancer, although the process is always slow, there is sometimes no visible evidence of irritation or inflammation.

The hot, short stem of a clay pipe may irritate the lip over a period of many years and cause its smoker a cancer. For years, medical men have known that soot caused cancer of the skin of the scrotum in a chimney sweep.

A Dangerous Heating Device

Shepherds in northern India carry a small charcoal brazier pressed against their stomachs—to keep warm in the bitter climate. Among them, cancer of the skin is a common occurrence. Certain dye workers have cancer of the bladder—caused by taking in small amounts of irritating coal-tar products. Skin cancers are five times as prevalent in the southwestern United States as they are in New England. This almost surely traces to long and repeated exposure to the burning rays of the sun.

One of the milestones of cancer research came in 1915 when two Japanese workers — Yamagiwa and Ichikawa — learned how to produce cancer at will in the laboratory. They repeatedly painted tar on the ear of a rabbit, and in time a tumor developed. British research men picked up at this point and went on to find chemical agents which would do the job more swiftly and more surely. Today there are over 200 of these carcinogenic agents. Some of them are almost terrifyingly potent—as little as one twenty-five millionth of an ounce will produce cancers with almost 100 per cent regularity in mice. Rats, as a rule, are slightly more resistant to these chemicals. Guinea pigs are still more resistant.

Some of these agents have a specific effect on the liver, bladder and other organs. There are other irritants as well. Overlong exposure to ultraviolet lamps will cause skin cancers in mice—usually on such hairless areas as nose, ears, tail. About five months is required for tumor production.

Is cancer inherited? Almost without exception, cancer researchers will say no.

(Continued on page 44)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

The research man has two types of cancer for study. One is inherited, the other is produced artificially. In the picture above, the mouse is being shot with a cancer-producing chemical. Swelling starts in a few days; death follows closely. The picture below shows an experimental mouse with an inherited breast tumor

This is another type cancer produced experimentally in the laboratory. Such cancers give research men an opportunity to study this great man-killing disease

The Americas—Partners in Enterprise

BY ERIC A. JOHNSTON
PRESIDENT, UNITED STATES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

There's a great day coming mañana for U. S. businessmen who want to go to South Ameri pick a native partner and watch the pesos co in. As soon as the war is over, our good nei bors are ready, industrially, to roll along with

WE ARE delighted to have you here, Mr. Johnsto said Brazil's Foreign Minister Oswaldo Aran "*But*—one more 'Good Will' mission to Brazil, Brazil will declare war on the United States!"

The remark was received as it was intended—as a jo Nevertheless, I hastened to emphasize the purpose of visit. I hadn't flown down on a lecture tour or a handshak expedition, but as a businessman keenly interested in So American industrial development and postwar opportuni for U. S. businessmen.

And on the Pan American planes which sped me over vast, warm greenness that is Brazil, the fertile plains of Arg tina, the mineral-laden Andes of Chile and Peru, and the wells of Colombia, I saw boundless possibilities for Am can participation with our neighbor nations in their ind trial development.

A wealth of natural resources—iron ore, rubber, fore petroleum, many minerals—await the magic touch of m ern technology. Opportunities abound for U. S. businessm After the war, the other American republics will be ready start of expand the production of textiles, shoes, paper, ment, automobile tires, glass, insecticides, building materi and scores of other products and minerals.

On my entire 20,000-mile tour, I did not find a single d cleaning plant that we in the United States would call m ern. Perhaps an up-to-date dry-cleaning plant does opera in South America, but it eluded me. Yet the accommod tions of most of the hotels where I stayed compare with t finest in the United States.

The average South American businessman admires o "know-how" as businessmen. President Lopez of Colomb told me: "The best businessman in the world is the Yank The enterprise approved by the Yankee businessman is t enterprise in which I like to invest my money."

Although they admire our industrial efficiency and man gerial talent, do the businessmen of South America rea trust us? Well, it's a case of seeing is believing.

From Caesar to Hitler, it has been almost axiomatic th when the people of one nation have fared forth to oth lands, they have usually been bent on exploitation or co quest. The Good Neighbor policy of the United States h served to promote friendship and erase suspicions among t American republics, and lay the foundation for the creatio of friendships among individuals of the hemisphere. It our duty to translate the Good Neighbor policy from gover ment generalities into specific personal relations.

Co-operation a Requisite

South Americans understandably do not want to be ex cluded from participation in enterprises established by Unite States businessmen within their countries.

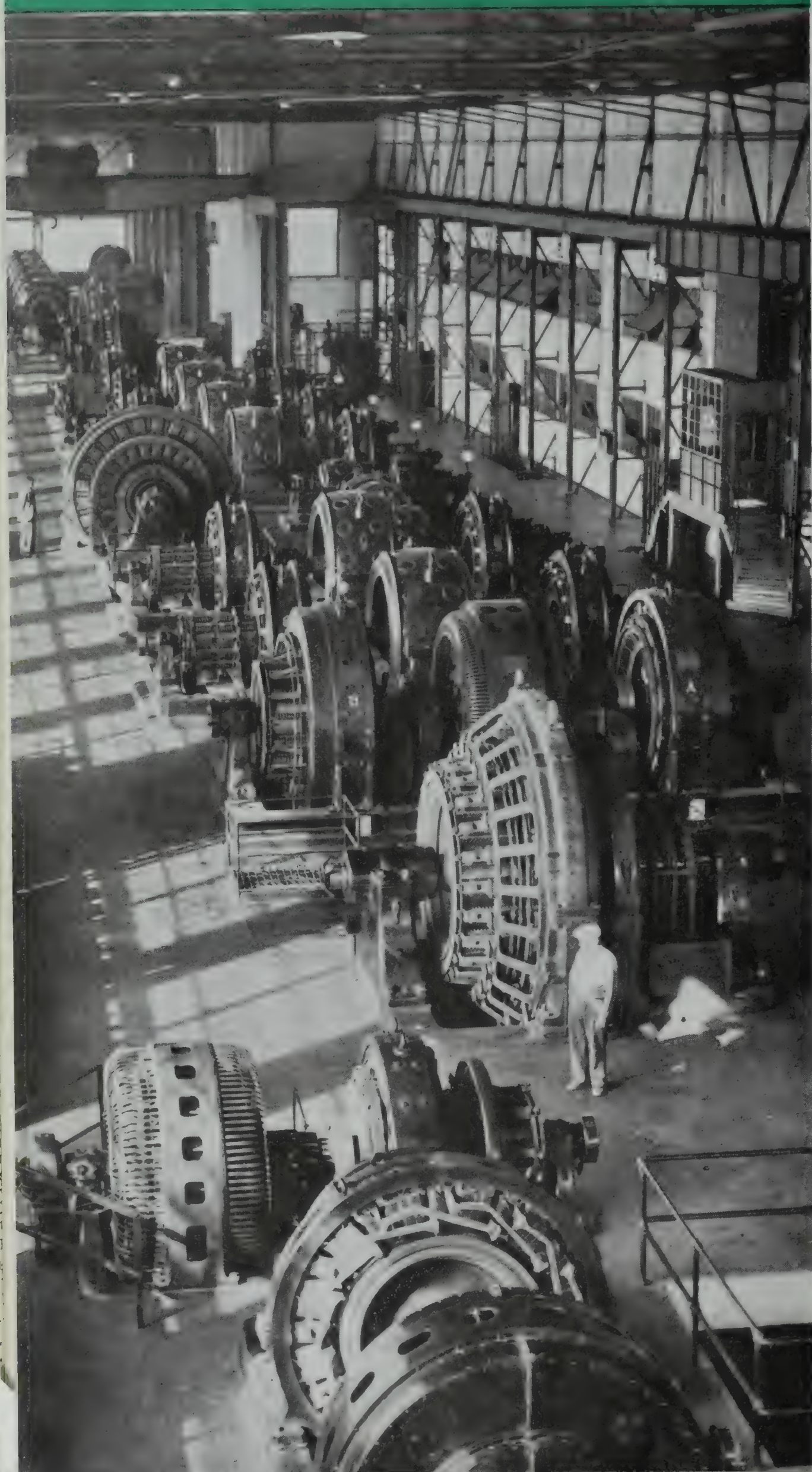
Officially, I traveled to South America as chairman o the United States Commission of Inter-American Develop ment, and conferred with similar commissions in the si countries visited.

The chairman of the Brazilian Commission said, "Brazi needs the collaboration of both the capital and the techni cal skill of American business, especially the latter. But w Brazilians insist that American industries come to stay per manently in Brazil and help our Brazilian industries in the logical development."

From the point of view of human ethics, South Ameri cans are entitled to have the opportunity of participation i the ownership and management of companies set up in thei countries by U. S. business and industrial concerns. They are entitled to share in the profits of those companies, and it is to be remembered that they will bear their commensurate share of the loss if any.

In our own self-interest, it is certainly wise to encourage the participation of South Americans in U. S. businesses located in their countries. The knowledge they have of their own people and laws could spell the difference between the success and failure of an enterprise.

In former years it was difficult for the average South American businessman to participate with us in joint ventures. He lacked the capital, the experience and often the opportunity. Now the businessman of our neighbor nations is acquiring both capital and *(Continued on page 68)*



Collaboration in action: American machinery in a power-house located at Chuquicamata, Chile, provides the necessary power to mine the copper for American war industries

MAP BY KENNETH W. THOMPSON

BLASTING A ROAD TO ROME

BY FRANK GERVASI

RADIOED FROM CAIRO

r generals in Sicily have nged their minds about y being the "soft under- ly of the Axis." They now ieve that Hitler will con- t every inch of Italian soil h every man and every ice he can muster. The erals knew he was getting perate when Axis pilots gan to machine-gun para- iting Allied plane crews. llier's correspondent tells here what he saw on a mbing mission over Sicily

I HAD waited three years, seven months and ten days for this day, this hour, this moment. I was disappointed when general said I couldn't go. It wasn't fault. At the last moment the Medi- anean Air Command had changed our ective. Heavy bombers of our Ninth Force were assigned targets on Crete. didn't want to go to Crete. I wanted go to Sicily, or the Italian mainland. I nted to go to Rome with 500 mighty nbers to show bug-eyed Benito that enhower could spare that many just to immobolize a railroad junction and a steel plant. I wanted to ride wings of vengeance over the land of my fathers, and of the fathers of some 4,000,000 other Americans of Italian origin. I wanted to fly over and drop bombs on Sicily where Garibaldi had lighted freedom's torch, where Mazzini and Lacaita and Salvemini and Sturzo had tried to uphold it, and where an egomaniac named Benito Mussolini had smothered it.

This was my fight, too—my own personal fight—and I wanted to share the dangers and possibly the tasks of men who were fighting it for me. But the general said I couldn't go.

"Tomorrow," he said, "you'll go. That's when it will really begin, anyway. Tonight vertical envelopment begins." He meant that tonight the first wave of paratroopers would be dropped over the island.

This was the night of July 9th. The next day, at three o'clock in the morning, it happened. We hit Sicily with planes and ships and men and guns, counted in thousands and tens of thousands. The offensive that had taken nearly six months to prepare was catapulted across the Mediterranean from the North African coast.

The general kept his word. I was awakened at dawn in my tent somewhere deep in the Libyan Desert where, amid the bomb-wracked shambles of what was once an important part of the Fascist empire, our Bomber Command was located. I splashed my face with water chilled by the night wind of the desert. The morning air was sweet, filtered by groves of lemon, orange and olive that Italian peasants had planted there. Water and wind revived me.

The young major who rode in the jeep with me to mess said, without turning his head, "I wonder if Hitler knows what's going to hit him this morning." And there was a grim look on the young major's dry lips.

There it was again. I had heard it so often before. Hitler was the enemy. I knew it was useless, but I tried to explain that Mussolini was an enemy, too. I tried to tell him that it all began in Rome with the Blackshirt march—Europe's first revolt against democracy. I tried to make the young major understand that Hitler, a copyist, merely took Fascism and elevated it to a new frightfulness which he called Naziism.

For all this, I got from the young major an uncomprehending smile and, "But Eyeties are nice people."

We ate double helpings of fried eggs and bacon, and gulped several cups of hot coffee. Breakfast would have to last for many hours.

In the briefing room (it was filled with the young, eager American faces of men seated on low, square metal stools), I met a young man with an old face, veteran of twenty-seven missions over enemy targets. He was to be my pilot. He was First Lieutenant John J. Dore, Jr., from Garden City, Long Island. We were friends at once. He knew this was no correspondent bent on riding a bomber for the thrill, or to be able to say he'd "fought the war." Dore had been told I had nearly forty combat hours to my credit. I liked him. He is a Yale man. Hereafter I will not listen to any slurs on Yale men.

Jack introduced me to the rest of the crew. They, too, had old faces on young bodies. The copilot was Major Delbert Hahn, a Milwaukee boy. He was subbing for Lieutenant Bill Buchanan (a Philadelphian who, like myself, had gone to the University of Pennsylvania), and I was sorry Buchanan wasn't coming along to fill in the tedious hours with talk about old "Corny" Weygandt and Professor Singer and the vagaries of Penn football.

The navigator was Lieutenant Worthington A. Franks of Galveston, Texas. A Boston Irishman named Joseph Finneran was our bombardier, and a boy from Lewiston, Utah, Technical Sergeant A. Lower, was our radio operator. Sergeant Frank Norris of Celeste, Texas, was engineer, and Sergeants Stanley Packer of Spokane, Washington, and Wesley L. Jones of Wichita, Kansas, were gunners. Jonesy was in the tail.

Dore had had lots of trouble with Jones

(Continued on page 66)

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOSEPH DEARING

Lt. Col. James G. Hall (right) of Fort Worth, Texas, checks in after a photo reconnaissance flight over Axis-held terrain. Executive Officer James Wright of East Cleveland, Ohio, popped questions before the props stopped

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH, U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES

OUR AERIAL SPIES

By
Captain Arthur Gorc
Eighth U. S. Air Forc

RADIOED FROM ENGLA

Focus Cats fight without g
They sit 30,000 feet over H
burg, taking pictures of
damage. But when the N
come, they execute that old a
maneuver—"getting the hell
of here quick!" Unsung heroe

Somewhere in England. Is the Tirpitz ting ready to come out and fight? our Fortresses really wreck the sub rine yards at Vegesack? Is that cam flaged factory area in Bremen sufficie repaired to justify another pasting?

These are some of the questions as daily in preparing the hammer stroke the great prelude to invasion. On the swers depend literally the lives of th sands of men. And the war planners getting the answers. They get them fr a handful of youngsters who so far h remained practically anonymous—the lots whose specialty is photo reconn sance.

They are the only war pilots whom it is both a duty and an honor run away from the enemy. Theirs is loneliest, most exacting and possibly most dangerous aerial job in the war. a combination of high adventure, c scientific precision and magnificent pudence.

They fire no guns as they race acr Germany; they have no guns to fire. T drop no bombs but their missions ar deadly menace to the enemy.

A Special Group of Fliers

Stand on an Eighth Air Force airdro Somewhere in Britain and watch one these missions begin. There's not much it. A jeep comes along and a kid clim out. He's twenty or twenty-one—no mo He is a "Focus Cat," one of a spec group of fliers who are rapidly becomi famous in the ETO—European Theater Operations. The gold bar of a second lieutenant is on the collar of his OD shirt. pulls on a few flying togs—not so many you'd think. As he climbs into the cockp his Mae West is a livid yellow against t blue of the sky.

The commanding officer swings himse up on the fuselage to give final instru tions. The crew chief makes a last-minu checkup. The kid slides the cockpit ca opy shut, adjusts his dark green oxyge mask.

Soon the plane is airborne. It climb steeply, looking smaller, lonelier ever minute. In half an hour the pilot wi

(Continued on page 48)

This photograph was taken by our reco group from an altitude of 30,000 feet. records damage by 8th Air Force bomb ers on a Nazi factory at Meaulte, Franc

The dinner bell rang with a horrifying clang, and there was a sudden rush for the hallways. All the girls were in oddly assorted attire

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

CORNER OF HEAVEN

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

COPYRIGHT, 1943, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

II

Story Thus Far:

ISELLE MOUNTJOY, an orphan, lives ith her grandfather, the aged Professor tjoy, in a heavily mortgaged house not om Washington, D. C. A shy, old-fash- girl, she knows little of life other than he reads in books.

en she is twenty years of age, her grand- dies, and a kind-hearted neighbor—Mrs. Lawrence, who runs what she calls Little Creek Tavern—befriends her, takes her her assistant.

day, a woman who lives in Washington s. Jane Barker—motors out to the Tavern. is accompanied by an old friend, Alan tyre, whom she had known at her college— niversity of California. McIntyre, a young r, is a captain in the United States Army cal Corps. Meeting him, Griselle is in- y attracted to him.

e girl's essential sweetness and honesty ap- o Alan; and he returns to the Tavern again again. Then comes the time when he must to report for duty. He calls on Griselle to er goodby, and Griselle, giving way to her ions, tells him that she loves him.

n sincerely likes the girl. But he does not love her. Embarrassed by her confession and not wanting to hurt her feelings, he makes some commonplace remarks—and leaves her. . . .

Among the people who are genuinely fond of Griselle is her grandfather's best friend, eighty-year-old General Cruickshank. The general is living in Berkeley, California. Aware that Griselle is far too diffident for her own good, he feels sure that what she needs is contact with modern young people.

Once arrived at that decision, the rest is easy. He has a nephew—Samuel Anstruther Cruickshank, a physician—living in Berkeley, near the University of California. The nephew is a charming, easygoing failure. Mollie, his wife, runs a boardinghouse for girl undergraduates at the university. The general has a talk with Mollie. After which, he writes to Griselle and urges her to come to Berkeley and enter the university—where, thanks to Mollie's co-operation, her expenses will be almost nothing.

Griselle is terrified at the thought of making the long trip to the Coast. Nevertheless, she makes it and, presently, just arrived at the Cruickshank boardinghouse, and friendless, lonesome, she is staring out of her bedroom window, thinking: Why did you do this? Why are you such a fool?

EVEN with the strongest resolution, Griselle did not think she could stand life in this house. The little that she had seen of it terrified her: doors wide open, girls streaming out and in, girls sitting on the porch steps with books, young men sauntering by in the hot sunset, stopping to chat or—what was worse—just whistling carelessly, not even glancing over their shoulders but causing great flutters and indignant giggles among the girls nonetheless.

The room in which she stood was small; most of its space was taken by two narrow beds upon both of which, obviously, various persons had seated themselves at various times.

Griselle might have said with truth that her roommate, Torchy White, whom she had not yet met, had also "got her things around." There was no surface available that was not loaded with Torchy's things; one chest was dribbling them from every opened drawer, and two of the four drawers in Griselle's chest were partly filled with sweaters, shorts, socks, ski apparel, papers, bandannas and underwear.

Griselle had not attempted to unpack her own belongings in this disgusting disorder. She had taken her fresh towel and soap and brushes and gone down the hall to the bathroom to wash her face and brush her thick, soft hair and had come back, to stand looking out of the window, tired and dispirited and puzzled, wondering what to do.

The dinner bell rang with a horrifying clang, and there was a sudden rush for the hallways. Griselle stood still; her spirit was going downstairs and entering the dining room; her body refused to move. She could not do it! They would all look at her; there would be a hush; she would be introduced and would have to say something.

Moments that to her seemed hours went by. Of course, by now, everyone would be thinking that she was an idiot.

(Continued on page 71)

HOW TO FORCE A BEACHHEAD

BY HANSON W. BALDWIN

DRAWING BY LT. ROLF KLEP, U.S.N.R.

The enormously complicated business of invasion on a defended coast is here explained in careful detail by the noted military expert of the New York Times

THE night of July 9-10, 1943, made history. . . . Parachutists dropped from the dark sky in the lemon and orange groves of the Sicilian hills; searchlights stabbed the night.

At dawn, great fleets of landing craft skittered like water bugs across the Mediterranean and disgorged upon the shelving beaches of the island of Sicily one of the greatest amphibious expeditions in history.

The invasion of Sicily was more than the conquest of another Axis outpost to the "Fortress of Europe"; it marked an attempt to storm the gateway to that Fortress.

But only the beginning . . .

The toil, the preparation, the planning, the sudden death and maiming wounds which Sicily meant will have to be many times repeated if the Allies are to breach the ramparts or break through the gateway of Hitler's Fortress.

Sicily was, perhaps, as President Franklin D. Roosevelt said, the "beginning of the end," but only *the beginning,* for landing from the sea, or air, on a strongly defended, enemy-held coast line—an operation that may have to be many times repeated in southern or western Europe—is the most difficult military operation of all.

The Sicilian operation revealed some of the methods of invasion; the training, equipment and tactics slowly developed in four years of war have already fairly well outlined the rest.

Not that all landing attempts can be completely stylized and standardized; every blueprint for invasion has variants. Terrain and fortifications differ; tactics must be modified to environment. The type of slow, progressive bombardment and siege operations necessary to penetrate the formidable belt of fortifications that girdle the western coast of France would not be suited, in many of their details, to an invasion of the southern coast of Europe.

Communications systems, the proximity of enemy airfields to the selected landing point, anticipated weather and sea conditions, the type and strength of the enemy defense, and half a dozen other variables influence the invaders' plans.

At Narvik, Norway, for instance, the terrain is so rugged that tanks would be of limited usefulness; mountain troops and pack howitzers, rather than tanks, would probably follow the assault troops ashore. Siege equipment and tremendous howitzers would be absolutely essential in a cross-Channel invasion.

In certain parts of the coasts of southern Europe, Commandos or mobile, rugged, lightly equipped infantry, plus armored cars and light tanks, might take tactical priority. Parachute troops could be used in one place but not in another. Surprise might be effected in one sector; in another, intensive preliminary bombardment would be more important.

Split-Second Timing

Each individual landing operation must be worked out in precise and exact detail down to the last man, the last gun, the last round of ammunition, the last loaf of bread, the final bandage—and the whole gigantic mechanism geared to split-second timing. "For want of a nail, the battle was lost."

Although generalizations in war lead to casualties and defeat, and there is no such thing as a "typical" operation, there are a number of factors common to all landing operations. In other words, it is possible to enumerate certain minimum requirements which are essential to success.

First, the invaders must have rather certain and detailed knowledge of the coastline to be attacked and the strength and disposition of the enemy fortifications, planes, troops.

Second, the invaders must have clear-cut sea superiority, and, around the selected landing points, sea domination.

Third, the invaders must have at least localized air superiority, preferably local air domination.

Fourth, the invaders should have a two-to-one superiority, preferably more, in manpower and firepower at the landing points.

Fifth, the enemy's lines of communication to the interior must be severed, or impeded, so that he can be prevented from launching a tremendous counterattack with his mobile reserve before a beachhead is fairly established.

Sixth, the circumference of the beachhead must be extended as rapidly as possible, so that the beach itself is beyond range of enemy artillery.

These are the minimum requirements for the successful establishment of a beachhead on a strong enemy-held coastline.

If that beachhead is to be held indefinitely and extended into a firm foothold and eventually a major land front, there are other minimum requirements:

First, the invaders must have a well-stocked invasion base (such as North Africa or England), with sufficient ammunition, equipment, etc., to meet all needs of the invading force. The troops available in the invading base must at least equal—preferably double—the number the enemy is estimated to have in his mobile reserve.

Second, the invaders must have a s and adequate line of sea communic to the invasion base, and across th to the ultimate supply base (in this the United States).

Third, the invaders must—simul ously with the initial landings or very thereafter—capture or build num airfields.

Fourth, the invaders must capture or more major ports with docks, an ages, warehouses, cranes, etc.

Fifth, the area held by the inv force must be extended so that ports supply installations are beyond easy emy fighter-plane range.

Strategy of Attack

Obviously, any such effort means a jor campaign, probably the greatest paign and the most difficult one, in w the United States has ever participate means that not one, but numerous, in landings would have to be made, poss along long stretches of an enemy-l coast.

Some of these will be feints, some di sions, some the main efforts; the stra of the attacking general may have to opportunistic; he will have to be read reinforce any landing which shows s of success. Several or more of these

fort may result in established beachhead, but the job has then only begun; the beachheads must be coalesced and merged into a single great "front."

The second part of this great job—the extension of established beachheads into a great land front—is, in many ways, by far the hardest part. This part of the campaign is a battle of logistics, to be won by the side which can most rapidly supply and reinforce its troops.

But the first part of the problem, the establishment of the beachheads, is a complicated, technical, bitter undertaking which can easily fail if it is not well prepared. In the drawing which accompanies this article, the artist has shown much of the dramatic detail of such an invasion attempt.

The attack probably does not come as a surprise; it is almost impossible to mask the huge preparations required for a great invasion. This undoubtedly has been preceded by days of intensive air bombardment and by great air battles, intended to reduce the enemy's airpower and destroy many of his communications.

The armada of landing craft, transports, cargo ships and men-of-war approaches the coast during the night, and ships take up their individual positions in the darkness, screened against submarine and E-boat attack, by destroyers, cruisers, gunboats and patrol vessels. The invasion force is close; most of the troops are in the ramp-bowed personnel carriers, or in tank lighters or small craft, but some clamber down cargo nets hung over the sides of the larger vessels and fill the waiting thirty-six foot LCVPs (Landing Craft—Vehicle and Personnel) or the fifty-foot LCMs (Landing Craft—Mechanized Equipment). The smaller boats, with a crew of three in their armored wheelhouse aft, and machine gunners in the "pulpits" forward, carry thirty-six men; the latter seventy-five to one hundred.

Approaches to the Beach

As the boats are loaded and formed in "waves," fast mine sweepers clear the water routes toward shore, and naval motor boats buoy the approaches and mark off "A" beach, "B" beach, "C" beach—the beaches at which various units are to land—with colored flags.

The guns of the invading fleet smash suddenly toward shore; some of them rake the beach defenses and pillboxes and explode the contact and controlled mines buried in the sand; the battleships' big guns hammer at the coast-defense batteries, and a unit of Commandos, or Rangers, landed quietly under cover of darkness, starts to assault a key battery (whose fire enfilades the landing beaches) with flame throwers, explosive charges on long poles which are thrust into embrasures, and "bazoukas" (rocket guns).

As destroyers speed in toward shore and lay down a thick smoke screen, the flying fleets roar out of the dawn. Some of them (Lightning fighters, carrying 1,000-pound bombs, and A-36 dive bombers, with 500-pound bombs) come short distances away across the sea from our land bases, and they are supplemented by dive bombers and fighters from carriers cruising offshore.

Many of these attack the pillboxes, machine-gun nests, antitank positions and field fortifications along and directly behind the beach; others may lay a smoke screen inland around the selected landing points, but many fighter planes sweep on inland to patrol above the nearest enemy airfields and to shoot up any enemy planes still undamaged from the days or weeks of heavy blitz that have preceded the landing.

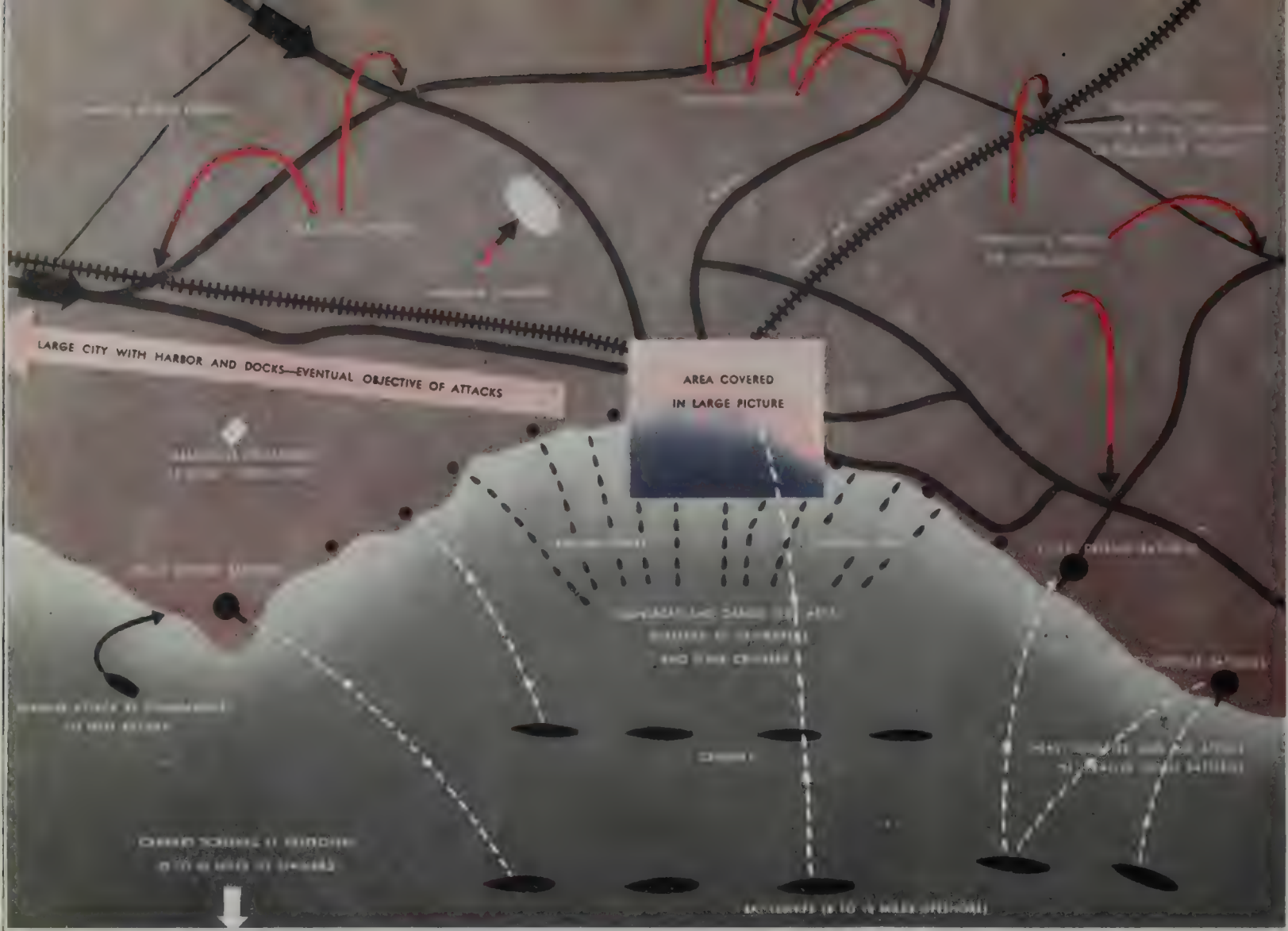
Medium bombers and heavy bombers join the aerial parade; the mediums concentrate on the nearest town and its approaches, and swing up and down the beach; the heavies wing on inland to bomb railway junction points, highways and key points on communication lines from the interior to the landing point. Other bombers range wide over the airfields within 300 to 500 miles of the invasion point, bombing them to neutralize the enemy's air effort.

The preparatory bombardment from naval guns and planes is relatively short but intense; it continues as the first wave of landing boats moves out of the drifting smoke, the white wakes cutting sharply back across the blue water. The boats look from aloft like a fleet of giant dragonflies, the bluff ramp bows like monstrous heads.

The fire thickens as the boats approach the shore, charging along under their Diesels at eight or ten knots or more. Thirty- and fifty-caliber machine guns fire from the landing boats and from naval assault boats, speeding about in the van, and 40-mm. Bofors and 20-mm. Oerlikons on the destroyers have been depressed to pour a hail of fire into the beach defenses. Five-inch shells smash into the houses nearest the beach; fires start in the town, and as the first boats ground in shoal water on the beaches outside the town, a great force of transport planes, heavily protected by fighters, swings overhead.

Establishing an "Airhead"

Soon, some miles behind the town near the nearest enemy airfield, the air-borne landing starts; white parachutes blossom briefly in the sky 300 feet above the ground; varicolored ones fall behind them, men suspended from the first, weapons and equipment and ammunition from the second. Gliders cast off their toggle hooks and swoop earthward; soon, equipped with carbines, Tommy guns, folding rifles, mortars, folding bicycles,



bazookas, light artillery, the air-borne troops have established their "airhead" in a strip of woods and are fighting briskly for the airfield.

At the same time, a beachhead has been won by the sea-borne troops. The first wave of landing boats suffers heavy casualties; only a few get ashore, but the naval and air bombardment of the enemy's gun positions is having its effect. More in the second wave land; a third wave comes, and a fourth and fifth.

Land mines explode as the troops rush across the sand, but, behind them, other soldiers, crouching low beneath the gunwales of the landing craft, suddenly run across the lowered ramps or scramble over the gunwales into thigh-deep water, holding their rifles high.

The light tanks and field artillery are coming ashore now, but it's hard to land them; the beach is a jumble of wrecked landing boats, weapons, men. Light anti-aircraft pieces—37-mm. and 40-mm.—splash off the ramps, and they are needed; an enemy fighter "buzzes" the beach and then opens up with his cannon.

Slowly a strip of beach is cleared, then another. Enemy batteries are put out of action by combined bombardment and land assault, and the troops commence to close in on the village. More and more troops get ashore throughout the long day, as the village burns, and men die, ships sink, and planes fight and flame in the sky above. The troops are organized, a general's command post is set up, and officers try to make order out of chaos on the beach; wrecked boats and equipment are dynamited or dragged out of the way. The assault on the town is commenced.

Time is of the essence . . .

Even before this, the enemy's mobile reserves—probably a Panzer division and motorized infantry—may have started to move from some central inland location toward the threatened point.

Our bombers strike again and again at the crawling mass of vehicles, at the roads and bridges and railroads, and parachute troops and members of the underground army of our soldiers seize key junction points, erect road blocks, crater roads with great explosive charges.

Ready for the Counterattack

More air-borne troops are dropped or landed around the airfield; if we have seized it, transport planes commence to land there, unload 105-mm. guns, pack, small trucks, light tanks. On the beachheads, the amphibious jeeps—known to our troops as "seeps"—come wading ashore; behind them come the "duks" (the 2½-ton amphibious trucks. All day mine-detector units are working along the beaches and up the roads. Trucks are pressed into service immediately to transport soldiers and supplies to key points around the town. Centers of enemy resistance are left behind to be encircled and reduced later; a farmhouse, organized on the hedgehog principle for all-around defense, is besieged with bazookas and anti-tank guns; the race is to extend the beachhead as far inland as possible, to dig in, to key terrain positions and junction points and prepare as quickly as possible to meet the shock of the counterattack from the enemy's reserves, the counterattack will surely is coming.

It is a race against time. If we take the airfield quickly, and our fighters and transport planes can land there, if our bombers are able to impede the progress of the enemy's reserves, if we take the town—house by house, in difficult street fighting—the beachhead will be won.

There are many "ifs" in battle—no more so than in landings on a hostile shore.

A beachhead can be won—or lost—in a day, but a single landing is only a small part of a tremendous whole; and if the landings are successful, they are only the beginning of a major campaign which must go in this war, as victory has gone in past wars, to him who "gits thar fustest with the mostest."

THE END

"GOING UP?"

BY SETH BABITS

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The soldier's left hand executed a chin jab in the best Commando style. The man slumped. The elevator stopped suddenly, jarring its passengers

PCKY came around the corner uickly. He stopped, looked up, nd feasted his eyes on the tall uildi. He regarded with sweet satis-actio the oblong windows railroading down rom the skies to the glossy, onyx ntra e. As usual, it was crowded.

He vung his lean body across the ave-ue, d joined the crowd. He hurried by he 1 o 30 elevator bank and entered the lcov marked 50 to 72.

"Pky!" There was surprise and arm in the ejaculation, and the elderly, nifo ned starter hurried over to him.

Pa smote palm and Packy felt as houg his arm would be twisted from its hak overed socket. "Packy, you son of urer. We read about you in Tunisia. How ou feelin'?"

"Fst rate, Pop."

"B n lots of changes since you left, Must be about a year."

"Furteen months, Pop."

"Yu're lookin' good," the old man rd.

"Feel good," Packy said. "How's the e"

"Cay. She's comin' down," the starter glancing at a burnished bronze upon which danced a red dot.

"Ess I'll go for a ride," Packy said, ding.

H watched the doors slide open. Sm hing tugged at his heart. Bewilder-men flickered across his face. His car, the e, was being operated by a girl.

"y, Pop," he began.

"I told you," the starter grunted. "Ne's been changes."

Pky moved into the car slowly, his on the trimly uniformed girl. She was traight and slim, and her hair was ellow. Her voice, low and pleasing, d resentment in Packy.

"oor, please?" she said.

"m going for the ride," he muttered. "ght-seeing elevator across the hall," aid coolly.

"ot for me, sister." Packy wanted to te her as she did him. Imagine a girl g over his car. All right for those s near the entrance. But not the ess—his baby. He reached out and ed the brass hand-rail that lined the

e turned back to the girl and suddenly alized that this was her job now, and his annoyance was ridiculous. He saw her eyes were deep and brown.

"m kiddin'," he said apologetically. "ty-five."

e watched her index finger flick the on on the board. The starting light ed. The doors slid shut smoothly. y they were rising, bulleting upward, a familiar excitement raced through ky. Abruptly the sensation died. ky felt in his knees they had stopped.

"Just a moment, please," the girl's voice troubled. She moved the lever

"I'll fix it," Packy said and sprang for-d. "Watch it, now." He jiggled the rgency switch back and forth rapidly. y it now."

he did and the One picked up.

"Anytime she stalls," he offered, "just that trick. It works like a hypo. I was first pilot on this baby," he added erly. "Even before they set up the ton system and the number strips."

She smiled at him, and Packy's heart an thumping.

"Been driving long?" he asked her.

"Three days."

"One's a fast car. I could tell you a lot out her. What's your name?" Packy ed enthusiastically.

"Not so fast as you are," she answered a level tone. "We are not permitted to e our names to passengers."

Passengers! That hurt. In the seconds silence, Packy heard the liquid pressure air against the elevator hood. Then the rely perceptible shock of the stop.

"Sixty-five," she said with finality

Packy got out. There were several good reasons for him to stay in the car but not one, he felt, that would have made sense to the girl. He walked down the corridor to the window and looked out. Below, the Third Avenue "L" crawled over steel lines, taxis maneuvered in and out of the far-away traffic, and between two buildings, Packy could see the East River.

He produced a cigarette, expertly knifed it in two with his thumbnails, and placed the smooth edge of one between his lips. Just like so many times before when he reached 72 and wanted to steal a smoke.

Men and women drifted into the corridor. Several pressed the black button signaling the elevators Packy studied the faces hopefully. But they were all strangers. He had known a lot of people in this building, and had been friendly with them. He had an urge to get back to the One. He wanted to take a few trips up and down. He wanted to feel the slight tremble of the car seeping through his body. He would like to see that girl again.

Doors swished open. "Going down," sealed his resolution It was the One.

A dark, male head obstructed his view of the girl. Packy could see the smooth jawline of the man as he leaned forward The man's suit was gray. His voice was low, confident, efficient.

"I'm Mr. Blake, the assistant super," he was saying. "We're ordering winter uniforms for the girls. You're a fourteen, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"They'll be tan with brown trimming," he hurried on. "If you pay the five dollars deposit now, it will make things simpler and I can cross your name off."

The operator inclined her head. "I don't know if I have enough with me," she said. "Sixty." The car took on passengers.

"Will you look, please," the man's tone was brusque. "We like to get these orders out at the same time."

The girl edged sideways against the corner. "Why, yes," she said. "I have just five dollars."

"Good," the man said, pocketing the money and making a check mark on a list he held in his hand. "Let me off at fifty."

"This is an express," Packy's voice filled the car. "We skip fifty."

The girl turned to Packy. "Don't annoy the passengers, please. Fifty."

THE gray-clad man moved forward and Packy reached for him. The hands that had rocked a Garand fastened on the other's shoulders and pulled him back into the car. Automatically the doors closed, and the car started its descent

"What's the big idea?" the man demanded. "I'm not a passenger. Let me off at once, please, miss. And you, soldier, keep your hands off me!"

"Nobody gets off," Packy said.

Crooked fingers clawed Packy's throat. The soldier's left hand executed a chin jab in the best Commando style. The man slumped.

The elevator stopped suddenly, jarring its passengers. In the corner the girl banged the lever up and down. The eyes of the passengers turned to the numbered strip above the door. It was dark.

"We're stuck between floors," someone said nervously. Anxiety swept the car.

"Move over, please," Packy ordered. "Take it easy. Relax."

He was beside the girl now. "I'll handle this," he said quietly. She looked so beautiful and bewildered, he wanted to say something special. Instead he said under his breath, "Don't you know? Only the starter takes deposits."

Packy flicked the emergency switch back and forth several times, then shoved the lever. He felt the answering hum of motion and the sensation of descent. There was a sigh of relief from the passengers. Then Packy felt the girl's hand pressed lightly over his and heard her low, "Thanks, soldier. Thanks a lot!"

"Main floor," Packy said smoothly. He helped the man in gray over to the starter. "That phony uniform racket again. He's all yours, Pop."

Packy went back to the girl. "I don't get it," he said looking into her clear eyes. "The One has never stalled between floors . . . unless the emergency was pulled."

"That's the only way," she said simply. Her eyes started to shine. "Going for a ride?" she whispered.

"Sure," Packy said. "I sure am."

A Short Short Story Complete on This Page

Sausage? Yes. And then again, no. It's made of codfish, blue mussels, and whiting. It's more expensive than real sausage—but it's ration free

Persons with long memories will recall the big piece of meat as a ste Swedes like them, too. Today, they're lucky to get the little piece in fro

The Swedes Make the Best of It

By Thérèse Bonney

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

Luxuries are few in neutral Sweden, and prices are sky-high. But the Swedes still have enough to eat; they supplement their rationed foods with ersatz concoctions which range from tobacco out of strawberry leaves to pineapple out of turnips

AN OLD Swedish proverb, "Necessity teaches a naked woman how to spin," is frequently quoted in the Sweden of 1943, but it has been revised to, "Necessity teaches us how to make and use substitutes." Ersatz foods, as well as substitutes for wool and other products, began to appear in Swedish stores and markets soon after the beginning of the so-called "shooting war" made it impossible to import vital foodstuffs and materials.

Today, there are hundreds, some imitation and some synthetic, most of which are manufactured under special licenses issued by the State Health Institute at Stockholm. Not many of the ersatz foods closely resemble the real thing in taste, but some possess greater nutritive value than the preparations they replace. Swedish scientists expect a few to retain their present popularity after the war.

Of coffee alone, there are more than 150 substitutes, compounded of peas, chicory, lupin seeds, sugar beets, carrots, figs and scores of other ingredients. Most of them are not very good; the best that can be said is that, as the Swedes put it, they provide "something warm and something brown." Three brands, however, are quite popular—one made especially for a large Stockholm department store, another advertised as the favorite of the crown prince, and a third which is preferred by Gunder Haegg, the Swedish runner now in the United States. The one that appealed most to my own taste is the co-op brand, made of forty per cent barley or wheat mixed with dried figs, chicory and waste from sugar beets. Like many of the others, this brand is flavored with an ersatz coffee aroma, originally a German product, which the Swedes now manufacture for themselves.

There are thirty-four ersatz teas, the best and most popular being a brand made of dried apple leaves. Swedish physicians, however, are concerned over the widespread use of this concoction; and there is a possibility that it may be forbidden. No way has been found to eliminate the arsenic with which the apple trees are sprayed, and several cases of arsenic poisoning have been reported by persons who drank too many cups of the mixture.

Licenses have been issued by the Health Institute for six tobacco substitutes, most of them made of leaves and roots. I tried them all, and prefer a brand called Tobruk, which was originally apple, beet and strawberry leaves. All are weak and only faintly reminiscent of tobacco.

The Swedes, however, believe that if a smoker uses a strong concoction his appreciation of and taste for real tobacco will be destroyed. The most popular brands of cigarettes in Sweden today are imported from Switzerland and packed American style. They contain a little real tobacco. The Swedes say they like the imitation packaging, because it gives them the illusion of smoking American tobacco.

Three ersatz chocolates (one from fish) are being made, and there are eleven substitutes for spices. For eggs, there are thirty-three substitutes; one, made of raw potatoes and oatmeal, is much used in pancakes. An ersatz crushed pineapple was once turnips, and a paste composed of fish and beets masquerades as beef cutlets. The dish tastes exactly like a paste composed of fish and beets.

Margarine is made of white mustard and white poppy seeds; and the common weeds and fish entrails go into factories and come out as oil and fodder cakes for cattle. Rubber sheets for babies' beds are no longer available, so the Swedes are using a substitute made of ground peat. It has proved so satisfactory that it now ranks very high among ersatz products. Several mothers told me they preferred it to real rubber, and they hoped to continue using it after the war.

Another very successful substitute is a highly seasoned and artificially flavored sausage made of blue whiting, cod and other common fishes. Blue mussels and other shellfish are also used.

Enough to Eat—and a Little Extra

Because of the widespread use of these and other substitutes, the Swedes still have enough to eat and, in addition, have been able to feed thousands of children in Finland, Norway, France and Belgium. There are many shortages, but by comparison with the occupied countries of Europe, Sweden seemed to me to be a paradise of plenty. The Swedes have more sugar and butter than either Germany or England, and they import considerable quantities of products not available for consumption in the countries of their origin. Scarcely anything, however, comes from overseas.

A few foods are so plentiful in Sweden that they are not rationed, and the government makes extraordinary efforts to encourage their consumption. Special classes are held in every town and city to teach housewives how to entertain with rationless dinners and how to cook the most plentiful foods in the most appetizing and nourishing ways. Pamphlets containing rationless menus have become best sellers.

All essential food supplies, such as bread, butter, fats, meat and some kinds of fishes, are rationed and price-controlled. A Swedish family of husband, wife and two children has 74 different ration cards. Speci cards are issued to persons earning less than abo $125 a month, and supplemental rations are pr vided for masons, fishermen and others engaged heavy labor.

To overcome a shortage of fuel, the Swedes have c enormous quantities of wood, and thousands of cor are piled in the streets of Stockholm. To buy it f heating purposes, however, a special license must be o tained, and the most hospitable gesture a Swedish hos ess can make is to burn a log or two in the fireplace. I Stockholm and other large cities hot water from centr heating plants is available only one day during the e tire summer.

Except for the controlled items, prices in Swede are sky-high. A French lipstick refill costs $2.50, a all-over embroidered, machine-made blouse is $35, an the average smart dress retails at about $100. Cigarette are from fifty cents to $1.10 a package, silk stocking from three to four dollars a pair, Swedish soap seventy five cents for a small bar, and French soap, occasionall offered for sale in the larger stores, from three to fou dollars a cake. A 200-pound shark, which cost $7.5 before the war, is now $110. The blue whiting, an ordi nary fish once used only for chicken feed, sold befor the war for thirty-five cents a box. Today the same bo sells for about $34, and the chickens don't get it. Th Swedes eat it.

Little complaint is heard in Sweden about rationing the scarcity of supplies, and the flood of ersatz products but most of the people dislike the restrictions on coffee tobacco and their beloved strömming, a herring which is found only in the waters around Stockholm. Strömmings were price-controlled but not rationed until January, 1943, when the individual ration was fixed at about one half pound a week. Recently, because of unusually large catches, restrictions have been removed.

About the only substitution the Swedes have refused to make is war for neutrality. Sweden is still neutral and independent and is determined to remain so; there has been no change in the attitude officially expressed by the foreign minister last November, when he said that whoever tried to compel the Swedes to abandon their neutrality would be met with force.

Although for two years, many Swedes were convinced that Germany would win the war or that a compromise peace would be negotiated, a large majority of the people have always been pro-Ally. Since the successful invasion of North Africa, the Swedes, as an official put it, "have dared for the first time since the battle of France to draw a long breath."

Sympathy for the British and American cause has been more openly expressed. After the landing of Allied troops in Africa, scores of Swedes telephoned me to wish America good luck. The press comment can be summarized as, "The war is won now; the Americans are coming." ★★★

Fish indeed, are the boxes of fish to be sold, but even in the heart of Stockholm the line is long. Blue whiting was once used for chicken feed. It cost 35 cents a box. The same size box today costs $34

The Swedes have 150 ersatz coffees. Tersely, they sum up their opinions of it: "It's warm and brown"

This scene was taken from Stockholm's Grand Hotel. In front are logs, cut in summer against the fuel shortage of winter. To buy one you need a permit. At left, the Royal Palace. At the right, the Riksdag

Wool rugs in Sweden have no wool in them. They're 70 per cent human hair, 30 per cent ersatz wool

This is a crib. It is lined with ground peat. It's so good, mothers won't use rubber sheets at war's end

THE SAILOR ON THE COVER

THIS week's cover, second of a series of war eroes painted from life by ollier's artist C. C. Beall, ctures the act of heroism r which Chief Shipfitter eorge D. Etcell was varded the Navy Cross. It ppened at Pearl Harbor; e date was December 7, 41. Etcell's ship, the batewagon Nevada, was a ming wreck. A forward agazine had been ordered oded. But had it been? If t, it would blow up. Etll went to investigate. He agged himself through alding water and heavy oke. He checked the agazine. Coming back, he und a shipmate unconious. Etcell slung the man ross his shoulders and batd his way to safety.

This hero is forty-five. He s snowy hair. He fought th the U. S. Army in the ttle of Saint-Mihiel in 1918 d was wounded. He was neteen then. When he was scharged he became a ntamweight boxer and ew York State champ. He listed in the Navy in 1919. has an arm full of hash rks. All gold, too, beuse of a faultless record. He has a wife, and a son, orge. Though born in w York, he lives in the ssion section of San Franco and now claims the latr city as his home town.

FRONT AND CENTER

BY FRANK D. MORRIS

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH, U. S.

In a southern harbor, the heroes line up on the flight deck of a carrier to hear their names called out, citations read, to have medals pinned and hands grasped. Left to right: Lt. E. B. Crosby; Lt. P. N. MacDonald; Lt. J. R. Gorman; Shipfitter 3d Class I. R. Sacco; Radioman 1st Class A. R. Stitzelberger; and, being congratulated, Lt. V. M. Bennett. What they did is fine Navy history

They stood stiffly among the hundreds of pilots, gunners and technicians on the deck of a brand-new carrier. Then the captain called out their names and told what they had done in the dying agónies of the Yorktown and the Lexington, and medals began to gleam in the morning sun

Aboard a U. S. aircraft carrier. The carrier rode at anchor in a sleepy tropical harbor. A soft breeze rippled the deep-blue water, and a midmorning sun slanted down, casting orderly shadows on the flight-deck acreage of uniformed men lined up there for personnel inspection. The tall, spare figure of Captain Felix Stump moved slowly, inquisitively between the ranks, pausing occasionally to point out a needed haircut, a begrimed suit of undress whites, or a pair of shoes obviously strangers to polish.

The carrier, a neophyte only a few weeks away from her fitting pier, was finishing her shakedown cruise, a dress rehearsal for war. At her opening performance, Captain Stump wanted to present a clean, fighting ship manned by a clean-cut, fighting crew; hence these rigid weekly inspections.

An hour had passed before the captain returned to his command post, facing the long ranks. He turned and spoke briefly to a bosun's mate. The shrill tootle of the bosun's pipe prefaced the announcement over the ship's public-address system: "The following officers and men report front and center for meritorious mast. Lieutenant Gorman, Lieutenant Bennett, Lieutenant MacDonald, Lieutenant Crosby, Radioman First Class Stitzelberger." There were others, too, who were to receive citations that morning.

The carrier's skipper returned Lieutenant Gorman's stiff salute and started to read from a sheaf of papers: ". . . For conspicuous and distinguished services as hangar-deck carpenter of the U.S.S. Lexington in action against the Japanese forces on May 8, 1942 . . ."

A handshake, another salute, and Lieutenant Gorman was back in ranks while the captain continued with the other citations. Gorman heard the words, but his thoughts were focused on something else. He was a warrant officer again—ship's carpenter—back on the Lexington, standing on the hangar deck. A torpedo delivered by a Jap plane had hit the ship just a few frames forward of where he stood, and the jolt had aroused him to action. With a half dozen men from the hangar-deck crew, he started below to the third deck where the force of the blast had been concentrated.

They found forty men dead in that area, killed outright, and nearly as many wounded. A fire had started throwing off dense smoke and, as Gorman and his men groped through, they were forced to put on their masks. The murk was so thick that, by the light of the battle lantern he carried, Carpenter Gorman could see only a few feet ahea

Somehow they eased the wounded and th bodies of the dead up ladders to the hanga deck. The injured men, including many wh were badly burned, were stretched out ur der the protective wings of planes stowe there, and were given first aid while Gor man's crew went below for another loac

Shortly after they had all been brough up, a violent explosion rent the carrier amid ships—the high-octane-gas tanks had gon up. Gorman and one of his men, a Mexica boy, started forward to turn on the sprin klers, but before they reached the valves a second blast exhausted all the oxygen from the air, and they were forced back.

The smoke had penetrated to the hanga deck now, and charred embers from small fires starting up all around them showered down on their heads. The water supply was gone and, after making sure that all the wounded had been removed to a safer spot, there was nothing to do but wait for the fire to burn itself out.

While he was waiting, Warrant Officer Gorman sat down to rest. The seat he had chosen was one of the ship's ice-cream freezers on the main deck. His throat was parched, and all around him men were yelling for something to drink, but there was no water. Lieutenant Dowling was one of the thirsty, and when he saw Gorman sitting on the freezer, he roughly brushed him aside and pulled off the cover. Inside were about forty gallons of ice cream. The men gorged themselves.

When the order came to abandon ship, Gorman took a last *(Continued on page 38)*

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!
Life in the tobacco country by Joe Jones
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
20
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS
...YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!
So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed—So Free and Easy On The Draw
Copyright 1943 The American Tobacco Company

Report to the Emperor

"Sacred One. Son of Heaven.

"I report a great change in the temper of our American enemies.

"Our ruthlessness has only made them more angry—more aroused.

"Their soldiers fight with redoubled fury.

"Their people work harder—and sacrifice more.

"Sublime Majesty, we fight a determined foe. Remind us again that we are unconquerable."

* * *

Our enemies are realists. Don't think it doesn't bother them to see us buying war bonds; to watch us conserve clothes, food and gasoline. Don't think Tokio doesn't know, and curse, the new thousands pouring into industry—the vast quantities of war material pouring out.

And even now, Tokio, our slogan is *more*. At The Texas Company that means *more* of the powerful 100-octane gasoline for our planes and PT boats . . . *more* toluene for making deadly block-busting TNT and *more* butadiene for synthetic rubber.

America *is* a determined foe. Determined to be victorious.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF & SKY CHIEF GASOLINES • HAVOLINE & TEXACO MOTOR OILS

Wake sat there, a stricken man, while the chief inspector checked off the money the sergeant found wrapped around Wake's legs

Seven Sins

By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

IN LONDON, late one night, the eccentric Lord Marcus Amberdale finds a dead man, a stranger, in his home. Halting some mysterious experiments he is performing with a woman—"Mrs. Vane"—whom he has thrown into a hypnotic trance, he telephones Scotland Yard. Investigating, Chief Inspector Firth identifies the victim as Sir Giles Loeder, a noted radio broadcaster. After which, assisted by Detective Sergeant Bluett, he sets to work on the case—an extremely difficult one.

At the time of the murder (if murder it is) Gaston Max, a resourceful French detective, is in London; he is trailing a gang of Nazi conspirators. Working with the English authorities, he gains possession of a code message which, decoded, proves conclusively that the highly respected Sir Giles Loeder *had been a German spy.* Learning that the people he is after frequent a gambling establishment run by a Mrs. Yvette Destrée, he keeps his eye on the woman and her patrons. Scotland Yard does the same. Lord Marcus Amberdale has an attractive ward—Fay Perigal—who works as a nurse in a hospital. The man she loves—Dick Kershaw, a lieutenant in the R.A.F.—has disappeared; she fears that he may have been murdered. One day, while she is conversing with Dick Corcoran, a patient, and his father, Michael Corcoran (a K.C. and an important figure in London), Dick suddenly appears and joins the party group!

The story he tells is a strange one: Infatuated with Rita Martin, a pretty but conscienceless young woman, he has learned that she had been having an affair with Loeder; Dick had quarreled with the broadcaster (on a quiet street, where there had been no witnesses), knocked him out with his fists, killed him.

A short time later, Michael Corcoran pays a visit to Scotland Yard headquarters. . . . Meanwhile Gaston Max and Bluett have come to the conclusion (after a series of curious adventures) that the man who killed Loeder walks with a limp. They direct their search accordingly.

Then Firth gives Gaston Max a surprise. He tells the Frenchman that he has the confession (signed and witnessed) of a man who claims to have killed Sir Giles Loeder. He says that the murderer is a young American: Flight Lieutenant Richard Kershaw, of the Royal Air Force.

Max is flabbergasted. "You believe that confession?" he asks eagerly. The chief inspector is a Scotsman. "Impleecitly," he replies calmly.

VII

GASTON MAX stared at Firth. "But explain to me, Inspector, my old, relieve me of this great bewilderment: Why should this Kershaw kill Sir Giles Loeder?"

"I didna' say he killed him."

Max dropped back into his chair. "You puzzle me, my friend; but yes, I am puzzled."

"I said it was the confession of a man who *claims* to have killed him."

"To have broken his neck?"

"Tha's the point," Firth replied deliberately. "We ha' been so careful wi' the press that the exact spot where the body was found and the precise nature of the injuries have never been published. This young fellow didn't know that Loeder died of a broken neck."

"But you say that you accept the statement of Kershaw?"

"Most certainly; in every particular. But judging from inquiries which I ha' been making, Loeder lost his life after his encounter wi' Kershaw—and also lost his money."

"You hold me in dreadful suspense. A theory of my own is at stake. Whom do you suspect?"

"I cannot tell you now. But some time tonight I expect to ha' more facts, and I shall be willing to share them. Indeed, there's a favor I'm going to ask ye."

"Consider it granted, my friend."

"Would it be putting ye out unduly to become Peter Finch for an hour or two tonight?"

"But not at all!" Max cried eagerly. "Give me my instructions."

"I am obliged. We can arrange details later. And now, I would like ye to examine these fingerprints."

Gaston Max stepped around the desk, raised his heavy monocle and through it studied the photographs pasted upon the paper. It became evident to Firth, who had been unaware of this fact, that the monocle was not an ornament, but a powerful magnifying glass, a lens which no doubt the French investigator frequently found useful. His inspection completed:

"These two sets are identical," he pronounced. "Both belong to the same person. May I know his name?"

Firth smiled. "When I ha' all the facts," he replied. "But this much I can say: The prints on the right are those of a man called Johann Fritz Brandt. They came over in a big consignment from the United States. All I know, so far, is just that. The set on the left are from the handrail of your office in Great Windmill Street."

"The limping man!"

"The limping man, exactly! For particulars, I have had to send a long code cable to New York, quoting the name and reference number, and I am awaiting a reply."

"Mon Dieu! But it is wonderful. It is kismet. You, my friend, have the fingerprints, and I—"

"Weel, what have you got?"

(Continued on page 58)

RENO INTERLUDE

BY ETHEL LOBAN

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARPHUM

What are husbands for, except to be used, exploited to the fullest—and chucked? That was the Reno idea, but Martha had a different set of rules

THE croupier in the night club outside Reno said, "Place your bets, ladies and gentlemen." The ball careened around in the spinning wheel.

Martha looked about her. A spring evening in May, 1941, and she hadn't wanted to come to the club. She saw too much at these places and she didn't like what she saw: white faces . . . nervous hands . . . poker . . . faro . . . chuck-a-luck . . . the bar . . . the busy bar . . . and across the hall in the dining room, shaded lights, sweet music and lovers. It was as if gambling wasn't enough, or romance wasn't enough, or liquor; it was as if it took all three to make these zombies come fleetingly alive.

The croupier shoved a stack of chips in front of Martha and she heard Jenny Rea's lovely, husky voice: "It is, really it is, it's Terry Blane!"

Martha heard him answer. Even if she had not heard it often on the radio these past three years she would have known his voice. It flowed through her as her blood did, an integral part of her geography.

Martha exchanged her chips for cash. She wondered if Terry would remember her, Martha Miller, who had pulled him out of a low-class speak-easy after Jenny had jilted him eleven years ago, who had taken him home and nursed him and who had, at length, seen him off to Europe and a small job which had turned into a big one, plus glory, plus reputation.

What Martha expected didn't matter, for Jenny had both of Terry's hands in hers and she was saying, "Darling," in her richest, ah-my-beloved voice, "darling, when I heard about your decoration, I said—oh, proudly, I said—'That's my Terry!' "

She smiled that warm, wide smile of hers and Terry melted. In front of their eyes he melted. It was Jenny's famous cinema smile and people were staring. It was Terry's familiar voice, too, the voice which had spoken to them in their living rooms, their bedrooms, their cars, from various parts of the world's surface, telling them of the world's pain.

Jenny held tight to Terry's hands. She said, "I've wanted so much to see you, Terry."

She was lying. Martha knew she was lying. Martha knew because she knew all there was to know about Jenny. Martha worked for Jenny. She was her secretary, her factotum, her stand-in, her yes-maiden. Martha knew that if Jenny had thought even once about Terry Blane she would have said so. Martha thought: But she's thinking of him now. And Martha was afraid. She said, "Hello, Terry."

He pulled his eyes away from Jenny. She could see him pull them away.

"Hello, Martha," he said. "It's good to see you." He added, "I've kept up with Jenny pretty well but I haven't seen much about you in the papers." And he gave Martha the tag end of his tender smile.

To Jenny he said, "About the decoration, that's hooey. When New World Films decided to do my book they felt they had to pin some glamor on me. I feel like a double-dyed, triple-plated cheat."

Jenny said, "Nonsense! If you weren't decorated you deserved to be." She said, "I've followed everything you've done. Your stories from Spain broke my heart. I didn't weep; I bawled."

MARTHA wanted to say: "Terry, she lies. She never listens to the radio and she reads nothing except Variety." Martha wanted to say: "But I've followed you, Terry. I've ridden muleback with you in Ethiopia and smelled the rancid, choking heat of it. I've dodged bombs with you in Spain; I've held the shredded, bloody flesh of a child together while you bandaged it in China; I fled Dunkirk with you and waited with you at Thermopylae and burned candles for you at St. Patrick's." But she didn't say anything. She stood there, a smile on lips that felt like marble. She stood there watching him loving Jenny with his eyes and holding her beauty close with his two hands.

Martha thought: He's been carrying a torch for her all these years. Her lips quirked. And I've been carrying one for him.

Terry said, "Peace. Quiet. Mal the most of them, Martha "We're going to be in it, aren we?" she asked him. "We must Terry said, "or lose our sou

Then Bill Ferguson tacked into sig Terry said, "Bill!" and freed his han from Jenny's.

Jenny patted Terry's coat sleeve. S said, "Bill's drunk. He's getting a divor and taking it hard. . . . Hello, Bill."

Bill said, "H'lo, heart crusher." H voice made Martha's chest hurt. H looked at Terry. "H'lo, Blane. Have drink?"

They sat down at the red-and-gold ba Jenny said, "Listen, you two. My car waiting and anyway, I've got to get som sleep. But you're having lunch with m tomorrow. One-thirty." She turned t Terry. "Bill knows where I live. Terr darling, I'm perishing for a good lon talk."

Bill said, "You had your chance wit Terry and you muffed it. Unclasp the hooks!"

Jenny laughed. She ran four finger down Terry's cheek, and Martha watche the color follow them. Nobody sai anything and Jenny laughed again warmly, caressingly.

Martha thought: That's the laugh, ol girl. It puts your mark on him as certainl as a hot iron would. I wouldn't care i

(Continued on page 30)

HIGHWAY TRANSPORT . . . VITAL TO VICTORY AND THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

Greater than the "Exodus"

Since war started, a movement of people has taken place in America which is even greater than the historical "Exodus" from Egypt to the Land of Canaan. It is the migration of millions upon millions of people to war production centers. This large and rapid shift in population to relatively few cities, accompanied by the construction of thousands of new homes and factories, has enabled Highway Transport to make one of its greatest war contributions. Here's evidence from the metropolitan center of the nation's second largest war production area:

In two years its population increased more than 300,000. Its coach lines carried 30,000,000 more passengers in 1942 than in 1941. An estimated 85% to 90% of the trucks on its highways carry vital war materials.

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK & COACH

DIVISION OF YELLOW TRUCK & COACH MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Home of GMC Trucks and Yellow Coaches • • • Manufacturer of a Wide Variety of Military Vehicles for our Armed Forces

Joseph B. Eastman, director of the Office of Defense Transportation, recently stated: *"Automotive Transportation is absolutely essential to the winning of the War. Goods must reach their destinations and workers must get to their jobs . . . on time."* Join the U.S. Truck Conservation Corps and keep your trucks in best possible condition. GMC dealers are pledged to help you.

Pledged U.S. TRUCK CONSERVATION CORPS

INVEST IN VICTORY

. . . BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

KENNETH W. THOMPSON

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

By David O. Woodbury

Radar Will Be Powerful in Peace

PLANES of tomorrow, traveling at six hundred miles an hour, will approach each other too fast to avoid collision if their pilots rely only on their eyes. But radar units will give ample warning. So, too, will they prevent smash-ups on fog-hidden mountains.

But this famous electronic war sentinel will have many other uses also. Ships at sea will know one another's positions constantly, thus making collisions impossible. Trains will be kept from crashing even though flagmen and engineers fail. Radar will warn night watchmen of the approach of intruders on industrial property. Prisons will use it to detect the escape of criminals. The device may even be used to detect icebergs wandering across the shipping lanes.

Radar will also have many constructive uses. Cloud masses may be detected and measured thousands of miles away to help in weather prediction. Explorers will use portable units to locate distant mountain masses. Surveyors will find the instrument invaluable in the rapid measurement of distances and angles now limited to the line of sight. It is likely that astronomers will employ radar for learning more about the moon and the planets. And new modifications of the device may even find application in home and factory for controlling the output of innumerable automatic machines.

Every Farmer Will Have a Telephone

Tomorrow no farmer who has electricity need be without a telephone, for the light wires themselves will be used to carry the voice currents. Today, something like two million farms in the United States have electric light service but no telephone, and the number is increasing daily. This lack isolates countless families and deprives them of quick communication with their commercial centers and with one another. Science plans to end all that with the end of the war.

Telephone service by means of the "carrier" system, superimposed on existing power wires, will save millions of dollars required for building long pole lines. This important economy in thinly populated sections will bring in thousands of new subscribers who could not otherwise afford telephones.

The carrier system was almost perfected when war interrupted final research. When peace returns, the remaining problems of building inexpensive instruments and central offices to operate over power wires will be quickly solved. Then any farmer who has electric light—and most of them will have—can enjoy a telephone connection for little more per month than it now costs a city subscriber.

Automatic Hypodermic Needle

A boon to millions of diabetics and asthma sufferers will be a small, presterilized hypodermic syringe, ready for instant use with the exact dose of insulin or adrenalin the individual requires. The hypo charged at the factory with the right quantity of injection fluid and then sealed in a flexible plastic tube will be used once, then thrown away. The patient, once the correct treatment is prescribed, can use the device in a few seconds.

It will only be necessary for him to remove a protecting cap, plunge the needle into arm or leg and give the plastic tube a quick bend. This will break a small glass ampule within, allowing compressed air to force the drug into the blood stream. The air will be shut off by an automatic valve before it can follow.

This new "expendable" hypo is already in use by thousands of our fighting men to alleviate pain and shock immediately on being wounded. When it returns from the war it will appear everywhere in first-aid kits, whether in homes or factories, ready for instant injection of sedatives or other indicated drugs for the victims of accidents. Various colors of plastic container will designate what drug is in the needle.

Don't Expect the Future Too Soon

"Victory Plus Two Years" is the slogan of a great American firm expressing its hope for the beginning of Life Tomorrow. Many another manufacturer is not so optimistic. Everyone knows that long years of trial and error must pass before the full tide of technical improvement can begin. "No responsible manufacturer," says a maker of electronic equipment with a tremendous stake in the future, "will ask his customers to act as guinea pigs." There will be long delays, but they will not mean inaction. Beyond the locked doors of countless laboratories, intensive research will go forward day and night to make newly discovered principles safe and sound for public use.

Tomorrow will come imperceptibly, starting with the echo of the last shot fired against the enemy. At first huge quantities of prewar models of refrigerators, stoves, autos, houses will be turned out, using the new materials such as aluminum and plastics instead of the old wood and sheet steel. Then, tooled up for the production of new designs, factories will pour forth such inventions as have been noted in this column. And finally, after perhaps ten years of testing and improvement, will come the world-changing innovations like universal television, family helicopters and high-octane automobile engines.

The one thing certain is that on the first day of peace the new era will begin, and not a day will pass thereafter without its thrilling advance. Whatever its timetable may be, the world of tomorrow will be a continuously exciting adventure. ★★★

(Continued from page 28) you
make him happy. And she thoug
tha Miller, you liar, you'd care ver
She picked up her bag and rose.

Bill caught her wrist. He said, "
Mart, you stay here. I want to
sad stories of the death of king
said to Terry, "Mart's the sort
you confide in. That one now," he
at Jenny, "she'd put your heart on
and display it in the public square

Martha pulled on loose gloves.
said quickly, "Martha, darling
Return sweet goodness for Bill's
ing evil. He'll be ashamed of
tomorrow."

Martha didn't want to stay. S
much didn't want to stay. But she
working girl and the boss had s

Bill said when Jenny was gone,
you see most of the glamor girls
phooey! But she's got somethin
one."

Terry didn't say anything. Bill sh
his heavy shoulders. Bill said, "K
'em dumb at a glance."

Terry laughed.

Bill said, "What are you doing in
You got to get married before yo
get a divorce."

Terry said, "I've been fishing
River. Got a hankering for civili
Reno's was the nearest I could find

"Civilization! Ha!" Bill said.
whisky!"

Terry looked at Martha. "Well,
got sick of fish, then, and craved
A two-inch steak. With mushroom
baked potato. Let's go eat."

Bill sat in Terry's car, six feet t
brawn and muscle, staring at the
signs. He said, "Reno! Biggest litt
in the world! Did you know that,
pie? Huh? Did you?"

"They've got it strung in electric
across Virginia Street."

"Biggest darn' laundry; biggest
dry-cleaning establishment in the
verse. Everybody's weaknesses airec
erybody's vices catered to—"

THEY stopped at the car diner.
drank coffee, scalding hot, and a
time he began to talk. About the wi
was divorcing. About Althea. As i
was dead, Martha thought. Except
death puts a period to hope. And
thought of Jenny's latest husband sa
"If I've annoyed you, Jenny . . . I'
anything, Jenny, anything."

Bill said, "Darned white of you f
letting me talk. It's funny the fools
make of themselves over women, isn't

"No," Terry said.

They were quiet then, for a time. T
made a show of eating. Bill relieve
talk, drowsy with liquor, warm with
fee, went to sleep. Terry shoved his p
aside. He said, "Well, Martha, yo
looking fine."

Martha wondered how many ba
conversations had started with that
mark. She said, "I am fine and t
more than a lot of people can say."
added, "My health's good, too."

Terry laughed. "Same old Mart

"Eleven years," Martha said, "and
'you're looking fine;' eleven years and
'the same old Martha!' Not so very
either. Twenty-nine." She paused. "
take the weather; I've heard that
weather is a useful topic for people
jaded minds. Or why talk at all if
must work at it?"

Terry laid a hand over Martha's
said, "I'm sorry. Maybe I'm self-c
scious because I remember how indeb
I am to you."

Martha said, "Skip it."

Terry said, "As a matter of fact, Je
did me a good turn."

Martha said, "Yes?"

"Took me a while to realize it. W
I saw she was getting a divorce fr
Custis I started home." Terry took

"STOP, LOOK and STAY HOME!"

say the 5 Crowns

Don't make reservations
For touring vacations—
Save Pullmans for people who need 'em!...

And don't court reproaches
By crowding the coaches
When railroads are pulling for Freedom!

THE FINER
Seagram's 5 Crown

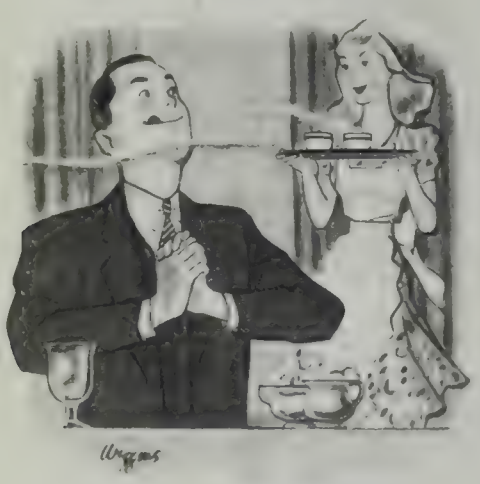
SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

1. When Rip Van Winkle lived up the Hudson, there was trouble and uncertainty; a war was brewing, and times were tough. One day Rip went to sleep and slept for 20 years . . . right through the Revolutionary War.

2. When Rip woke up, he found that things had turned out all right, after all. Maybe sometimes you think it might be nice if *you* could go to sleep and not wake up until after *this* war is over.

3. But you can't. In fact, you don't really want to. Of course, you *do* want to get a good night's sleep. But maybe you are one of those who are kept awake by the caffein in coffee.

4. You love coffee and can't resist it. So you torture your already-war-strained nerves with caffein . . . when you *could* switch to Sanka Coffee, the coffee that is 97% caffein-free, and *can't* keep anyone awake!



5. Maybe you've been planning to try Sanka Coffee . . . so why wait any longer? Today is just the time to start enjoying its superb aroma and delicious flavor. Remember . . . Sanka is *all* coffee, nothing *but* coffee!

6. And so skillfully is 97% of its caffein taken out that not one smidgen of its tantalizing aroma or delightful flavor is removed. Get Sanka Coffee with your next ration stub. It's easy on your palate and your nerves.

SANKA COFFEE

Get the new All-Purpose grind—makes swell coffee in any coffee-maker!

SLEEP ISN'T A LUXURY, IT'S A NECESSITY. DRINK SANKA AND SLEEP!

SWELL WAY TO MAKE ICED SANKA! Make Sanka full strength, freeze in ice-cube tray. Fill glass with cubes and pour on warm milk. It's a treat!

hand away and Martha's hand felt curiously naked and cold. Terry laughed. "By the time I reached Odessa I saw another paper. She'd already remarried. To Lessingbrooke. I tried vodka that time. The resulting head was terrific."

Martha thought: Did someone else chop ice for you that time, Terry? Did someone else spend her money for a hair of the dog that bit you?

Terry said, "I'm glad to have seen her again. It is good to know that you've outgrown an obsession."

Martha thought: Whistling! She said, "Take me home, Terry, I'm tired."

Bill waked in a vicious frame of mind. He leaned out of the car at Jenny's house, grinning. He said, "There's the girl you should take up with, Terry. A faithful lass Marty would be."

They laughed. Martha thought: Laugh, then. It's a joke. Sure, it's a joke. Tears burned her eyes so that she had trouble finding her key in her bag. She said to Terry, "You'd better go. You'd better get your drunken friend home."

Terry didn't say anything. He either ignored or he didn't see Martha's wet eyes. He took the key from her and he unlocked the door. He said, "It wasn't funny, Martha. God knows it's the truth." And he took her into his arms and kissed her. She slapped him then, slapped him hard, and went into the house, hating him, hating Bill, hating Jenny, hating the world.

THE next morning Jenny perched on the foot of Martha's bed. She yawned, showing a wide, pink mouth; she stretched; she arched her back; she curled her toes up under her black lace nightgown.

Martha thought of that morning not quite a week ago, in Hollywood, when Jenny, perched on the foot of Martha's bed, had read that Bill Ferguson, playwright-producer-director, was in Reno, getting a divorce. That news was a shot of adrenalin to Jenny. Because it meant that Bill's wife would no longer have a corner on those smart, acid, sure-fire comedies that Bill wrote. And more, almost, than Jenny wanted her own teeth and hair she wanted one of Bill's pieces.

Jenny had shot from Martha's bed, bathed, dressed and orange-juiced. By noon she had kissed her fourth and current husband, Cosmo Swain, goodby. She had told him to find himself a nice girl who would make him happy, which, Martha had noted, was Cosmo's first intimation that he wasn't happy right then, and they had boarded a Reno train, she and Martha, to get that play from Bill.

Now, Jenny smiled at the soft green of the willow tree outside the window. She said, "You know, Mart, I've never married for love—yet."

Martha said, dryly, "It should be a thrill."

Jenny said, "I never thought Terry had success in him. I didn't think he had iron enough. I thought he was all weighted down with sophomorish ideals. And now, look." Jenny laughed. "He's capitalized on those ideals. Everybody knows who Terry Blane is."

Martha looked at Jenny lying there on one elbow. Martha thought: She doesn't give a finger snap for Terry. She said, "If you're hunting you'd better get out your bow and arrow. The quarry will be here presently baying for food."

Jenny laughed. She said, "Martha, you're invaluable. You keep my feet on the ground."

"As if your feet ever left the ground," Martha said. "I doubt that real love would ever get your feet off solid ground."

Jenny looked at Martha, level-eyed. "I want my feet on solid ground," she said. "Did Bill say anything about his divorce?"

Martha reached for her dressing gown. "As near as I can figure, Althea had a case of Hollywood jitters. When the ing got tough Bill pointed out that hadn't wanted her to come to Hollyw in the first place, which was probably last straw. She said she wanted a div Now. This minute. And you know He's not going to force himself on woman who doesn't want him. Not He'll roast first. So that's what he's ing. Roasting. And going through motions of getting a divorce. And ing that Althea will make just one pe ful gesture because he can't get ano postponement."

"It happens," Jenny said. "And in meantime, we'll get that play. Th burn her up." Jenny nodded. "Teach a lesson, too." Which, Martha thou was pretty funny, coming from Je

Bill was in a nasty humor when came to lunch. He told Martha that hadn't meant to come at all but he to thinking that Jenny should be g material for a play. A Maori, he sai member of that tribe of aborigines v take their blood on the hoof, with finements by Perc Westmore.

Martha said, "Write it. And Je will act it for you."

Bill snorted.

When Terry came, Jenny took th into the library. She gave them co tails before the big window which g on the river. She said, "I like Reno. a noisy, show-off town and I like

Martha glanced at Bill. She thoug For Bill it's Gethsemane with a sw band.

Jenny was wearing a yellow dress t day; a dress which gave her no priva whatever. She laid her sleek black he against Terry's shoulder, and Mart with an effort of her will, relaxed h jaw and forced her hands to lie open her lap, inert and unrevealing.

Bill said, "I know a good many thin about you, Jenny, but not why you l your first husband."

Jenny laughed. "These geniuses!" s said. "I know you won't like it, B It's not a nice reason at all. Nathan h to go away for his health. His family i sisted. And I had to stay in New Yo I'd barely started."

Bill said, "I've got to admire you. Y don't smear the salve of justification up the wounds of expediency. How abo Lessingbrooke? As I recall it, he's t one who put you on the theatrical map

Jenny said, "Why this inquisition?"

"I'm helping Terry catch up on you

Terry said, "Shut up, Bill."

Jenny said, "If there is anything th Terry wants to know, let him ask me hin self."

Bill said, "He won't. He's a gentl man."

Terry said, "Look, I dislike taking poke at an old friend."

Jenny laughed. She said, "I left Le singbrooke because he wanted me to sta in London. I had a New York offer an I was ready for New York. I divorced th prince because I thought divorce wa kinder than shooting and I'm divorcin Cosmo Swain because he's a dumbbell And if there's anything else you want t know, Bill, ask it now. I won't be cross questioned again!"

TERRY practically lived at Jenny' after that first meal. Only occasionall did Jenny get up before noon and sh didn't go in for exercise at all. So Terr and Martha rode horseback; they playe tennis; they swam. Martha thought: I'm a time killer. I keep him from being bore until Jenny shows up.

She was quite philosophic about it until one day on the way from the courts t the house he kissed her.

He said, "Why didn't you tell me you were so nice to kiss?"

She said, "There are some things a man should find out for himself."

S Terry kissed her again—and Jenny cam down the walk from the house.

Jny laughed. She said, "You make a ch ming couple."

Try took his arms away from Martha's shoulders. Terry dropped Martha's han

Jny said, "How about a walk beside the ver?"

"re," Terry said. "Coming along, Ma ha?"

Jny leaned against Terry's shoulder. Jen patted the collar of his sports shirt into place.

Mrtha said, "No. I'm through frit- ri away the golden hours." But, as we atched them go down the willow- b red path beside the river, something tell on her arm. She rubbed it on her ir She thought viciously: It's proper y at funerals. Right and proper to y

TRRY called her next morning and sked her to go to Virginia City with hm Martha said she'd been to Virginia it He asked her to dinner at the Rivers. She said he seemed to forget that vas a working girl. Terry was silent nute, then he said, "Martha, if I an- d you yesterday, I'm sorry." Martha ght: Now he thinks I'm a prude. Vn I practically crawled inside his il with him. The dope!

"kip it!" she said. "I've got to go, Tey. Jenny wants me."

r almost a week after that passage she managed to avoid seeing Terry. But we was with Bill one day in pursuit of he play he was doing when Terry ped in. Bill picked up the scattered ars on his desk. He beetled his brows t Terry. He said, "Still playing with rr"

rry said, "Stow it."

ll said, "She's tossed all the others ou What makes you think you're mpt? She was relatively inexperienced wn she brushed you off before. She's co technique now."

rry said, "What I like about you, is the sweetness and light that emanate from your great, gross hulk." He turned to Martha. "Come on, Mart, let's take a walk."

They drove westward, parked the car and walked toward the Sierras. There was water in the little lakes, and certain of the mountains ringing Reno were still snowcapped; lupine and wild iris and brown-eyed Susans lined the road.

Terry broke off a few sprigs of lupine and put them in the buttonhole of Martha's suit coat. He said, "How come a pretty girl like you hasn't married?"

Martha thought: I guess that re-establishes the old footing. She said, "How come a handsome gent like yourself is still single?"

They climbed a rocky promontory. Terry got a blanket from the car and they lay on their stomachs looking down on the cars curving around the hill on the black road. The white sunshine of the high country was almost palpable, warm as weightless down; the whole valley pulsed with the sweet, measured cadences of unhurried time.

"Peace," he said. "Quiet. Make the most of them, Martha."

"We're going to be in it, aren't we?"

"We must," Terry said, "or lose our souls."

They talked of many things, the war and the bypaths of war; they talked of Reno and Bill and Althea, of the purple shadows of the hills and the black shadows cast by rocks and the optimism of sand verbena. They lay, their shoulders touching, and discussed their philosophies of life. At length, when the shadows of the rocks reached all the way to the road, and cold began to rise from the desert, they went down the path, hand in hand. They had discussed all topics but two. They hadn't mentioned Jenny and they hadn't talked of love.

AFTER that interlude, Martha drove herself. Because when she was idle she kept seeing Cosmo Swain's bewildered face. She kept thinking of Nathan Custis, coughing the pink bubbles of his lungs through set jaws, waiting for Jenny's play to end. She kept remembering Terry, sodden with drink, mumbling Jenny's name. . . .

It wasn't that Jenny was selfish exactly. She was self-centered. What she wanted, she took. What she didn't want she disposed of, whether it was a gown or a husband. And she never wanted anything very long. It seemed to Martha that she couldn't bear to have that happen to Terry. Not again. She thought: It's going to happen unless I do something. I could stop it. She thought: If I do I'll lose him forever. . . . I could let things slide and in a year or two when he has her out of his system, maybe . . . And she thought: What she leaves won't be Terry any more.

New World called Terry back to Hollywood for a conference and Bill asked Martha to dinner. He said, "If he stays away long enough, Jenny will snatch some other poor devil. There's a scion of one of the sixty families in town. Came today."

Martha said, "Money doesn't interest Jenny too much. Not any more."

Bill put down his glass. "What does?"

"A play. By you. She wants one so much she drools."

Bill said, "She does, does she? Well, let her tongue hang out. I'd give it to some unknown Little Theater brat first."

TERRY came back the day Jenny's divorce was granted. Bill and Martha were having lunch at the Riverside and Jenny was across the street at the courthouse. Terry pulled a chair up to their table. Bill shook his head. His great, hunched shoulders looked like those of an angry bison. He said, "Back, huh? Hell's bells! Take to drink, chappie, take

RIM HYMN FROM A EGETABLE PATCH

ome into the garden, Maude,
For the black bat, Night, has flown
nd the burdocks gently nod
Where the onion sets were sown.

ome hastening here at morn
With sprays and lethal washes,
or the rust is on the corn
And the scale assails the squashes.

he robin feasts and preens
On the berry bushes, cockily,
Vhile a blight invades the beans
And a slug bears down the broccoli.

ome into the garden, Maude,
But come prepared to grapple
Vith the mole beneath the sod
And the worm inside the apple.

Vith the aphid on the vines
And the beetle come to munch on
The cabbages when he dines,
The lettuces for his luncheon.

There's never a bud but blows
For an insect horde to dwell on,
And the dew may star the rose
But it dampens off the melon.

For here is the Fact that Foils:
(And it's better to learn it, sister,)
To the Pest belong the spoils,
To the gardener goes the blister.

PHYLLIS McGINLEY

MEDICAL AUTHORITIES *KNOW* PHILIP MORRIS

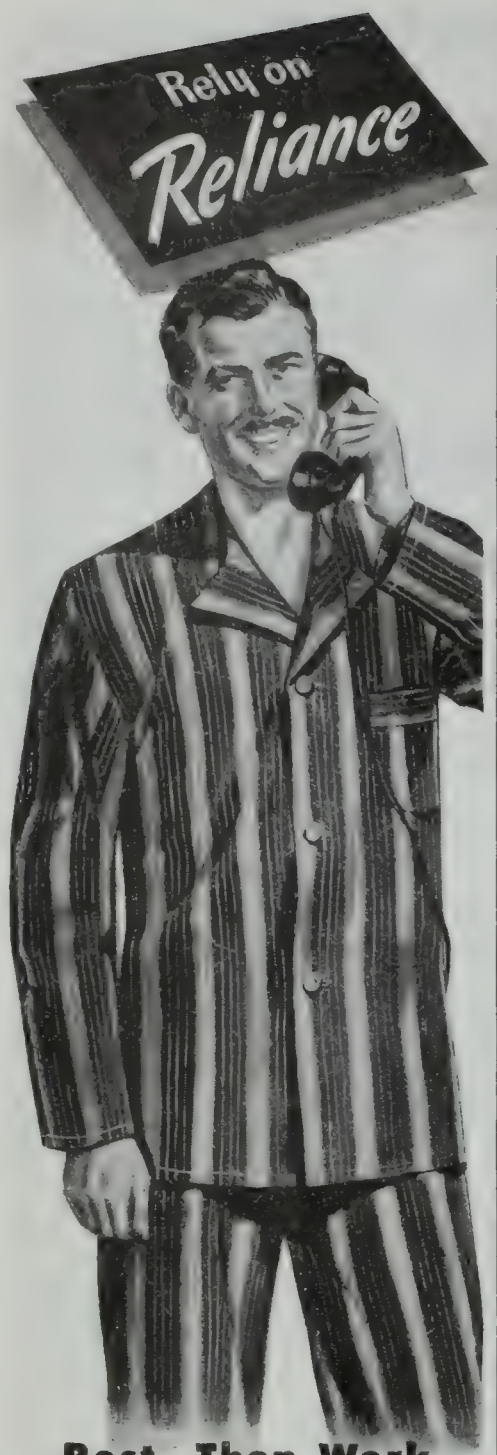
Proved less irritating to the smoker's nose and throat!

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

Facts reported in medical journals on clinical tests made by distinguished doctors.

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

Finer flavor . . . less irritation . . . America's FINEST Cigarette!



Rest—Then Work Your Best!

Make the most of tonight's relaxation—in Reliance Universal Pajamas! Men prefer these famous extra-comfort garments, now that sleep is more vital than ever. Reliance-made pajamas are noted for real comfort and finest quality long-wearing fabrics. In attractive styles and colors. Sold at popular prices in good stores everywhere.

RELIANCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

212 W. Monroe St.—Chicago, Ill.
New York Office: 200 Fifth Ave.

MAKERS OF Big Yank Work Clothing Aywon Shirts • No-Tare Shorts • Penrod Shirts Ensenada Shirts and Slacks • Kay Whitney and Happy Home Frocks • Parachutes for Men and Matériel

to drink. You can salvage something from the bottom of a cocktail glass—an olive or a cherry, maybe."

Terry said, "I came back to be with you. I thought you'd want a friend to stand by."

Bill said, "A pretty lie. I bet you sold it to yourself, too." He said, "What are you going to do? Marry Jenny and bust your gall wondering how she treated your predecessors?"

Terry scowled. He said, "You know, Bill, there's something godlike in the way you dispose of my life. May I point out that I make my own decisions? I've been doing it for quite some time."

Bill was eloquently silent.

Terry smiled at Martha. He said, "As a matter of fact, it's Martha I'm devoted to but I wouldn't expect you to believe me. You're too busy bouncing Jenny off my bean."

Martha winced. She could feel Bill's quick glance. She hoped she didn't look as drained out as she felt.

Bill said, "Okay, chappie, okay. Whistle up the wind if you want to. But I know Jenny's kind. She'll suck your blood and complain because it's salty."

MARTHA went to Bill's apartment that afternoon. She said, "I'm back about the play, Bill."

He said, "Martha, I told you. No."

"I'm a beggar, Bill. Please . . . with a proviso."

Bill's eyes narrowed. "With a proviso?"

"That she doesn't marry for a year."

Bill said, "Martha, you're a dope. They'd see through it. You and me in restraint of their matrimony."

"Maybe. But she withdrew from her last play. Shortly after she married the prince. Remember?"

"That play," Bill said. "It was lousy."

"It was good box office. But she had a Hollywood offer. Her first. So she claimed that she was going to have a baby. She got a doctor to swear that she was."

Bill tapped his desk top with his finger tips. He said, "I get your point. But if I do and Jenny ever finds you out, she'll fire you."

"Yes."

"And it doesn't free Terry."

"It will. There will be at least three other men in Jenny's life before a year is over."

Bill said, "Sweet Martha, gentle Martha, feminine, feline, fork-fanged, scheming, double-crossing Martha."

Martha said, "You can't call me any names I haven't called myself."

Bill said, "You've got it pretty bad, haven't you, kid?"

Martha said, "Oh, Bill," and was grateful because he let her cry on his shoulder.

LATER that afternoon Bill took his play to Jenny. That evening Jenny said, "I'll be good at it, Bill. I'll give it everything I've got."

Bill said bleakly, "Martha talked me into giving it to you. I never thought I'd do a play, this sort of play, for anyone but Althea."

She said, "If I do it you won't be wishing it was Althea!"

He said, "I'll always be wishing it was Althea."

"I'll do a better job than she would."

"There never was a time in her life," Bill said, "that Althea couldn't spot you aces and kings and beat you, hands down, acting!"

Jenny said, "Why, you—you lout—you!" But she laughed. When you came right down to it, Martha thought, there wasn't anything small about Jenny.

Bill said, "Not to mention your habit of walking out on plays."

"I won't walk out on this."

Bill said, "If you do it, you won't walk out on it." He brought a paper from his pocket. "I put it in the contract. You won't marry for a year."

"Not marry? What's marriage got to do with it?"

"That clause will relieve you from the danger of pregnancy."

Jenny was furious. She said, "Get out of this house, Bill Ferguson! Take your play or not as you please. But go!"

Bill shrugged. He said, "I'm afraid I was blunt. I'm sorry." He took his hat but he left the play and the contracts on the table.

After Bill was gone Jenny turned to Martha. She said, "Did you know about this?"

Martha said, "Yes. I thought you'd agree to it for a Ferguson play."

Jenny started upstairs. At the landing, she stopped. She said, "I'm going to marry Terry Blane. And I'm going to do Bill's piece. It needs me as much as I need it." She went on upstairs.

Martha got her hat and coat. She went out to a public telephone. She called Althea. She told Althea that Bill was eating his heart out. Althea said she didn't believe it. She told Althea that Bill was drinking. Althea said she wasn't surprised

She told Althea she was a fool to throw away devotion such as Bill's. Althea hung up on her.

Until that moment, Martha hadn't known how much she had counted on Althea. Because Jenny was right. Barring Althea, Bill's play needed Jenny as much as Jenny needed it. And Jenny believed that once she and Terry were married, Bill would give in.

Martha went home. Terry and Jenny were in the library. They invited Martha in for a nightcap. Martha refused. She said she was tired. And she *was* tired. Because there wasn't a single arrow left in her quiver. Because there was nothing to wait for, nothing to fight with any longer. . .

Jenny was getting restless. Martha could see that she was. She was up by ten o'clock the next morning, prowling about the house, giving orders. She told Martha to see that the books were up to date, the bills paid, the fan mail answered. She told Martha to pack.

At five o'clock when the doorbell rang she said to Martha, "That will be Bill." And, at Martha's surprised look, "I sent for him."

Martha wondered what Jenny was up to now. Jenny said, "I have to do my face. You wouldn't feel that you were abasing yourself too much if you gave him a drink, would you?"

Martha went downstairs. Bill was in the hall and Terry was with him. Bill said, "Your boss sent for me. I met this . . . this singed moth on the doorsill."

Terry said, "Shut up!"

Jenny came downstairs. She had [illegible] papers in one hand and a newspap[illegible] the other. She said, "I've signed [illegible] contracts, Bill. Will you?"

Martha held her breath while Bill [illegible] his signature on the bottom of each [illegible] They were both too surprised to ask [illegible]tions. Jenny picked up her copy. [illegible] said, "Everything comes to an [illegible] doesn't it?" She held out her hand [illegible] added, "It's been grand, seeing you, T[illegible] When you come to New York, look [illegible] up." She said to Martha, "We're lea[illegible] tonight on the 10:15. Make arrangem[illegible] will you?" And she started upstairs.

Martha drew a deep breath. If Je[illegible] had decided to give Terry up, a sh[illegible] clean cut was the kindest thing, but [illegible] Jenny need to be quite so brutal? [illegible] glanced at Terry. His jaw was hang[illegible] on his collar.

He said, "Ten-fifteen? Jenny, th[illegible] pure cussedness!" He crossed the ro[illegible] and spoke to Martha: "There are so[illegible] things which a man prefers to say in p[illegible]vate. But if he can't get privacy, he m[illegible] say them in public. Twice now when [illegible] prepared the way to tell you that I lov[illegible] you, you've run like a startled doe a[illegible] hidden behind a barricade of excus[illegible] Maybe you think that's a refreshi[illegible] throwback to Victorianism, but—"

Martha said, "But I thought [illegible] Jenny . . ."

"Look!" Terry caught Martha's shou[illegible]der. "Look! I admit that when I saw Jen[illegible] she bowled me over. At first. But a m[illegible] doesn't have to stay flat on the hardwoo[illegible] does he?" He shook Martha's shoulde[illegible] "Answer me!"

MARTHA stared at him, unconscio[illegible] of Bill reading the newspaper Jenn[illegible] had brought downstairs, unaware of Jenn[illegible] frankly hanging over the banister. Ther[illegible] was no sense to this. If Jenny wanted [illegible] man she got that man. Always.

Terry shook Martha again. He said, "Answer me!"

Jenny said, "Answer the man, Martha. Good Lord, if you always let your chance slip this way it's no wonder you're single!"

Terry said, "You shut up! This is between Martha and me."

Jenny said, "Keep your orders for your future wife, Terry Blane!" She looked at Martha. "I think you ought to know that he refused me last night."

Martha said, "Oh!" There wasn't anything small about Jenny. There wasn't anything small about her at all.

Jenny said, "Seems it was you he's been hanging around. To be frank, it was something of a relief."

Bill shook the newspaper. He shouted, "She's on her way. Althea's on her way." He looked at Jenny. "You double-crossing hussy! You outsmarted me." He laughed. "You knew you'd never get my name on that contract if I'd seen this paper first, didn't you?"

Jenny laughed too. She said, "Yes, Bill, I guess I did."

Bill said, "I got to meet Althea's train." He added, as if the idea was something new, "Maybe you folks would like some privacy?"

"Privacy?" Terry said. "No. I *like* proposing in a madhouse."

Bill got his hat. He said to Jenny, "We'll meet in New York. In September. And remember that clause in your contract."

"That clause?" Jenny was much too innocent. "Oh, I guess you didn't notice, Bill. I crossed that clause out."

Martha heard her laugh as she went on upstairs. Martha heard Bill swearing as he closed the outer door. Martha thought it was surprising how much you could hear with one ear plastered against a man's heart. She said, "Oh, Terry, Terry, my dear."

THE END

A Vital Message to 4 Out of 5 American Workers

TOMORROW MORNING, when you unlock your car, do it with respect. That car is the last you'll own until months after the war. So, you're not just unlocking a door. Actually, you're opening the safe in which you keep your job. For if your car quits, you may stop working, stop earning money, stop buying War Bonds . . . stop playing your part in winning the war.

Street cars and buses are already loaded. They aren't your answer if your car quits. You could hoof it. But try and keep a job on that basis. No, mister! *PRIVATE CARS CARRY 4 OUT OF 5 AMERICANS TO WORK.* And if you want that pay envelope coming in regularly . . . see your service man regularly! The fate of your job may rest in his hands.

New Danger in Today's Driving!

Remember this: *You can wear your car out faster by driving less,* if you follow outmoded, pre-war rules for its care. With today's reduced mileage and slower speeds you should see your dealer every 30 days instead of every 1000 miles.

Your automobile service man is an expert who studies and knows today's driving needs. He can help you to . . .

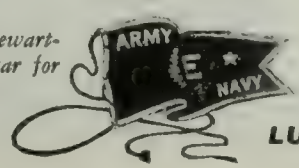
. . . **Stretch gas mileage**—*by cleaning and respacing fouled spark plugs, cleaning air filter, correcting timing and carburetor adjustments, and motor tune-up.*

. . . **Prolong tire life**—*by proper wheel alignment and balancing, rotation of tires and regular brake check-up and adjustment.*

. . . **Avoid costly breakdowns**—*by regular flushing and refilling of crankcase, care of steering gear, packing of wheel bearings, renewing oil filter and regular lubrication of vital parts.*

Most likely your service man, like thousands of other experts at prolonging car life, uses and recommends Alemite lubricants. We sincerely believe they're best for your car. But, whether he uses Alemite or some other quality brand, *the important thing is to see him regularly.* It's his business to keep your car running . . . just as it's your business to stay on your job.

Joint Army-Navy "E" Award, earned by Stewart-Warner workers, Sept. 8, 1942. White Star for second award, added May 15, 1943.



ALEMITE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

LUBRICANTS • LUBRICATING EQUIPMENT • MOTOR OIL

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"Shep will show 'em!"

It is very real, isn't it, son — the tug of parting between a boy and his dog?

Pride fighting down *sorrow,* as you send your "soldier" away to the wars.

We understand.

All of us have learned — and are learning — what we must pay as the price of freedom.

But while we keep our hearts in the thick of the fight, our eyes are fixed on the hope of the future.

Sparton, now, is building nothing but materials of war.

Horns, sirens and warning signals.

Communication systems for planes, ships, jeeps, trucks, tanks.

And other major products for the armed forces.

From this experience, after Victory, will come wonderful new Sparton radios — finer far than even the great Spartons of the past.

And, along with them, other exciting electrical products for the home, bearing Sparton's name.

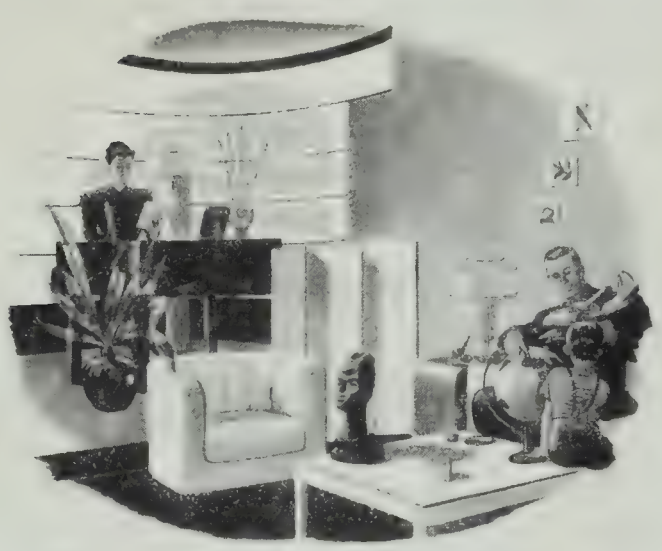
We are determined that all Sparton products for the home shall cost less to own.

They will be sold through one (and only one) of the leading merchants in your community.

Merchants who are now serving you so well under difficult war conditions.

That is *The Sparton Way!*

Better values are one of the contributions we pledge for the new world of tomorrow.



Home Sweet Home will be a house of wonders ... in the world of tomorrow.

SPARTON

Radio's richest voice since 1926

THE SPARTON WAY... Sparton Radios and other precision-built home equipment will be sold The Sparton Way...a simplified method of bringing to your home better products at lower retail prices through *one exclusive dealer* in each community.

THE SPARKS-WITHINGTON COMPANY • JACKSON, MICHIGAN

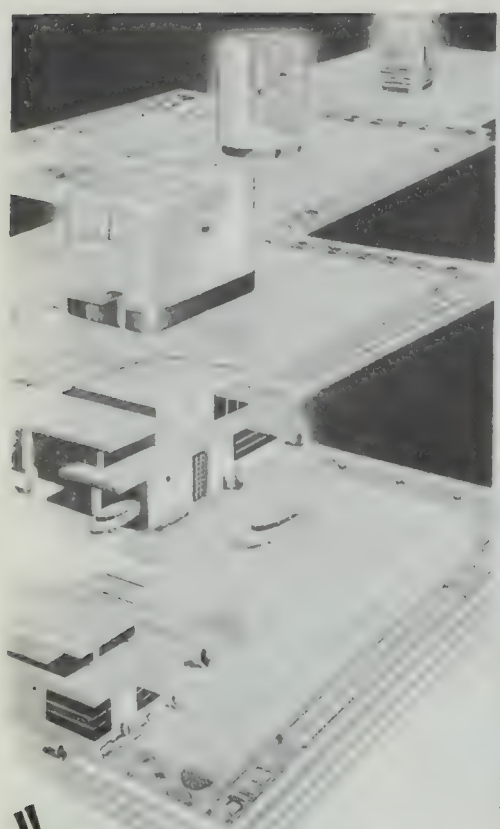
Precision Builders Since 1900... Radios, Electrical Home Equipment, Auto Horns, Sirens

SPARTON OF CANADA, LIMITED, LONDON, ONTARIO

A partial list of leading stores in cities over 50,000 that share with you the benefits of The Sparton Way—

Akron, Ohio, The C. H. Yeager Company
Albany, New York, Albany Garage
Allentown, Pa., Eastern Light Company
Altoona, Pa., William F. Gable Company
Amarillo, Texas, White's Auto Stores
Atlantic City, N. J., Van Doren and Hemple
Augusta, Georgia, J. B. White Company
Aurora, Illinois, Biever Furniture Company
Baltimore, Maryland, Hecht Brothers
Bayonne, N. J., Lawler Brothers Sales Corp.
Berkeley, California, Lanam Radio
Bethlehem, Pa., Eastern Light Company
Birmingham, Alabama, Louis Pizitz Dry Goods Co.
Boston, Mass., R. H. White Company
Bridgeport, Conn., General Distributors
Brockton, Mass., Central Radio Stores
Buffalo, New York, Les Wheeler, Inc.
Cambridge, Mass., R. H. White Company
Camden, N. J., Whitehill's, Inc.
Canton, Ohio, Dine-DeWees Company
Chattanooga, Tenn., Lookout Furniture Co.
Chicago. Ill., Wieboldt's
Cicero, Illinois, Sekera Furniture Company
Cincinnati, Ohio, The John Shillito Co.
Cleveland, Ohio, The Higbee Company
Columbus, Ohio, F. & R Lazarus Company
Covington, Kentucky, A. J. Ostrow, Inc.
Dallas, Texas, Sanger Bros.
Dayton, Ohio, The Rike-Kumler Company
Dearborn, Mich., Dearborn Engineering Co.
Decatur, Ill., Gas Refrigerator Sales
Denver, Colorado, LeMoine Music Co.
Detroit, Mich., J. L. Hudson Company
Duluth, Minn., Sher Plumbing Company
Durham, N. Carolina, R. E. Quinn Company
Elizabeth, N. J., Kresge Department Store
El Paso, Texas, White's Auto Stores
Erie, Pa., Reliable Home Furnishing Co.
Fall River, Mass., Ideal Radio & Furniture Co.
Flint, Mich., Palmer Radio & Appliance Co.
Fort Wayne, Ind., Schlatter Hardware Co.
Fort Worth, Texas, Leonard Brothers Co.
Fresno, Calif., Hockett Cowan Music Co.
Gary, Indiana, Cosmopolitan Radio Co.
Glendale, Calif., Glendale Music Company
Hamilton, Ohio, Radio Service Company
Hammond, Indiana, J. W. Millikan
Harrisburg, Pa., Pomeroy's, Inc.
Hartford, Connecticut, Tuckel's
Hoboken, New Jersey, Paramount Radio
Holyoke, Mass., Sharpe Appliance Co.
Houston, Texas, Bayne Radio and Refrigeration Company
Indiana Harbor, Indiana, Amick Furniture & Radio Sales
Indianapolis, Indiana, Wm. Block Co.
Irvington, N. J., Rothauser Radio Company
Jackson, Michigan, Wilks
Jackson, Miss., Rice Furniture Company
Jacksonville, Fla., Glover Weiss Company
Jersey City, New Jersey, Vim Stores
Johnstown, Pa., Swank Hardware Co.
Kalamazoo, Michigan, Triestram's
Kansas City, Kansas, Mace-Jones Company
Kansas City, Missouri, Jones Store
Knoxville, Tenn., S. H. George & Sons
Lawrence, Mass., Master Tire & Radio
Little Rock, Ark., I. K. Electric Company
Long Beach, Calif., Eastern-Columbia, Inc.
Los Angeles, Calif., Eastern-Columbia, Inc.
Louisville, Kentucky, J. Bacon & Sons
Lowell, Massachusetts, Gaumont Bros.
Lynn, Massachusetts, P. B. Magrane Store

Macon, Ga., Peeler Hardware Company
Madison, Wisconsin, Hills Dry Goods Co.
Memphis, Tennessee, Lowenstein's
Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Schuster's
Minneapolis, Minnesota, Dayton Company
Mobile, Alabama, Gulf Furniture Company
Montgomery, Ala., Montgomery Fair Store
Muncie, Indiana, H. J. Schrader Company
Nashville, Tennessee, Castner-Knott Dry Goods Co.
Newark, N. J., Kresge Department Store
New Britain, Conn., New Britain Furniture Company
New Haven, Conn., Shartenberg's, Inc.
New Jersey, at all Vim Stores
New Orleans, La., Maison Blanche Co., Ltd.
New York City, N. Y., at all Vim Stores
Niagara Falls, New York, Levy Brothers Furniture Co., Inc.
Norfolk, Virginia, Price's, Inc.
Oakland, Calif., Union Furniture Company
Oklahoma City, Okla., J. A. Brown Co.
Passaic, N. J., Arrow Electric Company
Paterson, New Jersey, Vim Stores
Pawtucket, R. I., Good Housekeeping Shops
Philadelphia, Pa., Stern and Company
Phoenix, Ariz., Barrow's Furniture Company
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Kaufman's
Pittsfield, Massachusetts, Wood Brothers
Pontiac, Michigan, Stewart-Glenn Company
Portland, Maine, Federal Furniture Co.
Portland, Ore., Meier & Frank Co., Inc.
Providence, R.I., Good Housekeeping Shops
Quincy, Massachusetts, Carey's
Racine, Wis., White Brothers Appliances
Reading, Pa., Goldman & Adams
Rochester, New York, Weis & Fischer
Rockford, Illinois, Chas. V. Weise Co.
Sacramento, Calif., Eastern Outfitting Co.
Saginaw, Mich., Chapman's Appliance Co.
Saint Paul, Minn., Golden Rule Incorporated
San Antonio, Texas, Joske Brothers Co.
San Diego, Calif., Grand Rapids Home Furniture
San Francisco, Calif., Union Furniture Co.
San Jose, Calif., Union Furniture Company
Santa Monica, California, Frank Furniture Company
Schenectady, N. Y., Breslaw Furniture Co.
Seattle, Washington, MacDougal's
Shreveport, La., New York Furniture Co.
South Bend, Indiana, Indiana and Michigan Supply Company
Spokane, Washington, The Crescent
Springfield, Mass., Carlisle Hardware Co.
Springfield, Ohio, Good Housekeeping Shop
Syracuse, N. Y., E. W. Edwards & Son
Tacoma, Washington, The People's Store
Tampa, Florida, Tampa Radio Sales
Terre Haute, Indiana, Root Store Company
Toledo, Ohio, Lion Store
Trenton, New Jersey, Whitehill's Inc.
Troy, New York, Breslaw Furniture Co.
Union City, New Jersey, Vim Stores
Utica, New York, Kempf Brothers
Waco, Texas, Clifton-Simpson Hardware Co.
Washington, D. C., The Hecht Company
Waterbury, Conn., Hampson, Mintie and Abbot, Inc.
Wheeling, W. Va., Reichart Furniture Co.
Wichita, Kansas, Crook Furniture Company
Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, Lazarus Store
Wilmington, Delaware, Stern & Company
Worcester, Mass., C. T. Sherer Co.
Yonkers, N. Y., Steinway Music House, Inc.
Youngstown, Ohio, The Strauss-Hirshberg Company



"THE SHAPE OF *Things to Come*"

Beyond those War Bonds you are so faithfully buying, postwar America is already beginning to take shape. We have a good start toward better living in a better America. But only a start! Because Victory must come first!

Victory must come first on every fighting front! Victory must come first in our factories and on our farms! Victory must come first in the minds and hearts of all Americans! Because the definite "shape of things to come" depends entirely on the successful conclusion of our global war. Then—and only then, will Oil-O-Matic skill, facilities and productive capacity again be devoted to building the products of better living.

War Bonds are the *only* key to the *two* victories that mean better living in a better America. As War Bonds your dollars help build and buy the weapons of Victory for our fighting men. As War Bonds your dollars mean Victory over inflation with its runaway prices and economic destruction. As War Bonds your dollars will actually increase in numbers to become your *better living* dollars of tomorrow.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

ARMY E NAVY

THE BONDS YOU BUY TODAY ARE YOUR GUARANTEE OF A *Better Tomorrow!*

BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS & BONDS

WILLIAMS OIL-O-MATIC HEATING

WILLIAMS OIL-O-MATIC HEATING CORPORATION
BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

Front and Center

Continued from page 24

look around to see that none of the wounded had been overlooked, then he went over the side. Destroyers were hovering around the burning carrier then and, after some time, one of them fished him out.

That night, from the rescue ship, Gorman watched flames mounting hundreds of feet above the still floating carrier's superstructure. Occasionally, white and orange rockets shot up from the doomed carrier—bursting ammunition—but stubbornly she refused to sink. Finally the destroyers, her former escorts, put several torpedoes into her side. The last torpedo touched off a magazine, and the tremor was felt on every ship in the task force. Aboard the Enterprise, ten miles away, officers and men ran to their GQ battle stations, thinking their own ship had been hit. That was the end of the Lex.

Lieutenant Bennett had also received a nice letter from his former boss, Admiral Fletcher. So had Lieutenants Crosby and MacDonald, who had been shipmates with him on the Yorktown.

As dapper, half-pint "Benny" gazed straight ahead, his eyes were on a level with the gold wings on Captain Stump's chest. The citation the captain was reading now told of Benny's part in the Battle of the Coral Sea as a radio officer of the Yorktown:

"When, on May 8, the radio became inoperative, you located the point of breakdown, proceeded to the exposed platform and effected repairs during the height of attack by dive bombers, fighters and torpedo planes, while endangered by our own machine guns and antiaircraft fragments."

Lieutenant Bennett listened to all this with the respectful attention of a man who has spent half of his thirty-four years in the Navy, and for once that contagious grin, roofed over by a wisp of mustache, was missing. Benny had been a radio bug since his high-school days of homemade receiving sets and "ham" sender stations.

On the occasion the captain was describing, Benny had been stationed in the radio room, when a bomb hit on the Yorktown knocked out his equipment. Benny quickly traced the breakdown to the antenna located high on the carrier's mast, and, without hesitating, he grabbed a kit of tools and climbed up there. Benny had never qualified as a professional steeplejack, but that day he earned the title. Jap planes were swarming all around the carrier, and her captain was zigzagging the ship furiously to evade them. At each sharp change of course, Benny and mast swayed back and forth like a buggy whip.

Target for a Jap Bomb

The repair job took him only ten minutes, but, during that time, he saw a dive bomber swoop down and drop a bomb so close it passed between Benny's perch and the ship's stack, and dropped into the water as a near-miss which gave the carrier a decided jolt.

All this, of course, was familiar to Benny, as Captain Stump eulogized it, but he wasn't prepared for the second citation which had to do with the Battle of Midway, the Yorktown and Lieutenant Bennett. Again Benny had been busy at his dials when they were attacked by another group of Jap planes. A pack of Wildcats was dispatched to engage the Japs.

That aerial battle lasted about fifteen minutes, during which time the fighters knocked down nineteen of the twenty-four attacking bombers. Five Japs got through and dived on the Yorktown.

The first bomb hit well forward, starting a small fire which was promptly doused. The second bomb pierced the uptake of her smokestack and disrupted the entire ventilation system of the island structure. Smoke and gases from the ruptured stack filled the radio room, and a sheet of flame shot out of a ventilator, missing Benny's nose by inches. But after the first shock, Benny was too busy to notice the smoke and fumes and heat.

His precious equipment had been put out of commission and he was now working frantically to get it operating again. At first, his stand-by operator was there to help him, but the smoke and fumes presently knocked him out and he was carried to the open air. Benny paused long enough to put on a gas mask and went back to his job. The heat in the radio room was so intense that paint was blistering and melting on the bulkheads, but Benny stuck to it until he had the equipment functioning.

An hour after the first attack there was a lull of several hours while the carrier's crew turned to the damage inflicted by the bombs. That hit in the stack had put most of the boilers out of commission, and the ship, lacking power, was dead in the water.

At five o'clock that afternoon another group of enemy planes approached at a considerable distance from the ship. Over the fighter director's phone they announced: "Here we go again! Many planes. . . ."

A half dozen Wildcats were in the air, while nine other fighter planes were being readied for launching. The boiler damage had been partially repaired by then, and the ship was under way. This second Jap attack was made by torpedo planes escorted by Zeros and it was more disastrous than the first. At least two—and possibly three—torpedoes plowed into the side of the Yorktown, literally blasting her several feet out of the water.

After the first hit, Benny picked himself up out of a corner of the radio room and was pleasantly surprised to find that his equipment was still working. The follow-up torpedo found Benny ready, hanging on to his instrument board, so he wasn't knocked down this time, but the shock was too great for the delicate equipment. It went out permanently.

Benny puttered around with it for a while, then saw it was hopeless, so he busied himself elsewhere. There were wounded to be carried aft from the port gallery walkway, and he found it no easy trip. The holes punched by the torpedoes had let the sea rush in, and the ship was listing badly to starboard.

To get the disabled men over to the life rafts on that side, Benny and the other volunteers had to scramble with their burdens down the sloping flight deck. The rafts were then lowered to the water to be picked up by rescue ships. When all the wounded had been evacuated, Benny made another tour of the ship topside, to see if anyone else had been overlooked.

Abandoning the Yorktown

Satisfied that they were all clear, Benny made his way to the carrier's fantail, slipped into a life jacket and slid down a line into the water. He paddled around until a destroyer picked him up.

"Knowing full well that the Yorktown was in a precarious position because of damage received in the battle and that she was barely seaworthy and that she would probably be the target of repeated submarine and air attack against which it would be very difficult to defend her, he requested that he be allowed to return to the ship and assist in her salvage. The efforts of this salvage party were so successful that all remaining fires were out and two degrees of list had been removed when, in midafternoon, the ship was struck by two torpedoes fired from an enemy submarine. His conduct was in accordance with the best traditions of the naval service."

That was the Navy's way of saying they

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE by ALAN FOSTER

COLLIER'S

"We take turns using the pool"

THE TIRE OF TOMORROW IS HERE TODAY
The New Firestone
DeLuxe Champion
BUILT WITH AMERICAN-MADE SYNTHETIC RUBBER
JUST as you'd expect, Firestone is FIRST to build the tire of tomorrow for the car owners of America. It is only natural that Firestone should be the leader in building better tires from American-made synthetic rubber, for Firestone has always been the pioneer in developing new materials, new methods and new machines that have resulted in tremendous advancements in tire design, construction and performance.
In 1933, Firestone built the FIRST synthetic rubber airplane tires for our armed forces. In 1934, Firestone built its FIRST synthetic rubber passenger car tires. In 1940, Firestone FIRST went into production on synthetic rubber passenger car tires and began the manufacture of its own synthetic rubber, called Butaprene, the same type that was later adopted by the Government. In 1942, Firestone became the FIRST company to produce synthetic rubber in a Government-owned plant and later became the FIRST to make synthetic rubber using butadiene made from grain alcohol. And today Firestone is making synthetic rubber tires for passenger cars, trucks, buses, airplanes, tractors, farm implements and all types of war vehicles.
All of these years of experience, all of the knowledge that made these FIRSTS possible have been called upon in producing the new Firestone DeLuxe Champion Tire built with American-made synthetic rubber. It is now ready for the car owners of America as released by the Government. But do not think that the crisis is past! America's greatest rubber supply is still on the wheels of its 27,000,000 cars. So you must continue all of the rubber conservation measures that have been so effective. However, if you are eligible and require new tires, remember this — in mileage, in strength and in safety the new Firestone DeLuxe Champion Tire upholds the Firestone tradition of "Best in Rubber — Synthetic or Natural."
FIRESTONE
DELUXE CHAMPION
BEST IN RUBBER
Synthetic or Natural

I was putting away Bob's civilian clothes

Of course there was a catch in my throat as I folded Bob's suits, and his sweater, and put shoe trees into his black shoes, and wondered when he'd be wearing them again.

And the thought came . . . supposing he *never* wears them again . . .

It was then, I think, that my heart told me the same story that millions of mothers already know. And the ordinary things of life seemed so small, so petty, so inconsequential.

And I got thinking of the boys—boys like my Bob—fighting, suffering, dying for their Country.

I began examining *my own* conscience. No use trying to fool myself that I "gave" my son. It's not true. He *went*, like millions of others, to do his duty toward the country we all love; our America. And no heroics about it, either.

And I wondered what *we*, here at home, could do.

The *least* we can do, I thought, was to give these boys the guns, tanks, planes and ships they *must* have to conquer . . . and live.

And suddenly my whole conception of War Bonds changed. I saw them not so much as a wonderful investment in money—not so much as personal security for our own financial future . . .

I saw War Bonds as an investment *in the lives of boys like my Bob.* I saw them as Faith in my country—Belief in everything decent and upright—yes, almost my Faith in the justice of God, Himself.

And then I decided. *Nothing else counts.* That's why my husband and I are going over financial matters again. We're going to see how much *more* than 10% of our earnings can go into War Bonds every payday.

And—yes, I patted Bob's old shoe, and even kissed the collar of his coat where it used to touch his neck . . .

"God willing, dear boy," I said, "you'll come back to us. And we'll be able to look you in the eye, confident that our duty will have been done by you, and every one of you!"

Keep on Buying War Bonds

PUBLISHED IN COOPERATION WITH THE DRUG AND ALLIED INDUSTRIES BY

W. F. YOUNG, INC., Manufacturers of

ABSORBINE JR.

thought Philip Norman MacDonald—Benny's roommate—was also quite a guy. Mac (a warrant machinist then) was at his battle station down in the engine room, helping get up speed on the carrier after the boiler damage had been repaired. He heard the warning, "All hands stand by for torpedoes," then, *Wham!* The ship gave a terrific lurch, and all lights went out. Using his flashlight, he went down to the lower platforms to inspect the bulkheads for opened seams and to see if the bilges were taking water.

When the "Abandon ship" order came, he gathered his men together, made sure each had a life jacket, and started them up the ladders to topside. There was no panic, no crowding, even when a hatch jammed and some two hundred men had to wait their turn to squeeze up through a narrow scuttle to reach the hangar deck. Mac saw his men off the ship, then he went down a line himself and, about an hour later, was picked up by a destroyer.

The next morning, the Yorktown, listing badly but still afloat, was being towed by another Navy ship. Mac had been transferred to one of the cruisers in the task force by then with many of the other survivors. Captain Buckmaster, the Yorktown's skipper, called for volunteers to organize a salvage party. "Every man who could walk volunteered," is Mac's version of the response.

One of these volunteers was Warrant Boatswain Crosby whose given name of Edmund will probably come as a surprise to most of his shipmates; they thought he had been christened "Bing."

Twenty-five men went over in whaleboats to the carrier, which was listing so sharply to starboard that they were able to get up from the boats directly onto the hangar deck. Going aboard the deserted flat-top gave Mac and Bing an eerie feeling. The usual carrier clamor produced by the whine of machinery, roaring exhaust fans and plane engines warming up was gone. All they could hear was the creaking of steel and water swishing as the ship rolled in the sea—and the startling echoes of their own footsteps.

Separate gangs were detailed then to revive the crippled ship. Crosby and his hull gang tackled the fires, the worst one of which was still raging in the forward elevator pit, while MacDonald went below to the engine rooms where the deck plates were submerged in five feet of water. The destroyer Hammann had come alongside, and power from her auxiliaries was used to counterflood the carrier and reduce her list.

Disaster Strikes Again

After several hours of this work, the salvage crew began to see heartening results. The fires were out, and the pumps were gradually restoring the Yorktown to an even keel. Then disaster struck again, in the shape of four torpedoes launched by a Jap submarine. Two of them hit the carrier, and the others went through the thin hull of the Hammann.

MacDonald, who was back on the hangar deck then, saw the destroyer go down in less than two minutes and, in that brief interval, he also witnessed the death of a hero. As the Hammann started to settle, one of her crew ran aft and climbed up on the depth-charge racks. MacDonald watched him as he moved from one can of TNT to the next, setting the safety yokes so they wouldn't detonate when the ship sank. It was a race with death, an unfair race that ended when the stern plunged under before his work was finished. Less than thirty seconds later, a geyser marked the spot when the live depth charges let go and bucked the stern of the carrier several feet in the air. A half dozen men on her hangar deck were blasted over the side to join more than a hundred of the Hammann's crew floundering around in the water.

For the next hour, MacDonald, Crosb and the other salvage men helped rescu survivors. Then, realizing that the York town was in even a more hopeless cond tion than ever, they left her for the secon and last time, and got aboard other ship in the task force. Shortly after seve o'clock the next morning, the gallar Yorktown sank.

The citation ceremonies were conclud ing. The solitary figure in clean dungaree standing before the captain was Radioman Alfred R. Stitzelberger who, according to the citation, had earned one of the highes awards in the Navy, the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Captain Stump gave the reason: "Fo extraordinary achievement in aerial com bat as gunner of an airplane of Scouting Squadron Six in action against Japanese forces in the Battle of Midway."

Radioman Stitzelberger had jumped into the War in the Pacific early. As rear-seat man of a Dauntless bomber, he was flying into Pearl Harbor from the carrier Enterprise on December 7, 1941, when he met a flight of Japanese planes returning from their kill. He came through that encounter safely and later took part in both the Marshall and Gilberts and the Wake-Marcus bombing parties. Despite antiaircraft and Jap fighter-plane fire, he came back intact from each of these.

Bird's-Eye View of Victory

"Stitz" had two busy days at Midway. At the opening of the battle, his bomber took off from the Enterprise and, in early afternoon, the pilot, Lieutenant West, dived on a large Jap carrier. As they pulled out of the dive after their bombs had been released, Stitz saw one of them hit the carrier amidships. An explosion and fire followed and, from his rear-seat position, he watched the flames and smoke as the plane squirmed through ack-ack and Jap fighter planes.

His closest call came in the final phase of the Midway battle when he flew with another pilot, Lieutenant Carl Horenburger. They dived out of the sun and made a run on a Jap heavy cruiser through the heaviest antiaircraft fire Stitz had ever encountered. Coming out of the dive, they scored a near-miss on the cruiser, and this was topped off by the plane directly behind them which dropped a thousand-pounder just aft of the bridge. In all, their bomber group was responsible for the sinking of two cruisers of the Mogami class and two destroyers. They were circling around, watching these ships go down when another destroyer suddenly opened up on them with its antiaircraft battery. Luckily, the Japs' aim was none too good, so the bombers high-tailed it back without absorbing any lead. Pilot Horenburger got the Navy Cross for that job.

Stitz wound up his Pacific tour aboard the Hornet. When that carrier was shot out from under him in the battle of Santa Cruz last fall, he was transferred back to the States and eventually was given a thirty-day leave, his first in twenty months. He used it to good advantage, went home to New York City, married his neighborhood sweetheart, and took her to Lake Placid on a midwinter honeymoon.

Captain Stump was reading the citations now, and the ship's company, standing at parade rest, drank in every word. Most of these listeners had never been aboard a carrier before, had never been to sea before and to them the officially worded tales of heroism were inspiring. Already they had acquired a pride of ship in the carrier they were going to take into action . . . "The best damned flat-top in the Navy!" And, as the captain read on, they dreamed about the feats of heroism *they* would perform with her in some distant, unknown battle.

THE END

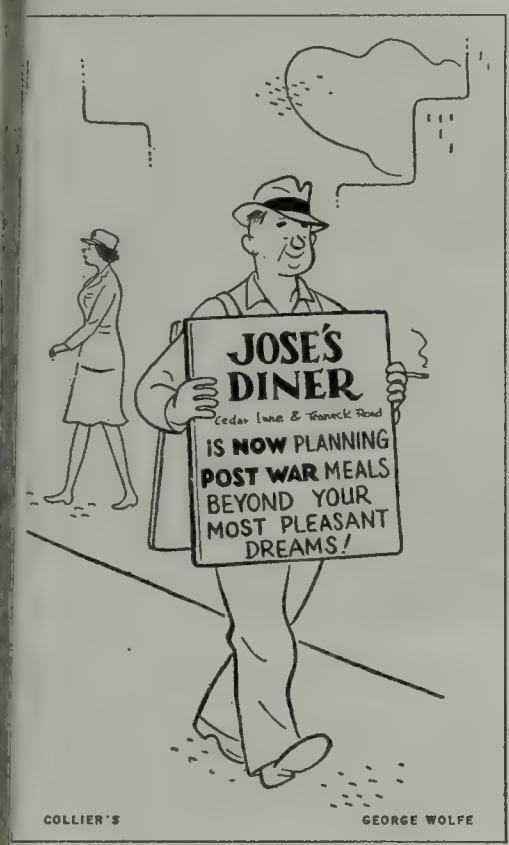
Unite for Peace Now!

Continued from page 11

arding the peace treaty, Hays wrote in ly: "It has been impossible to get forty-e senators to take a united position. they do not represent forty-nine dif-ent positions, the situation is almost that d." It is still that bad. Without aim and thout goal, it is small wonder that each ator must determine his own policy—condition that can only lead to disunity d disorder.

I say that America must determine what r course is to be and I say that she must so now, before the war is over. With e coming of peace, we shall be swayed usual by war weariness and the desire get away from what we incorrectly feel e European and Asiatic problems that not concern us. The fact that Pearl arbor proved the contrary may be for-tten in the eagerness to put the horrors d discomforts of war behind us. In all uth, our lines of defense extend from the ratosphere to the bottom of the ocean. e are confronted now with the airplane d the submarine, and we are no longer free and isolated nation.

I am for international collaboration but, en more, I am for national unity. The nglish, the Russians and the Chinese will



go to the peace table with a solidified policy. Faced with that, I say it is folly for us to be any less prepared. It is the responsibility of the Senate to determine *now* whether we are to participate in the postwar world with a definite aim or whether we are to withdraw completely and seek our safety and security within our own shores.

The first course is reflected in the resolution Senators Ball, Burton, Hill and I introduced in the Senate recently. We seek to have the Senate declare itself in favor of active participation in world affairs, and to make that declaration *now*. If such a course is not desired and if it is to be the settled policy of this country to keep entirely free of foreign affairs, that policy should *likewise* be firmly declared and maintained.

No ship can sail in ninety-six or even twenty-three different directions. A course must be mapped so that we can sail according to chart and compass toward a determined port. The difficulties do not seem to me to be insurmountable. I know and respect my colleagues in the Senate. I recognize their ability, sincerity, integrity and patriotism. Each one of the ninety-six earnestly desires to serve his country. It is only necessary to find the method of adjustment and reconciliation of individual views into one common plan.

That method can be worked out in co-operation with the President. I am utterly convinced that the President entertains similar ideas and understands that he must work with the Senate. The partnership is established in the Constitution. Our job is to make that partnership workable and effective. Everyone agrees that the tragic mistakes of the past must not be repeated today.

The pessimists insist that politics will prevent any agreement in the Senate. I do not believe that. Senator McNary, the Republican leader in the Senate, has never wavered from the position he took twenty-five years ago in defense of the League of Nations. In the debate on the Reciprocal Trade Agreements, Senator Vandenberg of Michigan, who has been classed as an isolationist, went a long way toward collaboration in world affairs when he said, "America must join in whatever organized postwar sanctions are necessary to prevent by mutual force the recurrence of criminal, military aggression in the world."

Senator Barkley of Kentucky, the Democratic leader, has long been an advocate of collaboration. Senator Tom Connally of Texas, head of the Committee on Foreign Relations, has expressed positive views in support of a strong foreign policy of co-operation with other nations.

Closer Contact Desirable

In short, there is ample room for the fusion of ideas and the reconciliation of differences among senators of both parties. It seems clear to me, therefore, that a method for closer contact between the President and the Senate must be provided. It seems entirely reasonable that there should be frequent meetings between the President, his advisers, the Secretary of State and the members of the Foreign Relations Committee. It is a national problem, not a party matter; and it is also a matter of life or death for us as a nation.

The President met with the Committee on Foreign Relations before the invasion of Poland began, and that meeting was not fruitful, but we have learned much since then. We have too well learned that the lives of our sons should never again rest on the confusion, misunderstanding and disorder of our thinking on foreign affairs. It makes no difference whether President Roosevelt desires a fourth term or not. It makes no difference whether a senator has been an isolationist or an interventionist. We must have a definite policy and present a united front to all nations of the world.

As for myself, I am an ardent collaborationist and believe without reservation that the future of this country depends on our co-operation with other nations, but I will be willing to forgo that view if my country decides on another policy. I would rather be a Wrong-Way Corrigan on a course—on any course—than an aviator lost in a fog and going around in circles. I want to follow one course—the course this nation wants. That course must be determined now before it is too late!

The challenge is here; the hour is here. Will the ninety-six members of the Senate be willing to adjust, reconcile and, if need be, surrender their individual views for the sake of formulating a strong and united policy of relations with other nations? America and the world await the answer.

THE END

Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS — Saturday Night — NBC Network

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

"GET UP THERE AND SLUG!

It takes all kinds of planes to make an air force.

Sleek fighters. Swift interceptors. High-level bombers bristling with defensive armament.

And perhaps you'd like to know where, in this line-up, the B-24 Liberator fits in.

Well, it's swift. Not so long ago it made the headlines for the world's record Atlantic crossing — six hours, twenty minutes flying time.

Again, this plane's job is to carry world-famed figure on missions of glob strategy.

Sometimes you've heard about it North Africa, or over the Channel, peppering the long, battered boot th was Rome's glory.

"Liberator" to you, it's rapidly becomin "Nemesis" to the Axis—because this bi swift, four-engined ship with its broa belly full of bombs is ideal when th command is "Get up there—and slug!

BUICK DIVISION OF **GENERA**

We're proud of the Liberator's record because we build its engines.

The four mighty Pratt & Whitney engines with which it starts in life come by the many-hundreds monthly from busy Buick plants.

We think a lot, as we build those engines, about the men who will ride beside them.

They get in the licks wherever there's a job to do. Just "git there fustest with the mostest" bombs.

They count a lot on their engines — both to get them over the target before they are spotted and to get away from intercepting fighters.

So they count on us. And whatever it takes — *we're not going to let them down!*

VICTORY is our Business

GM GENERAL MOTORS

MOTORS

The Army-Navy "E" proudly flies over Buick plants in both Flint, Mich., and Melrose Park, Ill., having been awarded to Buick people for outstanding performance in the production of better war goods.

WHY BE THE GOAT

every time you light your pipe?

Smoke a tobacco that meets the

INDOOR TEST

It's really good taste to smoke BOND STREET.

You get the rich, mellow flavor and bite-free coolness of a custom blend. And—unlike other popular mixtures—BOND STREET leaves no stale pipe odors in the room. The ladies applaud!

BOND STREET contains a rare aromatic tobacco never before used in any popular priced blend.

It's genuinely aromatic. And here's one pipe tobacco that doesn't lose its flavor.

Compare BOND STREET—indoors—with your present blend. Buy a package—today!

15¢

POCKET PACKAGE
Convenient folding Pocket Pouch—10c

BOND STREET
PIPE TOBACCO
A product of PHILIP MORRIS

We're Winning the Cancer War

Continued from page 13

They will admit that certain strains of experimental mice will have breast tumors nearly all the time; and that others will have lung cancers. But these animals have been inbred for twenty to thirty or more generations by brother-and-sister matings. They are as alike genetically as living creatures can be. Only under such conditions is cancer inheritable, and even then, the picture is not clear-cut.

One research man hit upon a significant fact. He was working with mice predisposed to breast tumors. He found that if newborn mice were taken from their mothers at birth and put to nurse on a cancer-free mouse, no tumors developed. But if a baby mouse had the tiniest sip of milk from its own mother, it inevitably got a breast tumor. How does this fit the picture of irritation? No one is quite sure at the moment.

One of the curious aspects of the cancer problem is that cancers from one species will not grow in another. Even man-to-man transplants aren't possible. Many research workers have tried this grisly experiment. They have taken bits of cancer tissue and planted them under the skin of their own bodies. Nothing happened. However, it is possible to transplant a tumor from one spot in a person's body to another spot and have it grow.

It is similarly possible to transplant tumors from one mouse to another—provided they have been inbred for many generations.

Research workers, wondering whether the sooty air of many cities might not contain tars that would account for the increased incidence of one of the most lethal of all cancers—cancer of the lung—set out to find what they could. In certain cities, they set up apparatus to collect airborne soot. From this soot, they extracted tars, and with these tars, they produced tumors in mice. Is there a direct relationship between the amount of soot in the air and the occurrence of lung cancers in men? The positive proof is not in as yet. But epidemiologists are on the job and they have a strong hunch, based on preliminary data, of what their findings will be. If they find that high smoke content of the air and high incidence of lung cancer go together, cities will have an overpowering argument for abatement of the smoke nuisance.

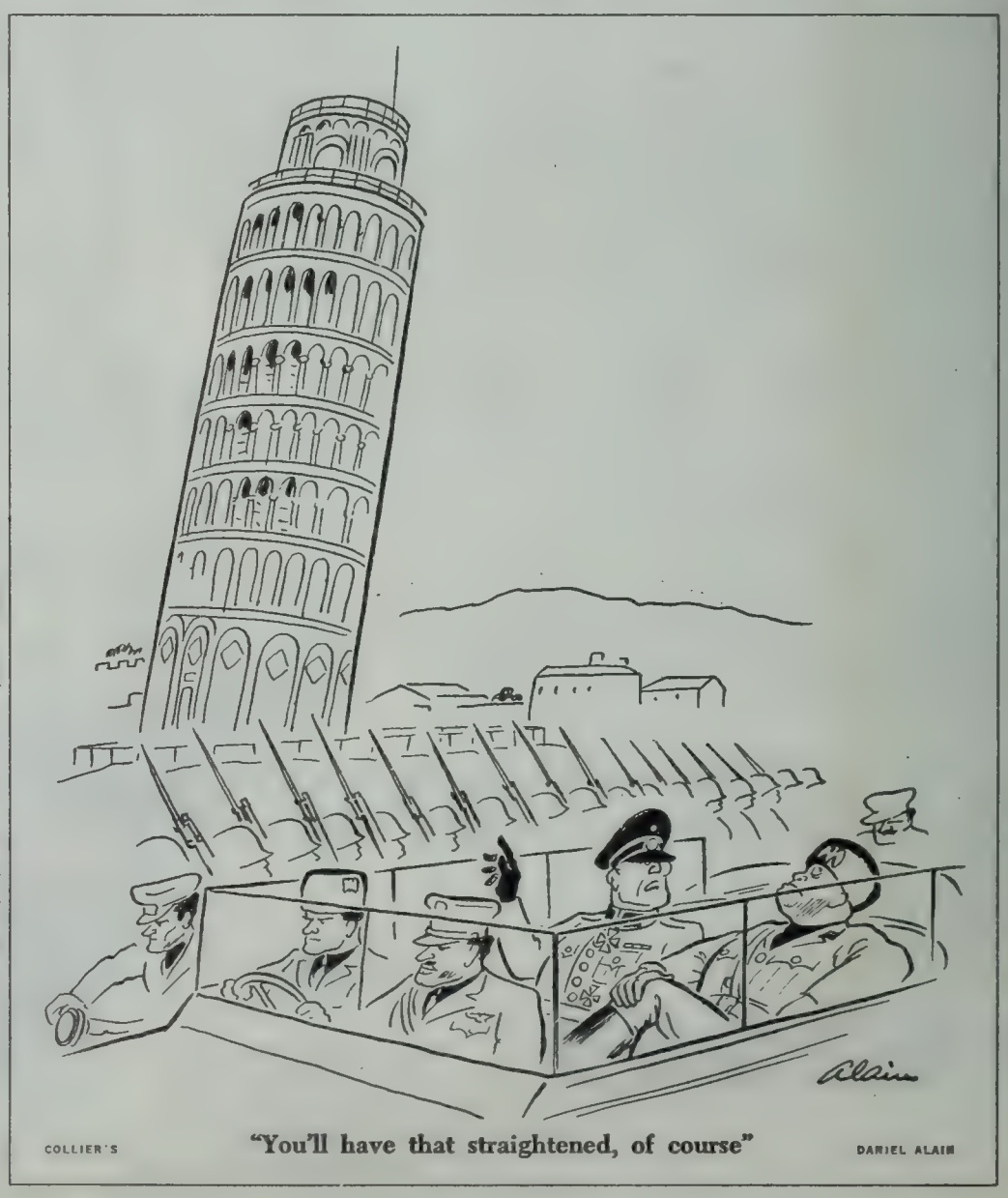
How "Gangster" Cells Develop

In this discussion of the role irritation plays in the cancer picture, we have touched only the high points. Yet one thing should be clear: Cancer, like the gangster, is the product of a harsh environment. The harsh environment may be brought about by any number of factors—hot pipestems, too much sunlight, an excess of sex hormones. Under constant irritation, normal cells have two alternatives: They may perish, or the will to survive may be strong enough for them to become "antisocial." Then we have cancer—or gangster—cells. They live at the expense of the society of cells around them.

Cancer, once thought to be primarily a disease of man, has been found everywhere in the animal world. Cell masses following the cancer pattern have been found in the vegetable world. With few exceptions, cancer can and does strike at every organ in the body. Among men, cancer of the stomach is the chief killer; among women, it is cancer of the uterus. In a sense, cancer of each organ is a separate disease problem.

Where is the battle line against cancer forming? Work of greatest significance is under way—work with the cancer cell itself. This is the obvious starting place.

The biochemists are on a tack which



COLLIER'S "You'll have that straightened, of course" DANIEL ALAIN

holds particular promise. They are studying the nutritional requirements of cancer cells as opposed to normal cells. Suppose they do find some subtle difference? We know that men require minute amounts of certain vitamins to survive. Suppose something of the sort is also found about cancer cells? The thought opens brilliant possibilities. It might be possible to withhold this vital food and starve the cancer cells to death.

Still another approach has interesting possibilities. One group of research men at the Institute is looking for chemicals that will have a specific destructive action on cancers—a similar type of selectivity as the sulfa drugs have against certain bacteria.

To date, they have one hopeful-looking substance. It is a chemical produced by certain strains of bacteria. When this material is injected into mice, it has a selective effect on the tumor mass. The tumor becomes hemorrhagic and partly destroyed. The point is this: A chemical material that has a *selective* effect on cancer is on hand. Perhaps other chemicals may be found which will have a similarly selective effect but will destroy the tumors entirely and not be harmful to normal tissue. It is a glowing prospect.

One of the most promising pieces of work in recent cancer history has been performed at the Institute. A little background is necessary to appreciate its significance. In 1907, Doctor Ross G. Harrison, working at Johns Hopkins, developed a method for culturing tissue. He would immerse a bit of tissue—say a sliver of living tissue from a frog embryo—in a nutrient medium composed principally of the clear clot from animal blood. Later, workers learned that such tissue clumps would grow indefinitely, under proper conditions. The tissue clumps had to be trimmed down occasionally and fed from time to time.

This method of growing animal tissue outside the animal body was one of the greatest achievements of modern science.

Mightn't it be possible (one worker at the Institute asked) to produce artificial cancers on such tissue? First, he would start with normal tissue, perhaps a bit of connective tissue from one of the genetically alike, brother-and-sister inbred mice mentioned earlier.

This tissue would grow under absolutely sterile conditions. Once growth was well under way, he would add one of the powerful carcinogenic agents, a coal-tar derivative. Then, under his microscope, he would follow the life-and-death drama. He would see normal, healthy tissue change into the gangster cells of cancer. This was the project he laid out.

The Epochal Experiment

His reasoning worked perfectly in practice. After a while, the normal cells began to clump together in a disorderly mass. Obviously, they had greatly changed. He withdrew some of this living tissue and implanted it under the skin of a mouse—a relative of the one from which the tissue originally came.

Within two weeks, a hard mass began to form. It was cancer—the first artificial cancer man had ever made in a laboratory flask!

Significance? This work, completed only a few months ago, opens a new doorway to the cancer researcher. It gives him a new method of producing cancer artificially, thereby ruling out many extraneous factors.

Since these changes are produced under sterile conditions, there can be no question of bacteria playing any part in this cancer picture. Furthermore, it gives the cancer investigator an opportunity to study the Jekyll-Hyde transformation that takes place when normal tissue changes into cancer tissue.

This work will have value elsewhere. Since cancer can be produced under the simplest, most perfectly controlled conditions, it opens new opportunities to study cell nutrition. How does the cancer cell live, and how does it eat and breathe? Do cancer cells destroy surrounding cells only by the pressure of their growth? Or do cancer cells secrete a poison?

The research man has still another goal: to develop a positive test for cancer. One tragic fact about cancer is that it rarely causes pain in early stages. Too often, deep internal cancers go unnoticed until they are beyond the best efforts of the surgeons.

A test—a blood test perhaps, or a skin test—which would indicate the presence of these tumors would be of inestimable value. It would give us the type weapon against this great killer that the Wassermann test gives us against syphilis.

The layman has one weapon against the mass of superstition and misinformation about cancer: knowledge. Prompt treatment by expert hands can materially reduce mortality. Figures indicate that breast cancer is 75 per cent curable if given prompt attention; whereas in its late stages, only 20 per cent of its victims survive. Early skin cancer is 95 per cent curable; lip, 85 per cent; uterus, 80 per cent; bladder, 50 per cent. But if left unattended, cancer kills as inevitably as a guillotine.

New Approach to the Problem

Until very lately, there have been but two weapons against cancer: radiation and the knife. Now, a new treatment for certain types of tumor shows a great deal of promise. It sprang from some very shrewd thinking on the part of Doctor Charles Huggins of the University of Chicago. He noted the high incidence of cancer of the prostate in men. This is one of the sex glands. The disease kills one out of every 20 men over 50 years of age.

Long ago, investigators noted that if men were castrated, atrophy of the prostate followed. Doctor Huggins reasoned that in this process, the cancer might also shrink in size. His reasoning was borne out. Men who underwent this operation got almost immediate relief from the exquisite pain which accompanies prostatic cancer.

Then Doctor Huggins took another step in his reasoning. Apparently atrophy of the prostate was a natural consequence of cutting the supply of male sex hormones, but there was some evidence that a similar effect could be achieved by administering female sex hormones—the estrogens. In other words, the female hormones seemed to neutralize the male factors. On one series of patients, he started administering the female hormones—in pill form. Results were similarly encouraging.

This new work has sent research men off on an interesting tack. Cancer of the prostate is a disease of men. A feminine counterpart is cancer of the breast. Would it be possible to control cancer of the breast by administering male sex hormones?

So far, results are by no means conclusive. But they indicate that this procedure will *prevent* breast cancers in mice predisposed to these tumors. It will not, however, check growth once started.

Where do we stand today? We have taken great strides in treatment of cancer. A third of the lives lost each year to this disease could be saved if people received skilled treatment the moment cancer is suspected.

Early cancer is best detected by regular periodic examinations in competent hands. Researchwise, it is probable that knowledge has accumulated more rapidly in the past five years than in all previous cancer history.

THE END

-nothing like it!

Here and abroad, in tropical and frigid climates, our armed forces have found that Mennen Skin Balm is good for treating a variety of skin troubles. A unique preparation that is cooling, astringent, non-greasy, it quickly soothes irritated skin. Vanishes almost instantly. Send a jar to some boy in camp—keep a jar or two at home. Here are a few of its many uses:

—after shaving
—chapped hands and face
—for sunburn and windburn
—cold sores and cracked lips
—relieves tired, burning feet
—takes sting out of insect bites

Feminine Note — Mennen Skin Balm keeps arms and legs soft and smooth.

MENNEN
SKIN BALM

"Fritz Reiner Conducting!"

. . . THREE WORDS THAT PROMISE GREAT MUSIC!

When Fritz Reiner conducts, you can depend on it—you'll hear music to remember! A brilliant musical scholar, a conductor of rare feeling and vitality—he avoids mannerisms—devotes all his energies to bringing you the great conceptions of great composers, *fully* realized.

He has conducted leading orchestras of Europe and America—and now, under his direction, the Pittsburgh Symphony has risen to top rank. Columbia brings you their finest performances! Reiner is world-famous as a Wagnerian conductor, and his Masterworks recording of excerpts from *Die Meistersinger* (X-MX-218) is a triumph! Magnificent, too, is his unsurpassed reading of Richard Strauss' *Don Quixote* (M-MM-506). He brings to it the understanding, compassion, and humor which are the essence of the Strauss characterization. With Gregor Piatigorsky as solo 'cellist, this is Strauss as it *should* be played!

Like so many great conductors, Fritz Reiner now records *exclusively* on Columbia Masterworks. These records are laminated—pressed in layers—with surfaces of highly sensitized, longer-wearing materials. The Sensitone-Surface, *exclusive with Columbia,* makes possible more lifelike tone, and amazing freedom from needle noise!

Hear Fritz Reiner and other great artists . . . Sir Thomas Beecham, Guiomar Novaës, Lily Pons, Charles Kullman, Howard Barlow . . . brilliantly recorded by Columbia. Great music by the world's great artists is *faithfully yours on Columbia Masterworks Records!*

COLUMBIA *Masterworks* RECORDS

Trade Marks "Columbia," "Masterworks" and Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. *Prices shown are exclusive of taxes* *Columbia Recording Corporation A Subsidiary of Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc.*

mar Novaës, brilliant Brazilian t, plays Villa-Lobos' delightful Doll; *Rag Doll; Cardboard Doll* the "Baby's Family"). This re- g brings you all the sparkling y of her touch. 17355-D . $ .75

Charles Kullman, tenor; Kerstin Thorborg, contralto; Vienna Phil. Orch. with Walter: Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde.* Set M-MM-300 . . . $7.50

Excerpts from Wagner's "Lohengrin" and "Die Meistersinger." 9146-M, $1.00

Howard Barlow and the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony: MacDowell's *Suite No. 2* ("Indian"). Superbly performed. Set M-MM-373 . . $4.50

Through the Looking Glass, Suite by Taylor. Set M-MM-350 . . . $4.50

Lily Pons, brilliant coloratura soprano, sings *Three Operatic Arias,* accompanied by the Columbia Opera Orchestra under Cimara. Set M-MM-505 . $2.75

Another Pons triumph—the *Mozart Arias.* Superb! Set M-MM-518 . . . $2.75

Sir Thomas Beecham and the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York: Sibelius' great *Symphony No. 7 in C Major.* Set M-MM-524 . . $3.50

Tchaikovsky's *Capriccio Italien,* with same orchestra. Set X-MX-229 . $2.50

He was going down the net, the ship rolling, his hands tight around the heavy strands. It seemed a great distance to the water

LIKE A SOLDIER

BY JOHN WELLS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

Here is one man's answer to the question all soldiers must face: How will I act when first I am under fire?

HE HAD often wondered, since he had been inducted, when he would begin to feel like a soldier; when he would begin to *think* as he imagined a soldier should think. His thought processes had changed but little in two and a half months, and most of the time he regarded himself as a civilian playing a temporary role in this military affair. Certain of his values had changed, but nothing really important. There had been no change within him.

And now, as the hand shaking his shoulder helped him fight his way out of the two-hour sleep, he wondered vaguely when he would become used to things like this—when he would cease regarding them as unusual.

He knew where he was. He felt the rolling motion of the ship and knew they were still in the heavy swell offshore, the ship not moving except as the swell rolled her. He was awake, then, and the man stopped shaking him and said, "What's the number of your beep, Mac?"

"Two-one-eight-six-nine." The numbers were in his mind. It was not difficult for him to remember figures.

He saw the man, by the glow of the flashlight held considerably away from his eyes, consulting a sheet of paper. A figure was checked and the man said to him, "Get your stuff together and get on deck. They're puttin' your car over the side in a couple of minutes."

He said, "Okay," and got out of the bunk, awakened fully, now, by the thoughts that prodded at his mind.

He glanced at the luminous-dialed wrist watch the crowd at the office had given him the day he had left for camp. He had gone to sleep at midnight, and it was now two o'clock. He wondered how he would be able to find his way around the deck when he got up there. He knew they wouldn't be showing any lights. He rolled his blankets swiftly and was aware of the other men moving about him in the dim glow cast by the blue light overhead.

In his stomach was a nervousness such as he remembered feeling just before the start of football games, in high school. He knew there was nothing he could do about it and that it would eventually disappear as soon as he got moving, doing something definite. He rolled his blankets quickly and strapped them to the rest of his pack, and took the tommy gun from the foot of the bunk and slung it over his shoulder. He tried to remember how the bunks were situated, between himself and the ladder leading to the deck above, and he skirted them carefully. As he neared the ladder, he could hear the sound of firing from the direction of the beach and knew that they were still having trouble.

WHEN he reached the deck he could see the firing by the tracer, and it defined the distant beach pretty clearly. They had been banging away at that shore since two o'clock in the afternoon, but they were still having plenty of trouble. He wondered if things hadn't gone sour.

He had watched them during the afternoon. Two cruisers had gone up and down the line, really throwing steel into that beach, but when the first bunch had gone in, in the heavy assault boats, there had been a terrible wave of fire to meet them. There had been planes, too, skimming along the dunes, playing hell with the boats in the surf and the men trying to get up the beach.

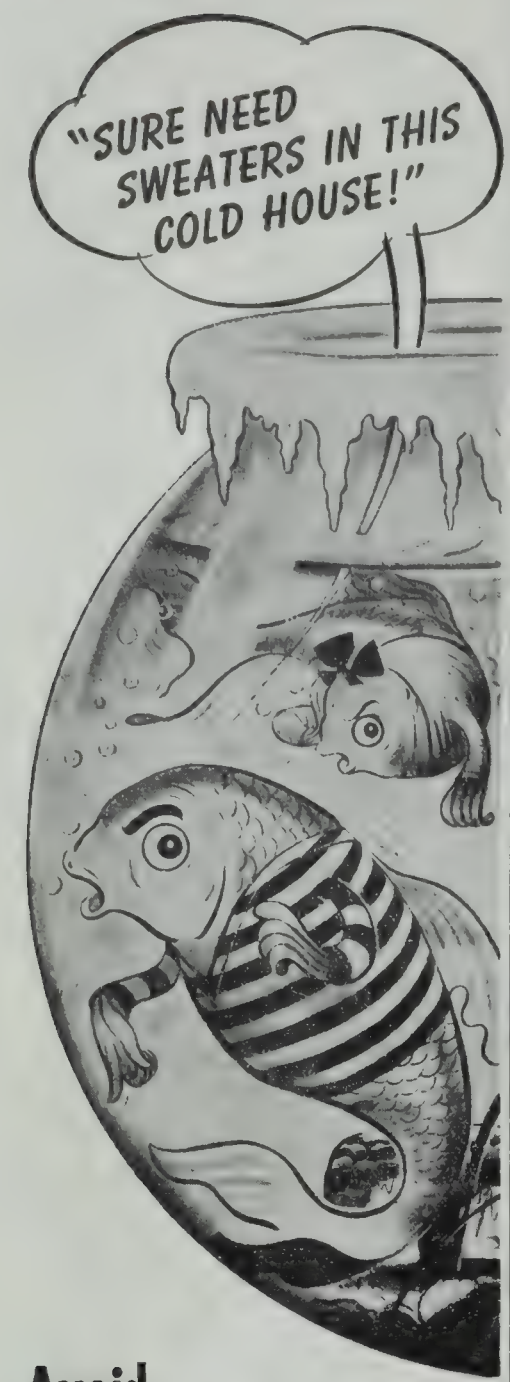
The second wave hadn't gone in until much later, just before dark, really, and even then the opposition had been heavy, murderous. He had watched the affair from several miles out, and he had been frightened. They would take the stretch of sand, all right, but a lot of people were getting hurt in the process.

This deck of the ship was dark and filled with ordered confusion. Someone grabbed him by the arm, asked the number of his car. He gave it quickly and was told, "Over on the starboard side, Mac. They'll be loadin' in a minute."

He worked his way to the starboard rail and heard the Higgins boats banging against the side of the ship. This part of the business he had never rehearsed, and he wondered how it would go. He was nervous, but only because he feared doing the wrong thing; the cold lump that had been in his belly had melted.

(Continued on page 51)

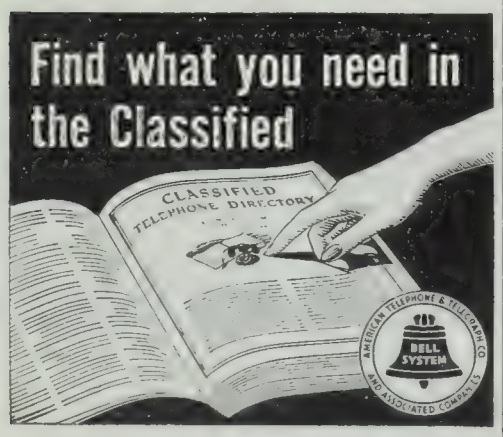
FURLINGANE PUBLIC LIBRARY



Avoid icy rooms next winter. Put your heating plant in order now!

Have it cleaned, adjusted, repaired—to get maximum heat out of the fuel. If you're thinking of changing your type of fuel, now's the time.

The Classified tells you who can do these jobs, and who can supply storm windows, weather-stripping and insulation. For these and a great variety of other products and services—



Our Aerial Spies

Continued from page 16

be at "vapor trail level." Those telltale trails are composed of ice particles formed by the passage of the plane through subzero air. The trail level varies from day to day. Usually you find it around thirty thousand feet. When you do find it, you come down just below it and set your course. Thirty thousand is a good height although pictures have been made nearly two miles higher.

Four hours and he will be back—probably.

Tough Going All the Way

He has been briefed for flak areas and possible fighter opposition. His course has been worked out to make it as tough as possible for the enemy's radio locators to pick him up; or at least to figure where he is going. Still you never know what's going to happen. Captain Hershell Parsons got "bends" in his right wrist while flying at thirty-one thousand feet. He had to come down to a lower altitude to free himself of pain and discomfort. He was on his way to photograph U-boat yards at Flensburg and Kiel, in northwest Germany, where Fortresses and Liberators that same afternoon had left their cards. He was greeted with all the irritation and rage of the freshly stung Germans. They flung at his lone plane as much flak as if he were a hundred heavy bombers. Nevertheless Captain Parsons, who is twenty-four, and comes from St. Charles, Virginia, made three picture "runs" over Kiel and two over Flensburg. Then with film and time still on his hands, the captain decided on a little extra chore—he took pictures of three other enemy strongholds, Sylt, Helgoland and Eckernförde and bounded around in some more flak. Captain Parsons got home okay from the longest overwater flight, to the greatest distance from home base, Andover, through the most heavily defended area of any mission flown up to that time by the Focus Cats.

Lieutenant Colonel James G. Hall of Fort Worth, Texas, is boss Focus Cat. He flew through the last war with the French, kept on flying through twenty-five years of peace as a sportsman pilot who established several transcontinental speed records in a specially built Lockheed. He handles his Lightning with skill that is both the pride and envy of his "Cats." He flew their first sortie and recently he made three runs over Paris, "Partly for sentimental reasons." The slogan of the Focus Cats is "Get 'em, got 'em, gone!" Their insignia, designed by Walt Disney, is a black cat clutching a camera and riding a lightning bolt.

Targets for the Enemy

Carrying no armament, their Lightnings are several hundred pounds lighter than the fighter equivalents that made such a name for themselves in the Tunisian campaign.

The pilots try to make them lighter still by removing sections of armor plate and the heavy bulletproof wind screen. Speed is their chief protection—speed and constant vigilance. Knowing they are unarmed and largely unarmored, enemy fighters pile into the Focus Cats with extra gusto.

Captain Vernon Luber, twenty-two, of Marshfield, Wisconsin, on his way home at twenty-nine thousand feet from picture snapping over Brussels and Liége, heard a warning on his radio. He spotted two "bandits" (Air Force for enemy aircraft) less than a mile behind him. Luber edged up his throttles and stuck down his nose. When he leveled off at twenty-five thousand feet he was, as he described it, "moving!" He looked back and saw that the Focke-Wulfs were losing the race.

"So," he explained complacently, "I kept my drop tanks!" (The extra reserve tanks which can be dropped to lighten the ship and increase its speed.)

Photo reconnaissance calls for more versatility than any other form of aerial warfare. Flying a twin-engine aircraft, the pilot must watch an instrument panel nearly as complex as that of a Flying Fortress. Watch it, that is, whenever his head is not turning like a weather vane looking for the deadly speck in the sky that may be an F-W or a Messerschmitt on the prowl.

In addition, the photo-recon pilot must solve problems of navigation, check for wind drift, map-read his way over unfamiliar (and often camouflaged) enemy territory.

He must handle his own radio communications, look constantly into the rear-view mirror to make sure he is not leaving the giveaway vapor trail, make the constant weather observations which are a very important part of his job. He must be able if necessary to take violent evasive action or fly steady as a chicken hawk while he takes his pictures. And he must guard particularly against relaxing after he's got his pictures. Most of the boys who have been lost were knocked off on their way home—just failure to keep their heads turning all the time.

"Hell!" said one pilot feelingly. "It's like playing the organ at the Roxy—with the audience shooting at you!" Captain James S. Wright of Cleveland, Ohio, can tell you about that. Harassed by extremely accurate flak in a run over Breman, Bremerhaven, Wilhelmshaven and Cuxhaven, he found that he had picked up an unwelcome escort of seven F-W 190s. He managed to keep ahead of the pack and continued to shoot pictures. Then, in his own words, he "became rather careless" and did not keep up a constant search of his starboard beam and quarter. A Messerschmitt 109 dived on him. Wright made a tight turn. But that put him head-on toward the Focke-Wulf pack. So he dived under their noses, zoomed up behind them—up to 32,000 feet. The F-Ws gave up, but the lone Me stuck on his tail less than a mile behind. For twelve minutes, straight out to sea, the Me chased him. Captain Wright by going downhill to 25,000 feet managed to increase his lead and get away. You'd have to use a dustcloth to find the gas left in Wright's tank when he reached England.

All these skills naturally serve the primary object of the mission—aerial photography. Each Lightning carries in its nose a battery of cameras. The task of sighting them is extremely difficult. The pilot has nothing comparable to a bomb sight to help him and yet he is "shooting" at a relatively small target. From thirty thousand feet, a patch of ground 2 miles square looks none too large. Often the area is carefully camouflaged.

Playing Tag with Death

To make matters worse, the pilot loses sight of his objective several miles before he begins to photograph it, because when he makes his approach, the target is hidden by his wing. Yet most of the sorties are highly successful. From their very first mission the Americans brought back pictures which resulted in a surprise bombing attack that caught the enemy flat-footed next day.

Naturally the Germans resent these intrusions. They try every trick to trap these high-flying youngsters and maintain standing patrols to intercept them—and sometimes do. From one of the first sorties, the pilot did not return. As he droned over the enemy-held coast, radio-location equipment in England spotted a patrol of German fighters in that area. A warning was flashed to the Yank, but there was no reply. As the air executive officer of the squadron said laconically, "You can get

"Competition is tough now, but wait'll his old man comes home!"

COLLIER'S BANDEL LINN

"Wonder where I'll be this hunting season . . ."

My last night in the old room . . . Wonder if Army cots are comfortable . . .

Sorry Dad and I won't get in our week of hunting this fall . . . Good old Dad . . . And Marge . . . Every wolf in this burg will come howling around, darn it . . . Good way to get to know Dads: going hunting with 'em . . .

Wonder where I'll be this hunting season . . . Maybe I'll be glad I'm not such a lousy shot before this is over . . . Wonder if Margie will really write me every day . . . That "emergency" box of shells—mustn't forget to give it to Dad . . . Gosh knows I've bummed *his* shells often enough.

Mom—claiming she had something in her eye when she kissed me good-night. And not fooling anybody . . . Lump in my throat was as big as a grapefruit . . .

What a swell bunch of people to come back to! . . . * * *

Since war has called so many millions of Americans away from their homes and their homeland, Remington is thankful that it is in a position to help send them well armed.

Full details of an astonishing war production story cannot yet be told. But these facts may interest you . . .

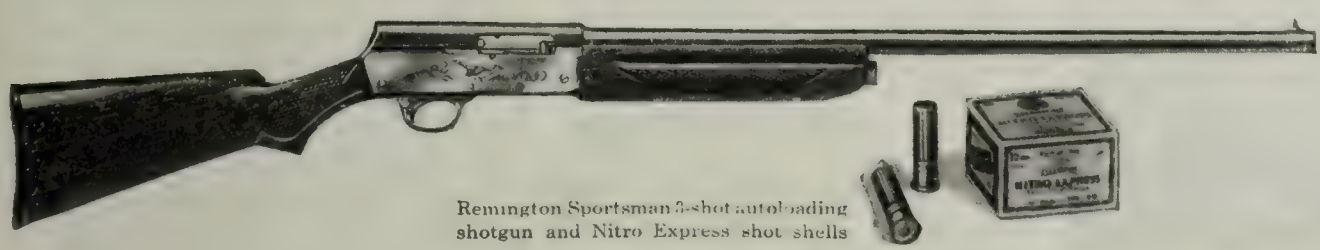
— *during 1942 Remington made nearly one half of all the small arms ammunition produced in this country;*

— *Remington's small arms ammunition production in seven and a half months of that year alone was greater than that of the entire country in World War I;*

— *and in the first six months of 1943 Remington's production stepped up to new heights.*

When fathers and sons can once more go hunting together in a peaceful world—we will again be serving them with Remington shotguns and rifles, Nitro Express shells, Kleanbore Hi-Speed .22's, and Core-Lokt big-game bullets. Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Connecticut.

"Nitro Express," "Kleanbore," "Hi-Speed," "Sportsman," Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.; "Core-Lokt" is a trademark of Remington Arms Co., Inc.



Remington Sportsman 3-shot autoloading shotgun and Nitro Express shot shells

Remington

DU PONT

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

There Are No "Graduation Days" For Good Railroad Men

IT may seem strange to a little child just starting in school to see DAD bringing home books, too.

But it's an everyday sight in the homes of Erie men because constant training in better railroading methods is a regular part of the Erie program.

After all, it isn't alone the number of years of service that count. It's the knowledge gained both by experience and study that makes a railroad modern and progressive.

All along the Erie lines you will find regular conferences attended by experienced men as well as youngsters. They are studying better ways of doing their jobs in order to make good service better. Good railroad men cannot be trained in a few weeks. It takes years of training to be ready for the responsibilities of moving and safeguarding human lives and valuable freight.

Wartimes call for alertness, efficiency, and dependability on the part of all railroad men. Erie men are determined that no assignment either in war or peace will find them unprepared.

ERIE

23,578 FREIGHT TRAINS DAILY

1,408,964 FREIGHT CARS DAILY

25,000,000 NET TONS DAILY

AMERICAN RAILROADS AT WAR

THE RAILROAD OF HELPFUL SERVICE

away from one Focke-Wulf easily, from two with a little effort. But six—well, you need guns to fight yourself out of a jam like that."

Actually that pilot may have landed safely by parachute. A German radio message was intercepted, warning their own ground patrols to look out for a chutist.

Another outstanding adventure with a bandit trap was that of First Lieutenant George F. Owen, gay, black-haired kid from Redstone, Montana, and the pet of the Focus Cats, who was a second looey for what he considered an inhumanly long time. He says he finally got his promotion after a long campaign of holding doors open for the commanding officer and loudly offering to buy him drinks. But George won the oak-leaf cluster on his Air Medal for more serious activities. Above unbroken clouds he was cruising in search of his target area in Occupied France. He discovered 4 enemy fighters chasing him. Turn as he would, by imitating his moves the bandits always kept between him and home. So he flew south in the opposite direction to his base and lost them. However, he was now a long, long way from England and with a diminished gas supply that made his return there problematical. Nevertheless, instead of lighting out directly for safety, Owen returned to have another look for his target. It was still blanketed, but he did get some valuable pictures. Low gas and weather considerations forced him down until he flew his last 30 miles within enemy-held territory just over the rooftops. An R.A.F. squadron answered his distress call and escorted him from the Channel to the nearest field in England. He had five minutes' worth of gas left when he landed.

Weather naturally is all-important. You can't take high-altitude photographs through layers of clouds. But if the primary target is covered, chances are that another area may be clear. Almost any photograph of enemy territory is of some value; in fact, on clear days, pilots are encouraged to use up all their film by letting their cameras run on the trip home. The amount of valuable information thus picked up at random is extraordinary. Read by experts, such photographs furnish clues to every sort of enemy activity. British reconnaissance photo interpreters are more war experienced; but ours, working with them, are learning fast.

A good man can look at the photo of an enemy airfield taken from 35,000 feet and tell you the types of planes that, to you, even under a glass, are just microscopic dots. Moreover, they can estimate the output of a factory from certain details in its photograph; or can spot flak batteries despite the cleverest camouflage.

Details Prove Valuable

These interpreters are just as enthusiastic about their work as the pilots who take the pictures. Witness the whopper about the German photo-intelligence officer who, when captured, instantly demanded to be put to work. "But why?" asked his puzzled captors. "They're pictures, aren't they?" snapped the German. "What do I care who took them!"

In addition to the pictures he takes, the Focus Cat pilot usually brings home all sorts of useful information. His weather observations and notes, for example, are of value to forecasters, who, utilizing something our lone young adventurer tells them, may determine whether a tremendous fleet of bombers goes out or stays home. His casual glimpses of enemy shipping can have immediate importance.

Not long ago a photo-reconnaissance pilot spotted three ships trying to slip from the Baltic into the North Sea. He was six miles up in 50-below-zero air. Down near the tip of Denmark, those vessels looked like black splinters on a steel mirror. But the pilot recognized enemy warships and—although he knew it might betray his position and cost him his life—he used his radio.

Out from Britain roared a flotilla of torpedo-carrying planes. The German squadron—powerful units, possibly bent on a raiding expedition against Russia-bound convoys—was driven back. And the unexpected observer proceeded to carry on with his anonymous work.

For all these reasons there is a flash interrogation of the photo-recon kid almost before his plane has stopped rolling. Then an exhaustive one when he has thawed out enough to move to the Intelligence office. Meanwhile the exposed film has been rushed off to the darkroom. Six minutes is the lab crew's best time so far from plane landing to developed picture. You would be surprised how interested the pilots are in the pictures they've taken; they hang around waiting to see them before they go to the interpreter's.

Eyes That See in the Dark

One big new forward step in photo-recon operations is at hand. No longer is the picture taking of the Focus Cats limited to daylight. Like real cats they can see in the dark. Photos taken at night with the aid of powerful chute flares are almost as valuable as those taken by day. They are particularly useful in antisubmarine work, in the spotting of nocturnal activity in harbors and on adjacent highways, supply concentrations and troop movements.

Temperamentally, the youthful Focus Cats seem to be a happy blend of fighter and bomber pilots—all the dash and eagerness of the typical fighter combined with the steadfastness and reliability of the battlewagon pilot. They have, further, an intelligent appreciation of the worth of their hazardous work. They know a single picture they snap might save thousands of lives in an invasion operation; or determine the point to which hundreds of bombers will next fly.

The High Command obviously thinks photo-recon work is pretty important, too. In the closing stages of the Tunisian campaign everything stopped for 48 hours because bad weather made it impossible for the ground commander to obtain what he considered adequate photographic coverage of Axis positions. As invasion goes on, the Focus Cats with their British comrades will be its pathfinders, its highway markers, and its map makers. Just the other day the Cats received a request for coverage of two hundred enemy air bases in Europe. They got 167 in the first 6 days! They have photographed hundreds of square miles of enemy territory in a single day.

It's an impressive sight when four-engined heavies thunder down the runways or when sweeps of fighters roar across the Channel in formation like great javelins flung against the foe. But it's still more impressive to thoughtful watchers when a lonesome photo-recon boy goes out in his unarmed Lightning to play tag with death 6 miles over Germany. It takes courage—plenty—to fight with a gun in your hand and your comrades beside you. But to fight with nothing but a camera and your wits against flak that can hit you at 35,000 feet, against fighter pilots and planes that are among the best in the world—well, that takes a particular brand of guts.

The Focus Cats have it. You won't hear much about them in the big days ahead. But they'll be in there—high level, low level, day and night, with, as one poetic flier puts it, "A kind of invisible glory on their wings."

They are the eyes of our Army. And the Army can never see too much!

THE END

"We had a fight and she's going home to Mother, but the earliest train reservation she could get is a week from tomorrow"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

Like a Soldier

Continued from page 47

He bumped into a hurrying form in the dark and said, "Pardon me." The man turned and said, "What's the number of your car, kid?" He gave it again.

"The next boat is your ferry. Got your gear?"

He said he had his gear, and the man told him, "Don't get lost. We don't want to be lookin' all over the ship for you guys."

It was easy, now, not to move. He was where he should be, at any rate. He dropped his gear at his feet and tried to see what was going on. His eyes were becoming accustomed to the dark.

Two assault boats were being loaded, farther forward. He saw the heavy cables, slung from the ship's booms, dipping into the hold and bringing out the beeps—the quarter-ton scout cars. They went over the side and into the assault boats tied up alongside. There was noise down there, shouting and the metallic clang of fenders and car bodies, but the work went on with surprising swiftness.

Then he saw the nets slung down the side of the ship, and in a moment he made out the figures of the men climbing down, and he knew these were the drivers, like himself.

The assault boats were rising and falling in the heavy swell, and the men would hang on the nets, waiting for the boat to rise before loosing their hold on the nets and jumping aboard. They were wearing full packs, and he suddenly wondered what would happen if someone slipped.

That occurred almost as he thought of it. He was watching the man on the net. The assault barge rose on the swell, the man jumped and hit the rail. High on the deck above, he heard the splash, felt within himself the alarm, the horror. The barge closed in over the spot where the man had fallen and banged against the side of the ship. There was a moment of shouting and fishing with boathooks, but nothing happened. Then the work went on.

It was all going on about him but he wasn't a part of it. Now, he was concerned with the man who had fallen. The heavy roar of the cruiser's guns, a bit farther in, hammered against his ears but meant nothing. The thousands of rounds of tracer streaking the night seemed a familiar thing and unimportant. He thought of the man who had just drowned. He knew that the fellow hadn't had a chance. You fall in with a full pack then get banged against the side of a ship, and you don't do much swimming.

He heard someone shouting, then. The numbers bit into his consciousness and turned him. "Two-one-eight-six-nine!" They were repeated, and he called. "Right here."

"Well, hurry up—get movin'! We can't hold this thing all night for you."

HE STARTED forward, toward the sound of the voice, and his foot hit against his gear, lying on the deck. He stooped to pick it up, then suddenly thought of the man who had fallen in. He hesitated for half a breath, then grabbed the gear and slung it on his back.

In a moment he was on the rail and someone was telling him, "Don't go down too far. Wait for the boat to come up on the swell, then let go and jump. Good luck, kid."

He was going down the net, the ship rolling, his hands tight around the heavy manila strands, reluctant to let go as his feet found lower purchases. The gear on his back, and his gun, pulled him out and away from the side of the ship. It seemed a great distance to the water as he looked down for the Higgins boat, rising and falling below him.

Relaxing was an unconscious thing, accomplished as he moved and became accustomed to this new medium. He had spent a great deal of time around the water, on small boats, and he had a sense of these things. He paused at the exact proper spot on the net, waited for the assault boat to rise on the swell, then just stepped aboard and dropped to the deck.

Someone called, "Watch your head!" and he looked up quickly. There was another beep coming down, and two sailors at a guiding line swung it into position and the cable permitted it to settle in the

COME OUT OF THAT '5 o'clock Shadow'

1. You Didn't Think She'd Notice, Eh?

Man, that's a *bad* error! *Every* woman notices "5 o'clock Shadow" — that messy afternoon beard stubble. To be spick and span begin with your chin. Keep it smooth *all day!*

2. How To Get The Chin That Wins

It's simple. Just shave with a Gem Blade. Gem's the super-keen blade that gives you *all-day* face neatness. A Gem shave lasts longer, looks better, feels better.

3. Thicker, Tougher Steel!

Sturdy Gem is stropped to a deep wedge-edge. No flimsy steel can stand up to such a stropping or take such a keen, *longer-lasting* edge.

4. Get More Shaves—Save Steel

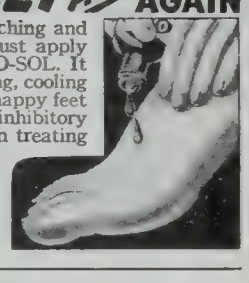
Make your durable Gem Blades last even longer by protecting their edges. Dry your razor and blade carefully after each shave.

GEM

TAKE CARE OF YOUR CAR

DU PONT
№ 7 POLISH
MAKES CARS SPARKLE!

HAPPY FEET ARE HERE AGAIN

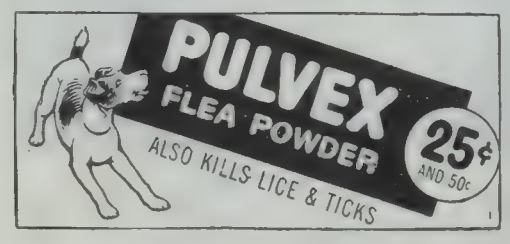


When your feet are sore, aching and dog-tired due to fatigue, just apply time-tested, popular OIL-O-SOL. It quickly brings such soothing, cooling relief you'll want to say, "happy feet are here again." This fine inhibitory antiseptic is also valuable in treating mosquito bites, sunburn, minor injuries: cuts, scratches, burns. Only 50c at druggists. Must satisfy or money back. Don't suffer. Get **Mosso's OIL-O-SOL** now.

STOP Scratching
Mosquito-Other Insect Bites

Relieve the itching caused by insect bites, athlete's foot—other itching troubles. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Quiets itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for **D.D.D. Prescription.**

Septic Tank Owners! You, too, can use Sani-Flush for quick, easy, thorough toilet sanitation. Tests by leading scientific authorities prove that Sani-Flush, used as directed on the can, is safe in septic tanks. Send for a *free* copy of their interesting report! The Hygienic Products Co., Dept. 136, Canton, Ohio. **Sani-Flush**



assault boat. Two more came down to fill the barge.

Their lines were cast off from the ship and they started to move. The sound of the motor was heavy, solid, but the barge had a sickening motion as she slewed around in the swell and headed for the beach. He was squatting on the deck, leaning against the steel side of the craft, and he thought that everything had gone all right so far. He wondered what it would be like close in.

A man beside him said, "This department I don't like. I don't want no part of it. I'll drive that damn' beep anywhere they want me to go, but I didn't join no Navy."

He grinned tightly but didn't say anything. The barge was headed in, the swell pushing her, and he knew it wouldn't be more than a twenty-minute ride. He said to the man who had spoken, "They must have cleared a spot for us to land. These things aren't tanks."

"Mechanized cavalry," the man said, "in a boat. A hell of a business."

It wasn't like sailing on the bay in Harry Thompson's forty-foot job. It wasn't Saturday night, and there was no radio playing nicely, no bottle and soda and ice down in the galley, no one soft and sweet-smelling to put your arm around.

He thought about those things for a moment, but they were too distant and didn't make any sense.

The man beside him said, "Can we smoke in these things?"

A voice answered, from off to the left: "You light a butt and I'll knock your brains out."

The man said, "No smoking."

The swell became heavier, lifting them higher, shoving them ahead faster, and he knew they were getting close to the shore. He crawled around the spaced cars and finally found his. He unslung his gear and put it on the floorboards of the beep but kept his gun. He stayed there, low, beside the car.

Then the light hit them. It was heavy, blinding, and from a dune high on the beach. It found the stern of the barge, first, then moved a bit and picked the whole assault boat out of the black night, spotlighting it, holding it there. And the beach guns started hammering at it.

THE guns on the barge—20 mm.'s he thought they were—answered the fire, raking tracer at the light, trying to blind this eye that was killing them. The fire from the beach increased, and he could hear the stuff belting against the steel side of the barge. He thought of the gun, still slung on his back, but he knew how silly it would be to stick his head up.

The spotlight held the barge gunners there on the stage. They were good. They wore smoke-glass goggles, which were now in place for just such a moment as this, and they were cool and unhurried and beautifully deliberate. It was only when the gun jammed and he watched them clear the stoppage that he realized with what terrible speed they were working.

He saw them fall, too. The tracer poked about the gun mount with flaming fingers, and the loader crumpled silently. In a moment the gunner got it. The heavy strap around his back held him to the gun, and he sagged, and the muzzle pointed aimlessly and silently skyward.

It was all a matter of seconds. He heard the wheeze of the heavy stuff coming directly over the barge, from the cruisers, and the beach light went out in a flaming eruption and a smashing roar that could be heard above everything else.

They were running along the beach, now, just outside the break of the surf, and he heard someone in the tiny, steel-inclosed wheelhouse of the barge say, "I hope to God they still got that cove cleaned out. It's a long swim back to Brooklyn."

The motion of the barge suddenly became easier, and he knew they were inside a breakwater. The firing was behind them, now, and he heard the man in the wheelhouse say, "Where's that damn' light?"

The light must have been seen at that moment, for the same voice said, "Well, okay! Well, all right. Well, all right!" The voice had a fine lilt to it, and he could tell that the man was grinning, that he was relieved.

The barge turned once, and someone yelled, "Hold your hats, gents," then he felt it grating on the beach. The ramp bow of the barge swung down, and someone on the shore yelled, "Bring those jallopies off and keep to the right! Drive under that hill on the right and stay there until morning. Let's get goin'."

He started the car, and he felt good, now. Lighter and stronger, somehow. There was trouble with a car two ahead of his, and he heard someone say, "This thing's all right, but the guy drivin' it took one through the neck." But there was room to drive, suddenly, and he put the beep in gear and gave it a little gun for the slight incline to the beach. As he went off the assault barge he saw the shaded lantern on the beach, and by its light he could make out the grinning sailor standing on the steel ramp, saying, "Tickets. All tickets, please."

He rolled up on the sand and the tires bit in as he followed the car ahead of him. He could make out the shape of the small hill, perhaps a hundred yards away, and he drove slowly in that direction, sensing the moment when he left the sand and hit the hard road. There had been a shelling here and he went carefully, guided by the car ahead.

The small line stopped in a moment, and someone yelled, "Park 'em where you are and stay in 'em! You don't move until morning."

He turned off the switch and leaned back in the seat, and suddenly he was hungrier than he had ever been before in his life.

There was a car parked beside him, and the radiator hood was up. He could make out the form of the man bending over the motor. He got out of the beep and stretched. It was only a step to the other car. "Havin' trouble, fellow?" he asked.

There was no answer, and he felt silly and a little frightened. He leaned over and touched the man, and the body fell away from the car, hit the fender, then lay on the ground. There was something horribly wrong with the way it lay there, but his hand and his eyes and some other thing inside of him told him the man was dead and it would be useless to bother with him.

HE WAS very tired. He stepped back to his car, pulled a blanket clear of his pack and curled up in the back of the beep. He was so tired that nothing else mattered. He sat there wondering whether they would have a chance to get some chow in the morning before they moved. He knew tiredly that the beach would be thoroughly cleaned, in the morning, and he wondered how much opposition they would meet with on the road leading back from the coast.

There were thirty-five bucks in his wallet, and he wondered how far that would go in this part of the world, and what the drinking would be like. He wondered if Dreegan had come in all right. Dreegan owed him eight bucks.

He turned his head a bit and found a more comfortable position and was instantly asleep.

The time he had been wondering about had come; he slept soundly, as a soldier sleeps.

THE END

COLLIER'S "She's a gem—she used to work for Lockheed!" BO BROWN

YOUR TIRES WERE PAID FOR . . . WITH

BLOOD

says

Bob Bowes

President and Founder of Bowes "Seal Fast" Corporation, Pioneer in Safe Tire Repairs

True enough, YOU bought your tires—with money, but those heroes who fell at Bataan PAID FOR YOUR TIRES with their life blood. They fought—and others keep on fighting—not just for rubber, but for a Way of Living which is symbolized by "America on Wheels."

YOU MUST NOT COMPROMISE OR NEGLECT YOUR DUTY OF TAKING CARE OF YOUR TIRES

For your own sake and for the sake of our Fighting Men, take care of your tires. They're more than precious—they're irreplaceable. If your tires are made of real rubber, they're doubly valuable. Synthetic is not yet free and easy to manufacture, and your tires MUST last. Budget your mileage and by all means drive carefully for least wear. Keep air pressure checked—and when your tires need repairs, be sure to look for the Bowes Tire Repair Expert near you. He can help . . . but remember—it's up to *YOU* to take good care of your tires.

GET YOUR TIRES INSPECTED *Now!*

If you punish your tires beyond the stage of SAFE REPAIR . . . *NO* repairman can help you. But if you're patriotically determined to take care of your tires, get them inspected REGULARLY, Inside and Out. Don't wait for inspection deadlines. Remember, a blowout can be fixed while it's still a nail hole . . . Don't wait for it to happen —head it off!

The Bowes Check 'N Spect Shows up all inner defects in your tires.

LECTROSEAL VULCANIZING

Bowes LECTROSEAL VULCANIZING will prolong the life of your tires . . . BUT . . . don't wait until you have a blowout! Get small breaks, nail holes and glass cuts fixed while they're "young." The Bowes LECTROSEAL seals up cracks and holes—makes SAFE, STRONG TIRE REPAIRS. Look for the Bowes Sign —*there* you get dependable, safe tire repair service.

BOWES

SEAL FAST

Dependable

TIRE SAVING SYSTEM

BOWES "SEAL FAST" CORPORATION • • • INDIANAPOLIS

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

The difference between LIFE AND DEATH

Air tactics Diagram shows how ***FLYING HORSEPOWER*** *will aid our fighter pilots*

Picture an American boy up there, three miles above the Pacific—fighting an opponent who moves 500 feet a second—twisting and turning in mile-wide maneuvers.

He's a long way from the U.S.A. and white-coated scientists in the Socony-Vacuum laboratories, yet...

Because those scientists found a way to produce a fuel which is vastly more powerful in today's super engines—*our flyers will carry a great advantage into battle!*

Socony-Vacuum's new TCC Process and the sensational new Bead Catalyst are the revolutionary refining developments which will make this super power possible—which will help many an American shake a Jap from his tail, zoom up at an angle his enemy can't follow and come back spitting sudden death.

This new super fuel will make today's 100 Octane gasolines seem old-fashioned...means far greater speed and maneuverability for our fighters, increased range and heavier "pay loads" for U.S. bombers.

Thus, a new power—"*Flying Horsepower*"—will help the United Nations to air supremacy in this war ...and promises undreamed-of performance from the super motor cars, giant air liners and "air-flivvers" of tomorrow!

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC., and Affiliates: Magnolia Petroleum Co., General Petroleum Corp. of California.

Mobilgas

SOCONY-VACUUM

TUNE IN RAYMOND GRAM SWING—Blue Network Coast-to-Coast, 10 P.M., E.W.T., Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs.

Coming—In Mobilgas *Flying Horsepower!* New Super Power for U. S. Planes

"Murder," She Says

BY JERRY D. LEWIS

Hollywood's only femme producer thinks like a woman, is very pretty, and is sure there's nothing lovelier than a nice, juicy homicide. If you think this sounds like some fantastic character dreamed up by Alfred Hitchcock—you're right

IT WAS one of those lovely, quiet sunny afternoons the California Chamber of Commerce is always talking about. Joan Harrison, walking down Benedict Canyon, in Beverly Hills, saw a three-year-old child playing on a lawn.

"Now supposing," she said to her companion, "you put that baby in her nursery, and have her father murdered before her eyes. She's too young to describe to the police how it happened, but . . ."

Luckily, there were no members of the local police department listening. This is to inform them that if they ever overhear Joan talking like that again, don't disturb her Joan Harrison, Hollywood's first woman writer-producer, will merely be, as she was then, looking for a new story opening, and operating, as usual, on her theory that gore helps those who help themselves.

Her interest in murder and other types of bloodshed is purely clinical.

She is not, as you might suspect from all of that, a huge, hearty, masculine woman. She's small, hoydenish, and wears an evening gown with the same eye-filling éclat as Lana Turner. Nor does she always even think like a man. She's thirty years old, but during the interview she said, "Let's make it twenty-eight for the story."

The most frequently asked question about Joan Harrison is: "How did she get to be the first woman producer?" The answer (and we hate to do this disservice to America's businessmen) is that she got there by being a bad secretary.

Wanted to Be a Newspaperwoman

Her story starts on June 20, 1913, in Guildford, England, Surrey's county seat, and 30 miles from London, as the Spitfire flies. After an unusually fine education for a middle-class English girl (topped off by the Sorbonne and Oxford) she told her father that she wanted to be a newspaperwoman. He was the editor of the local Surrey Advertiser.

When he heard her request, he threw up his hands and said:

"Why don't you marry that nice young boy next door, and let him make the money for the family? Besides, you could never be a success in a tough field like the newspaper business."

She learned at college that, as an actress, she is a great writer. Because she's so very lovely, friends are always asking why she doesn't get in front of the cameras, in addition to writing and producing.

Her answer is that when she was in college, there were certain pubs that were out of bounds for students. Ergo, as they probably say at Oxford, those were the spots Miss H. always headed for. One night, one of the school's runners—a runner is a kind of scholastic cop—came into this den as Joan was exiting from the pub's No Man's Land. She turned and went back before the mirror. There, she laid on enough lipstick, rouge, mascara and powder to camouflage the Normandie.

"It felt as if I had a mask on," she remembers.

Then she walked back to the bar, her hips swinging like Big Ben's pendulum. She ordered a double brandy in as hoarse a voice as she could muster. The runner herded all the other students out the door, and Joan breathed a little more easily. She was just beginning to feel like one of the world's great actresses, when the runner stuck his head in the door, and asked:

"Aren't you coming, too, Miss Harrison?"

She is also a nose-thumber in the matter of clothes. When girls in England have their coming-out parties, they wear soft pastel shades, and try to look like grown-up Shirley Temples. Joan, knowing that in pastel she would be overshadowed by her mother, a great beauty, got a bright red dress for her party. Everyone was shocked—but they knew she was there.

Quick Way to Quit a Job

To get back on our one track, it was shortly after her father advised her to marry the nice y.m. next door that she rebelled, and went to London to get a job. She got one in a dress shop, as a salesgirl. One day a woman on whom Joan had previously waited came in. Looking around, she asked the owner where "that delightful Miss Harrison" was.

"At the Royal Garden Party," the owner cooed.

Oddly enough, it was not a flippancy. Joan, having been presented at court a few years before, had been invited by the King and Queen. The next day, she was back behind the counter.

The life bored her, though, and one afternoon, able to stand it no longer, she rolled a dress she was showing into a ball, and threw a perfect strike—the "plate" in this case being the customer's face. That seemed to her as good a way as any of quitting. It was.

Her next job lasted a while longer. That was with an advertising agency. After three years, she was earning respectable money, but she still had a yen to get into some branch of show business, preferably as a writer. Reading the paper in bed one morning, she saw an ad which started: "Film director wants secretary . . ."

Joan read no more. Out of bed she hopped, and rushed down to the address at the bottom of the ad. When she arrived, she found sixteen girls in line. Realizing that this might be her big chance, as indeed it turned out to be, she went up to the commissionaire—English for "gatekeeper," don't you know—and poured a tale of woe into his ear.

"I've just come in from the country (true), and my sister is going to have a baby (true—her sister had a baby some eight years later), and I've got to get back home on the next train (true—she was expecting guests that afternoon). Could I get in to see the gentleman next?"

Now an unlikely story like that would ordinarily draw a fifteen-yard penalty

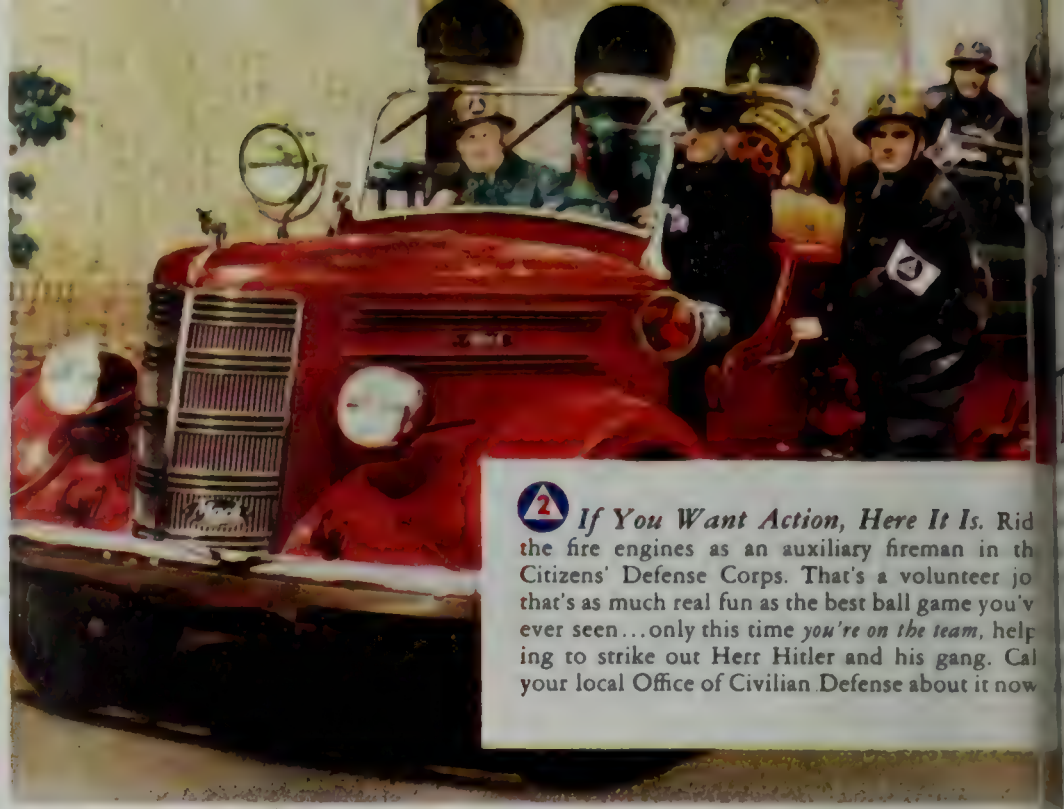
(Continued on page 70)

Joan Harrison, the cinematic chill-killer. In her spare time, she thumbs her nose at clothes, although she isn't doing it here—even symbolically

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

1 OH! TAKE US OUT TO THE BALL GAME

When You're a Long, Long Way From Home (Home plate, of course) . . . far away from the ball park . . . what can you do but sing those *A Card blues?* Well, you can do a *lot* of worthwhile things instead . . . things that will help to win this war. Put yourself in this next picture and see . . .



2 ***If You Want Action, Here It Is.*** Rid the fire engines as an auxiliary fireman in th Citizens' Defense Corps. That's a volunteer jo that's as much real fun as the best ball game you'v ever seen . . . only this time *you're on the team,* help ing to strike out Herr Hitler and his gang. Cal your local Office of Civilian Defense about it now

If you're Singing the A Card Blues

3 ***Tomorrow a 500-Mile Run Home*** will be an easy morning's drive. How? In your Cessna Family Car of the Air, of course. It's not like anything you ever see in the air today. And it's going to be as easy to fly as driving an automobile ever was. What's more it's real. It's here right now at Cessna ready to be built for you as soon as this victory is won.

Until then we're putting everything we've got into building Cessna Bobcats for Uncle Sam. But when peace comes you'll be going to the game wherever it is, from coast to coast . . . east, west, north, or south . . . whenever you want to, in your own Cessna Family Car of the Air.

1943, CESSNA AIRCRAFT CO.

Cessna

Priority Delivery by Buying War Bonds Now . . . Be one of the first to own a Cessna Family Car of the Air after the war. Orders are bound to exceed production. But you can get a preferred listing for early postwar delivery. No obligation to buy. Costs you nothing. Write us today for the simple priority plan. CESSNA AIRCRAFT COMPANY, Box 1616-C, Wichita, Kansas.

ARMY E NAVY Cessna

★ ★ ★ SYMBOL OF AIRCRAFTSMANSHIP FOR THIRTY-TWO YEARS

EAT 'EM AND LIKE 'EM

BY J. RODGER DARLING

Uncle Sam and the fishing industry are cooking up a happy conspiracy against your prejudices in food fish, with the laudable aim of adding 25 million pounds to the sea-food supply of the nation

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT

No one even wanted to look at the monkfish, much less eat him. But now he's known as the angler, and his fillets taste like ham. However, this ham fish is not running for office—he's headed for a frying pan

THE squat trawler lists till her rails are awash, as her coughing winches haul up the nets, bulging with a thousand-odd pounds of fish. The dozen men in her crew work as a team. They seize the huge net, spill out the flapping fish, toss some into bins of ice and others back into the sea to be swooped at by gulls. The only flaw in this picture of our oldest industry at work feeding a nation at war is that fellow heaving fish overboard. He's a pretty busy fellow, too. Out of that thousand pounds of fish, he'll heave approximately 275 pounds back into the sea.

Why? Because the American people want cod, haddock, mackerel and a few other fish and they'll pay any price to get them. Others—good food fish—they don't care about. Over the side they go.

After compiling records on "trash" fish for ten years, the North Atlantic Fishery Investigations Office of the Fish and Wildlife Service made some startling discoveries.

In 238 recent otter-trawl tows, 65,000 pounds of fish were discarded, an average of 273 pounds each time the net was emptied. From the same nets, 188,000 pounds of haddock (our most important food fish) were taken, an average of 790 pounds per tow. Thus, there was thirty-five per cent as much fish thrown away as there was haddock landed! Often fishermen tossed back six pounds of fish for every four they hauled in.

Aquatic biologists of the Fish and Wildlife Service urged the utilization of these "waste" species. They pointed to the redfish as proof that "trash fish" could become popular. Ten years ago, this species was tossed overboard by the ton. When it was placed on the market, it saved Gloucester as an important fishing port, for although natives stand by the old Yankee favorites, nearly a hundred million pounds of redfish went through that sea-food city for inland sale to points even beyond St. Louis.

More Fish for America's Tables

Encouraged by this, the fishing industry has formed for all-out war production a group representing federal and state fisheries bureaus, the fishermen's union, producers' associations, distributors, cooking schools, and various women's clubs. Their lengthy name, the Committee for Increased Utilization of Sea Food Resources, also states their aim.

The big job of the committee is to put those millions of extra pounds of wasted fish on America's dinner tables—monkfish, squirrel and white hake, alewives, cusk eel, skates, dogfish and others.

The committee set out to glamorize fish by agreeing, first, on attractive trade names. The U. S. Food and Drug Administration sat in on the meeting because it is the watchdog that protects the public from food sold under misleading names. For a starter, the humble skate (fish partner of London's famous "fish and chips" combination) became the Raja—from its generic name, *Raja stabuliforis*. Other names were streamlined. The monkfish or goosefish, repulsive looking but mighty good eating, became the angler. The cusk eel (also known as eel pout, conger eel, and ling), which isn't an eel at all, became the ocean pout. Decision on squirrel hake was left until extensive cooking tests show if there is any difference between this species and the already marketed white hake.

These are silver hake. Their first cousins, the white hake, are already on the market. These await tests with chin up, eyes bright

This skate looks as though he has just lost a close decision to a revolving door. Fishermen who caught him cussed and tossed him back. But no more. He's Raja now

But the committee realized that name calling isn't enough. They remembered a similar episode in the first World War when the abundant dogfish was renamed grayfish and hastily canned in great quantities. No one took into consideration the large amount of uric acid present—that is, until it ate through the cans!

Past projects have been scuttled by petty selfishness. Northern shrimp promotion failed because retailers wouldn't take small losses and sold slightly ancient shrimp to customers, disgusting them, so that by the time freezing was decided upon, interest was gone. That won't happen this time, for all the new products will be distributed canned or in the popular frozen fillet form.

In the last war, bulletins containing many recipes were issued. The federal government is doing the same today. The Office of Fisheries co-ordinator, Harold L. Ickes (our old friend the oil man), broke out a bulletin recently in praise of tasty shark steaks.

"Two million pounds can be added to the nation's food supply this year from shark alone, instead of being tossed back into the sea after the liver has been extracted for oil," he said.

For those not caring for shark steaks, the co-ordinator's office suggested a bit of the flesh "in kippered or lightly smoked form. A pale, pinkish orange in color, the kippered shark has a delicate flavor not unlike that of some smoked salmon," the office adds. "It is proving highly popular."

The committee has a carefully planned program which will put the new fish on sale at the right place, at the right time, at the right price, in the right condition.

An abundant supply of any fish must be available to make production worth while. For example, agents of the Fish and Wildlife Service report 500,000 bushels of bay mussels in eastern Maine alone, capable of yielding millions of pounds of meat.

Ralph H. Osborn, director of the Massachusetts Division of Marine Fisheries, has been particularly interested in the promotion of mussels. At the big Brockton Fair he set up a booth, serving tasty hot mussels to all comers—who now eagerly await the wholesale distribution of mussels being canned in Maine.

Concerning the other species under consideration, Mr. Osborn enthusiastically says, "We shall be able to put twenty-five million pounds more fighting food on the American table each year."

An agent from the Fish and Wildlife

(Continued on page 71)

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

"THE FINEST COLA I EVER TASTED!"

The cola drink with Canada Dry quality

Bottled and Distributed by Licensees of Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

Seven Sins

Continued from page 27

"I have the footprints."

"The *footprints?*"

"But yes, the footprints of a limping man! If it should prove to be the same, name of a little dog!—if it should prove to be the same! How excited I am, how confused. Yes, my faith, I am in a whirlwind!"

WHEN James Wake came out of the house in Grosvenor Square, he carried a small attaché case which he had borrowed from his wife. The night was clear but moonless, and he felt disinclined to walk. A taxi which glided up beside him provoked a nervous start.

"Taxi, sir?"

"Yes," Wake said jerkily, and looked surprised when the man climbed down from his seat. "South Audley Street. I will direct you when we get there."

"Right-o!" The driver, whom he seemed to have seen before, opened the door for him, and closed it carefully when he had got in.

Less than five minutes later Wake was banging on the glass in front, having tried in vain to open the shutter window. "Hello, there!" he cried and banged ever more furiously. "Where are you taking me? I said South Audley Street. Stop!" But, although this deep-chested butler had a voice like that of a sergeant-major, it produced no effect whatever upon the driver.

Thereupon, Wake determined to open the door and to grab the man by his coat collar. But the near side door would not open. Evidently it was jammed. He tried the other with no greater success. He had heard that London was infested with footpads during the blackout, and he was sure that he had been kidnaped. He was being hurried over to some thieves' den on the Surrey bank. Desperation possessed him, and taking up the attaché case, he dashed it against the window; but again without result. The window was fitted with unbreakable glass. A few moments later, the real explanation dawned upon James Wake. That unpleasant sense of rising temperature which always disturbed him in emergencies assailed him now.

Wake knew that he was being taken to Scotland Yard . . .

BEFORE a door from which a cavernesque blue light shone out, feebly but threateningly, the taxi pulled up. Two tall figures, those of constables in uniform, came forward, accompanied by a smaller, stoutish man in plain clothes. Again the taxi driver descended from his seat and, coming around, unlocked the door, which, as Wake realized, he must have locked upon him in Grosvenor Square. James Wake summoned all his fortitude.

"May I inquire the meaning of this?" he demanded, stepping out.

"You are Mr. James Wake, I believe," said the short man.

Wake peered into darkness in an endeavor to discern the speaker's features, and presently succeeded. He recognized the detective sergeant who had come to Lord Marcus' house on the night of the tragedy.

"I am James Wake." He spoke hoarsely.

"Just give your case to this constable, Mr. Wake, and we will go upstairs," Bluett said. Then, over his shoulder to the taxi driver: "Go round and get your fare, now, Finch."

"Right-o, guv'nor."

Peter Finch jumped back to his place, and Wake heard the cab being driven away as he turned and entered a small anteroom. Bluett led, and the constables brought up the rear, one of them carrying the attaché case. Bluett picked up a telephone, and made a call.

"James Wake is here, Inspector. Shall I bring him up?"

Evidently the reply was "Yes," for the fresh-colored man with upstanding hair turned to him again. "Be good enough to come this way, Mr. Wake."

"One moment, Sergeant: I remember you now." Wake tried to speak firmly. "I am entirely within my rights in asking why I have been brought here."

"That's right," Bluett agreed. "The chief inspector, who is waiting for a chat with you, will give you all the information you want."

A few moments later, Bluett ushered Wake into the severe office of Chief Detective Inspector Firth to find that official seated at his desk, chin in hand, eyes narrowed.

"Good evening, Inspector," said Wake.

"Good evening, Mr. Wake. Won't you sit down?"

Wake, removing his light gloves, put them beside his black hat on the floor, and sat down, with a side glance at an attaché case which Sergeant Bluett had placed upon the mantelpiece, the constable having retired. Firth regarded Wake in silence—his pointed collar, his black tie, his neat hair—and seemed to be satisfied with this inspection, for he nodded.

"I have been promised an explanation, Inspector," Wake reminded Firth.

"Ye shall have it. It's this way, Mr. Wake: I ha' had two officers employed—two men wi' whom you are not acquainted—checking up for some time past. Now, it seems to me, from reports, that expenditure has exceeded income, a subject upon which, if I mind me correctly, Mr. Micawber had something to say. Ye're losses at the dog races ha' been heavy o' late, and ye spend quite a lot o' money on football pools forby. Ye see, I ha' been studying your mail, Mr. Wake. There ha' been other extravagances which I need no' mention, for indeed they don't concern me. But when I first saw ye, your appearance suggested something to my mind that I just couldna pin down at the time. Later, I placed it. Some whiles back a case took me to Monte Carlo."

Wake started quite visibly, and began to adjust his stiff collar. Bluett, leaning on the mantelpiece beside the attaché case, appeared to be no more than mildly interested.

"Weel, the impression to which I refer was this: Ye reminded me of a croupier. And before we go any further, in your own interest, Mr. Wake, I am going to ask a question: Have ye ever been a croupier?"

Wake hesitated for seven dreadful seconds, then nodded his head. "Yes."

"I am glad o' that answer, Mr. Wake, because one o' my officers has twice seen ye in conversation wi' a man called Francis, in a certain bar. We know this man Francis to be associated wi' roulette in the West End of London, and it was this report which freshened my memory. On the night o' Sir Giles Loeder's death, he had been playing roulette at the flat of a woman called Mrs. Sankey. I don't want ye to answer my next question, until I ha' warned ye that anything you say may be used in evidence. But you are not compelled to say anything. You can take legal advice if you want it. But here is the question: Were ye acting as croupier at Mrs. Sankey's flat on the night o' Sir Giles Loeder's death?"

SERGEANT BLUETT sighed and took out a notebook, at which he stared in a puzzled way for a moment, so that one might have supposed that he expected to find a newspaper there. James Wake moistened his lips, staring down at the floor. His hands were damp with perspiration and he raised them protectively from the knees of his perfectly creased trousers.

"Do ye wish to answer?" Firth asked.

"Yes." Wake cleared his throat. "I was

"I'm almost as tired as though I had been cleaning house all day"

COLLIER'S WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

The Gun that Came Out of an Oil Well

Somewhere in.....a battery of American field guns is blasting a path for an Allied advance.

There's a deeper note to their thunder; half again more power in their concentrated fury. For with every two of the guns stands a third one that wouldn't be there — except for an oil you probably never heard of.

It's an industrial oil. Its name wouldn't mean a thing to you. And it doesn't matter, either, that it's a Tide Water Associated product.

But what *does* matter, took place in a great steel plant in....., U. S. A. They're making, among other war tools, gun barrels of many calibers.

Gun barrels must be bored under a constant bath of oil. And they found that, by using this oil, *three* gun barrels were coming off the line where only two had been produced before.

The research that developed this specialized lubricant is common to the operation of all America's great oil refiners. It has given us much. 100-plus octane gasoline that helps make our warplanes so effective. The ability to extract from oil the toluol for TNT. Butadiene, petroleum product for synthetic rubber. Other still-secret advances.

Today, Tide Water Associated and the other oil companies are united in humanity's greatest fight for freedom. Where necessary, facilities and operations are pooled to increase the effectiveness of our efforts.

Our sole ambition is to help cut down the number of days between now and Victory. For every day saved will save precious American lives . . . maybe that of *your* boy — or one of ours.

TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY
New York • Tulsa • San Francisco

WORLD'S LARGEST REFINERS OF PENNSYLVANIA OILS

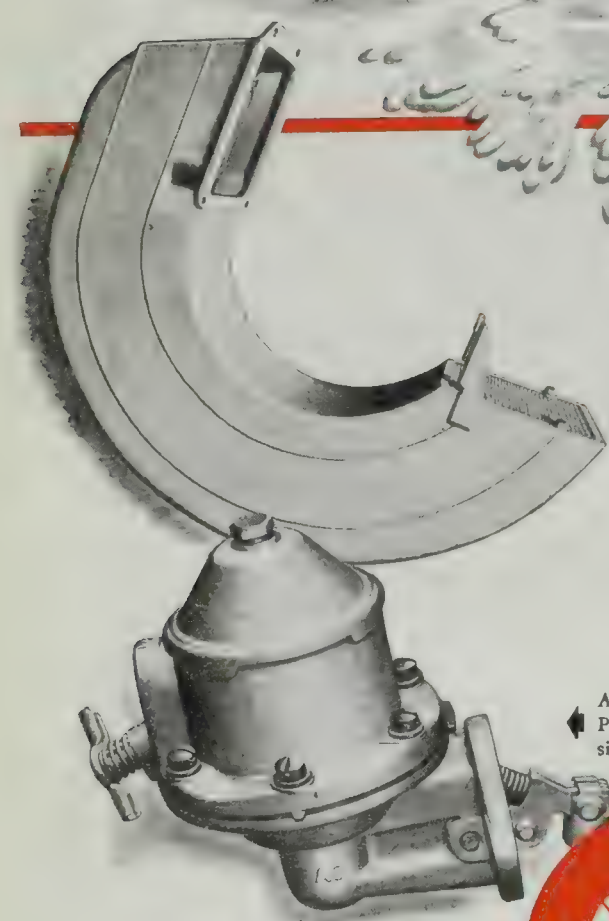
TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED

VEEDOL MOTOR OIL

OIL IS AMMUNITION · USE IT WISELY

★ **BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!**

HUSH HUSH *for Sea Horsepower*



INTAKE SILENCER FOR NAVY DIESEL ENGINES—built by AC since 1934.

AUTOMOTIVE FUEL PUMP—built by AC since 1927.

SEA-GOING diesel engines breathe with a constant roar. Transmitted through the intake system, this racket would be hard on engine-room crews. So, many of the diesels of our Navy are hushed by special AC intake silencers.

No adjustments are possible in the finished silencers. They must be *right* when they leave the AC production line. So, accurate, painstaking workmanship is demanded in their production.

In spite of all this, Navy thoroughness requires regular checks on silencers—to keep them up to standard.

Your Fuel Pump, too, Needs Attention

The fuel pump on your car, truck, or tractor is blood brother to this silencer in its need for occasional care. Because it is precision built, it, too, gives trouble very seldom. But, its life can be definitely prolonged—and your transportation protected—if you will have your service man check your pump after thirty thousand miles of use.

Automotive repair shops can give Conservation Service, not only on fuel pumps but on all nine AC products. (The details of this service, and of why you need it, are given briefly below.) To conserve badly needed materials, gasoline, oil, and tires, use this service—faithfully.

When replacement becomes necessary, select AC—for complete satisfaction.

Awarded to the men and women of AC on September 2, 1942, for outstanding achievement in producing for Victory.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

AC SPARK PLUGS

SPARK PLUGS—Dirty or worn plugs waste as much gas as one coupon in ten. Oxide coating collects on the plugs and causes them to misfire,—especially when the engine is working hard. Dirty plugs also cause hard starting which weakens your battery. Under present slow driving conditions, have your plugs cleaned and adjusted every few months.

AIR CLEANERS—A dirty air cleaner increases gasoline consumption because it chokes down the flow of air into the carburetor. Your air cleaner should be rinsed whenever your car is lubricated.

FUEL PUMPS—Practically trouble free. But, if yours has been in use thirty or forty thousand miles, it may be worn to the point where a check-up is due.

DRIVING INSTRUMENTS—Speedometer, gasoline gauge, oil pressure gauge, ammeter, and temperature gauge seldom need service. But, if they give trouble, have them cared for *at once.*

OIL FILTERS—Slow driving accelerates formation of soot and carbon in engine oil. If not constantly filtered from the oil, this dirt will clog piston rings, cause increased consumption of oil and gas. So, replace your oil filter element whenever your dealer's AC Oil Test Pad shows that your oil is dirty.

BRING VICTORY QUICKER—BUY U. S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS AND BONDS

ying that night and I saw Sir Giles at the table."

"Good. Did he win?"

"No more than he lost. He was a heavy player."

"But we have evidence that he had money in his possession at the time of his death."

"That may be true, sir," Wake replied, and his use of the word "sir" was an indication, not missed by Firth, of the depths which he conceived himself to be falling. "But it may not have been winnings."

"Possibly I don't know what ye mean, Mr. Wake."

"Well, I have reason to believe—I don't know how else to express myself—that the late Sir Giles had a financial interest in Mayfair roulette, at least for a time."

"Is tha' so? Did he foresee a crash and take his money out?"

"That I couldn't say. It is mere conjecture on my part."

CHIEF INSPECTOR FIRTH narrowed his eyes still more, so that in upcast light from the desk lamp they glittered like amber beads. "It might ha' been of some small assistance to the police, Mr. Wake, if you had divulged these facts at the time." He hesitated. "A lot may depend upon what I am going to ask ye now. What have ye in yon bag?"

Wake clenched his hands, his high color deserted him, a drop of perspiration trembled on the end of his nose. "Things I kept at my wife's place, where I sometimes spent the night."

"In that case, let's have a look. Open it, Bluett."

Sergeant Bluett, uttering a blowing sound, placed his notebook on the mantelpiece and opened the attaché case. If Chief Inspector Firth experienced any disappointment, he showed none. But the case contained a shaving set, comb and brushes, pajamas, soft slippers, a tin of tobacco, two smoking pipes, a towel, a box of soap, and other odds and ends such as a man might deposit at an address where he spent an occasional night. Bluett, kneeling on the floor and exhibiting article after article, looked up when the case was empty, his ingenuous eyes widely opened.

"I see," murmured the chief inspector. "Would ye be good enough to empty your pockets, and place their contents here on my desk?"

Wake stood up, displaying every appearance of disability. His expressive changes of complexion may have indicated a faulty heart, but he advanced to the desk and complied with the chief inspector's order. There was nothing in his possession one might not have anticipated finding there, with the possible exception of an elastic band which seemed to perform no duties. At this Firth gazed with a puzzled expression, and then, raising his head: "Sergeant Bluett," he said crisply, "feel the witness' person, wi' particular attention to his legs."

At that, suddenly, without warning, James Wake collapsed, morally and physically. He stood up, swayed and saved himself from falling only by clutching the chair.

"Listen!" he whispered, "I'll tell you everything—the whole story from beginning to end. But before I say another word, one thing I swear; I didn't kill him.". . .

Four thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds in ten- and five-pound notes were strapped in rolls to James Wake's legs by means of strong elastic bands. Fortified by a brandy and soda, which the compassionate chief inspector ordered and the ruffled Sergeant Bluett fetched, Wake had slightly recovered himself. But he sat there before them, a stricken man, watching the chief inspector checking the numbers of notes against a list which he had on his desk. Presently, Firth looked up.

"A fair number o' these notes," he said, "were drawn out of his bank by Sir Giles two weeks or so before the tragedy. So we have to suppose that this was his own money. I'm making no charge and I won't even make any suggestion. I shall merely ask ye, James Wake, to tell me your story in your own words."

And this is the story which James Wake told:

He had been introduced to the roulette group by Mr. Francis, who seemed to recall that he, Wake, had some experience of Monte Carlo. The terms were attractive: ten guineas a night. After a little practice he became quite proficient. He knew that he was placing himself outside the law, but he did not consider the offense to be a serious one. He admitted that, although a careful man in other respects, he had been addicted to gambling since his youth.

On the night of the tragedy, he believed, but could not be sure, that an altercation had arisen between Sir Giles Loeder, Mr. Michaelis and Mrs. Destrée. His duties at the table did not enable him to pay much attention to what was going on elsewhere.

But at a later stage in the evening, Mr. Francis, who, he said, looked white and angry, came to one of the cashiers and withdrew a sum which he, Wake, estimated to have represented the greater part of the roulette bank. With this he walked out of the gaming room.

A run of luck on the part of certain players followed, and nearly closed the table. Mr. Michaelis, who had gone out, returned and announced the end of play on behalf of Mrs. Sankey, who was not present. Otherwise, the bank would have been broken.

Wake, having balanced accounts with the other croupiers, set out for South Audley Street. The night was uncomfortably dark in patches, but he was familiar with the route, and within twelve or fifteen paces of that masonry bay which embraced the house with the scarlet door, he became aware of a fierce altercation in progress somewhere just ahead. He pulled up, and in his own words, heard a sound like that of a wolf or an Alsatian attacking. Then, he heard a strangled voice, which he thought he recognized as that of Sir Giles Loeder. This voice cried out, "You swine!—you are strangling me!"

Wake paused a moment, then continued:

"Then there was a sort of sobbing sound, a crashing thud. This all happened in a matter of seconds, and I dashed forward to see what I could do—to find out whatever was happening. As I ran up I could hear someone else running away. I flashed my torch and called out, but I could see nothing, and no one replied. Then, right on the step of Lord Marcus' house, I saw him."

Firth exchanged a significant nod with Bluett, who was writing busily.

"Sir Giles Loeder lay there, all in a heap. I couldn't try to describe his position. He was just crumpled up. And I could see that he was unconscious. I slipped my key in the lock, put my torch in my pocket, stooped and lifted him. I am, for my age, a fairly strong man."

"So I ha' noted," said Firth dourly.

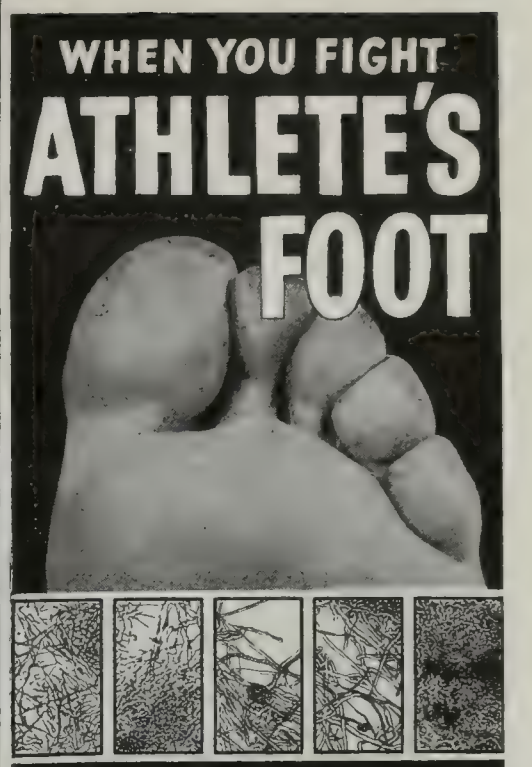
"THERE was no one in the lobby, but I could smell the incense, and I knew that his lordship and Mrs. Vane were in what he calls The Shrine. There wasn't much light, and I laid Sir Giles on the couch. He looked gray; his face was bruised and twisted; but I want to make it quite clear that the fact never crossed my mind that he was dead. I thought he was just unconscious. As I carried him in, my foot had kicked a case which lay half under him, so I went back and picked it up, closing the door." He paused, licking his dry lips. "There was five thousand pounds in five- and ten-pound notes in it.

"I can only say that temptation was too strong for me. What else can I say? I thought quickly, and it seemed to me that he had been attacked by a thief for his money, that hearing me come up, the thief had bolted before he could drag the case from under Sir Giles. I worked out that if I stayed to revive him, as at first I had meant to do, that would be the end of the matter for me. I dare not carry him out again; someone might come along at any moment. That was when the idea came to me upon which I acted. I stuffed the money into my pockets, stood and lis-

"The general just found out he's being replaced by a WAC"

COLLIER'S SGT. DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

WHEN YOU FIGHT
ATHLETE'S FOOT



FIGHT TO KILL
ALL 5 FUNGI
OR EFFORT MAY BE WASTED

Facts you MUST know

Five fungi may cause Athlete's Foot. Any one alone —or all of them.

Fungi are hardy, persistent.

SORETONE KILLS ALL 5 FUNGI ON CONTACT.

Soretone contains powerful 4-Beta-Ethyl-Hexyl-Phenol—*not in any other Athlete's Foot preparation.*

DON'T UNDERESTIMATE ATHLETE'S FOOT

This malady is stubborn. Don't trifle—fight to kill. Soretone helps relieve that maddening burn and itch, while it attacks the cause. Soretone cleans and dries the skin. Dissolves perspiration deposits—on which fungi feed. Promotes healing of broken tissues. *And McKesson makes it.*

MONEY BACK —If Soretone doesn't bring satisfaction.

SORETONE

Powerful Help—TONIGHT

Spread toes apart. Pour Soretone full strength. Let dry. Repeat in morning.

Avoid reinfection. Spray or wipe shoes with Soretone. Boil socks 20 minutes.

McKesson gives a big, long-lasting bottle for $1 so you can afford to use Soretone liberally.

If not relieved within a reasonable time, see your doctor.

FIGHTS TO KILL ALL 5 FUNGI

Why women who want the best-prefer this Tuftless Mattress

Don't take our word for it. Sit on it! Lie down on it! SEE the difference, FEEL the difference—yourself!

You'll like its sleep-inviting smoothness, without tufts, bumps or hollows! Deep, velvety buoyancy . . . really two luxurious mattresses built in one! Heavy, beautiful Sertaseptic coverings are permanently germ-and-odor-repellent. Built to give years of service, the reinforced inner construction guards against shifting, sagging or stretching.

Only the Serta 4A Tuftless Mattress gives you all these exclusive better-sleep features. See it yourself—today!

$39.50
West Coast and Canada, $42.50
Matching Box Springs

★ ★ ★

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Serta 4A Tuftless

BY THE MAKERS OF THE PERFECT SLEEPER MATTRESS

SERTA ASSOCIATES, INC., EXECUTIVE OFFICES: 666 LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
30 Leading Mattress Manufacturers from Coast to Coast and in Canada

tened a while, but could hear nothing from The Shrine. Then, I looked out into the street. There was no one there. So, carrying the empty case, I closed the front door and rang the bell."

"Why?" asked Sergeant Bluett.

"I think it was an impulse. I didn't want to leave him there unconscious, and I hoped that his lordship, hearing the bell, would come out and attend to him."

"Ye were wearing gloves?" asked Firth.

"I was. I knew there would be no fingerprints. I had a plan in my mind by now, which, as far as I could see, would work very well. I was afraid, though, that the thief might have seen me carry Sir Giles into the house. But the chances were against it. At that moment the night was pitch-black, and I had heard the man running around the corner before I opened the door; so that if he came back to recover his haul, he wouldn't have any idea what had happened. I was afraid, though, that he might be hanging about. I ran around quickly into Mount Street, and threw Sir Giles' case down the kitchen steps of an empty house which I knew of there. Then I walked on to Grosvenor Square and aroused my wife."

He paused again, inserting two forefingers between his neck and his linen collar, which now was limp and clinging clammily.

"I knew I should have to make sure of her evidence, so I took a chance. She had never approved of my racing, the dogs, and other amusements that I went in for, but, now, I thought it best to tell her that I worked for a roulette syndicate. I did this—and she took it very badly. I told her I believed the place was going to be raided a few minutes after I had left, and that the police might make inquiries. If they went to South Audley Street it would mean the sack.

"She understood that well enough, and so she agreed to do what I asked. This was to say, if she should be questioned, that I had spent the evening with her, going through Lord Marcus' accounts, which, in fact, it was my custom to do. That's all my wife knows about the matter, and the only thing she has done in any way wrong is to do what I asked her to do.

"I said I had been paid for my night's work, and as the numbers of the notes might be traced, I would hide them upstairs in one of the empty rooms. She didn't like the idea, but I had my way. I put all the money from the case into a secret drawer in an old bureau—a bureau which I had discovered one day, under the dust sheets, and of which my wife didn't know the trick. When I had made everything safe, I returned to South Audley Street.

"No need to say what I felt like when I discovered what had happened and found police in the house. What I had thought was a case of assault and robbery had turned out to be a case of murder. I knew, then, that I was in it up to the neck. I knew there were people connected with roulette who could be forced to say that I had been there on that night. This would prove that my wife was not telling the truth—and the crime would be pinned on me."

WAKE leaned forward in his chair, and Chief Inspector Firth would not have been surprised had he slumped to the floor. His features were leaden, his eyes had the watery glare of those of a dead fish.

Bluett looked up from his notes. "Could you give any description of this man, who, you say, ran off as you came up?"

"I never had a glimpse of him," Wake whispered. "I only heard that cry from Sir Giles, then the thud of his fall."

"Ye heard no word of the altercation which you state was taking place before that?" Firth interjected.

"No—just words here and there, mos cursing and growling—a dreadful s of growling. I have no more to say, s no more that I can think of. I know I in for it. It was robbery. Being used gambling circles, I may not have as mu respect as other people for money of th kind. Ask me anything you like. F God's sake, ask me something which w help me to prove I am innocent of mu der . . ."

"THIS is the most singular case up which I have been employed," sa Gaston Max; "but yes, the most singula Twice, I have gathered my evidence: fir against Sir Giles Loeder, and some clum fool murders him; second, against h associates (I believe, his employers), ar this will be completed tonight. I har my plate of fruit over to Military Intell gence—and become a free man."

The assistant commissioner, standing i his bay window, was counting cars pas ing along the embankment; he had est mated that private traffic was roughl five per cent of prewar normal. Behin him, Gaston Max began to whistle, o hiss through partly closed teeth, Up i the Morning Early.

"But who murdered Loeder?" Assis ant Commissioner Halloran demande "That's what Firth wants to know."

"Alas!" Max looked up as the assistan commissioner turned and stared across a him, small eyes twinkling keenly. Th Frenchman began to twirl his heavy mon ocle, which was really a lens, about a extended forefinger. "For the poor in spector, my heart bleeds. His case is wors than mine. Indeed, they are inseparable He has now two candidates for the jury he has Flight Lieutenant Kershaw, wh confesses to the crime; he has also Jame Wake, the butler, in whose possession wa found the stolen money. *Eh bien!* Tw should be sufficient."

"Not if neither of 'em did it."

Gaston Max extended talkative hands. "That Kershaw's story is true in every particular, I accept as a fact. I have had some conversation with him, you understand. Very well. He did not break the man's neck; he did not make that big bruise on Loeder's forehead which I examined in the mortuary. If Wake is lying about what happened to cause death, he is not lying when he says that Loeder fell outside Lord Marcus' door. Wake could not have carried a heavy body much farther; and we can accept, I think, his statement that he, and no one else, placed Loeder in the lobby. No, no, I believe that Wake's story is true."

"Any jury would hang him, all the same. Top marks to Firth for working out that if Wake had the money he wouldn't hide it at Amberdale's. Requisitioning trick worked like a miracle. Caught red-handed."

"I salute the chief inspector," said Gaston Max gravely. "He is a clever one, this good Firth. I have never done a better thing myself."

Colonel O'Halloran cleared his throat. "What happens tonight?"

"Tonight, Colonel O'Halloran, my old, it is the grand jamboree. Luck, or that kismet of the Arabs, put into my hands a key which enabled me to read messages wrapped up in postscripts and other broadcasts of the late Sir Giles. *Eh bien!* These people have no suspicion that I have discovered this key, and so they are using it again! This time it is Francis Batt, the popular comedian, who is broadcasting information to Berlin."

"You have confirmed this, of course?"

"But of course! Tonight he will broadcast details concerning the Malta convoy—details which he has learned at the Grand Marnier, at the Green Spider, and from the fools who play roulette."

The assistant commissioner crossed to his desk and began to fill a new briar,

Logistically speaking

IE STRATEGIST:
"Logistics is the science of military transport and supply."

HE RAILROAD MANAGER:
"Logistics is moving a company, a regiment or a division with their matériel wherever the army says."

THE RAILROAD WORKER:
"Logistics? I call it railroadin', with every man on his toes to get the world's most important trains over the railroad on the army timetable!"

THE SOLDIER:
"Logistics to me means pack up and pull out on the double. And believe me we go places fast."

SUPPLYING the world's fastest growing army with transportation is one of the many complex problems that come under the military term, "logistics." In this connection, according to Major General Charles P. Gross, Chief of Transportation, Army Service Forces, "the railways have more than justified the confidence reposed in them by army men."

So far in this war, the movement of war traffic has been more than *four times greater* than it was in World War I. And in order to accomplish and maintain this remarkable record, the Office of Defense Transportation, the Army, the Navy and the Railroads are steadfastly working shoulder to shoulder, during every hour of every day.

Each step in planning and executing a mass military move on the railroads is worked out with such straight-line efficiency, timing and teamwork that there is complete freedom from delay and confusion. But "behind the scenes" it takes "know-how" and toil and sweat and 'round-the-clock vigilance.

Thanks to a closely knit army-navy-railroad set-up, millions of fighting men have been moved on schedule. The flow of millions of tons of supplies has been speeded. Delays at ports have been avoided.

What an example of an aroused democracy at work and at war! Gold braid and overalls pulling together! The battle before the battle is fought on the railroad front and The Milwaukee Road is proud to be one of America's Railroads—*all* United for Victory.

CHICAGO MILWAUKEE ST. PAUL AND PACIFIC

★ THE MILWAUKEE ROAD ★

SERVING THE SERVICES AND YOU

Rub-a-dub-dub, three men in a tub
With one can of Prem for the three

But that's meat for six, so to brighten their fix
They invited three friends, as you see

All meat, Prem gives
6 meat servings
in many recipes

SUGAR-CURED *by the makers of Swift's Premium Ham*

● A 12 oz. can of Prem can serve 6 because it is all meat, solid meat, no waste. Sugar-cured the exclusive Swift's Premium way, it is ready-to-eat, "just right" hot or cold. "Just right" for nutrition, too, because it supplies valuable minerals, proteins, and B complex vitamins.

PLATE LUNCH SUGGESTION: *Cold sliced Prem. Buttered green beans. Fresh peach and cottage cheese salad. Your favorite summer dessert.*

PROTECT THE MEN WHO ARE PROTECTING YOU: BUY WAR BONDS

stuffing it with that tobacco which he kept loose in his coat pocket, and from time to time shooting side glances at Gaston Max. "Green Spider?"

"But yes; ultrasmart, undress, most expensive; popular with the very young and the very old."

"Shouldn't expect to find anybody there who counted."

"A man is only as old as his experience. There are Peter Pans with whiskers. But yes. Those political parties given by the late Sir Giles formerly served the Axis also very well. Contacts were numerous and important." Max shrugged. "Why, he, an Englishman—although I believe his father was a naturalized subject—should have worked against his country, I know not. Perhaps I shall never know. Perhaps I shall."

"Firth has been checking up on this man Francis, or Batt, or whatever he's called; also on a bird named Michaelis. Anything new in that quarter?"

"Name of a name! Who is this Mr. Michaelis? He is a friend of Madame Destrée, and is almost certainly connected with the roulette racket. He is also a big man of business; much respected in the city, a director of several other companies as well as that controlling the Grand Marnier, and the Green Spider. Alas, it is easy for a clever one, who cares to establish himself for a long time in a country before he commits any subversive act, to lose his real identity. We learned this in France! He is supposed to be a native of Belgrade, or of some place just outside that city. He belongs, then, to a friendly nation. His papers, doubtless, are in perfect order. Such papers can be obtained so easily when the German Foreign Office is behind the candidate. His roots in Yugoslavia, if he ever had any, are torn up, burned in the ashes of Belgrade. It is clever, because it is simple. And so I ask, also, who is Mr. Michaelis?"

Colonel O'Halloran experienced some difficulty in getting his pipe going: his lighter lacked petrol. "The man Batt, of course, is booked for a firing party. But who the devil *is* he?"

GASTON MAX produced his cigarette case, selected and lighted a cigarette. "He is a musician, this one, most talented. He calls himself an American. He sends to Berlin information by word of mouth, and also uses their 'Pythagoric' code in the form of notes on a piano. He, too, is associated with Madame Destrée. There are others; they are small fry; but above all, there is Destrée. Who, you demand, is Destrée?"

"Got her dossier here."

"True—I have studied it. In normal times I could perhaps have filled in the missing parts. Today"—he made a clicking sound with his tongue—"impossible. Information regarding our raids on the French coast was broadcast to Berlin by the late Sir Giles Loeder, and now this man Francis is up to the same game."

"Why hasn't he been arrested before?"

Gaston Max smiled; his teeth flashed brilliantly. Then he laughed: "Ha, ha, ha, ha! Listen, Colonel O'Halloran, my old. I, too, am cunning like the good Firth, and when I have found from whom they are obtaining this information, I act. Now, the Malta convoy concerns the Food Ministry. Yes? For we must be rationed here, in order that those poor Maltese are fed. Very good. I suspect Lady Huskin."

Colonel O'Halloran, who had sat down, jumped up again. "Draw the line, Max! Silly woman, I grant—but no spy, I'll swear."

"So, too, will I. But how dangerous can a silly woman be! In the past she has spilled vital information. I made some tests, no matter what, and I became sure of this. I called upon Lord Huskin—"

"In what capacity, might I ask?"

"Oh, just as myself."

"Novel behavior."

"He is a clever man, this one, as you know; a small lump of Yorkshire, four square like a gin bottle, with clear gray eyes which tell nothing but the truth. It was by telling the truth that he became Baron Huskin, although he began as a grocer. Very well; a clever man. His wife is his only indiscretion. With such a man I know how to speak, for such a man has no illusions. I told him that Lady Huskin was indiscreet, that she failed to understand the importance of matters which came to her knowledge. He did not throw me out.

"He did not even frown. He smiled; it was acceptable: he knew. And so we made a plot. I said to him: 'Become so worried over the matter of this great convoy, that you are constantly speaking of it in the hearing of Madame. Let it get on your nerves, my faith: talk about it in your sleep. Speak of the tonnage of the ships, of the strength of the escort, of the date of sailing from Birkenhead, the date of arrival at Gibraltar. Speak, my Lord Huskin—and let every word be a lie."

THE colonel chuckled horsily. "Did that make old Huskin laugh?"

"Certainly. I said to him: 'As a reward, presently, very soon, I, Baron Bernstein of the black market, will hand over to your ministry information about this traffic which you will find of superlative interest.' This was agreed, then. But as I could not know what nonsense Lord Huskin might impart to his wife, in a seemingly accidental manner, I prepared some items—marked coins, you understand—and imparted these myself."

"And the balloon goes up tonight?"

"Tonight, Francis Batt is to appear in a star program for Canadian troops, at a camp not many miles from the south coast. The army entertainment authorities always provide him with a car for such occasions, and a special pass. This performance will be broadcast. The case will then be out of my hands and in the hands of Military Intelligence."

"This side of case no concern of my department; but I'll listen in," said the colonel, little eyes twinkling and lean, square jaw set very grimly. "Cancel everything else. Is he going to be arrested in camp."

"No, no—on his way back through Farmborough . . ."

Some ten minutes later, Sergeant Bluett rapped on the door, came in and looked around the assistant commissioner's office as if in search of somebody. "Sorry, sir," he said. "I thought Mr. Max was here."

"Just gone. What is it, Sergeant?"

"It's a cabled report from New York, sir, which the chief inspector promised to show him."

"Let me see it."

"Yes, sir."

"Brandt, Johann Fritz," O'Halloran read aloud. "Born Cologne, August 27, 1897. Adopted U. S. citizenship, March 23, 1930 (New York City). Visited Germany, 1931-32, and again in 1936-37. During these periods received training at Nazi Gestapo headquarters and became a group leader in N. Y. Speaks fluent English. Arrested at Buffalo, January 11, 1939, on information laid by the convicted German spy, Adolf Wesser. Later escaped from custody, killing two police officers, one by strangulation, and is believed to have crossed into Canada where tracks were lost.

"Brandt is a powerful man and a trained killer; height 5 feet 10 inches; weight 176 pounds; hair, dark brown; eyes, light blue. At time of arrest had a short mustache, and habitually used spectacles. Peculiarities: a dimple on his chin; left leg ⅛ of an inch shorter than right. (Wears a special shoe.)

"He is an accomplished musician. For three years toured with Kit Harkaway's band as arranger, pianist, and comedy

vocalist. Probably using forged passport. A dangerous Nazi agent."

As their taxi pulled out from the darkness of Victoria Station to an even greater darkness beyond, Dick Kershaw nervously sought, found and grasped Fay's fingers. She twined them in his, uttering a contented sigh; for it seemed to her at this moment that a hideous black barrier had been raised and that beyond the gloom of wartime London a white sunny road stretched on into infinity.

Neither spoke for a long time. Perhaps each wondered (as many had wondered) what extra sense came to life in London taxi drivers with the institution of blackout; marveled at the ease with which these experts found their way through streets possessing no visible characteristics to distinguish one from another. More probably, they were thinking of the man whose death had raised the barrier, that gate of folly, of lies.

"I sometimes feel as if I had lived right through one life," said Dick Kershaw, "died, and gone straight on into the beginning of another. The first life ended at the very moment I walked out to Treasure Island and saw you standing on the bridge. I didn't believe, then, that the second life could ever begin . . . I wonder what made me so blind to plain facts, so blind that I wouldn't even admit to myself that I had made a frightful mistake."

"You weren't really sure of her?"

"Never. It was a kind of misplaced sympathy, at first, and after that, just self-love. She was all alone and had to fend for herself, or so she made out. Of course, she attracted me at the beginning, and, as I can see now, made all the running. I knew her refined ways were a pose, but I didn't blame her.

"There is nothing against a girl trying to climb to a better position than she was born in. But I was practically sure she hadn't told me the truth on many occasions; and I was beginning to realize that if I didn't trust her, there must be a mistake somewhere. Because two people can't roll on together like that. Then, all the rumors. In fact one of our fellows gave me a pretty direct tip, so that I was half prepared for what I found out. At the time, it was a nasty jar, all the same; but as I see now, it was nothing but self-pity. It's hard for a man to face the fact that he has been run for a sucker."

"You don't know what I suffered, Dick, when you told us the story . . ."

Dick Kershaw released her hand and put his arm around her shoulders. His voice was very tender: "Fay, darling, I have hurt you so much that I think only an angel could ever forgive me."

She did not answer, but very contentedly rested her head on his shoulder.

"The way I was received by Colonel O'Halloran," Dick went on, "his assurance that, whatever I might say to the contrary, I had not killed Sir Giles Loeder simply stupefied me. Certainly, I didn't cause the bruise on his head which you described, and even you didn't know that his neck was broken, did you? He must have revived as I ran off and, poor devil, been set upon a second time by the man I heard coming up."

"Wake," murmured Fay.

"Yes! Think of it being your cousin's butler! And think that we are on our way to the house now, the house where his body was found!"

"Wake denies murdering him," said Fay. "But he can't deny having the money, because it was actually in his possession."

"It seems a perfectly clear case to me."

There was another silence, which was broken by Fay. "Have you . . . written to . . . the girl, Dick?"

"Rita Martin? Yes. I didn't reproach her or anything like that. I have no one to reproach but myself. In fact I told her I was sorry she had lost her friend. I took it for granted she would understand that everything was off between us. Fay?"

"Yes, Dick."

"Have you any idea what this invitation to your cousin's house means? I am naturally glad to have an opportunity of meeting him, but at the same time I am terribly nervous."

DICK KERSHAW fingered an invitation card which he had in his pocket. It bore the word "informal" and gave the purpose of the occasion as "supper, and a psychical experiment."

"You'll love him, Dick. He is simply charming. Yes, I know why we are going, but I don't know who else is to be there. In fact, he had to get my consent."

"Your consent to what?"

"To the séance he is going to hold. You see, he had promised me to give it up, after the night that the body was found in his lobby."

"And after the séance?"

"You can count upon a really good supper, Dick," said Fay dreamily, "although I don't know what arrangements Marcus has made since the arrest of Wake. Have you any idea where we are?"

Dick, without moving his arm, bent to peer out of a window. "We seem to be crossing a square. Would it be Berkeley Square?"

"If it is," said Fay, "we are nearly there." He had drawn very close to her in looking out of the window. "Dick."

"Yes, Fay?"

"Did you ever hear the song A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square? . . ."

(To be concluded next week)

COLLIER'S "But it's not supposed to make sense. It's regulations" GARDNER REA

PROLONG
the life of your car

..Have the hydraulic brake system checked regularly by your neighborhood garage or service station

It's important that you conserve the period of usefulness of your present car. War-time transportation needs make it advisable for you not to neglect safety factors.

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

When your car needs additional brake fluid--FOR SAFETY'S SAKE specify

Wagner
LOCKHEED No. 21 HYDRAULIC BRAKE FLUID

No. 21 is recommended for *all* hydraulic brakes. It retains its highly efficient qualities under all driving conditions. It completely and properly mixes with all other approved fluids, furnishes necessary lubrication for working parts of the hydraulic brake system, and in general preserves the essential characteristics of the entire system.

No. 21 is universally known for its high quality. For safety's sake, why not have your car checked TODAY! There is a station near you.

H43-9

Wagner Electric Corporation
ESTABLISHED 1891
6400 Plymouth Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.
(In Canada: Wagner Brake Service Company, Ltd., Toronto)
AUTOMOTIVE AND ELECTRICAL PRODUCTS

Born to Greatness

G & W Five Star is descended from a long line of noble whiskeys . . . with a pedigree dating back to the year 1832. ☆ Distinguished as its ancestors were, however, no one of them ever equaled the richness of flavor or the delightful mellowness of the G & W Five Star you enjoy today. ☆ This fine blend owes its excellence to the choicest base whiskeys in our warehouse . . . and to special "rounded" neutral spirits. ☆ So don't be misled by its modest price. In every respect, G & W Five Star is a whiskey you will be proud to serve to discriminating friends. Gooderham & Worts Ltd., Peoria, Ill.

FAMOUS NAMES
The U. S. Sloop of War "Hartford" was Admiral Farragut's flagship during the Civil War. Victor in many hard-fought actions, she lived up to the great traditions of the American Navy.

75% grain neutral spirits. 86 proof

G&W *Five Star*
Blended Whiskey

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED · · · FOUNDED IN CANADA 111 YEARS AGO

Blasting a Road to Rome

Continued from page 15

in the past. Jonesy must have skipped all his geography classes. He was over Sicily twenty-one times before he knew where the island was located. They had to show him on a map. Jonesy still doesn't feel it's important to know where Sicily is. "All I want is to go and come back. Yeah. Especially to come back."

When you've flown in combat with those boys, you come to know that to "come back" dominates their every move and their every thought, once they have located their target and released their bombs.

At first, there's the exhilaration of dangerous flight. Then there's fear. And soon fear, as such, is conquered. From then on, it's "I've got to get back."

"And listen, Jonesy," Dore was saying, "don't give me that 'I'm sucking them in' stuff if we meet any pursuit today."

"Just Sucking Them In"

It seems that Jonesy is the kind of tail gunner who likes to hold his fire until the enemy is close enough to blast him to pieces. Once when Dore's formation was attacked from the rear, the tail gunners of all the other ships were blasting away at oncoming Messerschmitts, but Jonesy and his gun remained silent. Dore phoned to ask him if his gun was functioning properly. Young Jonesy's voice came back, cool as you please, "No, boss, I'm just sucking them in."

I was relieved to hear Jonesy reassure Dore that today there wouldn't be any of that. Later, I was not only relieved, but very grateful.

The target for the day was Vibo Valentia, on the Italian toe, within sight of Messina—within sight of the city where my father was born. At about noon, the Calabrian coast was an irregular, faintly visible line of demarcation between sky and water. In a few minutes, we could distinguish the outlines of the Reggio Calabria mountains.

There was haze, and directly ahead (over the target, we feared) a mass of dense, smoky clouds. Off to the left, rose Etna with its ageless shoulders thrust through the thick overcast. Etna had once destroyed Messina. My grandfather, I recalled, was killed in the earthquake with all but one of my father's brothers and sisters. Etna was a weak Roman candle. It never did to Messina what our bombers have done.

Dore must have read what was in my mind. His voice came over the intercom phone: "Bet those poor bums in Messina think we're going to hit them again. Maybe, though, it wouldn't make much difference to them if we did. They've been hit twenty times in the last 24 hours."

There lay Messina, a great gray glob of a city sprawled on majestic Etna's footmen—the little hills at its base. Eighteen or twenty ships were anchored just outside the city mole, with steam up. We could see tiny plumes of smoke from their stacks. We reasoned that they were evacuation boats. There was smoke mist over the harbor works. Peasants' huts seemed to huddle in valleys and ravines for security. But they were safe. We were after a fighter airdrome at Vibo Valentia.

I heard the bomb-bay doors open with a low rumbling sound and the ship quivered expectantly. In the racks, there were nearly 300 fragmentation bombs painted black and yellow—beautifully turned marvels of craftsmanship. I opened the trap door in the floor of the flight deck.

Luck was with us. We bored through dense clouds and when we emerged from them, the target area was in full view, washed in sunlight. Framed in the outlines of a trap door which measured about two feet by four feet was the arid Ca brian countryside—unyielding, unfert earth, diligently tilled, laid out in a ne pattern of stone-fenced fields.

It seemed minutes before the target self—the airdrome and installations Vibo Valentia—slid like film into the o long opening below me. The bombardi released our bombs. The missiles left t ship in a flurry of snapping wires and t sharp crackle of detonating primers. T bombs seemed to jostle one another they tumbled out.

The first bursts I saw were of bom from a plane that had immediately pr ceded us on the target. Two planes, lik snipe flushed from a brown beach, tried t get away from Vibo Valentia. Only on succeeded. Others of their covey we destroyed on the field. A third one burne at the end of the landing strip.

Clusters of our bombs exploded amon hangars and administration buildings. Ou bombs were but a fraction of what wa dropped on the target this day. There wa no ack-ack—the boys had already knocke it out on a previous raid.

We turned, and now there were onl fighters to face. Dore didn't like thos clouds. He circled them, with elements o our formation following him. The othe formation on the mission went into th cloud mass. When it emerged at the othe side, to the left of us, ten Me. 109s met it

At first the Messerschmitts were mere spots before my eyes, uncertainly placed in vision, but very quickly they became very real. For fleeting moments they seemed about to attack. But when the entire formation of stacked and staggered Liberators came through the cloud, with ours slightly below it and ready to go to the aid of the others, the Messerschmitts thought better of it. They failed to close for combat. I felt very safe. I knew Jonesy wouldn't be trying to "suck 'em in" this time.

We set course for home. Within a half-hour, we were well out of danger of interception. We lighted cigarettes, turned the switches of our phones to "liaison" and listened to music from the States. Fred MacMurray was emceeing a show in San Francisco. I have never met Mr. MacMurray, but his voice was as welcome as an old friend. Lou Holtz told one of his stories and Ginny Simms sang.

"All's Well"

Sergeant Lower smiled widely, and he was comfortably glad he was an American. I grinned back at him, and we were all as happy as though we had just received letters from home. Up in the cockpit, Dore twisted his head around, smiled and raised his right hand in the airman's symbol for "All's well"—the thumb and index finger forming an "O." On the way home, we saw numerous naval craft, elements of our invasion forces, warships, transports, every conceivable type of ship. They swept across the Mediterranean with the confident power of the avengers they were.

Behind us, we had left a chaos of broken buildings, cracked water mains, devastated hangars, blasted roads, burning stations and crippled vehicles. Ours wasn't the only raid of the day. Other bombers, heavies and mediums from our own Ninth Air Force, and from the Twelfth Air Force in North Africa, with units of the Royal Air Force—first-line aircraft of some 4,000 Allied planes massed along the south Mediterranean Coast for democracy's first counterblow against the Axis—had also done their work. They had hit Pachino, where the first American beachhead was established. They had hammered Trapani, Catania, Marsala, Sciacca, Li-

cata, Vittoria Comiso, Noto, Messina and Reggio Calabria itself. They had smashed Axis headquarters at Taormina, where the Nazis and Fascists had established themselves comfortably in the picturesque San Domenico Hotel, cynosure of tourists between Messina and Etna. Pilots said they saw the old hotel, which was a gyp joint if ever there was one, roll down the mountainside.

The invasion began on July 9th. That's the way it will go down in the history books, for it was then that the first American and British parachutists began what technicians call the "vertical envelopment of objective." But the invasion really started on July 1st. That's when the bombers went to work on Sicily with the pace which had broken resistance on Pantelleria.

The Ninth Air Force alone, in the period between the dawn of July 1st and dawn of July 10th, dropped nearly three million pounds of bombs on Sicilian targets, softening them for the sea-borne thrust that was to follow. What few combat losses were sustained (I can't cite figures, but they are ridiculously small) were caused by enemy fighter planes.

The Enemy's Desperation

On the ninth day, the enemy gave signs of collapse in the air. His fighters got one or two of our big bombers. His pilots machine-gunned our crews as they parachuted out of our stricken planes. Our commanders in the field saw in this a serious psychological crack-up on the part of the enemy, an act of desperation by those who were now being beaten by the very weapon—airpower—with which they had dreamed of conquering the world.

Only a few days before, I had visited Pantelleria, and I saw there what bombers can accomplish. On Pantelleria, bombs cracked civilian and military morale, destroyed communications and knocked out military objectives.

Civilian morale broke first on Pantelleria. For four days, there was a bomber over the island every minute. For 96 hours, none of the island citizens slept. They huddled in bombproof shelters, afraid to stir even to relieve themselves and they crowded there in their own filth. I saw those shelters.

Interruption of communications increased panic and brought hunger to the island's six thousand people. They couldn't reach their caches of food and water. The Italians had built beautiful shelters, but with their splendid disregard for the practical, they had cached supplies at some distance from where they'd be needed, as they had neglected to build latrines where they'd most be needed.

The head man at Pantelleria now is Brigadier General Aubry Strickland, who bears the fancy title of Commanding General Air Base Command and Governor pro tem of Pantelleria. He is known to his friends from Alabama as "His Excellency, de Boss."

Strickland's Italian is limited to mispronouncing *"Buon giorno."* When he arrived with his soldiers, he brought food for the hungry and medicines for the sick. Right now we're feeding half the island's six thousand people. The other half manages to live on what the island grows—a little wheat, a few grapes, goat cheese, olives and wine.

The gratitude of those who have been fed and restored was expressed in a proclamation they sent to His Excellency, de Boss. The document said that the citizens of Pantelleria had looked to the inevitable arrival of the Americans and British with dread, for they had been told tales of what those bloodthirsty non-Aryans would do to them. The citizens were both stupefied and gratified, the proclamation said, to find Americans and Britons really good people, after all, and it concluded with a vote of thanks for providing Pantelleria with "the only real freedom we have ever known." Two hundred and fifty names of prominent citizens were appended to this fiat of faith.

Highly placed Allied officers regret that much unfettered nonsense has already appeared in newspapers, here and in dispatches to the United States, about the likelihood of an easy triumph in the Mediterranean. The more sober generals with whom I have talked at our air bases along the coast as far west as Tunis, and in Cairo and Pantelleria itself, foresee a hard, sharp struggle ahead, with heavy losses in ground troops, naval elements, planes and fighting personnel.

The reasons for this have nothing to do with whether or not the Italians are good soldiers, or whether they love or hate Fascism, or whether they want to be freed from the Nazis. It's the consensus of better military minds than yours or mine that Hitler will fight to the last ditch to hold Italy.

When the invasion of Italy's protective islands began, certain pertinent facts emerged to prove the Nazi determination to fight to hold Italy as they have fought to hold some six or seven million square miles of Russia. In the first place, our bombers encountered flak of such intensity as to cause some of them to wish they were bombing the northern rather than the southern approaches to Fortress Europe.

One explanation by competent officers for the large number of antiaircraft guns is that the Germans have moved their batteries from other points to protect their vulnerable ally. Another is that the Germans have been concentrating, recently, on the production of ack-ack guns and other defensive weapons such as fighter planes, instead of bombers. Whatever the explanation, our planes have been returning to their bases with plenty of holes in wings and fuselage.

American adherence to high-level, daylight precision bombing has kept our losses to surprisingly low levels. But our mechanics and repairmen have been working hard these days, repairing riddled ships for uninterrupted day-and-night bombing, to which all Italy will be subjected.

Nazis Have Second-Rate Pilots

Another index of the Nazi resolve to hold Italy at all costs is visible in the number of fighters they maintain in the air. Hardly an attack is made by our heavies or mediums without fighter interception. Our returning pilots say, however, that the quality of the enemy pilots has deteriorated.

"They're second-rate," one pilot told me, "but they're as brash as ever. I would say that the Nazis right now are using youngsters who are just cutting their combat teeth, and oldsters who have been out of battle for long rests and are just returning to combat and haven't quite got their eye on the ball."

So, judging from the heavy concentrations of ack-ack and the defensive fighters, and from the fact that, as long as eighteen months ago, the Nazis pumped a quarter of a million crack troops into Sicily, there's more room for believing that the fighting there is going to be tough, rather than for lightheaded optimism. Moreover, the enemy had from November, 1942, when Eisenhower landed at Rommel's rear, until now, to prepare for an Allied punch through Sicily and the Italian mainland. There is no reason to believe that the Axis has wasted that time.

Nor have we. A high-ranking Allied air officer estimated that, between them, the Americans and British have as many planes in North Africa as the entire German and Italian air forces combined.

THE END

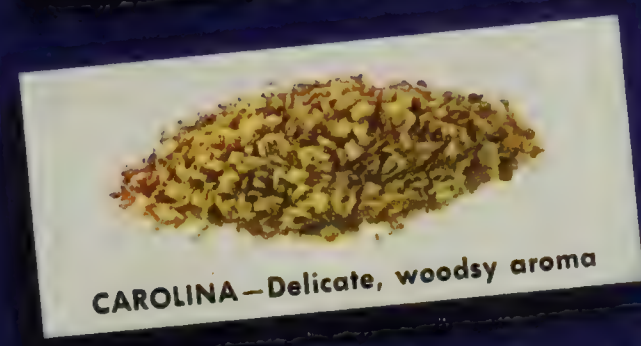
WHAT MAN WOULDN'T GO FOR ALL FIVE?

And what Pipe Smoker would pass up a blend of 5 such perfections as this? Isn't it worth 15c to try?

REVELATION Pipe Mixture combines the perfections of 5 GREAT TOBACCOS—fully blended—and CUT 5 DIFFERENT WAYS—to get from each tobacco its richest goodness.

VIRGINIA—For rich, fragrant body

PERIQUE—For tone and sparkle


CAROLINA—Delicate, woodsy aroma

LATAKIA—Spicy flavor

BURLEY—So cool—and mellow!

Most "mixtures" are on or 2 tobaccos, cut 1 w They can't come near RE ATION for perfect pipe s ing. 5 tobaccos—cut 5 w —makes a tremendous fference. Try REVELATI

15¢ POCKET PA

A Product of PHILIP MORR

REVELATION
SMOKING MIXTURE
THE PERFECT PIPE TOBACCO

The Americas—Partners in Enterprise

Continued from page 14

experience. He wants to put his knowledge and money to work.

Great rewards await enterprising United States citizens in South America who adhere to this formula of co-operation, but rewards are seldom achieved without risks. The businessman with foresight will understand that he must be prepared to adapt himself to climatic conditions, to customs, and to laws far different in many respects from those to which he has been accustomed. He will know that the battle against deadly diseases in many regions is a long, hard one, yet to be won. And unless he learns the language of the people, he starts under a great handicap.

Europeans are far ahead of us in understanding these problems. Before most European business concerns send a representative abroad, he must know the language, history and culture of the new country.

I met many American businessmen in South America who thoroughly understood the psychology and language of the countries in which they live. In many instances, however, they gained their knowledge years after their arrival. The newly arrived European has a tremendous head start, therefore, over the average American newcomer.

Broadening Horizons of Freedom

We Americans are accustomed to thinking of our country as the world's stronghold of freedom. We know that free men, working under a system of creative capitalism, have built a higher standard of living for our people than has any other nation. I am convinced after my meetings with the businessmen of South America that we must expand our conception of that stronghold of freedom to the entire hemisphere, and that the Americas must be partners in private enterprise if the economic development of the Western Hemisphere is to be assured.

Although there are concentrated regions, especially along the coasts of the continent, where business and industry are active, most of South America is now in a stage of development which may be compared with that of the United States before the railroads sped commerce to every part of the land. Our industrial evolution and our standard of living advanced step by step thereafter, as machines were invented and the science of industry progressed.

But South America does not have to await the evolution of the machine age. Our neighbors can step into the seven-league boots of modern technology, with our co-operation, and go forward at a tremendous pace.

The airplane, as an example, is opening new vistas of opportunity. Our Pan American plane stopped overnight at Barreiras, in the heart of Brazil. The colorful little community lay beside the winding San Francisco River, the only means of communication with the outside world before the building of the airport. A letter carried down the river by boat from Barreiras to the coast a thousand miles away arrives at its destination in six weeks—with good luck. The airplane flies to Rio de Janeiro, on the coast, in less than four hours.

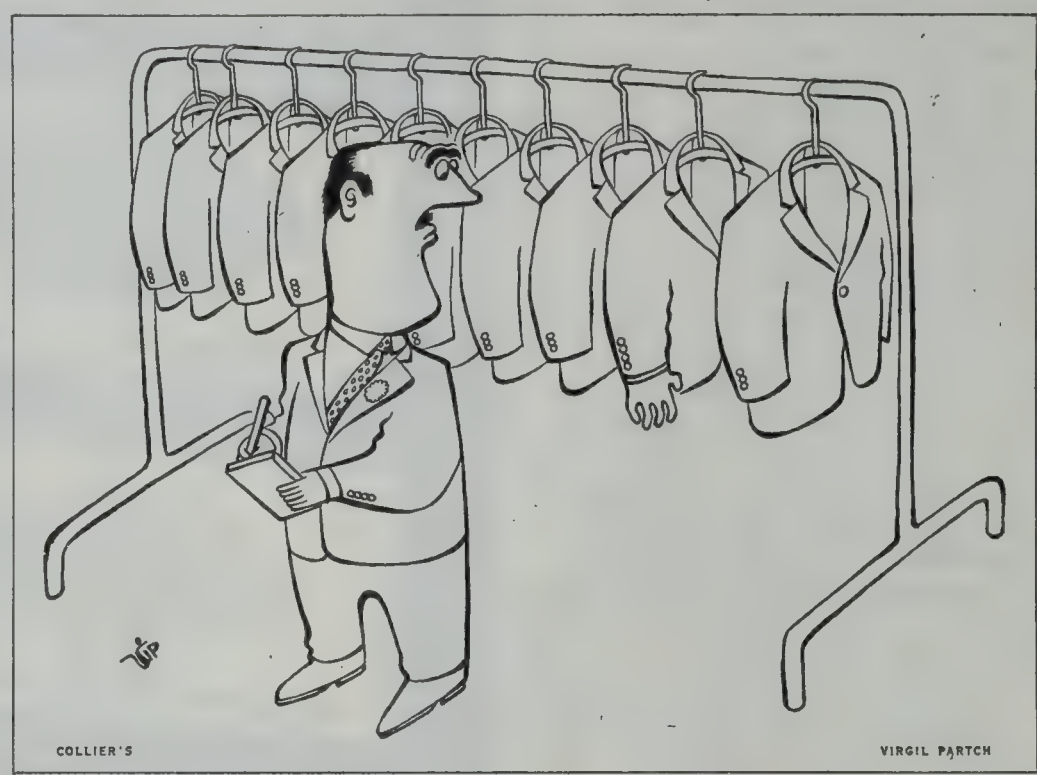
I thought of the meat shortage in the United States when informed that the people of this village raise cattle just for the hides. Much of the meat cannot be used because the river boats lack refrigeration.

In Colombia, I flew from Cali to Bogota in one hour and five minutes. Overland, the trip takes 40 hours.

Vast areas of South America, particularly in southern Brazil, are very similar to our own cattle lands in the Middle West and should be able to support large populations. The land is sparsely settled, however, for there are few highways or railroads. The airplane is opening a wedge here, and roads and railroads will follow the commerce developed by the airways. The Brazilians and others have been far-sighted in starting transportation improvements before the war.

In their use of air transport for freight, South America is a step ahead of the United States. Rubber is shipped by air from Brazil and Peru. At an airfield in Argentina, I saw a large Douglas plane, its seats removed, loaded with onion seed for the United States.

But Juan Trippe, president of Pan American Airways, recently told me that his planes would fly from Buenos Aires to New York in one day. Think what this will mean in improving the understanding between the United States and Argentina, which traditionally has looked to Europe for her culture and commerce.



Many of the high officials I met in Argentina spoke French, as well as their native language, fluently. Few of them understood English. Even fewer had ever visited the United States, although before the war they had visited Europe each year. It was too difficult for them to get here. Not until 1939 did the first luxury liners under the American flag ply the waters between New York and Buenos Aires. Previously, it was quicker and more comfortable to sail to the United States by way of England or France. Doctors and lawyers always received their education in Europe.

Understanding between the peoples of nations is the solvent that loosens the barriers of trade, and the airplane is sure to bring the hearts and the minds of all the Americas much closer together.

Ripe for Development

South America is now ripe for development. I visited a glass factory in Argentina which produces ordinary glassware, such as is sold in our five-and-ten stores. The factory is jointly owned by Argentinians and American glass concerns. Thirty-eight hundred people are employed in the factories at wages more than twice as high as they had ever before received for manual labor. For the first time, many of these workers are able to purchase luxuries as well as necessities. Now they can buy radios, lipstick and other products normally imported from the United States or Europe.

Across the Andes from Argentina is the long, fertile coastal strip that is southern Chile, where I saw a green, verdant region similar to the Puget Sound country in the State of Washington. The trees which grow here are said to be ideal for papermaking. Near by, the melting snows of the Andes rush in a torrent to the sea, and the possibility of hydroelectric power development is immediately suggested.

Chilean businessmen told me they plan to seek the assistance of our industry after the war in the domestic production of paper for the newspapers and magazines published in their country. Heretofore, they imported all their pulp.

An American firm in Peru manufactures paper from the waste fiber of sugar cane and supplies Peruvian newspapers with newsprint. The accomplishment is unusual, and an American scientist I met at the plant says the process is being steadily improved.

Our neighbor nations largely concentrate upon one or two items for export. They import many necessities. Chile, for instance, depends principally on the production of copper and nitrates; Brazil, upon coffee and cotton. The businessmen of Latin America want to become more self-sufficient in the things they can economically produce.

South America needs capital—not the capital of exploitation, but the permanent capital of development. Combine our capital and technical assistance with their growing industrial "know-how," their resources and manpower, and the economic development of the Americas would be assured. The plane of civilization would be lifted not only in the south but the north of the hemisphere. I said as much to an American who lives in Buenos Aires.

He shook his head dubiously: "That's all very inspiring, but if we help South American countries industrialize, won't we be destroying our own export markets? If we lend our assistance in the building of a textile plant, for example, won't we eliminate that much of our South American market for textiles?"

The obvious answer is that the trade of the United States has always been greatest with the nations of the highest industrialization, for industrialization generates increased purchasing power.

My friend mentioned textiles. Suppose every person in South America were given the added purchasing power to b one cotton garment—overalls or a dr —each year. The textile industry, whi has already made great headway in Br zil and Argentina, would have to expa six times over its present size to supp the demand. And this would mean th South America would be in the ma ket for looms and many other kinds textile machinery manufactured in t United States.

As industries grow in the south of t hemisphere, a vast labor force must trained to operate machines. Small b ginnings have been made. I inspected machine shop in Chile where sever hundred young men were studying t intricacies of this century's methods manufacture. The students were alert an ambitious, quick to learn their lessons.

Later, I spoke to the businessmen Valparaiso, Chile. "When you pay a ma a dollar a day," I said, "and he doesn know a job which requires special skill he's probably not worth it. He costs yo money. You may pay a trained man te dollars a day to perform the same jo and still come out with a profit."

Many small American-sponsored enter prises were started in South America be fore the outbreak of war and, in man cases, have shown tremendous develop ment.

One city offered the striking exampl of a young American businessman wh arrived five years ago with a few thou sand dollars. He opened a small coffe shop. Then he applied familiar method of American merchandising to the sale o coffee and doughnuts.

That young American today owns a string of coffee shops, and he has converted his original investment into more than a hundred thousand dollars.

"Go South, Young Man!"

After the war, I would paraphrase Horace Greeley's advice by saying, "Go South, young man!" Learn Spanish and study the background of the people first, acquire a little capital and start a business in South America. You will be welcomed with open arms by the people there.

Businessmen can now only plan for the co-operative development of the Americas. Action must await the ending of the war, and businessmen of the Americas are planning, intelligently and co-operatively, through the Inter-American development commissions in each country. The over-all objective is to raise, through industrialization and trade, the mass purchasing power of the people of all the Americas. To this end, the United States commission is surveying our post-war raw-materials requirements from South America. The commissions on the other side of the hemisphere are determining what materials and manufactured products they will need from the United States.

But that's just the start of our plans. We will recommend the elimination of some of the obstacles to trade among the American republics. We will propose to our legislatures the revision of laws which hinder the co-operation of businessmen in the hemisphere. The United States commission will act as a clearinghouse of information on opportunities for the participation of American business in the economic development of South America.

This co-operative development of the Americas by private enterprise will be a magnificent adventure and it will provide the rest of the world with an example to follow in international relations, eliminating much of the provocation for wars.

THE END

A salute to the fighting men of the United States Army Ground Forces

THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE MIGHTY JEEP

HEROIC OFFICERS DARE DEATH FOR MEN

(A true incident of the invasion of North Africa)

THE JEEP has carried brave men into countless thrilling actions on every blazing front of the war. But never has a Jeep participated in a more heroic deed than is described in the incident illustrated above.

Here is the story as told, *for the first time*, by a commanding officer of the United States Ground Forces that landed at Port Lyautey:

"It was very early morning of the day we invaded North Africa, and we were standing off the shore of Casablanca. Directly in front of us lay the resort town of Port Lyautey, one of the strongest fortified points held by the French. It was here that their Commandant had his headquarters in an old Portuguese fort, on a hill five hundred yards in from shore.

"Just at daybreak our barges, manned by Navy personnel, and carrying Jeeps, tanks, and men of the United States Army Ground Forces, took to the water. We headed for shore in surf that was 18 feet high.

"When we were about half way in, they opened up on us with everything they had. Even before we reached the beach, their guns and fliers were making it plenty hot for us.

"Our Jeeps were the first to hit the sand and they came off the barges with their guns blazing.

"Throughout the whole action, the teamwork of the U. S. Army and Navy forces was *perfect*.

"But there was one example of personal courage in those three days of fighting that will stand out in my memory if I live for a thousand years.

"You see, the commanding officer of our expedition—an oldtimer—carried an important message for the Commandant at the fort. He felt that if this message got through, there was a good chance that they would quit firing and that much bloodshed would be prevented.

"So, on a standard to the right of his Jeep he had an American flag set up. On the left, the Tri-color. And in the middle a flag of truce.

"The message had to reach the fort. Our Commander, and another officer who volunteered to drive the Jeep, made the attempt.

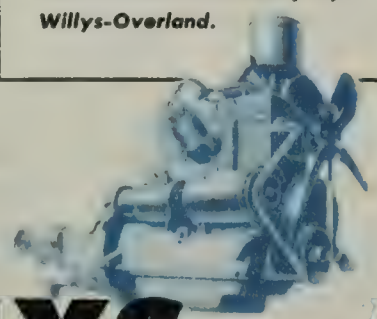
"With those three flags standing straight in the breeze, this Jeep came off the barge first. It headed across the beach and on up the hill toward the fort, at top speed—*right into the fire of a battery of 138 mm. coast artillery guns and machine guns.*

"We figured that if the officers in the fort saw their own flag along with the 'truce' flag and the Stars and Stripes, they would cease firing, and the message would get through.

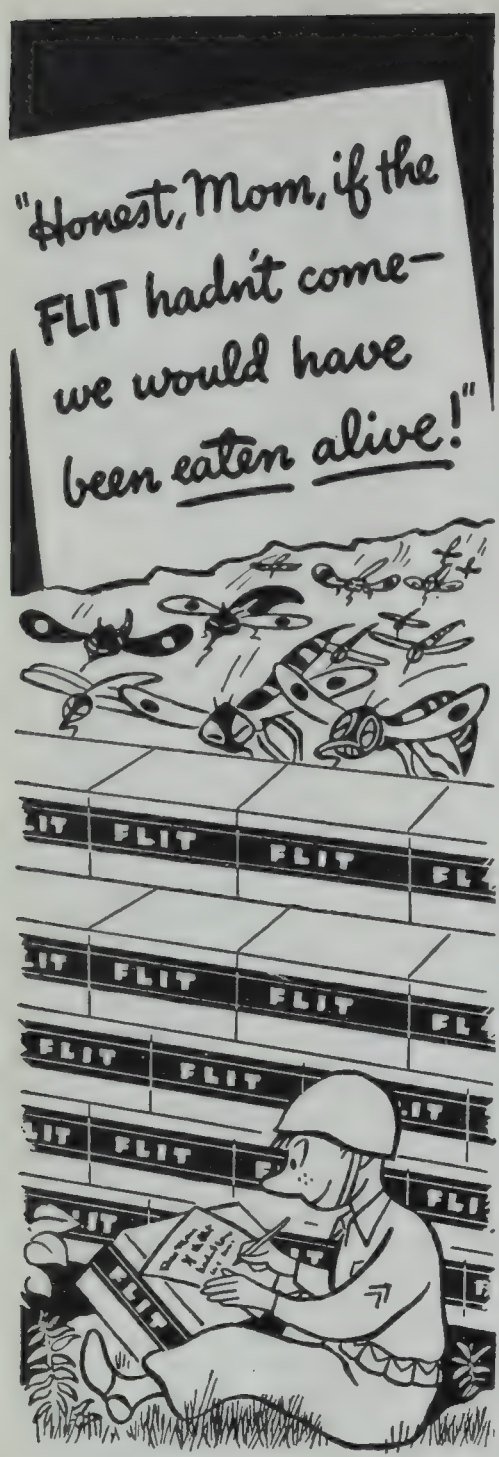
"But it didn't work out that way. When the speeding Jeep was about two-thirds the way up the hill, and we were thinking they might make it, a burst of gun-fire killed the Colonel and knocked the Jeep out of action. The other officer escaped with his life, and although captured, completed the mission, and later received the Congressional Medal of Honor.

"And right there the curtain came down on one of the finest bits of personal heroism, *above and beyond the call of duty*, that this war will see on any front."

The heart of every fighting Jeep in the world—and the source of its amazing power, speed, flexibility, dependability and fuel economy—is the Willys "Go-Devil" Engine, the design of which was perfected and is owned exclusively by Willys-Overland.



WILLYS BUILT JEEP

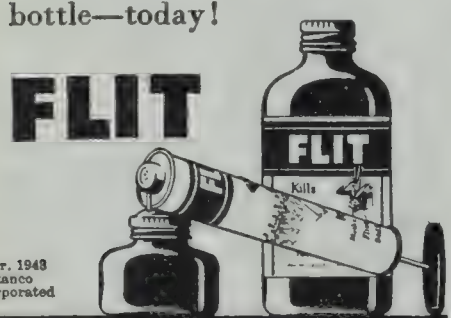


• Our soldiers are sure glad to get FLIT — and all our other super-slaying insecticides. They're real weapons of war on many insect-infested battle-fronts.

Their spray of death kills many foul foreign insects just as FLIT blitzes *your* household pests here at home!

FLIT is Grade AA. It far exceeds minimum requirements of Commercial Standards C S 72-38 as issued by the National Bureau of Standards.

Insist on FLIT . . . the double-A killer. Buy a bottle—today!



Copr. 1943 Stanco Incorporated

KILLS mosquitoes, flies, moths, bedbugs, roaches, ants, and other household pests.

"Murder," She Says

Continued from page 55

for "unnecessary roughness," but with a pretty young girl whispering it into a susceptible young man's ear, it worked. She was ushered in to see the prospective employer, a film director named Alfred Hitchcock, whose first question was:

"Do you speak German?"

The part of the ad she hadn't read included the important fact that the required secretary would have to be able to be a fluent conversationalist in that tongue. Hitchcock needed someone to speak to a cameraman and an actor he had under contract, neither of whom spoke English. The cameraman never came to America, but you've probably heard of the actor, who has since learned to speak our patois. He is the actor with what Songwriter Eddie Cherkose calls "the soft-boiled eyes"—Peter Lorre.

Joan was trapped, but using that contrary logic that Eve invented for women, she answered, pertly: "No, but I speak French."

Working her way out from there, she talked Hitchcock into hiring her. If he wanted a secretary, and he did, he made a great mistake. But if he wanted a young lady who was anxious to learn everything about pictures, which he didn't, he had made a great choice.

After a few months, she started to read scripts for him. After about a year, she started to make suggestions. After a year and a half, he made her a script girl for one picture, and a little later he let her write a sequence for The Lady Vanishes.

And the Boss Talked On

It was at that period that she learned one of the great truths of show business. When you're working on a play, or a radio show, or a picture, you have to give it your every waking hour. Social life and personal pleasures run for Sweeney. Joan had made a date for an important dinner party, and when five o'clock rolled around, Hitchcock was still dictating some script changes. Joan started to glance at the clock rather pointedly.

"Do you have to go now?" Hitch asked.

"I told you about this dinner party, Mr. Hitchcock," she said. "It's for my fiancé, and it's quite important to me."

"All right, dear, we won't be very long."

But at 7:30, he was still dictating and Joan was all but throwing out her shoulder turning to look at the clock.

Suddenly, Hitch stopped dictating in the middle of a scene. "You may go," he said.

The next day, instead of bawling her out, Hitchcock, ever a charming gentleman, used another scheme. Everywhere she went, including the powder room, she got a telegram, which read: "The Upper Thames Ladies' Bowling Society Requests Your Presence at a Party Given Tonight." Another read: "The Chelsea Cooking School Would Like You to Attend a Party, etc."

Altogether, there were twelve wires, the last one arriving as she was leaving to go home. That one read:

"Party Party Party Party Party."

She went on being a secretary-assistant writer at a secretary's salary for a couple of years, and then Hitchcock gave her a raise, and let her write some sequences for his later pictures. She had a great break at that time in her quest of murder stories, for her uncle became keeper of the Old Bailey, where she saw every type of criminal.

Her first screen credit came shortly after that, on the Charles Laughton picture, produced in England, Jamaica Inn.

In April, 1939, six months before the bugles blew to announce that it was post time for another war, Hitchcock came to this country to work for David O. Selznick. Joan came along, for she had, in fact, become an integral part of Hitchcock's group.

Her first picture in this country was the tremendously successful Rebecca, followed by those other Hitchcock chillers, Foreign Correspondent, Suspicion, and Saboteur.

She could have stayed as a writer with Hitchcock, but her pride made her quit. Hollywood being Hollywood, no girl as pretty as Joan could long remain in association with a brilliant man like Hitch without talk starting to the effect that "she can't write" . . . "he's just 'carrying' her for laughs . . ." etc.

"It's quite true that Hitch taught me everything I know about this business, and I'm very, very grateful to him for it, but the time came when I had to prove to everyone, including myself, that I could walk on my own two feet."

Another canard about Joan is that "she got to be the first woman producer because of the war." That is obviously eyewash, because the ranks of producers have not been depleted by the war. There haven't been enough producers drafted to form a respectable platoon. This you can bet on—Joan Harrison would have been a producer if Hitler had been a jockey.

Joan Harrison is a full-fledged producer. This means that she has entire charge of and supervises the making of the picture. She picks the story, engages the writers or adapters, and has complete say over the actors and actresses who will portray the leading roles. The director, cameramen and stage crew are also under her aegis. It is quite an undertaking for anyone and Joan has what it takes.

She is currently engaged in making a picture called Phantom Lady at Universal, and after that she'll make another chiller about a jury. That one will be composed almost entirely of memories from the Old Bailey. She never forgets a case.

Her ambition now is not only to keep on producing good suspense stories, but also to get married and have a family.

The line forms to the right, boys.

THE END

DEBUNKERS

The Carnegie Institution of Washington discovered that the heat of the desert does not penetrate the ground for more than two inches.

A researcher at Johns Hopkins University discovered that Diogenes was not an honest man, but a moocher and a thief.

Henry W. Schreiber, a prominent archer of Connecticut, reported that the Indians have always been poor archers and never could make a shot at a distance greater than ten yards.

A reporter for the Associated Press made an investigation and announced that the average so-called ten-gallon hat contains only one and four tenths gallons.

An entomologist at the University of California disclosed that the tarantula's bite is practically harmless to man.

W. E. FARBSTEIN

Out There, ZIPPO is a FRIEND INDEED

The boys fighting in the tropics know that the ever reliable ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER means more than a sure light for pipe or fag.

Mid winds that blow and blow, and rains that never seem to cease, the windproof, waterproof ZIPPO comes in mighty useful, for lighting lanterns, fires or as a "guiding light" in inky darkness.

That's why sales of ZIPPO LIGHTERS are limited exclusively to our fighting forces on the high seas and outside continental U. S. A.*

Keep *your* ZIPPO in perfect order. Buy only ZIPPO Hard Flints (4 for 10¢)—they give a big spark, last longer, fit better . . . and ZIPPO Long Lasting FLUID — it goes farther and burns clear. The "asbestosized" wick should last a lifetime. Ask your dealer.

ZIPPO MFG. CO.
Dept. C, Bradford, Pa.

*Sorry we can't take your order, entire output taken over by our armed forces.

ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER

New *under-arm* Cream Deodorant *safely* Stops Perspiration

1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Safely stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Seal of Approval of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics. Use Arrid regularly.

ARRID IS THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

ARRID

39¢ a jar

(Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars)

At any store which sells toilet goods

Eat 'Em and Like 'Em

Continued from page 57

Service goes along on the big trawlers to watch for likely-looking specimens of fish. He rescues "trash fish" that would otherwise be thrown overboard, carefully cleans and ices them, and packs them away separately.

He delivers them to the Biological Investigations office, located near Harvard University. Here the biologists, with test tube and microscope, study all the properties of the fish.

Equally important is the work of William C. Herrington, in charge of the North Atlantic Fishery Investigations. He wraps up a couple of fish and takes them home to Mrs. Herrington. She, handling the culinary strategy, cooks them, and the Herringtons bravely sit down to an experimental fish fry.

Neighbors Are Guinea Pigs

If the results are pleasant, the next step is to invite the neighbors in for dinner. A bigger batch of the "new" fish is prepared and sprung on the guests.

"I don't think they feel as though they were potential martyrs to science," Mr. Herrington says. "They nearly always come when invited. Our biggest job is to overcome prejudice. To do this, we often give 'hidden label' tests, the way the cigarette people used to do. The result is the people usually prefer the dish that they would not even touch if they were in the know."

The next step is to send quantities of the sea food to the experimental kitchens of three large concerns co-operating with the committee. In spotless cooking laboratories, skilled dietitians really work over every possible recipe that would bring out the good qualities of the fish. Finally the recipes are sifted down to a small number of easily prepared, tasty, healthful dishes.

Then the committee holds one of its luncheon meetings. Invited to the gathering are representatives of cooking schools, home economics experts, women's department editors, and delegates from women's clubs, all anxious to take part in some activity definitely furthering the war effort.

The new fish is served as the main dish. After luncheon, mimeographed recipes are distributed and the program of promoting that particular sea food is explained. Delegates are urged to report fully to the group or club they represent with the ultimate aim of arousing the interest of the housewife. She holds the success of the entire project in her pocketbook.

The committee has accomplished a great deal so far. Over half a million pounds of ocean pout (alias cusk eel, alias conger eel, etc.,) has been marketed across the country by chain stores. Carp from the Great Lakes is being experimented with, and in the South, skate—under its new moniker Raja—is used as a substitute for crab meat, besides gaining popularity on its own merits.

At the last experimental luncheon a few weeks ago, the delegates were startled to see heaping platters of ham and scrambled eggs ready for them. When the last slice of ham and the last bite of egg had vanished, the announcement was made that the "ham and eggs" had come from the sea!

The "ham" was smoked angler fillets—actually called "hams"—sliced and fried, and the "eggs" were scrambled redfish roe. And everybody had second helpings, too.

THE END

Corner of Heaven

Continued from page 17

"Why doesn't she come down?"

"Because she hasn't got sense enough." And it would be true!

After a while, a girl put her head in the door and said, "Oh, that was dinner, that bell. My mother always gives us a ten-minute bell to warn us. Maybe you thought that was a ten-minute bell? But that was dinner."

Griselle, unable to speak, accompanied her downstairs.

"I'm Dodo Cruickshank," the girl said. "I look like this because I've got a date tonight."

Her appearance was indeed odd, inasmuch as her hair was tied tightly into an old bandanna, and her costume consisted of faded slacks, worn dancing slippers and a sort of sports coat of navy blue buttoned with silver buttons. But all the girls at the long table were in oddly-assorted attire, most of their heads were tied up to preserve their curls for a later occasion; two were in house coats, several in thin slack suits, some had books and fountain pens with which they were absorbed throughout the entire meal; one was formally dressed for the evening, but her satin gown was not quite clean, and the elegant wrap of rabbit fur that she had slung over her chair evidently was not her own, for when Belle almost spilled tomato sauce upon it, the girl shrieked, "Oh, help! My aunt will never speak to me again."

Griselle found their fierce preoccupation with their own lives, their studies and the rating of their studies, their meal, their appearance and their amusements a great protection. She could sit silent in their midst without too agonizing a self-consciousness. Upon her arrival and during her introduction, they had indeed inspected her with a frankness that had chilled her spine and thickened her throat and brought out a fine sweat upon her palms and temples; but that had passed. Presently, nobody was paying any attention to her, and the wild gabble went on to an accompaniment of knives and forks, ice clinking in long glasses, bursts of laughter and feeble protests from the students.

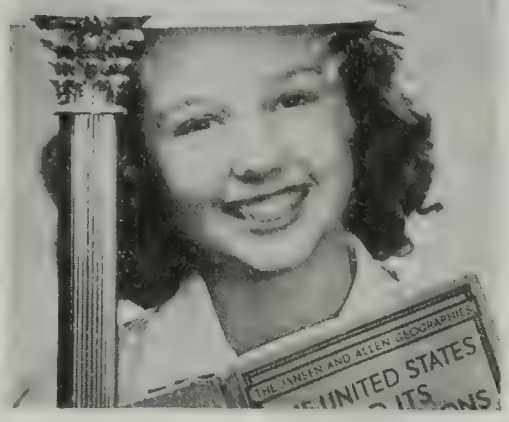
AT THE head of the table sat Doctor Samuel Cruickshank, fifty-four years old, bearded, mustached and bushy of hair, getting gray, untidy, rather fat and shapeless, amiably interested in what all these girls were doing and saying, and evidently adored by them. Their voices jumbled together to answer his questions; they laughed delightedly at his outrageous puns; they promised him to take care of their eyes and not forget their vitamin tablets.

Most of them called Mrs. Cruickshank "Aunt Mollie." Aunt Mollie was fat and soft and easygoing, too, but Griselle had not been twenty-four hours in the house before she knew who was its general, its board of directors, its judge, jury, housekeeper, guardian and cook. In the last capacity, cooking, especially, Aunt Mollie shone.

For the rest, she was a simple woman who liked her associates, old and young, simply to be "decent." This word was her

Their "*See-ability*" is yours to protect!

NOW—MORE THAN EVER—the responsibility of guarding childhood's precious sight is yours. For today, with fewer bright, long-lasting Westinghouse Mazda bulbs available, every lamp you own should be made to produce the utmost in "See-ability."



KEEP THESE YOUNG EYES BRIGHT! Obtain better "See-ability" from your lamps and bulbs by (1) moving the lamp closer to the page or the work.

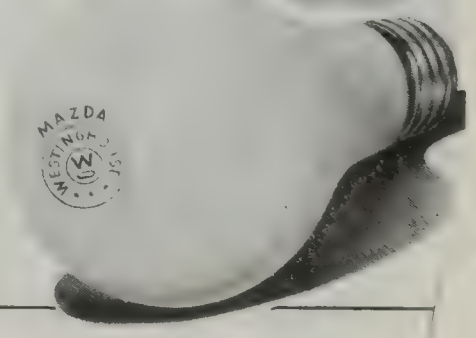
This uses all the light without waste. (2) Keep lamps, shades, and reflectors clean. (3) Use only the lamps you need—when and where you need them!

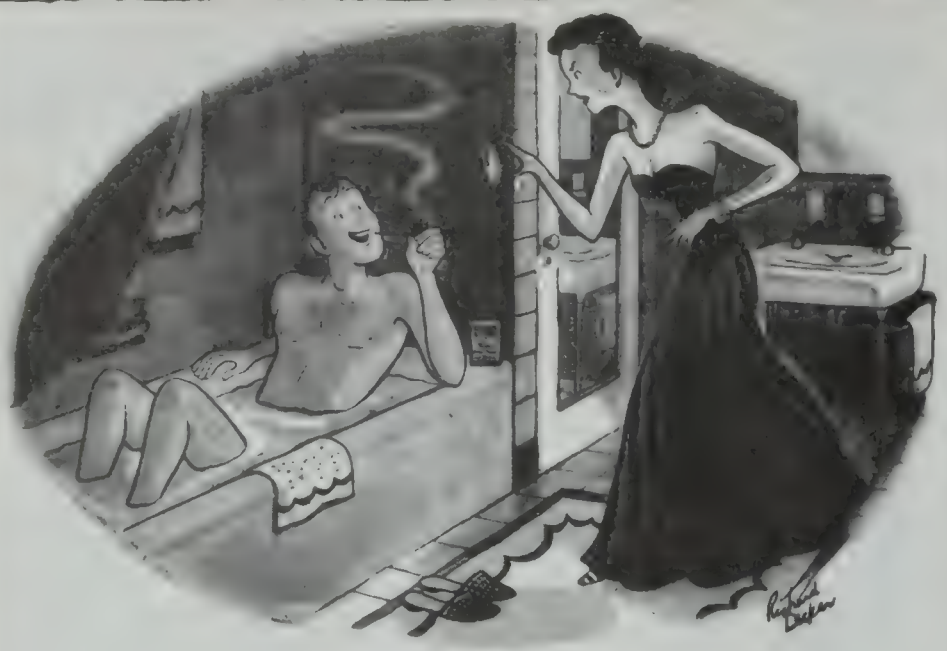
SEE THE NEW Westinghouse booklet, "How to Get More Light for Your Money," for additional suggestions. Write for a copy. Department C-8, Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., Bloomfield, N. J.

Westinghouse

* MAZDA LAMPS *

FOR GREATER "SEE-ABILITY"





"I AM hurrying, dear. I'm smoking my Sir Walter Raleigh as fast as I can."

YOU'RE MIGHTY LATE if you haven't learned the two simple rules that guarantee *real* pipe pleasure. Number one—clean it regularly. And number two—always fill 'er up with mild, mellow Sir Walter Raleigh. This blend of choice Kentucky burleys always burns cool—it's free from tongue-bite. And it's known everywhere as *"the quality pipe tobacco of America."*

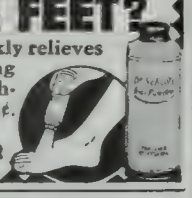
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
PIPE TOBACCO
Smokes as sweet as it smells

UNION MADE

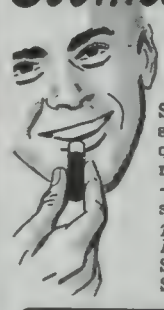
★★★
HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY
86 PROOF

Distilled and bottled at Cognac, France
JAS HENNESSY & CO . . . . . Est. 1765
SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co.
NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

HOT, TENDER FEET?
Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder quickly relieves hot, tired, tender, perspiring feet. Eases tight shoes. Soothing. *Send it to boys in Service.* 35¢.
Dr Scholl's FOOT POWDER



Soothes Sun-cracked Lips fast!



Sun-dried, cracked lips are unsightly and uncomfortable. Get quick relief with Chap Stick. Gently medicated, it soothes the smarting—helps heal blisters and cracked skin. Apply before exposure to *prevent* discomfort. Be sure it's *Fleet's*—the one and only Chap Stick. 25¢ at all drug stores. Chap Stick Co., Lynchburg, Va.

Chap Stick

On duty with U. S. Forces from Alaska (40° below) to Africa (140° above)

THE Whittemore name has been a guarantee of finest quality for 102 years. Today, while huge quantities of Whittemore shoe dressings are going to the armed forces, we are also making the largest possible amount of polishes and dressings for civilian use. And now, as always, Whittemore's highest quality standards are being rigidly maintained.

WHITTEMORE SHOE DRESSINGS
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

entire armory against youthful laxness or immorality.

But this did not mean that Griselle, in her first few days there, did not hear enough reckless talk, slightly questionable jokes, gossip, scandal and young vulgarity to frighten her. On the second day, she told Mrs. Cruickshank that she thought that perhaps she would be going away pretty soon.

Mollie Cruickshank had dealt with homesickness in all its phases for seventeen years. So she merely looked sympathetic, and said, "Why, that's too bad, just as we're all getting to like you, Griselle."

It was not quite true but it made the ice melt about Griselle's heart for the first time and brought color to her face and made Mollie think: In her outlandish way she's really handsome.

And that night, Torchy, for whom Griselle had formed a sudden timid liking, said carelessly, "If ever you do want a hair-do, for heaven's sake, let me take you to my woman; she's a highway robber but she's wonderful." And that helped break the ice, too.

. .

TORCHY was a small, white-skinned girl with untidy, shining, short black hair and large black eyes. She was in love with Douglas Murphy, an English professor, a quiet man of thirty-five, who had a devoted wife and two little girls. Because of Torchy, he had given up his position in the university and taken a less important one in a northern college. Now and then he came for a few hours to Berkeley, and he and Torchy had lunch or tea together and talked until he had to take his train.

Love was no joy to Torchy; it was wrecking her morally, mentally and physically. But nobody could do anything to help her. She lived only to see Douglas, to talk to him, to treasure up, from their scant hours together, phrases of his, glances, intonations. The rest of the time she spent in a troubled haze.

The other girls soon began to sort themselves out in Griselle's mind. Baby Loomis told her where to go to register for courses as a special student, and Betty and Dodo advised her not to miss French with adorable Henri, and that Professor Forbes' Daily Theme was just about all that kept the college going. Griselle had said shyly that she thought she would like English composition and to begin French.

On the third afternoon—after she had spent all of a hot, flower-scented morning investigating the college, making arrangements for courses, and timidly exploring the near-by town—she asked Mrs. Cruickshank if she had best telephone old General Cruickshank or go up and call upon him. His house was a hot mile away, up in the hills back of the town. Mrs. Cruickshank was of the opinion that it would be wiser to walk up there at about five o'clock. The general despised the telephone for one thing; he spent much time asleep or resting and hated to be disturbed; and if Griselle telephoned and he was not there, she would only have to do the whole thing over again and get no credit for her good intentions.

I hope the child has better-looking clothes than the ones she arrived in, thought Mollie Cruickshank when Griselle went upstairs to dress for her call. It was a shock to her, and infinitely diverting and mysterious to the girls who were idling about on the steps or in the hallways, when Griselle came downstairs in the bright, warm spring weather, clad in the clumsy black and brown cloth and the dingy hat she had worn on the first night.

She walked up the hill under the big trees. Her forehead was wet and her heart beating hard and fast when she came to the right house—a pleasant, brown-shingled house set in a canyon filled with other scattered, pleasant homes. There was no mistaking it, for the general himself was out in the garden, sitting in the shade in a comfortable basket chair with his dog Piper at his knee, his pipe and his magazine both in use.

Piper knew Griselle and came running toward her, barking a welcome infinitely heartening to her in this moment of panic and Griselle had her fingers on the head of the beautiful Afghan hound as she crossed the garden.

"Well, well, here you are, Griselle!" said the general, looking up and putting aside his magazine. "Glad to see you! Mollie telephoned me that you'd arrived and I was looking for you."

Griselle sat down, making much of Piper.

"My trunk didn't come until last night," she said, omitting to mention that the trunk had made small difference in her wearing apparel, having been filled principally with books, a rug of Chinese brocade and fur that had belonged to her mother, her grandfather's chess set, and some odd pieces of flat silver.

"The dog knew you!" Andrew Cruickshank said.

"Well, she'd better!" Griselle returned in the first natural moment she had known since her arrival in California. "I took care of you when you were a puppy, didn't I, Piper?" she said to the dog. "And who's got burrs on her ears? Oh, Piper, I haven't your brush!"

"Well, how are you getting on at Mollie's?" the old man demanded.

"Oh, beautifully." But her eyes did not mean it.

"Feeling strange, eh?"

"Well—naturally," Griselle said thickly, her fingers teasing burrs free from the dog's long silky ears. She could not look up.

"You'll get over it. Mollie's a nice woman," the general said, watching her with narrowed, keen eyes. "Get enough to eat?"

She could smile at that, rather shakily and with wet lashes, but Griselle's smile was a lovely thing, and the old man smiled shrewdly in answer.

"We have wonderful meals!" she said.

"Not up to Mrs. Lawrence's at the Tavern?"

"Well, no." Griselle was still smiling. "Not much terrapin and caviar and pheasant," she admitted.

"You can make 'em spoon bread some night!"

"I'm going to. I told Mrs. Cruickshank I would. I said I'd get a real Maryland dinner some night."

"WELL, looky here," he said, pleased at her attitude, "I'll pay for the chicken and turtle or whatever it is when you give it!"

"Oh, I have lots of money; I have it in a Washington bank," she said innocently.

"Place was sold, eh?"

"No; it's on the market. But they sold the library to a college in Indiana. I have all that money."

"You pay Mollie ten dollars a week?"

"Mrs. Cruickshank—yes."

"And what'd you do with the furniture?"

"Of Stockley's Choice? Some of it they stored, and some will be sold with the house."

"Grand old house," he said regretfully.

"Yes; Grandfather loved it. But I couldn't live there alone," Griselle said mildly.

He wondered how much she felt; she seemed very calm; perhaps she was still somewhat stunned by the changes. "If you ever need money, you know who's your banker, don't you?"

"Oh, but I won't." Suddenly she felt quite comfortable and relaxed and as if she could face her life here in these new conditions and even like it. "My plan is to work here for another year—a year from this coming June," Griselle said, "and then get a job. I'm taking a course in English composition with Professor

Forbes, and I'm starting French with Professor Henri Bovet."

"Thought you spoke French. Didn't you and your grandfather gabble in French?"

"Russian. He'd lived years in Russia, you know, and he thought everyone should study it. Old Rika, who was a sort of body servant to him, was Russian. He started me at it when I was quite small."

"Yes, yes; I knew about the Russian, of course, but I thought you spoke French too. Old Rika died, did he?"

"About two weeks after Grandfather. His wife, Olga, went back to Russia."

"Well, you don't find many of the girls at Mollie's speaking Russian, do you?"

Griselle grinned. "There are a lot of things they know about, that are of more value than Russian," she said.

"And what are those?"

"Oh, about having your hair done and clothes. My clothes are all wrong, and I don't look like the others," Griselle said frankly.

"WELL, I should think the girls could fix you up," he said, troubled. "My niece now—my brother Phil's girl—you met her at the Tavern last year when she was just married. Her husband's in the Navy; got his commission some months ago; perhaps it was a year. Lieutenant Armitage. She'd tell you what to get."

"I remember her," Griselle said. "Very beautiful."

"That's the one," said the general. "She married a rotter years ago, when she was a girl of nineteen. She has a girl—eight or ten, I should think."

Married when she was younger than I am, Griselle thought. She *would!*

"Jefferson White. She was Mrs. Jefferson White, New York family, scads of money," the old man said, fumbling around among his words just as his fingers fumbled as he stuffed his pipe. "She divorced White—had to. She married again last year, fine fellow."

"She and Lieutenant Armitage came to the Tavern while they were on their honeymoon."

"Yes; so they did. Guess that was about that time," Andrew Cruickshank agreed, nodding. "He's leaving for the South Pacific now; left yesterday as a matter of fact, and Mitzi's coming up today. She was down at San Pedro with him."

"She'll live here with you, General?"

"While he's away. They've both been here for a month. She's coming back to stay for a while."

"And what's Doctor Sam Cruickshank to her, General?"

"Cousin—cousin. Sam is my older brother's son; Sam is George's boy. Sam's more than twenty years older than Mitzi; she isn't thirty yet; her father was my brother Phil. Yes; Phil didn't marry until he was fifty—Mitzi came along just ahead of all the grandchildren of the family. You thought she was pretty, did you?"

"I thought she was—and she *was* the prettiest person I'd ever seen," Griselle answered. "So there were three of you brothers?" Griselle asked idly, keeping the conversation going.

"Three of us. George was the oldest; Doctor Sam is his boy. Phil was the youngest; that's Mitzi's father. I came in the middle. My mother kept house for me until she died."

"And you never married, General?" The question and the answer were to come back to her long afterward; now they seemed just the fillers of a casual talk.

"No; I never married. I had everything I wanted out there at the Tavern."

It was pleasant and peaceful in the garden, a large, irregularly shaped garden on a hillside. Enormous oaks and many lesser trees shaded it on this warm afternoon; there were terraces and rockeries scattered through it, rose beds and clumps of shrubs, paths dipping up and down and winding in and out. Griselle thought it fitted well the comfortably unpretentious house with its white-curtained open windows and deep square porches.

This was where the beautiful Mrs. Armitage lived, was it? No sharing of a cluttered bedroom for her!

"Mitzi has had quite an interesting life," the old general was saying, unconsciously answering Griselle's unspoken thoughts about her. "She was my brother's only child; he adored her. She was always a lovely little thing—quite a lovely little thing. They took her out to China—Phil had a very fine diplomatic position there—everyone who was interesting at all used to be at his table. She grew up in a very remarkable atmosphere. They sent her to school in Paris, in Rome. My brother had great plans, I suppose, that she would make a good marriage. But Mitzi ran off with this Jeff White—oh, he had plenty of money, but he treated her badly from the first.

"I think Phil died of a broken heart, really. He loved Mitzi's little girl, and she gave the child up to Jeff White's mother when she left White. Anyway, Phil died, and Mitzi went to Shanghai with friends, had a great time there too, I believe, everyone in love with her! But she was having too much fun—you know what life is, or was, out there. Races and theatricals, and ships coming in—

"Well, a few years ago she came home. We didn't know what she'd do, but she seemed to want to settle down, and she married Armitage—and he's a very nice fellow."

Divorce or no divorce, she's had a lot of fun! Griselle thought. "And now she lives here with you?" she said aloud.

"Now she lives here with me— And here she is herself!" he said, as a slender little figure in blue came to the end of a garden vista and stood smiling at them.

"I'm here!" she said. She came across a little patch of lawn, stooped and kissed the general on the forehead. "And you're Griselle Mountjoy," she said to Griselle. "We've met each other—when David and I were on our honeymoon; but I don't know that you remember it."

"Oh, I do!" Griselle said eagerly. "It was last year, and you came to the Tavern—" She stopped because Mitzi was obviously not interested.

MITZI sank into a basket chair, turning to the general. "But I didn't come by train," she said. "I drove. Barbara wanted her car up at this end of the line—Sinclair had left it down there—and the Maberleys had a friend who wanted to drive up, and so we all came together!"

"You must have cooked, driving up!" Andrew Cruickshank chuckled.

"No; it wasn't too hot, and all along the shore it was too beautiful. This man is a friend of Barbara's," Mitzi said. "He isn't anybody, really; he's a captain—not West Point; got his commission through the back door the way everybody is doing nowadays. No money, no family, but he is *the* most fascinating human being I ever came across! We met at Barbara's last week; David liked him, too."

"David must have!" said the old man dryly. Mitzi laughed the laugh of a delighted, spoiled child.

"No; really he did!" she asserted, dimpling. "He knew I liked him, from the first, but it was only today that I felt I was beginning to understand him. David isn't the least bit jealous, anyway! And David's on his way to goodness knows where—the Solomons, probably. His mother—the captain's mother—lives close by here in Alameda; temporarily he's stationed around at Treasure Island, and I've asked him to dinner tomorrow night. He drove me to the gate here, and I wanted him to come in, but we were both so dirty and tired we decided that you had better not

Reduce "*Slow-driving*" Wear with RING-FREE Motor Oil

Slow, short trips with frequent stops and starts often increase motor friction. But Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil *reduces friction fast.* The result is less wear on motor parts plus a *noticeable* saving in gasoline. Proof of this is found in several hundred certified road tests in many makes of owner driven cars where the average immediate saving of gasoline was 1.3 miles per gallon after crankcases had been drained and refilled with RING-FREE.

RING-FREE REMOVES CARBON

Carbon on pistons, rings and valves decreases motor efficiency—leads to loss of power—wastes gasoline. RING-FREE Motor Oil *removes carbon* while you drive! That means better motor operation—more gasoline conservation.

Change your oil to Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil at an *independent* service station. Remove carbon—Save gasoline and reduce motor wear.

G U A R A N T E E

Ring-Free Motor Oil is guaranteed to make your motor run smoother, give more miles per gallon of gasoline, reduce wear and repair; because it removes carbon, cleans the motor and reduces friction fast by thorough lubrication. Try a fill and if you are not satisfied that Ring-Free is doing these things, your money will be refunded by your dealer immediately.

Macmillan Petroleum Corp.

50 W. 50th, New York • 624 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago • 530 W. 6th, Los Angeles

Copyright 1943 Macmillan Petroleum Corp.

LIGHTER MOMENTS with

fresh Eveready Batteries

"That was a swell cake you got from your Mom!"

FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER . . . Look for the date line →

Every "Eveready" flashlight battery we can make is going either to the armed services or to war industries. Have you enlisted in this total war, too? Your local Defense Council needs your help. Volunteer your services for Civilian Defense today.

EVEREADY

The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.

meet him that way. Oh, and he knows Uncle Sam—he took his medical work right here at U. C.—and Sam was one of his instructors! So you've *got* to like him!"

The word Alameda had first shocked Griselle into sudden attention to what Mitzi was saying. And before the other woman had finished her sentence Griselle knew of whom she was speaking.

For a few seconds she could not get her bearings at all. She felt her face burn and her hands turn cold, and had either of the others addressed her she would not have been able to make any sort of reply.

But neither Mitzi nor the general was paying the slightest attention to her; Mitzi was rattling on happily about her latest victim, and the old man was laughing at her and scolding her by turns. Why, she was still a bride! What would David Armitage say if he heard her talking that way about this Captain McIntyre? He and she driving up alone from Los Angeles, eh?

"Darling Uncle Andy, I told you the adorable, oblivious Maberleys were along!" said Mitzi. "And I am a married woman, and he is my husband's friend. Are we back in the harem that he and I shall not be trusted to take a five-hundred-mile drive without misbehaving? What will Griselle think of you, Uncle Andy? Or what will she think your opinion of my morals is?"

"It's decidedly low!" Andrew Cruickshank said, with his hoarse little scrape of laughter.

A few minutes later, Griselle—her heart a storm of jealousy and pain and bewilderment—left them.

CURIOUSLY enough, her first real friend and companion in the new life was her hostess, the easygoing, fat, capable Mollie herself. Griselle had had fine training in all kitchen activities, and Mollie could not but take a strong liking to the efficient helper she so often found beside her at the stove or the big center table in the kitchen. And, as time went on, the girls, too, began to like her.

Then one night a Russian professor brought his sick little son to Doctor Cruickshank as a patient, and it was Griselle who went into the consulting room and took the six-year-old on her knee while she questioned him.

"Now don't tell me that was Russian!" said Martha Johnson.

"Well, if you've spoken a language all your life," she protested afterward, "and if you'd had as hard a time as I did fishing for the right words, you wouldn't think it was so remarkable!"

But the girls *did* think it remarkable and, with their new respect for the shy, big, clumsy, badly dressed new boarder, they began to feel a real affection, too. Nina Rippey and Nadine Ness even tried to reform Griselle on the clothes question, but Griselle only shook her head restlessly; she hated clothes; the clothes she had were all right.

She might have begun to be happy here, she thought, as the first week melted into the second, if it were not for Mitzi Armitage. Or no, the trouble wasn't Mitzi, but the fact that Mitzi had met Alan McIntyre, and that Alan McIntyre liked her.

"Oh, why not admit it, why not admit it?" Griselle would say half aloud as she walked about under the college oaks on the hot spring days. "He's in love with her! He's in love with her! He's in love with her."

Wherever she turned, she seemed to meet the vision of Mitzi, lovely, confident, mischievous, adored. The girls talked of her; they were chief among her admirers. When Griselle walked up to gossip with the old general, or perhaps to play a game of backgammon with him, as her grandfather so often had, he talked to Mitzi, too. Perhaps officers were in town on their way to the Solomons, officers who proved to be friends of Lieutenant David Armitage, and who must get in touch w his wife, take Mitzi to dinner somewh and afterward to dance.

If she could only stop thinking of Mit Griselle would pray, feverishly tossing her narrow bed at night, tortured with sions of Mitzi and Alan—Alan call upon her, trembling at her least kind wo only half conscious himself that he lov her.

Some days after she had learned that was in this part of the world, she had n Alan. He had duly called on Doct Cruickshank, but it had chanced to be an hour when she was not at home; s had not known whether to feel relieved cheated by the fact of having missed hi After that she had imagined a thousa meetings—meetings when she was looki her best, walking up to college perhaps a soft, perfumed morning, or chatting the big brick steps of one of the buildin with the Russian professor.

But it had happened badly. It had ha pened in the afternoon of a wildly win day when Griselle's battered old hat h been blowing about on her head like pinwheel, her face had been flushed fro hard walking, and her shoes had been d graceful because of a deceitfully gre stretch of marshy meadow into which sl had climbed to gather poppies. Climbi back into the road she had seen Al standing with two other officers near t fence. There had been no chance of c cape; she had been introduced and h stood talking to them for a momen wretchedly conscious of the appearan she was presenting in the demoralizi grip of the afternoon wind.

Alan had not seemed troubled, hov ever, and that was because he was takir Lieutenant Rand and Captain Francis to meet General Cruickshank and Mr Armitage, who had most kindly aske them to come in late that afternoon f cocktails. On his way to Mitzi he naturall had not much thought to spare for Gr selle! He spoke of the old days at th Tavern and asked her perfunctorily if sh liked California; but he did not wait f her answers. He went on immediatel with a little laugh, to say that they ha feared they were a little early for their cal it was just four o'clock; did Griselle thin that was too early?

Griselle thought that would be abou right. "Oh, ask me to go, too! I knew th general before any of you did!" she sai in her heart. But they did not ask her.

Instead they walked a few hundred fee with her and Alan asked her if she ha seen Mitzi lately, and if she had ever me Lieutenant Armitage? It was obvious even to Griselle's inexperience, that h simply wanted to talk about Mitzi.

"Yes; they came to the Tavern las spring on their honeymoon," Griselle said "I hardly got any impression of him; m grandfather and I only saw them for a fev minutes; but the girls have all met hin and they say he's very nice."

"She talks of nothing else but how won derful 'David' is!" Alan said with a ruefu laugh. "She's the most admiring wife ever saw!"

"That's the first thing I've heard agains the beautiful Mrs. Armitage!" said Cap tain Francis, a florid-faced man with thre daughters married to servicemen.

WHEN they came to the turn of the road Griselle went one way, dowr toward the village, and the men went the other. She felt hot, untidy, disappointed and bitterly envious.

It was only a day or two later that she was alone in the back yard of the Cruickshank house, drying her masses of soft, dark hair. Sitting with her back toward the hot May sun, she rumpled her hair with one hand, and with the other steadied a French textbook on her knee. She had to keep shifting her position to move the shadow of her head across the book, and

th each shift flung the glossy, heavy ane of hair behind her and with her free nd tightened about her the kimono she d borrowed from Torchy.

Glancing up during one of these changes e saw Alan McIntyre standing a few feet way, watching her. Griselle felt the world rn over. Her first thought was that mething was wrong; he looked tired and orried and he did not smile.

"Oh, hello," she said, gathering her mewhat scanty garment securely around er. "What is it? Is anything wrong?"

"No," he said; "I'm sorry if I startled ou."

"You didn't startle me," Griselle anwered with unusual self-possession. "But is isn't exactly the way I would dress to eceive callers."

"I suppose not." And now he did smile. I rang bells and knocked on doors, and obody answered," he explained.

"Nobody's home. But you go in and vait just five minutes—go into the living oom; that's cool," Griselle said, "and I'll ush up and get into some clothes. I was vashing my hair," she explained somewhat superfluously.

"I'll wait." Alan turned away, and Grielle, her senses in a wild confusion, gathered towels, brush and book together and vent upstairs. Her pulses were pounding nd her head swimming as she hurried herelf into a dress and did what she could with the unruly, slippery masses of the ewly washed hair. In not more than the romised five minutes she was downstairs gain, struggling with her apologies.

WELL, here he was, and she was talking to him at last. She had neither ime nor inclination to analyze the situaion. This was all she asked: her tall, awkward, gentle big soldier talking to her again, smiling at her that wistful smile of his that seemed to be appealing for friendship and understanding, and yet so definite, so masculine in being able to make the woman to whom he was talking conscious of her charm, her appeal to him.

He had borrowed somebody's car and was going to drive to Alameda to see his mother. Would Griselle like to go along?

The skies opened at this, and the room rocked. A man must like a girl indeed when he comes seeking her on a hot Saturday afternoon to propose a call on his family! Griselle said in a rather strangled voice that she would love to meet his mother.

"And your brother Steve, will he be there?" she asked, when they were on the Oakland road, driving between the almost uninterrupted lines of houses and gardens and small shops and gas stations that connect the East Bay towns.

"Steve's always at home, poor kid," Alan said. "He can't walk much, you know. He has a wheel chair, and he can get about a little with a crutch, and by catching on to the backs of chairs. A boy from medical school, who used to live next door, brings him notes, and papers to correct, and about once a week Professor Winchell, who's head of the school, comes over to see him from Oakland, and they talk."

"Are we in Oakland now?"

"Yes; that's Lake Merritt, and that's the famous Auditorium."

"Is Steve like you, Alan?"

"No. Mother says he's like her father, and I'm like Dad. Steve was a great big fellow when he had his accident; he'd have been much heavier than I am."

"Did he make much fuss when he was hurt, Alan?" It was such bliss to say "Alan" again! But then all this was bliss inconceivable; Griselle could not even now believe that it was really happening!

"Not at first. Like most kids he took the original jolt and the weeks in hospital pretty much in his stride. He had a radio and I used to buy comic weeklies for him. But later, when he got to be about twenty, he had a bad time." The worried look had come into Alan's face again.

"He'd sit out in the sun with a rug over his legs, staring off from his book, scowling," he presently resumed. "It just about broke my mother's heart. She's had a lot of grief anyway; my sister died when she was ten; my father died; there was Steve's accident, of course; and then, about two months ago, my grandmother died. They sold my grandmother's place at auction last month—Mother got very little out of it when the mortgage was cleared off. She and Steve moved into a furnished place; they're not very happy there. I wish they could get a place in Berkeley—I believe Steve could wheel himself over to some of the classes anyway, and naturally everyone would be kind to him and lend a hand. If I were practicing, I could go in with Doctor Manning—"

"Or Uncle Sam Cruickshank," Griselle put in, smiling.

"Doctor Cruickshank! Does old Doctor

COLLIER'S "Darling! You did all this for me?" HENRY BOLTINOFF

"Look, a Magic Purse for my War Savings Stamps!"

My Lady Buxton's Magic Purse is just perfect for War Stamps. I merely unsnap it, tuck my stamps under the "flaplock," snap it back in place. My stamps are safe—the patented "flaplock" separates them from my change, keeps them flat and unwrinkled, ready for my stamp book.

More than just a billfold, my Lady Buxton also holds my gas ration book, shopping lists, license, bills, coins, keys. It's a complete "pocket file." There's even a secret hideaway for my War Bond money.

Yet Lady Buxton keeps its trim figure. A special patented construction lets it expand as filled—"slenderize" as the load is lightened.

(below) "Three-Way" with Magic Purse in Goatskin. $5.00

(below) Burgundy "Three-Way" with Magic Purse in Sheepskin—$3.50

(left) Forest Green "Three-Way" with Magic Purse in Sheepskin—$3.50

3 Billfolds for the price of ONE!

1 A regular "pocket file"! The inner fold, *open side up*, gives you 3 full-length compartments separating bills, ration books, shopping lists.

2 For glamorous evenings—Draw inner fold toward you. It unlocks—lifts out. It's a separate, complete "wafer-thin" billfold to slip into your evening bag.

3 A secret hideaway—Insert inner fold, containing your big bills, open *side down*. Presto—valuables are hidden from prying eyes!

Buy a Lady Buxton at better department, leather goods, or accessory stores. Buxton, Inc., 4379 Orleans St., Springfield, Mass., or Dept. L, 47 West 34th St., New York 1, N. Y.

Buxton

LIGHTER MOMENTS with

fresh Eveready Batteries

"That was a swell cake you got from your Mom!"

FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER . . . Look for the date line →

Every "Eveready" flashlight battery we can make is going either to the armed services or to war industries. Have you enlisted in this total war, too? Your local Defense Council needs your help. Volunteer your services for Civilian Defense today.

EVEREADY

The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.

meet him that way. Oh, and he knows Uncle Sam—he took his medical work right here at U. C.—and Sam was one of his instructors! So you've *got* to like him!"

The word Alameda had first shocked Griselle into sudden attention to what Mitzi was saying. And before the other woman had finished her sentence Griselle knew of whom she was speaking.

For a few seconds she could not get her bearings at all. She felt her face burn and her hands turn cold, and had either of the others addressed her she would not have been able to make any sort of reply.

But neither Mitzi nor the general was paying the slightest attention to her; Mitzi was rattling on happily about her latest victim, and the old man was laughing at her and scolding her by turns. Why, she was still a bride! What would David Armitage say if he heard her talking that way about this Captain McIntyre? He and she driving up alone from Los Angeles, eh?

"Darling Uncle Andy, I told you the adorable, oblivious Maberleys were along!" said Mitzi. "And I am a married woman, and he is my husband's friend. Are we back in the harem that he and I shall not be trusted to take a five-hundred-mile drive without misbehaving? What will Griselle think of you, Uncle Andy? Or what will she think your opinion of my morals is?"

"It's decidedly low!" Andrew Cruickshank said, with his hoarse little scrape of laughter.

A few minutes later, Griselle—her heart a storm of jealousy and pain and bewilderment—left them.

CURIOUSLY enough, her first real friend and companion in the new life was her hostess, the easygoing, fat, capable Mollie herself. Griselle had had fine training in all kitchen activities, and Mollie could not but take a strong liking to the efficient helper she so often found beside her at the stove or the big center table in the kitchen. And, as time went on, the girls, too, began to like her.

Then one night a Russian professor brought his sick little son to Doctor Cruickshank as a patient, and it was Griselle who went into the consulting room and took the six-year-old on her knee while she questioned him.

"Now don't tell me that was Russian!" said Martha Johnson.

"Well, if you've spoken a language all your life," she protested afterward, "and if you'd had as hard a time as I did fishing for the right words, you wouldn't think it was so remarkable!"

But the girls *did* think it remarkable and, with their new respect for the shy, big, clumsy, badly dressed new boarder, they began to feel a real affection, too. Nina Rippey and Nadine Ness even tried to reform Griselle on the clothes question, but Griselle only shook her head restlessly; she hated clothes; the clothes she had were all right.

She might have begun to be happy here, she thought, as the first week melted into the second, if it were not for Mitzi Armitage. Or no, the trouble wasn't Mitzi, but the fact that Mitzi had met Alan McIntyre, and that Alan McIntyre liked her.

"Oh, why not admit it, why not admit it?" Griselle would say half aloud as she walked about under the college oaks on the hot spring days. "He's in love with her! He's in love with her! He's in love with her."

Wherever she turned, she seemed to meet the vision of Mitzi, lovely, confident, mischievous, adored. The girls talked of her; they were chief among her admirers. When Griselle walked up to gossip with the old general, or perhaps to play a game of backgammon with him, as her grandfather so often had, he talked to Mitzi, too. Perhaps officers were in town on their way to the Solomons, officers who proved to be friends of Lieutenant David Armitage, and who must get in touch wi his wife, take Mitzi to dinner somewhe and afterward to dance.

If she could only stop thinking of Mitz Griselle would pray, feverishly tossing her narrow bed at night, tortured with sions of Mitzi and Alan—Alan callin upon her, trembling at her least kind wor only half conscious himself that he love her.

Some days after she had learned that was in this part of the world, she had m Alan. He had duly called on Docto Cruickshank, but it had chanced to be an hour when she was not at home; sh had not known whether to feel relieved cheated by the fact of having missed hin After that she had imagined a thousan meetings—meetings when she was lookin her best, walking up to college perhaps o a soft, perfumed morning, or chatting o the big brick steps of one of the buildin with the Russian professor.

But it had happened badly. It had ha pened in the afternoon of a wildly wind day when Griselle's battered old hat ha been blowing about on her head like pinwheel, her face had been flushed fro hard walking, and her shoes had been di graceful because of a deceitfully gree stretch of marshy meadow into which sh had climbed to gather poppies. Climbin back into the road she had seen Ala standing with two other officers near th fence. There had been no chance of es cape; she had been introduced and ha stood talking to them for a momen wretchedly conscious of the appearanc she was presenting in the demoralizin grip of the afternoon wind.

Alan had not seemed troubled, how ever, and that was because he was takin Lieutenant Rand and Captain Francis u to meet General Cruickshank and Mrs Armitage, who had most kindly aske them to come in late that afternoon fo cocktails. On his way to Mitzi he naturall had not much thought to spare for Gri selle! He spoke of the old days at th Tavern and asked her perfunctorily if sh liked California; but he did not wait fo her answers. He went on immediately with a little laugh, to say that they ha feared they were a little early for their call it was just four o'clock; did Griselle thin that was too early?

Griselle thought that would be abou right. "Oh, ask me to go, too! I knew th general before any of you did!" she sai in her heart. But they did not ask her.

Instead they walked a few hundred fee with her and Alan asked her if she ha seen Mitzi lately, and if she had ever me Lieutenant Armitage? It was obvious even to Griselle's inexperience, that he simply wanted to talk about Mitzi.

"Yes; they came to the Tavern las spring on their honeymoon," Griselle said "I hardly got any impression of him; my grandfather and I only saw them for a few minutes; but the girls have all met him and they say he's very nice."

"She talks of nothing else but how wonderful 'David' is!" Alan said with a rueful laugh. "She's the most admiring wife I ever saw!"

"That's the first thing I've heard against the beautiful Mrs. Armitage!" said Captain Francis, a florid-faced man with three daughters married to servicemen.

WHEN they came to the turn of the road Griselle went one way, down toward the village, and the men went the other. She felt hot, untidy, disappointed and bitterly envious.

It was only a day or two later that she was alone in the back yard of the Cruickshank house, drying her masses of soft, dark hair. Sitting with her back toward the hot May sun, she rumpled her hair with one hand, and with the other steadied a French textbook on her knee. She had to keep shifting her position to move the shadow of her head across the book, and

ith each shift flung the glossy, heavy hane of hair behind her and with her free and tightened about her the kimono she ad borrowed from Torchy.

Glancing up during one of these changes he saw Alan McIntyre standing a few feet way, watching her. Griselle felt the world urn over. Her first thought was that omething was wrong; he looked tired and orried and he did not smile.

"Oh, hello," she said, gathering her omewhat scanty garment securely around er. "What is it? Is anything wrong?"

"No," he said; "I'm sorry if I startled ou."

"You didn't startle me," Griselle anwered with unusual self-possession. "But his isn't exactly the way I would dress to eceive callers."

"I suppose not." And now he did smile. "I rang bells and knocked on doors, and nobody answered," he explained.

"Nobody's home. But you go in and wait just five minutes—go into the living oom; that's cool," Griselle said, "and I'll ush up and get into some clothes. I was washing my hair," she explained somewhat superfluously.

"I'll wait." Alan turned away, and Griselle, her senses in a wild confusion, gathered towels, brush and book together and went upstairs. Her pulses were pounding and her head swimming as she hurried herself into a dress and did what she could with the unruly, slippery masses of the newly washed hair. In not more than the promised five minutes she was downstairs again, struggling with her apologies.

WELL, here he was, and she was talking to him at last. She had neither time nor inclination to analyze the situation. This was all she asked: her tall, awkward, gentle big soldier talking to her again, smiling at her that wistful smile of his that seemed to be appealing for friendship and understanding, and yet so definite, so masculine in being able to make the woman to whom he was talking conscious of her charm, her appeal to him.

He had borrowed somebody's car and was going to drive to Alameda to see his mother. Would Griselle like to go along?

The skies opened at this, and the room rocked. A man must like a girl indeed when he comes seeking her on a hot Saturday afternoon to propose a call on his family! Griselle said in a rather strangled voice that she would love to meet his mother.

"And your brother Steve, will he be there?" she asked, when they were on the Oakland road, driving between the almost uninterrupted lines of houses and gardens and small shops and gas stations that connect the East Bay towns.

"Steve's always at home, poor kid," Alan said. "He can't walk much, you know. He has a wheel chair, and he can get about a little with a crutch, and by catching on to the backs of chairs. A boy from medical school, who used to live next door, brings him notes, and papers to correct, and about once a week Professor Winchell, who's head of the school, comes over to see him from Oakland, and they talk."

"Are we in Oakland now?"

"Yes; that's Lake Merritt, and that's the famous Auditorium."

"Is Steve like you, Alan?"

"No. Mother says he's like her father, and I'm like Dad. Steve was a great big fellow when he had his accident; he'd have been much heavier than I am."

"Did he make much fuss when he was hurt, Alan?" It was such bliss to say "Alan" again! But then all this was bliss inconceivable; Griselle could not even now believe that it was really happening!

"Not at first. Like most kids he took the original jolt and the weeks in hospital pretty much in his stride. He had a radio and I used to buy comic weeklies for him. But later, when he got to be about twenty, he had a bad time." The worried look had come into Alan's face again.

"He'd sit out in the sun with a rug over his legs, staring off from his book, scowling," he presently resumed. "It just about broke my mother's heart. She's had a lot of grief anyway; my sister died when she was ten; my father died; there was Steve's accident, of course; and then, about two months ago, my grandmother died. They sold my grandmother's place at auction last month—Mother got very little out of it when the mortgage was cleared off. She and Steve moved into a furnished place; they're not very happy there. I wish they could get a place in Berkeley—I believe Steve could wheel himself over to some of the classes anyway, and naturally everyone would be kind to him and lend a hand. If I were practicing, I could go in with Doctor Manning—"

"Or Uncle Sam Cruickshank," Griselle put in, smiling.

"Doctor Cruickshank! Does old Doctor

COLLIER'S "Darling! You did all this for me?" HENRY BOLTINOFF

"Look, a Magic Purse for my War Savings Stamps!"

My Lady Buxton's Magic Purse is just perfect for War Stamps. I merely unsnap it, tuck my stamps under the "flaplock," snap it back in place. My stamps are safe—the patented "flaplock" separates them from my change, keeps them flat and unwrinkled, ready for my stamp book.

More than just a billfold, my Lady Buxton also holds my gas ration book, shopping lists, license, bills, coins, keys. It's a complete "pocket file." There's even a secret hideaway for my War Bond money.

Yet Lady Buxton keeps its trim figure. A special patented construction lets it expand as filled—"slenderize" as the load is lightened.

(below) "Three-Way" with Magic Purse in Goatskin. $5.00

(below) Burgundy "Three-Way" with Magic Purse in Sheepskin—$3.50

(left) Forest Green "Three-Way" with Magic Purse in Sheepskin—$3.50

3 Billfolds for the price of ONE!

1 A regular "pocket file"! The inner fold, *open side up*, gives you 3 full-length compartments separating bills, ration books, shopping lists.

2 For glamorous evenings—Draw inner fold toward you. It unlocks—lifts out. It's a separate, complete "wafer-thin" billfold to slip into your evening bag.

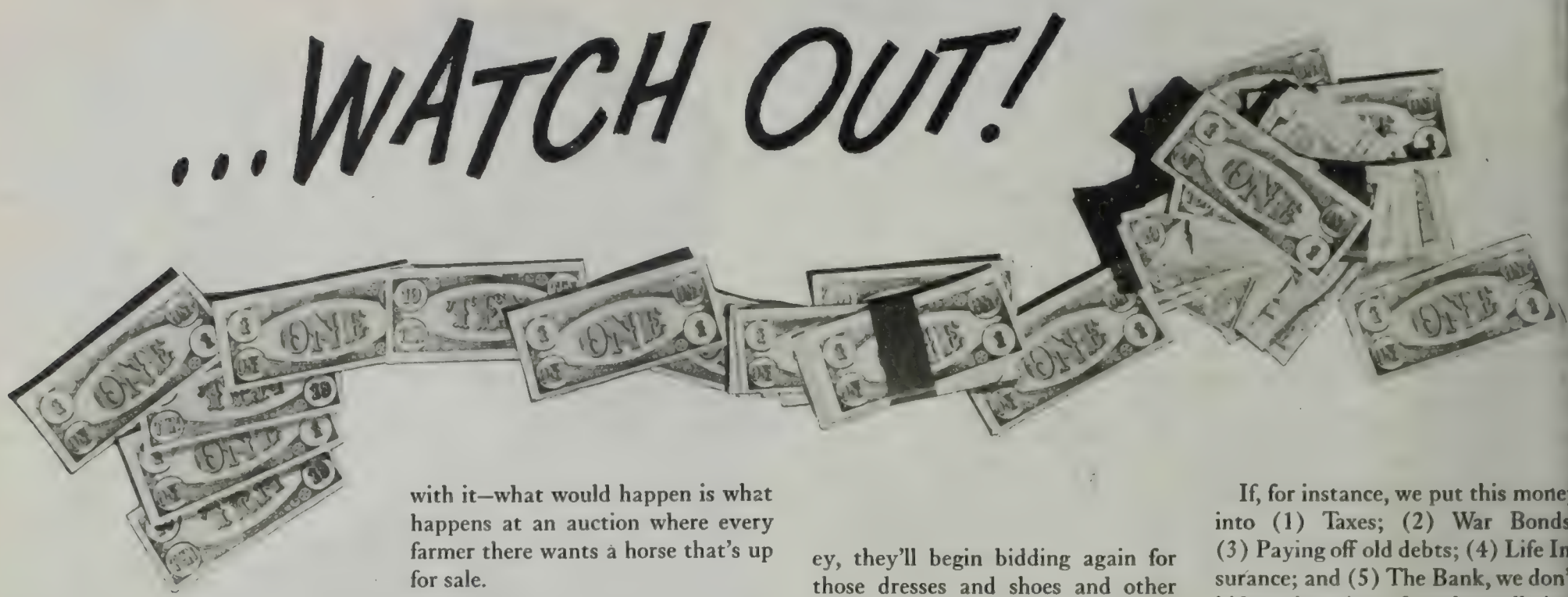
3 A secret hideaway—Insert inner fold, containing your big bills, open *side down*. Presto—valuables are hidden from prying eyes!

Buy a Lady Buxton at better department, leather goods, or accessory stores. Buxton, Inc., 4379 Orleans St., Springfield, Mass., or Dept. L, 47 West 34th St., New York 1, N. Y.

Buxton

IF YOU'RE MAKING MORE MONEY

...WATCH OUT!



WE WANT TO WARN YOU, before you read this page, that you've got to use your head to understand it.

We also want to warn you that—if you don't bother to read it carefully enough to understand it—you may wake up after this war as poor as a church mouse.

• • •

This year Americans are going to make—minus taxes—125 billion dollars.

But this year, we civilians are not going to have 125 billion dollars' worth of goods to spend this on. We're only going to have 80 billion dollars' worth. The rest of our goods are being used to fight the war.

That leaves 45 billion dollars' worth of money burning in our jeans.

Well, we can do 2 things with this 45 billion dollars. One will make us all poor after the war. The other way will make us decently prosperous.

This way the 45 billion dollars will make us poor

If each of us should take his share of this 45 billion dollars (which averages approximately $330 per person) and hustle out to buy all he could with it—what would happen is what happens at an auction where every farmer there wants a horse that's up for sale.

If we tried to buy all we wanted, we would bid the prices of things up and up and up. Instead of paying $10 for a dress we're going to pay $15. Instead of $5 for a pair of shoes we're going to pay $8.

Despite the fact that there aren't any more dresses or shoes or anything else than there were before, we're going to be suckers and pay a lot more for them.

Now listen closely:

The bidding for scarce goods is going to raise prices faster than wages. Wages just won't keep up.

So what will people do?

U. S. workers—whether they're laborers or white-collar workers—will ask the boss for more money. Since

labor is scarce, a lot of them will get it. And farmers and business men who feel the pinch are going to ask more money for their goods.

Well, the minute these people—that means maybe *you* and plenty of your friends and neighbors—get this money, they'll begin bidding again for those dresses and shoes and other stuff.

And the prices will go *still higher*. And the majority of us will be in that same old spot again—only worse.

This is what is known as Inflation. And inflation has occurred—to a greater or less degree—during every war period. And in every case on record the people have been left holding the bag!

Our government is doing a lot of things to keep prices down . . . rationing the scarcest goods, putting ceiling prices on things, stabilizing wages, increasing taxes. But the government can't do the *whole job*. So let's see what *we* can do about it.

This way the 45 billion dollars will make us prosperous

If, instead of running out with our extra dough, and trying to bid on everything in sight, we buy only what we absolutely need and do some other things that aren't fun, we will come out all right.

If, for instance, we put this money into (1) Taxes; (2) War Bonds; (3) Paying off old debts; (4) Life Insurance; and (5) The Bank, we don't bid up the prices of goods at all. And if besides doing this we (6) refuse to pay more than the ceiling prices; and (7) ask no more for what we have to sell—no more in wages, no more for goods—*prices stay where they are now.*

And we pile up a bank account. We have our family protected in case we die. We have War Bonds that'll make the down payment on a new house after the war, or help us retire some day. And we don't have taxes after the war that practically strangle us to death.

Maybe, doing this sounds as if it isn't fun. But being shot at up at the front isn't fun, either. You have a duty to those soldiers as well as to yourself. You *can't* let the money that's burning a hole in your pocket start setting the country on fire.

★ ★ ★

This advertisement, prepared by the War Advertising Council, is contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America.

KEEP PRICES DOWN!

Use it up
Wear it out
Make it do
Or do without

kshank have any practice at all now?" he asked.
You'd be surprised. There are quite a few patients ing in his office every afternoon, and a few more t every night after dinner. Of course, we're short ctors," Griselle said.
Vell, if I could practice, I could take care of Mother Steve," Alan went on. "And if I had it to do over , I think I would wait. As it was, I couldn't hold The call came through for unmarried doctors and er and Steve were in my grandmother's house— of room and fresh air and all the rest of it. They ed well enough fixed, then. . . . Here we are."
hey had stopped on a typical country-town street with frame houses almost touching one another— cted gardens, signs of dressmakers, violin teachers, age professors, rooms and board. Many of the es contained four apartments; four garage doors a flight of steps forming the lower story.
lan rang a bell at one of the four aligned doors at op of one such flight of steps, and when the door ed with a clicking of the lock, he and Griselle bed the narrow stairway inside to a hot little five- n flat above.

RS. McINTYRE was a tired-looking woman with dark brows almost meeting across her nose, spec- s, somewhat stringy iron-gray hair. Alan kissed her, they went into a broiling hot parlor against whose vn Venetian blinds the sun was battering in sharp, ling lines. Here was Steve in his wheel chair.
While the brothers and mother talked, Griselle sat a faint smile still lingering on her face, and studied hen McIntyre with friendly eyes. She smiled be- e she would not show the shock the sight of him ed her. He was oddly like Alan, and yet oddly un- When the mother asked her if she thought the s resembled each other, Griselle could only say in uzzled tone that yes, they did, but no, they really t, and there was a laugh in which she joined.
"I love to hear anyone laugh like that," Steve said tly glancing at her, and Griselle reflected that the McIntyres had a definite manner with women was calculated to turn the human heart upside n.
Watching from her corner she reflected upon the ning blow that a physical disability must be to such an as this. For though Stephen was almost ten rs younger than Alan, he seemed at moments the er of the two. For one thing, he was much more vily built; where Alan was thin and tall and slightly oped because of the very height of his head above er heads, Steve was broad and square.
Alan was almost fair, his hair light brown and his s gray; Stephen was dark, his heavy brows almost eting over his eyes as his mother's did; his black hair led close to his head in a dense, thick crop; his solid cut by a deep cleft in the chin. His eyes were black keen, and his hands large and strong. But they his skin were whitened by weeks of living entirely hin four walls.
Griselle found his voice almost startling in its depth force. Not a boy to be wrecked by a casual acci- t, this one! Her heart winced as she remembered an's picture of him, sitting in the sun, helpless, with ug over his helpless knees, and his young eyes scowl- into space.
"You'd do that, wouldn't you, Griselle?" She came denly out of a moment of dreaming to hear Alan pealing to her.
"I'd—I didn't hear you, Alan!" she stammered.
"You'd keep an eye open in Berkeley for some lit- place that Mother and Steve could rent? Some place etty close to the college. One story—a cottage—"
"So that my chair and I can get out," Steve put o the pause.
"Oh, yes; I see! I see." Of course, from this second or which was really a third floor from the street, he uld not get out at all.
"Not more than thirty dollars rent, wouldn't you say, lan?" his mother said, in her somewhat forlorn voice.
"Fifty," Alan answered firmly.
"I think it could be fifty, although it straps old Buzz re down pretty tight. We'll work out of this," Gri- lle was surprised to hear Steve say unalarmedly. "I'll t a part-time job; we'll get on. This particular time," added, with a sudden smile for Griselle that bright- ed his face charmingly, "is just for the benefit of Alan's e and letters, with an introduction by the brother of e late eminent physician. It'll read well that Mother d I were practically evicted from her old home and at Alan had to go off to fight a war."
"Alan isn't going to fight any war!" Mrs. McIntyre id sharply. "I'm a pacifist, Miss Mountjoy," she dded, "and I don't hold with all this hating and killing all."

Stephen laughed. "Ma, how's the lemonade?"
Mrs. McIntyre immediately left the room; Griselle offered to help.
"I can squeeze lemons," she said.
"Oh, it's all made," the other woman said in her disconsolate way. She returned almost immediately with a tray of clinking glasses, and a plate of flat, large sugar cookies. Griselle found the icy drink delicious, and flattered Alan's mother by asking about the cookies.
"Why, this girl knows something about cooking!" Amanda McIntyre said, in pleased surprise.
"Oh, she's a famous cook!" said Alan. "Dodo Cruickshank was telling me the other day that her mother regards Griselle as her right-hand assistant."
"Well, I wish I was! I've never had much luck with cooking," the older woman said. Griselle was lost for a moment in the painful reflection that Alan must have been at Mitzi's house again, on the afternoon when Dodo had gone up with some cherry jam for the old general. The conversation went on for a few minutes without her.
The room had the look of any cheaply furnished rented apartment. A parlor suite of three pieces, two chairs and a sofa, took up much of the space. Steve's big wheel chair blocked the bay window where there was a stand with an artificial plant. Beside him was crowded in a table littered with textbooks, ink, pencils, paper; also two or three crime novels, two or three magazines, a book of crossword puzzles, a pitcher of water.
Oh, terrible, terrible, terrible—to have so much youth and virility prisoned in this hot little place, reading of men far away who were carrying packs, sitting down to hearty meals in jungle shadows, breathing in the hot, stifling powder smoke of the guns!
On the drive home, Alan asked her what she thought of his people.
"I wanted you to see the setup," he said.
"Your mother looks so anxious," Griselle said pityingly.
"Yep; she takes things hard. My grandmother's death, and getting into this little hotbox, and my going away any time—"
"You don't know when?" she asked, as he paused.
"Nope."
"Have you seen Mitzi lately?" It was the last thing she wanted to say; she would have bitten her tongue out rather than say it; but there it was, echoing horribly in the air.
For a moment he drove on in silence, and Griselle had time to wish herself dead and buried.
Then he said briefly, "No; I haven't." And after a pause he added, "Ask the girls at Mrs. Cruickshank's to look for some place for Mother, will you? A place with a garden, and a doorway that is low enough to put a little runway on, for Steve's chair."
"Oh, I will!" Griselle promised fervently.
"I don't know," he said, troubled, "whether I did right or wrong in getting into the service. I'm not doing anything now. The camps are filled with doctors loafing around. I feel as if I'd let Steve and Mother down."
"You have to go straight ahead now," Griselle told him simply, rather surprised herself at the authoritative note in her own voice. "Everyone who can has got to get into this war and have it over. You'd not forgive yourself if you hadn't gone. We'll find them a little place where they'll be comfortable; they'll write you that everything's going all right, and before you know it the war'll be over and you'll be home again."
"You don't know what you do for me," Alan said, after driving on for a moment without speaking. "That's the way I'll have to think. I'll *hold on* to that."

THEY drove on, in silence. "I think I'd stop worrying, Alan," Griselle said, when they reached the Cruickshank gate. She turned her candid, wide-open eyes upon him with an admonitory smile. "I'm talking as if I were your grandmother," she said; "but I do want to remind you that time—time does wonders. The things you're anxious about one year, or even one month, aren't the things that worry you the next year, the next month."
She was out of the car now, looking up at him encouragingly. Alan returned the look quite seriously.
"You are absolutely right," he said slowly, but somehow she felt as if he were not thinking of what he said; she felt as if he were looking through her rather than at her, his thoughts far away.
"Will you come in? I don't know whether Aunt Mollie's home or not, but I know she'd like you to come in."
"No," he said, "I have to go. I have to report at five. Thanks awfully for going with me. It made it a party."

(To be continued next week)

THE Guilty

SAM BERMAN

II

WHEN Czech patriots killed "Hangman" Heydrich, they may have thought that his equal in savagery could not be found. Kurt Daleuge, his successor, soon convinced them otherwise. Heydrich murdered methodically, killing and looting as part of the day's grind; Daleuge brought zest and imagination to the job. Evolving the theory of "collective guilt," Daleuge plunged into an orgy of massacre.

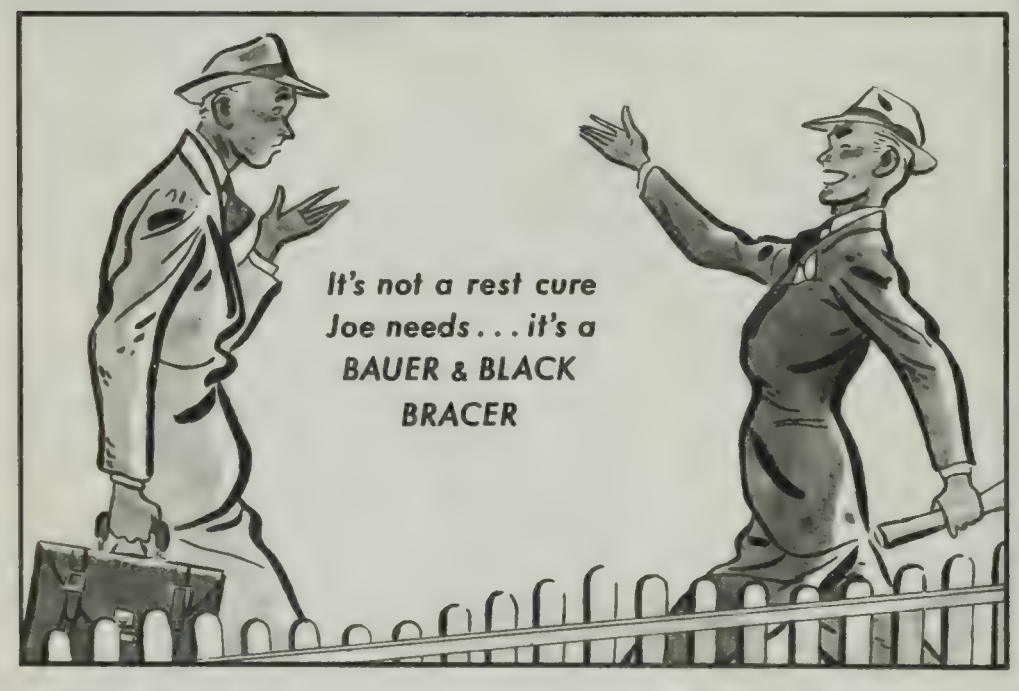
Lidice and Lesaky were demolished as examples, but no town entirely escaped. "Summary courts" sentenced thousands to be hanged or shot. Bishops, priests, schoolteachers and professional men were particularly the objects of his fury, for, as he explained publicly, "Every intellectual is a maggot of unrest."

Kurt Daleuge is the perfect Nazi type both in background and development. Only twenty in 1918, four years of arson and pillage had unfitted him for peace. Joining up with guerrilla bands dignified as *Freikorps*, he looted for a while in Upper Silesia. On the restoration of order, however, he found himself flat broke, due to his habit of carousal, and being without education or a trade, all that offered was a street-cleaning job in Berlin.

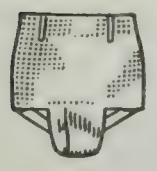
There he stayed until Adolf Hitler, backed by the money of Fritz Thyssen and other gullible industrialists, began recruiting gangsters at high wages. Daleuge was among the first to enlist as a Storm Trooper and he soon stood forth from the rank and file by reason of reckless daring and bubbling brutality. It was not until 1928, however, that his talents were fully recognized. Discovering a revolt plot among the Berlin Storm Troopers, he personally hunted down and murdered the conspirators with a cunning and ferocity that left none alive.

Now "my brave Kurt," as Hitler sobbingly acclaimed him, was made the Fuehrer's bodyguard and Number One gunman. When Hitler seized supreme power in 1933, his first act was to give Kurt Daleuge the post of police general of Berlin. Daleuge's conduct of the office, with purges, pogroms and confiscations carried on efficiently and with relish, earned the commendation even of Himmler.

When, therefore, Czech hand grenades made it necessary to select Reinhard Heydrich's successor, Kurt Daleuge stood forth as a natural. In view of his record, Lidice and Lesaky may be regarded as little more than "warm-ups." Remember him! ★★★



IT'S not that Joe's tired . . . he just needs a little restyling. And that's what Bracer does so well. It's the comfortable elastic undergarment that helps you stand straight and tall, by reminding you to hold your tummy in . . . your shoulders back. Bracer gives you a new, trim, youthful look . . . makes you feel young and vigorous. In fact, smart-looking men everywhere like Bracer's way of helping them stay well-groomed.



The elastic yarns needed to make Bracers are doing vital war tasks now . . . but *some* department stores, men's shops, drugstores, and surgical supply dealers still have Bracers. Look around today . . . and be sure it's a BAUER & BLACK BRACER you're getting. Its special comfort features make it great for all-day wear.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

FIRST IN ELASTIC SUPPORTS

BAUER & BLACK

Division of The Kendall Company, Chicago

Bracers • Pal Supporters • O.P.C. Suspensories
Tensor Bandages • Anklets and Kneecaps

THE Bracer SUPPORTER BELT

It Isn't Just Us

Continued from page 12

kids to worry. If they should have to grieve, they could do that together. They could rejoice and mourn together, a mother and her kids ought to do that; but not worry.

Mack, oh darling Mack, be all right, dear; be alive in the same world with me and all right. O God, O dear God, have him be all right. Don't let anything happen to him. And if anything has happened, turn it back, make it be not true. Oh, Mack, darling.

If she could only tell someone, if she could only go and talk to the neighbors! But a place like this, everyone talking all the time, it would be right back to the kids before lunch. And not make things any easier for any of the other women with husbands or kids away. Why, think how Mrs. Santander would begin to carry on.

Mrs. Santander was eight months pregnant. Mr. Santander, too, was overseas. Mrs. Santander was a Mexican, high-strung, emotional, crazy about Mr. Santander. Goodness, thought Mrs. MacKenzie, she'd start one of those fits of carrying-on, and no telling what might happen.

I guess it wouldn't do me no good talking about it, anyways, thought Mrs. MacKenzie. Just get to carrying-on myself.

Well, guess I'd better get up and finish up the ironing while the kids are asleep, and not have to sweat over it when it gets good and hot. Get going and keep going, I guess that's about the best thing.

Mrs. MacKenzie got out of bed. But once on her feet she was overcome with a strange and unfamiliar weakness. Gee, she thought, isn't that funny? I didn't know how scared I was till I stood up.

Indeed, the terror that now took hold of Mrs. MacKenzie was something quite new to her. All her life long, she had been able to release her fears in direct action. If one of the kids fell sick, if Mack lost a job, if the garden had a bad year, if misfortunes came in flocks, as they will, now and then, there was always something she could do. It might not make things perfect; indeed it seldom did; but it made things better. As long as you can do something about a situation, it can scare you some, but not too much.

But Mack was lost, somewhere in a green jungle in the South Pacific. He was lost and there was not a thing she could do for him, not a thing she could do.

"Oh, Mack," she said, over and ov again, very low. "Mack, dear Mac Mack." But the name was suddenly mea ingless, the reiteration automatic. Sl could feel nothing but fear, terrible ar isolating, like a black wind blowing. Mr MacKenzie was lost, drowned, gone, in th terrible loneliness of helpless fear.

Well, better get after the ironing.

The ironing was small, these days, witl out the seven polo shirts and seven pai of shorts that used to top the basket. The had always given Mrs. MacKenzie a grea kick. Showed what kind of folks he cam from, she would reflect, the way he love clean clothes and wouldn't wear a shirt th second day. At the best of times, now, th depleted basket gave her a hollow feelin She would even iron the dish towels to so of fill things out; but even so, it wasn much of a job.

This morning the job was smaller an more senseless than ever. She was glad very glad, when little Lana's voice wa lifted in a wordless shout of hunger, wak ing the others for their breakfast. It wa good to have the four of them awake an around her.

She sat down at the breakfast table witl them, reaching out and taking the spoo from Lana's unsteady little hand.

"Say," she remarked, "let's try to ge some of this down the hatch, for a change Your bib don't need the whole lot."

IF THERE was only something she could do, her mind kept saying, over and over. Something she could do. Maybe not about him, exactly, but at least about the war. Some real way to help. Only here she was, all day and every day, sort of busy doing nothing. Like now.

"Marlene," she said sharply to her eldest daughter, "quit shoving Clark. He can have more sugar if he wants it."

Marlene, the family blonde, tossed her head. "It's rationed."

"There's still enough to go round, Marlene. And manners ain't rationed."

"Nyah-nyah," said Clark, helping himself with ostentation. But he was clowning, not gloating. He was the second child, an even-tempered little boy, with his father's eyes and his father's rather deliberate manner. Mrs. MacKenzie always felt both lonely and comforted, watching him. You couldn't look at him and not think of Mack.

"It's a long story. First the puppy got into the flower and vegetable seeds and got them all mixed up. Then . . ."

COLLIER'S FRANK BEAVER

"And you need manners as much as the st of us, Clark."

Deanna now looked up, dreamy-eyed, om the tabloid that she was studying. She as only six, and did not know how to ad, but she was both well-informed and verent.

"Lookit," she said. "Here's Joan Fonine in the uniform of the motor corpse. wish I was in the motor corpse. I wish I as a nurse."

Marlene lifted her eyebrows and rugged. "Too much like work," she remarked. "I'd rather be a USO hostess. Or a canteen."

"You stink," Clark put in amiably. Stinkers like you make us lose the war. esides, any soldier would dance with you nuts."

"That's right," agreed Deanna. "Ain't , Ma?"

Mrs. MacKenzie blinked, started. "She on't mean half she says," she replied aguely. "Besides, she ain't eleven, yet. ou have to be eighteen."

THE picture of Joan Fontaine lay before her. How wonderful to be able o do things like that! She saw herself in white. "Mrs. MacKenzie, you were the ne that saved this boy, not I." "Oh, no, Doc. That ain't so." Or in a WAC uniform, sitting at a radio set. The building haking with bombs, the officer saying, "Lieutenant MacKenzie, you must leave now. It's not safe." And herself, answering, "I'm staying as long as you fellers do, Captain."

Lana blew bubbles in her milk.

Mrs. MacKenzie pulled herself together.

"Cut it, honey," she said gently. "Swallier, now."

She stood up from the table with all her usual appearance of authority, and began to issue the day's orders.

With Lana in her pen, Clark out with the cultivator, and the girls weeding where she could watch them from the kitchen sink, Mrs. MacKenzie's hands moved slowly, wandered from dishpan to drainer and back, fell at length against the folds of her old blue dress and lay limp and idle.

There just ain't nothing I seem to be able to do, she thought.

Take even the little things, she thought. Take Victory Gardens. Suppose you always had a garden took up the whole room, how could you plant extra? Some folks raised chickens extra, but they always did have chickens. And turning in your fat, like you were supposed to do. Why, with four hungry kids the drippings was always getting all used up in the baking, and you never had none left over to salvage. Same with tin cans. If you got a garden and can't afford no canned stuff, how you going to turn over cans to the drive?

No, there wasn't even little things she could do. It all went like that. She was just useless to Mack, useless to everyone but the kids. She looked at the clock. Must be about time Mrs. Briggs was bringing Jimmy, and Mrs. Panza was coming along with Juan and Rosa.

Mrs. Briggs and Mrs. Panza, they were all right. Every day they took the bus over to the airplane factory and worked on the assembly line. When a plane flew over, they could say, "Maybe that's my job."

Mrs. Briggs had been the first to take a war job. She said she would if she could find a place to leave Jimmy.

"My goodness," said Mrs. MacKenzie, "leave him here. When you got four, five don't make no difference."

And with five, it was easy to take Mrs. Panza's kids, too.

"No call you to go paying out good money to someone to mind them," she had observed to Mrs. Panza. "Seven ain't so much more of a chore than five. Not with the big kids to help out."

And it wasn't, much. Sort of fun, really, minding other folks' kids, only, no getting around it, it did take up your time.

"Oh, Mack," she whispered, her hands hanging limp at her sides, "I *can't* do anything. I'm so scared, and sort of tired. And I just ain't got the time!"

"Hiya, Mrs. MacKenzie, wanna buy a baby?"

"Hiya, Mrs. Briggs. Dump him in the pen with Lana. Mrs. Panza going to miss the bus?"

"She's coming right along. Just seen her door open when I was hiking Jimmy up your front steps."

Juan and Rosa were too big for the pen in which Lana and Jimmy would sit contentedly for half the day. They were continually underfoot. Suddenly this morning they were too much for Mrs. MacKenzie. She went to the back door and called.

"Clark, through with that cultivating? You take Juan and Rosa off my hands?"

Clark sauntered toward her, considering. "Well, me and Alvin was going to make a bomber. Out of some stuff we found."

"Couldn't you do it this aft, Clark?" Her voice was not steady.

Clark looked at her, and into his quiet eyes came that familiar depth of understanding that she had known long before he was born.

"I know what," he said. "I bet you want to write a letter to Pa."

He put out his hand and patted his mother's arm shyly. "I'll keep 'em off'n your neck," he said. "I'll make 'em some little sort of carts out of that old pair of skates out in the tool shed."

"Say," said his mother, "you was saving them for the scrap drive."

"It don't matter."

There we are again, she thought. But she smiled at Clark.

"Okay, Clark," she said. "Thanks. I'd ask Marlene, but she'd be sure to get 'em scrapping and yelling, a day hot as this."

Abruptly she ran into her bedroom and sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Oh, dear God," she whispered, "dear God, please have it be all right. Please don't have anything happen to him. I love him so. Oh, God, I love him so." She sat, clutching the edge of the bed, her shoulders huddled together.

SHE was sitting so when Marlene ran into the room, gasping for breath.

"Oh, Ma," she cried. "Run quick, Ma. Mrs. Santander's having that baby!"

Struggling with disinterest and confusion, Mrs. MacKenzie replied slowly: "You sure, Marlene? It ain't due for a month yet. Who told you?"

Marlene, the blonde and self-assured, clutched at her mother, whimpering. "Hurry, Ma," she said. "She's screaming and hollering, and she says, 'Send for Mrs. MacKenzie, she knows what to do. Get Mrs. MacKenzie.' Oh, run fast, Ma. She's awful sick. I think she's going to die."

Confused and shaken, like someone struggling between a wretched dream and a wretched reality, not yet sure which is which, Mrs. MacKenzie pushed the clinging child away.

"Don't do that, Marlene," she said. "Mrs. Santander is a Mexican; she just naturally hollers a lot when she feels some bad. Now you just mind Jimmy and Lana, and I'll walk up and see what to do."

She pushed open the back door, at which there were no steps, took the long stretch down into the dust, and walked, almost deliberately, to Mrs. Santander's bungalow.

She was about the last of the neighbors to get there and, remote and baffled as she felt, she could still see that they were having the time of their lives, especially Mrs. Santander, whose screams were indeed phenomenal.

"Well," said Mrs. MacKenzie, "the gang's all here."

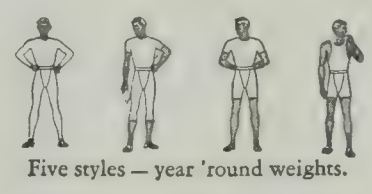
They regarded her respectfully—the

New Comfort—plus Support

AN EXCLUSIVE FEATURE OF

REIS Scandals

• No other underwear gives you all these famous features! Patented *Dart*-stitched, non-sag pouch which conforms to crotch contour. "HI-WAIST" design to prevent slipping. Concealed no-gap fly. Extra seat coverage — no seams. If your dealer is temporarily out of stock when you ask for Reis Scandals and matching shirts, ask again later. We are making every effort to keep our dealers supplied — and to meet the heavy demands of the Armed Forces.



Five styles — year 'round weights.

CHANGE TO REIS FOR GREATER COMFORT

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

UNDERWEAR SPORTSWEAR PAJAMAS • HOSE

ROBERT REIS & COMPANY 2 PARK AVE., NEW YORK CITY

BOTHERED WITH CONSTIPATION?

TRY THIS HEALTH DRINK FIRST

Juice of 1 lemon — in glass of water — first thing on arising

Has a natural laxative effect for most people, and it aids digestion, supplies needed vitamins, builds resistance, too!

Here's a surprisingly simple way to avoid the usual harsh laxatives.

Most people find the juice of 1 lemon in a glass of water, taken *first thing on arising*, is all they need to insure prompt, normal elimination—*gently*. And lemon and water is *good* for you.

Lemons Build Health! Lemons are among the richest sources of vitamin C, which restores energy, helps you resist colds and infection. They're the only known source of vitamin P (*citrin*) and supply valuable amounts of B_1. They alkalinize—aid digestion. Millions *not* troubled with constipation take lemon and water daily just as a *health builder*.

Why not keep regular with this refreshing morning drink that builds health too? Try it ten days, first thing on arising—see if you don't benefit!

P. S.—LEMON & SODA • Some prefer juice of 1 lemon in half glass water with ¼ to ½ teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate) added. Drink as the foaming quiets.

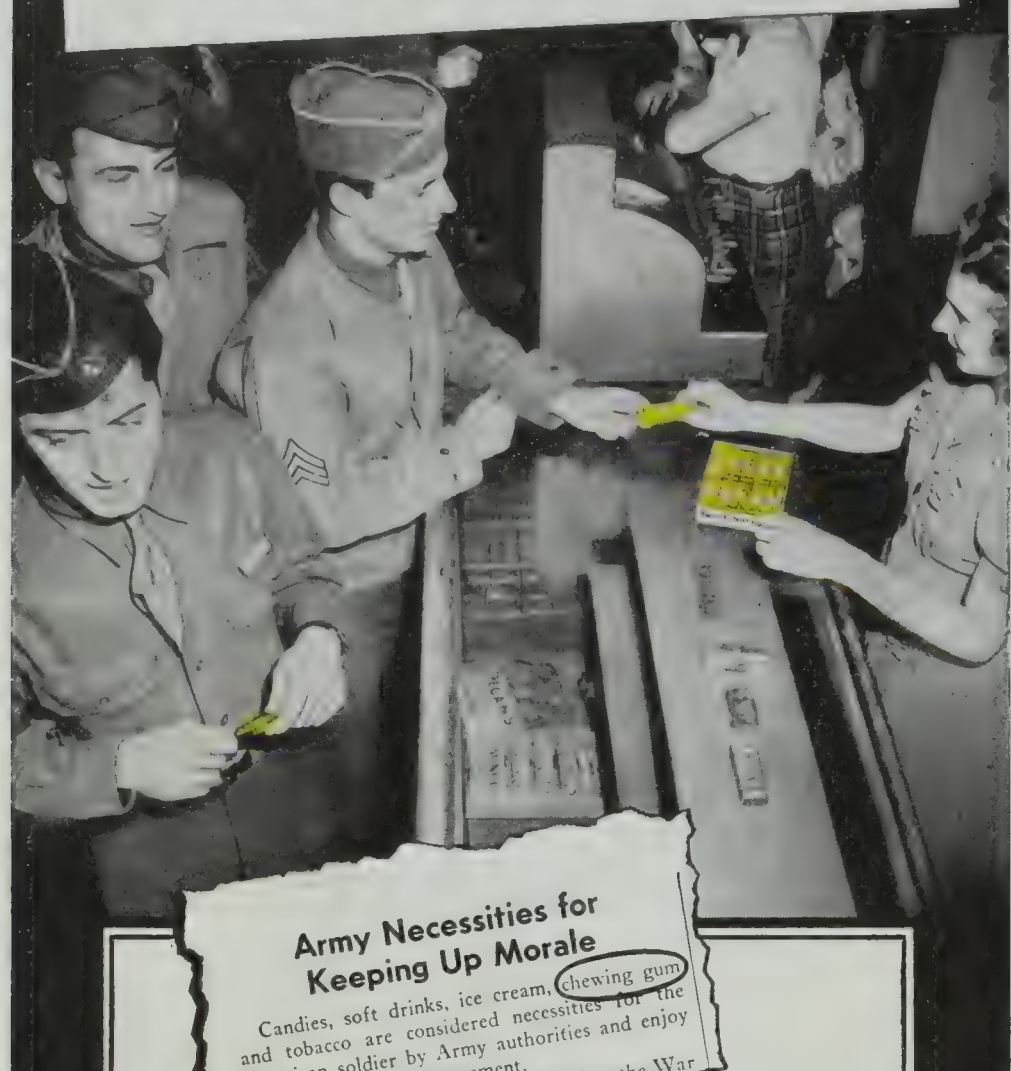
California Sunkist

Keep regular the Healthful way!

LEMON and WATER

...first thing on arising

CHEWING GUM RANKS HIGH IN U. S. ARMY CAMPS



Army Necessities for Keeping Up Morale

Candies, soft drinks, ice cream, chewing gum and tobacco are considered necessities for the American soldier by Army authorities and enjoy priorities in Army procurement.

This was disclosed o[illegible] hen the War

— From "Post Exchange" magazine

YES, at Post Exchange counters from coast to coast and overseas, chewing gum is a popular favorite with men in every branch of the service.

And no wonder! For soldiers everywhere soon discover that chewing gum is a welcome "refresher" when a man is tense, tired or thirsty.

So, if at times your dealer can't supply you when you ask for Beech-Nut Gum, remember . . . the Beech-Nut Gum that you *can't* buy is going to some soldier, sailor or marine . . . in a training camp at home, on a ship at sea or on a distant fighting front.

Beech-Nut Gum

The yellow package . . . with the red oval

first settler, the lady from the house with the big bougainvillea, the competent, superior Mrs. MacKenzie.

"She's awful bad," volunteered Mrs. Schenck, who had dirty white hair and wet, unsteady eyes. "I guess there's something going wrong."

"Rats!" said Mrs. MacKenzie. She walked up to Mrs. Santander. "Stop that hollering, Mrs. Santander. How often they coming, your pains?"

"All-a time, all-a time. Oh, Mrs. MacKenzie, I'm-a die, I'm-a die."

"Hand me that alarm clock," said Mrs. MacKenzie.

She seated herself by Mrs. Santander, laid one palm lightly upon the inert body, and watched the clock, paying no further attention to the screams, which seemed to have little or nothing to do with the physiological facts in hand. The contraction came, strong and fine, the rest, the contraction again. Mrs. MacKenzie smiled. "Mrs. DeBoys, you send your kid down to the corners, will you, and tell him to call up the doc from the store. Tell him Mrs. Santander's pains are every four minutes and she's coming along fine. Tell him to send out the ambulance."

At this, Mrs. Santander began to scream again.

"No senda the ambulance," she said. "It's-a no good. All hospitals full. Doc said could maybe, if I went whole nine months, get in a hospital. Now is no chance, now is no hospital, I have baby here, I'm-a die."

"Your ma die?"

"No," said Mrs. Santander.

"Didn't have no hospital, neither, I bet," said Mrs. MacKenzie. "Lived through it all right, though, and so did my ma. Just about the same business as it used to be, Mrs. Santander. Ain't got no harder. And the one big job in the world where an amateur can do as good the first try as a professional."

"I'm-a die," said Mrs. Santander, but the wail lacked conviction.

Mrs. MacKenzie grinned at her. "Now you get up, Mrs. Santander, and put on your housecoat and sandals, and come down to my place. Hurry up, now."

"Get up? Me?" Mrs. Santander's black eyes stared with incredulity.

"Sure," said Mrs. MacKenzie. "You have the baby up here and I'll have to be traipsing over and leave the kids and all like that to see to you. You have it to my place, and I'll be able to take care of you as easy as not."

"Walk?" said Mrs. Santander. "Now? I'm-a die. I no can walk."

But you could see that she was getting ready to reach for her red mules with the pompons, and her best red negligee with the silk fringe trim.

"LISTEN, you ladies," said Mrs. MacKenzie. "Any towels you want to lend me I'll be glad to have. And if any one of you's got a good big oilcloth table cover, I could use it too. And then I'll just call on you as I need you. Looks like Mrs. Santander's going to want to settle down and get some rest before Doc gets out here."

Now that the hysteria had drained from the air, the prospect of sitting with Mrs. Santander was merely tedious. They accepted Mrs. MacKenzie's orders with relief and no resentment, and departed to fill them.

Mrs. Santander rose from her bed and with occasional pauses, during which she clung to the small, thin shoulder beneath her own, she walked to Mrs. MacKenzie's house.

Marlene saw them coming. Her eyes were excited, now. "Ain't she going to have the baby?"

"Sure she is, Marlene. Now you run over to Mrs. Santander's place and get that layette she showed us last Sunday. Bring the box careful, now, and don't open it."

"Gee," said Marlene, "she's goin[illegible] have it here!"

"That's right. Get along, now."

She helped Mrs. Santander to her [illegible]

"I got something new in that box," [illegible] Mrs. Santander. "What nobody don't [illegible] yet. Was nobody going to see it till [illegible] is baptize, but I let you see now. Oh, [illegible] *beautiful* dress. Got lace on it, got [illegible] broiders on it, got cute little rib[illegible] bunches, just like for somebody's bab[illegible] picture shows. From my sister that [illegible] nun in San Antonio. You know I [illegible] a sister that's a nun in San Antonio?"

Before Mrs. MacKenzie could ans[illegible] Mrs. Santander had abandoned hersel[illegible] the luxury of another pain, scream[illegible] heartily; but Mrs. MacKenzie didn't m[illegible] Something in Mrs. Santander's face as [illegible] told about the lace christening dress, [illegible] innocent pride, the forward-reaching l[illegible] had reached into Mrs. MacKenzie. [illegible] felt an unknotting in her chest, a join[illegible] again, as if her disintegrated life were s[illegible] ring and coming together once more. [illegible] looked very gravely at Mrs. Santander.

"I bet it's beautiful," she said.

IT ISN'T us, she thought, or our sepa[illegible] tions; it's things going on, love going [illegible] even after it has lost its dearest one, lo[illegible] reaching forward, children coming a[illegible] growing and going on to learn the sa[illegible] things again, to learn to keep goi[illegible] through every grief.

Mrs. Santander's scream prolonged [illegible] self.

"Come on," Mrs. MacKenzie admo[illegible] ished her, "it don't hurt that bad. Save [illegible] for when the fun begins."

But she liked Mrs. Santander, she spo[illegible] tenderly; and the Mexican woman hea[illegible] the kindness in her voice and took coura[illegible] from it.

"You good to have me come here," s[illegible] said. "Good lady." She closed her eyes.

Mrs. MacKenzie went into the kitche[illegible] to wait for Marlene.

"Listen, honey," she said, when the li[illegible] tle girl appeared. "She's fine, now. Bu[illegible] no getting around it, it does take quite [illegible] while and hurt some, too. But I've ha[illegible] four, so it must be worth it, hey? Som[illegible] Mexicans scream terrible, though. So [illegible] want you to take Jimmy and Lana up t[illegible] her house and play with 'em there. . . . Yo[illegible] can come down here for their lunch, an[illegible] supper, too, if it takes that long, and carr[illegible] it up to them. And don't you pay too muc[illegible] 'tention to what any old hands say tha[illegible] drop in. They like excitement, you know."

She looked at Marlene, and was prou[illegible] of the child's face. It was full of understanding and good, firm responsibility.

"Say," said Mrs. MacKenzie. "You old [illegible] USO hostess! You don't think it's too much like work being a nurse. A kid's nurse. Not when it's important, like today."

She squeezed the child hard and kissed her.

"I was just kidding, Ma, this morning," said Marlene.

"Sure," said her mother, "I knew it. Now cut along with the kids before she tunes up again."

She went back to Mrs. Santander.

"Bet that's more like every three minutes," she said to her. "Bet it won't be long now. You want a cup of coffee? I'll bring it to you, and then I'll make up some sandwiches for Clark and Deanna, and they can take the Panza kids on a picnic down by the irrigation ditch. Say, we're making out fine."

"Nice," said Mrs. Santander. "Coffee is nice."

Maybe I can't do anything about you, Mack, maybe I can't do anything to help with the war. But somehow or other, everything you do to help somebody helps everybody else. I don't know where you are, Mack. Maybe I won't ever see you again, dear darling, but, somehow or other, helping Mrs. Santander is helping

Helping this little new kid into the rl is helping you. Ain't it funny? I understand it, but it's true.

h called Clark again. "I can make up h sandwiches for Alvin, too, if he to go along," she told him. "And te's sakes, don't you and Deanna let ttle ones drown! Some day we're g, hey? All busy!"

e morning wore through. The doctor He was swarthy and pleasant, an etic man with a limp.

ouldn't get a visiting nurse," he said, ng his blue chin with his knuckles. we'll make out."

midafternoon, they were making out concentration.

rlene had appeared at the door to be pushed away by a mother looked unfamiliar—pale, perspiring, er than usual.

eat it, honey," her mother had said. ask Mrs. DeBoys to help you out, ever you need. The doc and I, we our hands full right now."

en she went back again.

ere was a lull.

lean to say you never were in on a like this before?" the doctor re- d, still incredulous.

hat's right," said Mrs. MacKenzie.

e doctor shook his head.

oy," he said, respectfully, "we sure d use ten or twenty like you out at the ital."

e small, pale, freckled face lifted to the eyes wide.

ay," she said, softly, "that's just ex- y like what I'm always thinking it ld be wonderful if someone said to me, oc, or someone in the war, or some- g. I always want to be helpful. Only, ehow or other, I never seem to have minutes' spare time."

he wrinkles about the doctor's mouth ched oddly. "No," he said, "judging n what I've seen of your life, I can see you wouldn't."

HE baby was born at half past five in the afternoon, a fine little boy. Mrs. tander slept. The heat was intense, but Mrs. MacKenzie the room seemed er, cooler. The quiet of perfect ac- nplishment was on them all.

Mrs. MacKenzie's eyes went out of the dow, past the shadowing vine, over wn fields and green fields, to the dis- t mountains. Her face, weary and rapt, d something in it that the doctor wanted get into words.

"It's quite a thing, isn't it?" he said. ife's quite a thing."

"Yep," said Mrs. MacKenzie.

Her eyes came back to the room, to the le baby she held in her arms, to the ctor's face.

"You know," she said, "I been worrying all day about my husband. He's in the war. And I been feeling so helpless.

"Well, I don't know how to say it, but now I feel like it's all right, even if I don't have no time to do factory work, or in the hospital and stuff, like I want to. Why, Mrs. Santander here, she's done more right this afternoon about everything, war and destruction and all, than any of the things I used to think I'd do if I was rich and had a chance to help.

"Watching her, this aft, and watching you, Doc, I feel different. Maybe how I live, maybe what I do ain't useless. Even to the country. Even to Mack."

THE doctor did not answer. He rolled down his sleeves. I wish I could write, he thought. Boy, I wish I could write.

"That all your garden?" he asked abruptly.

"Yep."

"Big, for one woman."

"The kids help me."

She got up and put the baby back with Mrs. Santander and returned to the kitchen. Four small children were straggling across the fields. She waved to them.

"Those yours?"

"Just two. Others are kids I mind. Couple of mothers go to the airplane factory, I mind their kids. Might as well. Got four of my own."

She waved again, this time toward a girl of ten leading two toddlers.

"Say, Marlene," she shouted, "it's a little boy! Awful cute!"

Nice, she thought. Everything quiet in time for the kids' supper; couldn't have worked out better. Well, that's my luck.

Say, I been forgetting my luck!

Suddenly she turned upon the doctor a smile that dazzled him.

"With my luck and everything," she said, "see—like how things worked out today, for instance, everything quiet just in time for supper and all—wouldn't I be a fool to worry?"

The doctor looked at six converging children, at a wide garden, well-cultivated, well-weeded, flourishing. He thought of Mrs. Santander, well and asleep with her sleeping child.

"If I were you, Mrs. MacKenzie," he said, "I wouldn't worry about anything. If everyone did as much about it as you do, the war would be over tomorrow."

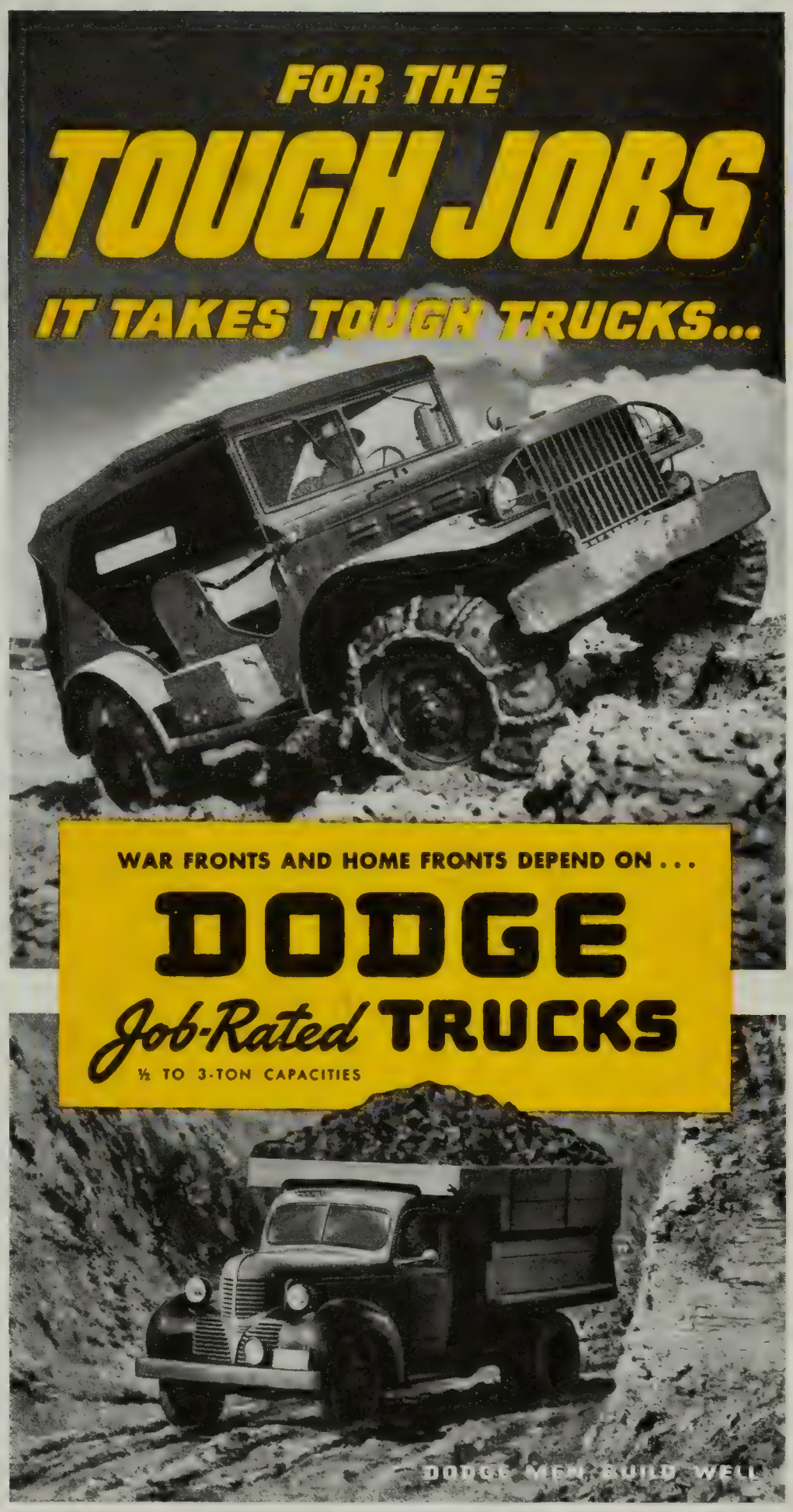
That, Mrs. MacKenzie could see, was nonsense, just blarney. But it made her feel good, too.

"Whyn't you stay for supper with me and the kids?" she said. "Save you time when you get back to town. Goodness, you might's well. One more 'round here don't ever make no difference."

THE END

"He had his diving suit made over into shorts for the summer"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN



WAR BONDS—YOUR PERSONAL INVESTMENT IN VICTORY!

WAR is emphasizing the "toughness" of Dodge trucks . . . their remarkable DEPENDABILITY. Reports from Russia, Malta, China and the Solomons have repeatedly told of Dodge-built Army vehicles carrying troops and guns through the thick of battle.

And no wonder! For these war-tested trucks are blood brothers of the hundreds of thousands of *dependable* Dodge *Job-Rated* trucks, that, for so many years, have moved the goods of industry and agriculture with *time-proved* Dodge *dependability.*

Today . . . on *war* fronts and *home* fronts alike . . . DODGE and DEPENDABILITY mean one and the same thing.

If YOU need *dependable* trucks for essential hauling purposes, buy trucks with the *right* engine, the *right* clutch, the *right* transmission, and every other unit to *fit the job* . . . buy Dodge *Job-Rated* trucks.

See your Dodge dealer too, for All-Fluid Drive Dodge cars, Plymouth cars, used cars and trucks, and for dependable Dodge wartime service.

DODGE DIVISION of CHRYSLER CORPORATION

KEEP YOUR PRESENT TRUCKS ON THE JOB WITH DEPENDABLE DODGE SERVICE!

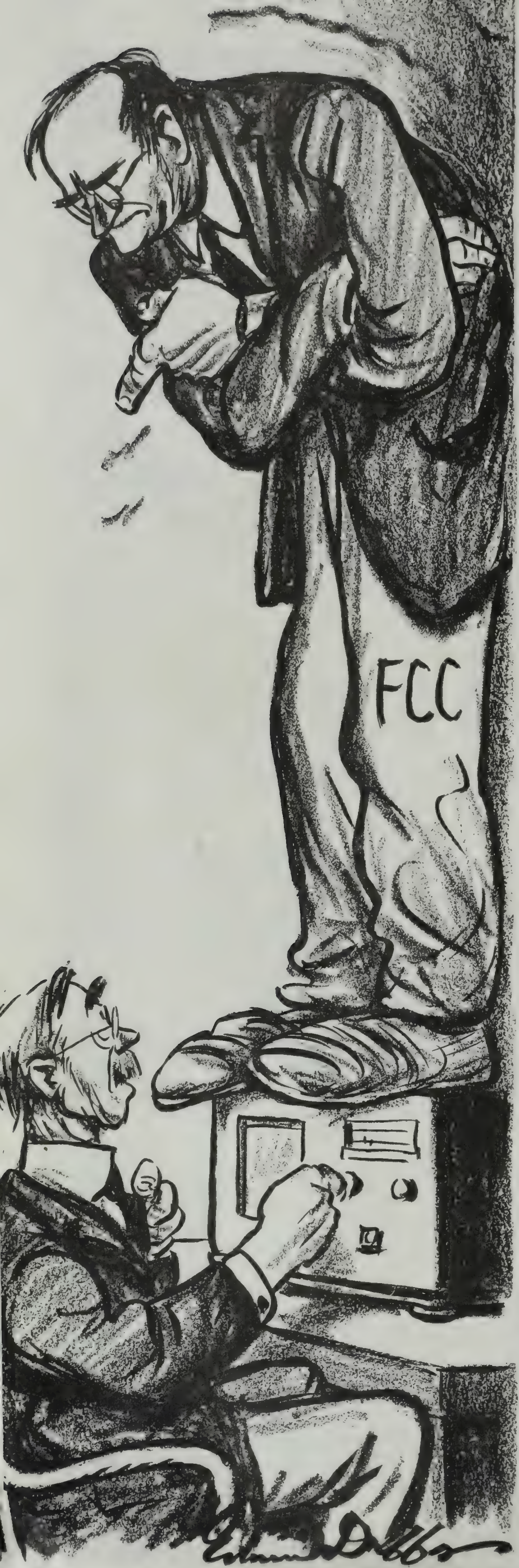
For the duration, it's your patriotic duty to keep your present car or truck "on the job" . . . to get the maximum of dependable, economical transportation built into it. Let your Dodge dealer help you. He has the "know how," the experienced mechanics, the factory-engineered and inspected parts to maintain top operating efficiency. Depend on your Dodge dealer for *dependable* wartime service!

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
JEROME ELLISON

Publishe
Editor
Managing E



Mr. Fly, Mr. Cox . . and Congres

JAMES L. FLY, chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, has got himself into a fight with Representative E. E. Cox (Dem., Ga.), and is screaming that he and his FCC are being persecuted by Cox and "the radio monopoly and Wall Street interests." Cox, out after Fly's scalp, wants Congress to trim the FCC's powers over radio.

Fly has long been a demagogic little hater of business. His outcries should be discounted accordingly. Cox is apparently not a 100-per-cent lily; appears to be a rather narrowly conservative sort with a vengeful streak.

Congress could settle this fight and avoid others like it, by putting Mr. Fly and his FCC in their proper place. They are all over the radio lot now, because of the nature of the law under which they operate.

That law is the Communications Act of 1934, which created the FCC and endowed it with a lot of vaguely and windily defined powers. Naturally and inevitably the FCC has reached for more and more power—power to tell radio broadcasters what they may and may not put on the air, power to mess up their advertising contracts and works arrangements, and so on and so fo So successful have these FCC power gr been that the Supreme Court recently uph one of the brashest of them. The C pointed out—rightly, we think—that it is Congress, not for the courts, to clip FCC's claws.

Congress can do this by passing a suita amendment to the Communications Act— amendment stating how far the FCC may in regulating radio, and stating it clea This amendment should make it impossi for the FCC to deprive broadcasters of pr erty or to abrogate their contracts without process of law; it should kill off the FC incessant attempts to censor radio progra and should take away its present life-a death licensing power over radio stations.

Such a reform would give the FCC stric and healthily delimited powers, and would Mr. Fly down to his proper size. We know no greater single blessing that could come American radio at this time. Since radio i tremendous influence in American life. we all share in that blessing.

War Wastes—Why?

WHEN the Senate passed the record-breaking $71,500,000,000 Army Appropriation Bill for the current fiscal year, Senator Harry S. Truman (Dem., Mo.) of the famous Truman Committee made some biting remarks. Speaking of the Army and Navy, Senator Truman said in part:

> They know how to waste money better than any other organizations I have ever had anything to do with. They do an excellent job on the waste side. . . .
>
> I could stand here all afternoon and give example after example showing that tremendous sums of money are simply being thrown away with a scoop shovel. . . .
>
> Yet we cannot obstruct this appropriation because we know it will be said that we are obstructing the war effort.

We don't doubt that huge wastes have occurred in the development of our war effort since Pearl Harbor, and still are occurring. But what is the reason for this waste?

Well, we didn't begin to shore up our defenses for World War II until France went down, in June, 1940. Until Pearl Harbor, we went about it in rather a half-hearted fashion. Since Pearl Harbor, we've been arming at a furious pace and fighting two major wars at the same time.

The brunt of this job has fallen on the a ministrative and procurement branches of t Army and the Navy. They started practical from scratch and were expected to wo miracles of expansion almost instantly. Th came near doing that in many instances. B they couldn't have done it without wast When your house is on fire, you can't keep minute-by-minute record of loss and damag as they occur. The first job is to get the fi under control.

We don't mean to condone or encourag waste in wartime. And now that the fire i pretty well under control, we think it woul be appropriate for the War and Navy depart ments to engage some big construction-engi neering firms to review the major waste connected with our war effort and make rec ommendations for avoiding more of them

For the long peacetime pull after the war though, we need something more than that We need a national policy of keeping th armed services systematically well financed year in and year out, just as an individual needs to keep up his life and fire insurance. If we can learn that lesson from this war and its colossal wastes, we'll have learned some-hing really worth knowing.

The 24-Hour Clock

WE USED to be faintly annoyed when, beginning soon after we got into the war, the military way of stating the time of day cropped into magazine articles and news stories—22:15 hours for good old 10:15 P. M., and all that.

Now, however, we rather like the 24-hour clock idea; and we think it has a psychological value which could hardly have occurred to whoever thought the plan up to begin with.

This psychological value of the 24-hour clock is that it shows you unceasingly that today you have only one day—one stretch of 24 hours—to make the most of. There's no starting all over again at noon with a fresh set of time numerals; the procession of the hours marches right on through to 23:59 before a new procession can begin.

The general effect, mild but insistent, is to encourage one not to waste any time. Anything that will do that is all to the good—and will be increasingly so. We're likely to need all the time we can find, and then some, for at least the next ten years.

Collier's

AUGUST 21, 1943 TEN CENTS

THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

NOT CUT, TEAR O
BOOKS OR MAG

PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

PUBLIC LIBRARY
BURLINGAME
CALIF

How Our Airpower is Winning

Café Sinister

RADIOED FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN FRONT

BY FRANK GERVASI

Getting along with relatives

by BOB HOPE

. **It doesn't take any special talents** to get long with relatives ... just a little Commando Training. Of course, almost everyone has rouble with relatives — especially their in-laws . . . in-law, that's an outlaw who gets n by marriage. It's not so bad with relatives who are born into your family, though. In fact, we get along fine with an uncle who is borne in every Saturday night.

2. Always join in the children's games. This makes you popular with your nephews and nieces. It also gives your wife a wonderful chance to practice her first aid training. Naturally, everyone knows the best first aid to brighter, cleaner teeth is Pepsodent. No wonder it's Number One with men in the Service!

3. Feed the folks well. You'll find most relatives have fierce appetites. In fact, at our house we make it a point to count the children after every meal. I'll never forget the time we counted in a strange kid. We knew he was strange because he didn't know that Pepsodent—and only Pepsodent—contains Irium.

Only Pepsodent contains Irium

4. Be kind to rich uncles. You can never tell when one might leave you a fortune. Of course, mine never did. He just left me a copy of Esquire. But I only read the ads anyway . . . especially the ones that say "Pepsodent with Irium loosens the film you can feel on your teeth . . . uncovers the natural brightness of your smile."

5. Don't let their wrangling get on your nerves. I wouldn't say my relatives were noisy . . . but I do enjoy my quiet vacations as a riveter in the shipyards. Actually there's only one thing my family won't argue about, and that is if you use Pepsodent twice a day, you'll have brighter teeth in a hurry.

How PEPSODENT with IRIUM uncovers brighter teeth

Film on teeth collects stains, makes teeth look dull and dingy—hides the true brightness of your smile.

This film-coated mirror shows the result when commonplace methods don't clean film away.

But look what Irium does! It loosens film—floats it away, leaves the surface clean, bright, and sparkling.

That's how Pepsodent with Irium uncovers the natural brightness of your smile . . . safely, gently.

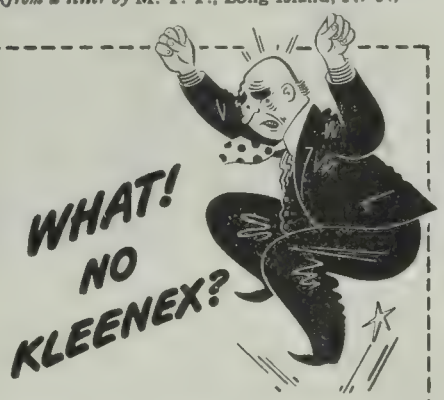
TELL ME ANOTHER SAYS **Kleenex** AND WIN A $25 WAR BOND

for each statement we publish on why you like Kleenex' Tissues better than any other brand. Address: Kleenex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I'm no fisherman!

Why fish for tissues so hard to get out of ordinary boxes? With **KLEENEX*** it's pull a tissue and up pops another, ready for use!

(from a letter by M. T. T., Long Island, N. Y.)



IF YOUR DEALER IS OUT OF *KLEENEX*, PLEASE BE PATIENT —HE'LL HAVE SOME SHORTLY. QUANTITY IS SOMEWHAT CURTAILED, BUT WE ARE DETERMINED, REGARDLESS OF WHAT OTHERS DO, TO MAINTAIN *KLEENEX QUALITY* IN EVERY PARTICULAR!

VITTLES FOR VICTORY

No more stained dish towels at canning time since I wipe the top of each filled jar with clean, absorbent **KLEENEX**!

(from a letter by C. F. C., Prineville, Ore.)

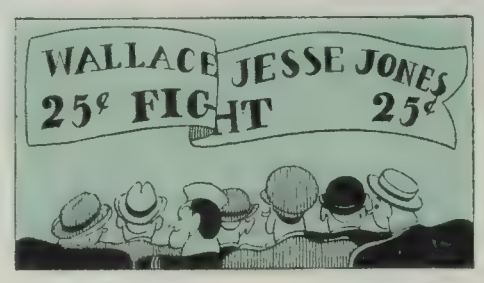
WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
W. B. COURTNEY	European War Theater
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Russia and Far East
KYLE CRICHTON	Articles
HERBERT ASBURY	Articles
DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
ALLEN MARPLE	Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Articles
HENRY L. JACKSON	Wearables
WM O. CHESSMAN	Art
CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AMY PORTER	Articles
GEORGE CREEL	Washington
WILLIAM HILLMAN	Washington
FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
FRANK GERVASI	Middle East War Theater
JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
GRATTAN O'LEARY	Ottawa
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
U. L. CALVOSA	Photographs
GEORGE DE ZAYAS	Hollywood
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collie

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publis
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor
JEROME ELLISON Managing

ANY WEEK

WE REJOICE to report that a large number of our readers are not only glad to be heavily taxed to defray a greater and greater part of the cost of this war, but are racking their brains for ways and means of helping Mr. Morgenthau, Mr. Doughton and other money raisers. Some ideas are a trifle out of the ordinary—but sound. For example, here's Mr. Virginius Tyrus O'Donnell, who doesn't say a word about our moniker editorial, but: "From all that I hear and see, the goings-on in Washington, D. C., make Ringling's Circus look like an Epworth League meeting on a bad night. Now why not turn the capital of our country over to the circus people? They can put it on a paying basis by charging an admission of fifty cents a head with two bits extra for a good seat at the Hammering Hank Wallace-Jolting Jesse Jones fight. Properly advertised this ought to pay for the war and have quite a lot of change left over to see us all back to normalcy."



WELL, when we got to Washington this time, no admission fee being demanded, Union Station was a sight to behold. The place was jammed with women in uniform—Wacs, Waves, Wafs, lady Marines and so on. In spite of this, however, all the men, uniformed and civilian, were concentrating on one small but snappy number in a uniform unlike those worn by any other women in the vast shed. Frankly, this mouse was a colossal sensation—her cap at just the right angle, her skirt exactly the right length and her blouse— Oh, well, we're just a guy with a couple of experienced eyes. She walked through that crowd as if there wasn't any crowd. And presently we caught up with her. On her cap was the word TRAINMAN.

MOREOVER, we have a letter from an Army Air Force captain who says that he got a lower berth from Chicago to Washington. He was about to turn in when the occupant of the upper—a lieutenant colonel—arrived in the wake of a redcap who carried his bag. To the side of the colonel's bag was strapped a baseball bat. Our captain, thinking to make a little friendly conversation, said: "Well, well, Colonel, I see you have a baseball bat." The colonel was not very conversational. He looked at our captain, then at the bat, and said: "Yeah. I'm going to Washington." And that was all that our captain managed to get out of him, too.

OUR mail is improving a bit—in quality, too. Some time ago we complained that it was pretty terrible. We got an answer to that from Mr. Frank B. Doremeas of Kokomo, Indiana. "It isn't that your mail is so terrible but it is because you are terrible. You cannot read right. I have written you lots of good letters and you print nothing I say. You do not understand what I say as I am a great hand at writing between the lines. If you will read between the lines of this letter you will get what I mean which is that you are terrible."

IN HOUSTON, Texas, there is a Stage Door Canteen. We're informed by one of the women workers therein that a sailor entered one evening carrying a bottle of rum. As alcoholic stuff may not be carried into the place nor any served there, this sailor left his bottle in the pocket of his coat in the checkroom. Occasionally he'd go to the checkroom, take a drink and jitterbug with renewed vigor. But the doorman told him firmly that thereafter he'd have to leave the bottle checked until he unchecked his coat and hat, too. This stumped the sailor for slightly less than one minute. He returned to the checkroom, got his hat and coat, put them on, got out his bottle, took a drink, rechecked his hat and coat and went back to swinging it. He continued to do this every ten minutes until the bottle was empty. In the meantime, he and his girl friend won the dance honors of the evening. And our informant wants to know what chance the enemy has against guys like that. We wish all the answers were as simple.

NONE. . . . W. D.

Vol. 112, No. 8. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1943, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

THIS WE

AUGUST 21,

SHORT STORIES

BEN HECHT
Café Sinister. A drama of ven acted against a backdrop of hi

VEREEN BELL
The Scars. A man is not beaten, he turns the other cheek.

GRACE NIES FLETCHER
Laney Draws a Limey. Was she girl in a sailor's life?

THE SHORT SHORT STO
Sweet Are the Uses of Geranium Fontaine.

SERIAL STORIES

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Corner of Heaven. The third o

SAX ROHMER
Seven Sins. Conclusion.

ARTICLES

FRANK GERVASI
Airpower is Winning. Bombir enemy's supply lines is the first step to victory.

MARGARET McKENNY
No Birds—No Crops. Our feathe destroy more bugs in a day than can in a season.

JOSEPH WECHSBERG
China's Quisling. Wang Ching-we example that a puppet's life is n one.

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
It Happens in Moscow. Good livi theater offer some relief from bloodshed.

DUGAL O'LIAM
The Kid from Azusa. B. G. De Syl song writer and producer, takes it makes millions.

GEORGE CREEL
The Allies' Poor Relations. Washin the cold shoulder to the smaller U tions.

WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT
American Mother. At 43, Mrs. France has eleven sons in the Armed Servi

THÉRÈSE BONNEY
How the Finns Live. Shortages of alm commodity make life in Finland a pr

J. D. RATCLIFF
Shock Absorber. Curare, the jung plays a new role as agent of mercy

JAMES RORTY
A Doctor for All of Us. Why medic ing may soon become necessary.

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World.

WING TALK.

THE GUILTY (Julius Streicher
Profile of Axis Terrorist No. 3.

THE WEEK'S WORK.

EDITORIAL
Four Planks for '44.

COVER W. EUGENE

De Soto

HELPS MAKE THEM

This B-26, badly riddled by anti-aircraft fire in a raid on Nazi installations, returns safely to its Tunisian base. — International News Photo.

DE SOTO WAR PRODUCTION includes the precision building of airplane wing sections—bomber fuselage nose and center sections—vital assemblies for Bofors anti-aircraft guns and General Sherman Tanks—and a wide variety of special manufacturing services to a large portion of American war industry.

•

DE SOTO DEALERS throughout America remain strongly at their posts of service, maintaining the De Soto products of peace with essential parts and service.

B-26 —"The Marauder"

It's a beautiful and powerful all metal monoplane, and some of the world's keenest pilots are its masters.

At Midway and in the Aleutians, these Marauders carried torpedoes; at Soputa, they dropped parachute bombs; at Buna *"they flew low and fast, their guns blazing."*

With its heavy armor and tremendous fire power, the B-26 can take mighty good care of itself. Seldom does it need fighter escort. It's a fighter on its own account. It's big and powerful and faster than most ships the enemy can send against it.

Yes, De Soto helps to build these B-26 Marauders. De Soto makes the big fuselage and nose sections on long assembly lines, manned by many of the same craftsmen who made fine cars for you every day in peacetime.

When De Soto delivers these nose and fuselage sections, it means that wiring, sound proofing, trim, tubing, functional mechanisms, most of the instruments and all of the controls are in their proper place.

De Soto takes pride in the fame of these B-26 Marauders as reports from the battle fronts tell of their terrific striking power, their fleetness, maneuverability, and success.

DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

WAR BONDS

They are Your Personal Investment in Victory.

OUT FOR THE COUNT, BECAUSE OF DRY SCALP?

TRY 5 DROPS A DAY FOR...

BETTER-LOOKING, HEALTHIER-LOOKING HAIR!

IT'S SO EASY: Just comb a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic through your hair or rub it directly on your scalp. It's just as easy as that to keep your hair neat, well-groomed all day long. And at the same time it checks Dry Scalp and loose dandruff by supplementing the natural scalp oils. For double care of both scalp and hair, massage generously with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic before shampooing and rub a little on the scalp afterwards. Join the host of men who use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic regularly. You will discover that it's different, because it contains absolutely no drying ingredients.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC 40c and 70c

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Wau, a gold-mining town in the New Guinea mountains, bombarded by the Japs for months, is the one Allied base that can be reached only by air. Since its founding in 1927, every person and every article has been flown in by plane, including dredges, building materials, war equipment, food and various animals, even several race horses.

During the past two years at Fort Benning, Georgia, paratroopers in training have made more than 100,000 jumps with only three fatalities, each resulting from a mistake made by the man himself.

Not only is America using vast quantities of paper in the war effort, but its peacetime consumption has always far surpassed that of every other nation. For years before this war, the annual per-capita use was 250 pounds in the United States, 120 pounds in England, 85 in Germany and 20 in Japan.—*By Roderick M. Grant, River Forest, Illinois.*

Because it is possible and probable that London's newspapers reach Berlin and Berlin's reach London, through agents in Lisbon, within 24 hours after printing, these publications in both cities are carefully censored before going to press.—*By Bessie M. Park, Des Moines, Iowa.*

Under the laws of all states, the American flag cannot be offered free as a premium or inducement to purchase merchandise.

Poultry valued at $100,000,000 dies annually in this country from a number of diseases, one of which is responsible for half of this loss—a paralysis, with many forms, called avian leukosis complex. No one knows what causes or spreads the disease or how to control it.

At least 30 different types of slide fasteners, including the zipper, have been patented in one or more countries. . . . Men in a blimp can spot a submarine, under favorable conditions, at a submerged depth of 90 feet. . . . The only American state or territory in which every person has been fingerprinted is Hawaii.

Because so much of the food being shipped abroad today has been dried, dehydrated or compressed, any American freighter of medium size is able to carry the entire annual yield of nearly 4,000 average farms, or, roughly, 600,000 acres.

A miniature electric railroad, now being built in New York City by a group of 100 engineers, will be the most elaborate model of its kind. Constructed on a scale of ¼ inch to a foot, it has already reached a length of a mile and is complete with rolling stock, scenery, signals, controls and timetables. Although this much of it, exclusive of the trains, has required almost 500,000 man-hours of work, the model is not expected to be finished until 20 years after the war.

Out of every 1,000 men and 1,000 women who offer to donate blood to the Red Cross, 57 men and 110 women are rejected because they do not meet various requirements.

The largest vertical letter file in the world is in the office of the Central Social Insurance Institution in Prague. Its thousands of drawers, which are ten feet deep and open and shut electrically, are in cabinets that extend from the floor to a high ceiling. To reach them, the clerks sit at elevator desks that move up or down or to the right or left at the touch of a button.

The six most popular sports in this country today, ranked according to annual attendance, are basketball, softball, baseball, football, boxing and horse racing.—*By Frank K. Lawler, Hollis, Long Island, N. Y.*

All warships of the U. S. Navy are required to display the national flag before firing a shot in battle. Even on submarines that surface quickly to engage an enemy vessel, the ensign must be hoisted before a deck gun goes into action.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

Super Human Vision *with "THE INVISIBLE CREW"*

ELECTRONIC "vision" that penetrates through fog or cloud ... superhuman range of voice and hearing: .. these are what Bendix* Radio and Radar give to the pilot of a U. S. plane!

And Bendix gives him other "senses". . . third-dimensional senses. Pioneer* Instruments fix his horizon for him . . . where there is no horizon. They set his course, and hold it for him . . . show him his altitude, speed, position. Friez* Instruments supply his weather sense. The sure and instant perception that Nature gives to a bird . . . these members of **"The Invisible Crew"** give to earthling man. Together they have conquered the hazards of blind flying!

Today this means, above all else, constant protection for our boys on the battle line. That common cause unites the many thousand Bendix workers . . . under inspired engineers. But the science that pierces today's battle smoke, serves also to penetrate the veil of tomorrow's greater opportunities. **"The Invisible Crew"** will help to overcome the age-old handicaps of "flying blind" into the future, as into the fog.

SOME FAMOUS MEMBERS OF THE INVISIBLE CREW

PIONEER*—Flight and Navigation Instruments and Aircraft Equipment.
BENDIX* RADIO—Aircraft Radio Equipment for Navigation, Detection, Communication and Direction Finding, and Radio Compasses.
STROMBERG*—Automatically adjusting Aircraft Injection Carburetors, standard of the industry.
SCINTILLA*—Aircraft Magnetos, Spark Plugs and Ignition Systems.
BENDIX* PRODUCTS—Vacuum and Hydraulic Controls, Stromberg* Automotive Carburetors, Universal Joints, Aircraft Gun Turrets, Aircraft Landing Gear, Wheels and Brakes.
ECLIPSE* AVIATION—Aircraft Starters, Generators and Superchargers, De-Icer Systems and other Aircraft Operational Auxiliaries.
FRIEZ*—Weather, Meteorological ... and Flight Recording Instruments.

PRECISION EQUIPMENT BY **Bendix** AVIATION CORPORATION

*TRADE MARKS OF BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION AND SUBSIDIARIES

COPYRIGHT 1943, BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

BACK UP OUR BOYS BUY WAR BONDS

SAVING HORSEPOWER
to SAVE FREEDOM!

Boiled right down to basic facts, it's horsepower of a hundred kinds that's deciding this war . . . horsepower giving mobility and meaning to the firepower in the hands of millions of Americans who have grown up with their feet on a throttle.

An unconquerable combination—American men and motors. It's an honor and an inspiration to every Sealed Power man and woman to serve every branch of our armed forces with the products that have won the trust of peacetime America. Sealed Power Piston Rings, Pistons and Cylinder Sleeves are at every front, in tanks, trucks, jeeps, airplanes, bulldozers, boats, ships and power units.

And Sealed Power Piston Rings on the home front, too, are safeguarding power and saving precious rationed fuel. Packed in sets, individually engineered for each particular make and model of engine, they provide oil control, save gas, reduce wear and lengthen engine life. Insist on genuine Sealed Power Piston Rings. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan, and Windsor, Ontario.

Scrap metal is needed for every gun, tank and ship. Send your scrap to war.

SEALED POWER
PISTON RINGS
Pistons, Cylinder Sleeves
Valves, Water Pumps and Chassis Parts

© 1943 Sealed Power Corp.

WING TALK

IT'S a combination cookbook and guidebook, but it's a strange example of either. The main idea behind the volume for the present is to save the lives of American fliers forced down in the weird reaches of the Pacific. Every American plane carries one of the volumes. But after the war, it will be priceless to those of us who actually have the courage to take up beachcombing as a profession.

The book tells us how to roast a goanna to a turn. A goanna is a big lizard, and the tail makes a ravishing dish if properly cooked. The book also tells us that a stuffed bandicoot is elegant eating, that its flesh is scarcely distinguishable from rabbit. The fact that the bandicoot is nothing but a large rat with big ears has nothing to do with its taste. And the yavato! There's a dish that would thrill you clear down to your toes. Cooked up in a casserole, the yavato is something right out of this world. It's right out of our world anyhow, since it's described as "a large cream-colored grub found in rotting wood."

The book was put together by Dr. Frank H. H. Roberts of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. Much of the information in it was supplied by Dr. William Duncan Strong and his associates. Strong is director of the Ethnogeographic Board, which sounds very dull, but the Ethnogeographic Board has the delightful job of finding out all it can about the personal habits and environment of other folks all over the world.

The book does more than merely tell how to cook the strange flora and fauna a man is likely to run into on a desolate island in the Pacific. The main body of the book is divided into two columns. First, the name of the food, then a description and an explanation of where to find it and how to cook it.

An ordinary fig may be quite a strange business to a pilot from Brooklyn, for example. Figs growing on trees don't look much like those in packages.

Then there's honey. Honey is a blessed thing for a hungry wanderer to come across. The trick of finding it revolves around recognizing the insects that make it. In the tropics, the honey bee is a mild stingless little thing that looks like an ordinary fly. The book tells the boys to tie a bit of white cloth on one of the bees, or sprinkle it with flour, then follow it through its zigzag course to its hive.

There's plenty of food lying around in the Pacific, both on land and in the water. But you have to know how to find it, and how to avoid the items that are poisonous, of which there are fortunately very few.

THE coconut palm is practically a grocery store all by itself. The meat of its nut is fine food, ripe or green. The liquor of the green fruit is refreshing. And when fermented, it becomes a powerful wine. The juices of sugar palm and other trees also make wine. The drink is known variously as tuba wine, palm wine, or toddy. A castaway who is ingenious enough to rig up a still can distill the wine into a powerhouse spirit called arrack, and accumulate a magnificent hangover.

To get back to the coconut—the tiptop bunch of leaves on the tree is a true delicacy. It is known as palm cabbage, it's cooked just like cabbage and tastes like it, only better.

Breadfruit is almost as much of an all-round dish as coconut. It grows in a large tree, and the fruit hangs on the tree like green balloons, with pock-marked skin. Breadfruit is a substantial item of food when roasted, baked or fried. After it's cooked, it can be sliced and dried, and it'll keep indefinitely.

Arrowroot is useful, too, the book tells us. Arrowroot looks like a turnip, and is best when roasted. Ordinary rattan, a ferocious-looking plant with long, slender stems and sharp, curving horns, also stews

(Continued on page 72)

COLLIER'S

"A great record, Duffy, but for your own safety, I'd repaint your ship and start over"

HANK KETCHAM

I WANT UP!

It's dark down here.

It's quiet down here.

It's lonely down here.

No light. Just the glow of emergency bulbs. No noise. Just the ebb and flow of air in our lungs. No talking. But a lot of thinking.

We're "on the bottom."

They're waiting for us up there. They're listening for us up there. For the turn of a screw, for the clang of a wrench on the deck to tell their next depth bomb where to go.

We're waiting, too. For the sound of their engines to die away or—for the gagging stink of chlorine gas that lets us know our hull is cracked, the batteries are flooded and we're going down in a bubble of air and oil to drown!

Somehow, sweating it out down here in the cold and the dark and the fear, it seems to me I get things straighter than I used to. I see things clear.

I know now what this war's about. I know what this war is being fought for. I want this war over quick—and when it's over, I want up!

That's what I'm fighting for—*up!*

For the right to stand up in the world with my bride by my side and her hand on my arm.

For the right to speak up in my town and have my say and then sit down.

For the right every night to run up the steps of my house back home and pick up and hold a son of my own.

For his right and her right and mine to grow up, to work up in the same America I left behind . . . where there's freedom to breathe . . . freedom to move up to new and better things . . . to look up to the skies and recognize that in America there will always be a limitless opportunity to rise as high, to go as far as courage and strength and ability can take me!

That's how I remember America.

Keep it that way . . . until I come back.

. . .

Here at Nash-Kelvinator, we're building 2,000 h. p. Pratt & Whitney engines for Navy Vought Corsair fighters . . . making intricate Hamilton Standard propellers . . . readying production lines to build Sikorsky helicopters for the Army Air Forces . . . doing our part to keep for our boys while they're away the same America they've always known . . . a land of progress and enterprise and equality for all.

. . .

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION
Kenosha • Milwaukee • DETROIT • Grand Rapids • Lansing

NASH AUTOMOBILES

KELVINATOR REFRIGERATORS • ELECTRIC RANGES

They give their lives; we lend our money.
Buy more War Savings Bonds and Stamps!

If you hear the operator say that, it means that the line you want is crowded and other calls are waiting. . . . We're sure you'll understand and co-operate cheerfully — in the interests of better wartime telephone service for *everybody.* BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Café SINISTER

BY BEN HECHT

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYER

Café El Granada—showcase for wealth, photographers' heaven, breeding ground of gossip and intrigue—spawns a revenge too long delayed, in a memorable tale told by a master

ALWAYS in a café of elegance where the elite come to advertise their boredom I feel the promise of nister events. My years as a newspaperan still make me think of the fashionable d the famous in terms of derogatory adlines. I never enter one of these hotuse roosts without feeling immediately at around me are the important scanals of tomorrow.

Here they sit—in the ornate anteroom f suicide, bankruptcy and blackmail, glitter with the spoils of life, including, at last most dangerous treasure: ennui. ou would never fancy that these toyaced heroes and heroines of the city's ight were anything but what they seem—group of beribboned insomnia victims ome to stare at one another and exhange yawns. But this is a deception. or in these moribund huddles sit beauty, alent and wealth. And, however bored hey seem, you may be sure that where uch sit, there is always devil's music playng near by.

I have a friend, Dr. Mortimer Briggs, who is a Haroun-al-Raschid sort of psychiatrist. He is given to wandering the city after midnight and peering into its psychoses and, perhaps, looking for customers.

This soul gazer assures me that his favorite haunt, El Granada Café, is the most clinical spot in town, and I have taken to haunting it with him. My interest is chiefly Morty, who is a witty and instructive companion and who has the gift of making the dullest people blossom into werewolves and moon monsters—a side of psychiatry that has always pleased me.

In El Granada after midnight, says Morty, assemble the demon-driven of the town—the rich, the brilliant and the beautiful. The rich, he tells me, have warped souls—all of them—as a result of exercising their egos rather than their wits. As for their playfellows—the men and women of the arts—these are in an even worse situation. For only successful geniuses can afford to bask in El Granada, and medically, says Morty, there is nothing as troublesome to genius as success. It substitutes press notices for dreams and cocktail parties for the pursuit of beauty. Fame, holds Morty, is a sort of mummy case in which the creative talents of yesterday lie in state and glitter with mania.

As for beauty, my friend's theory is that all the lovely ladies who bloom nightly in El Granada are more phantom than female. They are, he says, shallow and dangerous. They are designed, like mirages, only to stir hunger and arouse the imagination and they have no food to offer either.

I noticed a few evenings later that the baron had a different girl with him. "Well, we've got a new clue," I said. "We've found out the baron has a redhead fetish"

In the months we have been squatting almost nightly in El Granada, that ornamental caldron has yielded the press four suicides, one murder, fifteen divorces and innumerable lesser items involving bigamy, treason and embezzlement. None of these events actually happened in El Granada, but its violent actors were all recruited from its yawning tables.

It was while sitting with Doctor Morty in this Pandora's box of a café one night that I witnessed the debut of the Baron Corfus, and with it the opening scene of a drama as fantastic as any in the Arabian Nights, and one that fulfilled in abundance its promise of sinister events.

There was no hint of macabre enterprise about the tall, pottery-faced gentleman who made his first entrance that night. It was midnight—an hour at which

El Granada is so crowded with men and women of distinction that it is practically impossible for anyone to achieve the slightest attention.

The arrival of an elegant-looking elderly man wearing a camellia in his lapel and accompanied by a beautiful girl in camellia-studded furs is a matter of no more import to El Granada at midnight than the squeezing of two more shoppers into a subway train during the rush hour. The fact that Ganzo, the headwaiter, himself conducted the pair to a reserved table was no clue to the importance of the newcomers. It indicated that a twenty-dollar bill had changed hands.

THUS it was that the Baron Corfus and his companion created no ripples with their entrance. I remember well, however, that Morty was quick to bag the newcomer.

"Never saw him before," he said, "and the girl is new, too."

"Not bad looking," I said. You have to be modest in your opinions in front of Morty or he explodes. Psychiatry is basically the science of contradiction."

"Strip her, scrub her face and comb her hair out," said Morty, "and you have a slight case of pituitary emaciation plus a bit of narcissism."

"She still looks like Salome to me," I said. "Do you think that red hair is real?"

"The hair is real," the great scientist admitted grudgingly, "but the eyes are of glass. The man is vastly more interesting."

"He looks well preserved," I said.

"To the contrary," said Morty happily, "he is in the last stages of disintegration. A well-dressed case of cachexia always looks like a visiting diplomat." Morty mopped his face with one of his many handkerchiefs. Though not a fat man—as psychiatrists go—he was in a constant perspiration, and regardless of the temperature, seemed always either to be choking to death or about to be laid low by the heat. He performed this mopping operation with quick and furtive gestures as if he expected nobody to notice the oddity.

"Besides," he went on, "that man has too much poise unless it's arteriosclerosis." Morty changed handkerchiefs. "A very curious fellow—that fellow."

I shall describe the new arrival as I saw him this first time. He was a man so embedded in an attitude that his age seemed a mystery. The attitude was one of charm and aloofness. The gray face with its long jaws, its thin lips, its enameled gloss was raised as if it were in the midst of some performance. He had metallic-gray hair that was curled tightly on his skull and seemed to have been polished rather than combed. But the man's eyes were his chief attraction. They were almost tight shut. The eyelids were lowered as if against a glare and the eyes were reduced to two glittering lines—like the dashes in a code.

"I'd say he was almost blind," Morty went on slowly, "and the squint is a ruse for increasing his small vision. Or else—"

"Or else, what?" I asked, humbly.

"Or else," said Morty, "he's as mad as a hatter. A man closes his eyes like that for one reason, usually. He doesn't want to be seen. I call them ostrichomaniacs." Morty considered this a joke.

"That's a queer theory about a gentleman who seeks out a spotlight like El Granada," I said.

"It's his soul, not his camellia that's in hiding," Morty answered.

THE music resumed. El Granada was filling up for the night, which meant that the fashionable and the famous were being reduced to sardinelike postures that made drinking, talking or eating well-nigh impossible. Dancers inched about on the small floor. The service grew panicky, breathing difficult.

Baron Corfus had added himself to this ensemble as if it were his natural element. At one-thirty the newcomer rose to leave. Morty and I automatically called it a night. Together with some twenty other frolickers bored to a point of nervous collapse, we squeezed our way out of El Granada. I wondered idly as we stepped into the life-restoring street who the elderly glassy-faced dandy in front of us was and what type of insomnia had brought him to our roost.

An elegant automobile drew up to the curb. The baron handed Ivan, the doorman, a five-dollar bill for his sin and entered the car with his lov head.

"A very strange fellow," said "I hope we see more of him."

We did. In the weeks that follo Granada had produced a new di for us—a mystery man.

Mystery is not a thing that h quickly. It is the negative side of the blank curtain concealing dram must look at this curtain a long ti fore even becoming aware that it i ing in front of you. Having loc however, you have a front seat greatest show on earth—the Unkno

The Baron Corfus—headwaiter had supplied his name—became ou —more Morty's than mine. For was content to enjoy knowing nothi imagining everything, like any goo tery fan, Morty was busy with sol The trail, said Morty, after several of studying furtively our camellia-dandy, offered several scents. Fo thing, the unvarying midnight en and the unvarying departure at e one-thirty A.M. was the sort of ceren behavior, said Morty, that revealed r Since my friend managed to dis lunacy in practically everybody who under his scientific eye, I was not to pressed.

"The difference in this case," Morty, "is that here we have luna action. We are all lunatics, but inert Psychic duds, so to speak. But the ba mania is up to something. It's perfor for us. It's plotting away every n

"Plotting what?" I asked modestl

"That, I don't know," beamed my lock, "but I will soon. All we know is that the baron arrives here with monial regularity on the stroke of night with a beautiful young lady in w he has no interest and we have also fact that our baron, a tireless exhibitio nevertheless refuses to commune any of the customers here."

We had both observed that our my man had frozen off a dozen neight attempts at conversation. I attributed to jealousy of his companion.

"Nonsense," Morty answered. "I nitely the baron is not jealous. He's busy and doesn't care to be interrupt

"Busy doing what?" I asked humbly

"Hiding," said Morty, "and plotti

IT WAS I who first noticed a few nings later that the baron had a diffe young woman with him. His new frien in addition to wearing the same came studded furs, the same fingernails and same fixed glow of an enchanted winc dummy—was also a redhead.

"Well, we've got a new clue," I sa "We've found out that the baron ha redhead fetish."

"A putrid deduction," said Morty. man who keeps his eyes shut isn't go in for color fetishes. The redhead is coincidence. Or perhaps a drug on market." But I could see that Morty w not too impressed by this notion.

A young naval lieutenant squeezed in a chair at our table. This was Dickie M chen, one of our night-life alumni w had wheedled his way into the landlock sector of the Navy.

"Hiya," said Dickie, "I'm on lea again. First free breath in five weel Ever been in Washington in the summer The young mariner shuddered. "There nothing worse on earth than that Na building."

"War is war," I offered. I had nev

(Continued on page 66)

Marie arranged to meet Malchen acro the Austrian border. But he was not wai ing for her. Instead a group of Gestap agents seized her and took her to Berli

AIRPOWER IS WINNING

Victorious American soldiers survey the twisted mass of metal that once defiantly flew the insignia of the Luftwaffe at the captured airfield of El Ouina. Left: Major Gen. Lewis Brereton, who was greatly responsible for the devastation wrought by Allied airpower in the North Africa theater, is shown here with Frank Gervasi

ROBERT CAPA

Y FRANK GERVASI

DIOED FROM CAIRO

Africa was won, so Europe ll be won. Sooner, perhaps, an you dared hope. The son is plain—bombs can re-ce armies to impotence, d already American air-wer is rapidly widening the aight road to victory that carved out in African skies

THE Liberators were bombing Tobruk, Marshal Erwin Rommel's principal intake port for supplies and reinforcements for his Afrika Korps. Rommel watched the raid from a hill above the wreck-filled harbor of the crumbling town. It was months before Cape Bon but, on that starry night of October 25th, Rommel knew he was beaten.

He saw 500-pound bombs blast the quay. He saw them demolish dockside dumps of stores his Italian lackeys hadn't had time to remove. A bomb hit and sank an Italian destroyer. Port installations, already badly damaged, were nearly obliterated.

Until then, Rommel had been able to land approximately 4,000 tons of supplies daily at Tobruk. When our bombers finished with the port that night its capacity had been reduced to possibly 400 tons. The Afrika Korps was deprived of nearly all the guns, shells, food, tanks, spare parts and water it needed to fight the war.

It was also deprived of two commodities more precious than any of these—gasoline and oil, the blood and plasma of motorized war. Through the futile pyrotechnics of his antiaircraft batteries and the glow of fires ignited by American bombs, Rommel watched a tanker try to cut herself free of the dock and run for open water to escape the bombs. The ship twisted, turned and churned the black harbor waters. But the last bomb from the last Liberator over the target found her amidships. She blew up in a geyser of red and yellow flame.

Captured German officers who were with Rommel that night said the marshal turned his head quickly from the spectacle as though, at last, the hard-bitten old soldier had seen something truly ghastly in war. Rommel muttered bitterly through set, thin lips, "My last tanker," and German staff officers saw for the first time how one of their greats looked in defeat.

Rommel had lost many tankers in the previous weeks. His stocks of aviation gasoline were dangerously low. His Luftwaffe remained on the ground. He couldn't, during the months of May, June and July of last year, hurl the Luftwaffe against the trucks, tanks and men of the British Eighth Army as it choked that single escape road from Gazala to El Alamein. He couldn't send it into the air now to meet the waves of American heavy and medium bombers hacking mercilessly at his supply lines to Sicily and Italy, Crete and Greece. Rommel was out of gas.

No Power Without Gas

Desperately he signaled Berlin. He demanded planes, fuel and pilots. Many of the latter were sent to him from the Stalingrad front. Germany was making its most vigorous and costly single effort of the war against the Russians at the moment, but so urgent had become Rommel's need that weary young pilots were flown from the Caucasus to Greece, thence to the western desert to his aid. We shot down a few. They were grateful. They'd had enough. But though Rommel received some pilots and a few planes, he never got his gas. The Royal Air Force and Ninth United States Air Force under Major General Lewis Brereton, embittered veteran of the debacles in the Philippines, Java and Burma and founder of the Tenth Air Force in India, saw to that.

It was this force (born in those critical days one year ago when the enemy came within a taxi ride of realizing his grandiose dream of African empire) that provided the bulk of the strategic airpower that gave the Allies their African victory. They say that the Battle of Africa was won at El Alamein and at the Mareth line. That is only partly true. That's where the armies met on the ground and the generals matched tactics and one emerged victorious. But to believe that the Battle of Africa was so won is to commit an error in logic and to ignore or at least minimize the power of the one weapon that can win this war quickly. Even at this late point in the war—there's reason to believe from indications here in the Middle East that we are at least in the early afternoon of total victory—there are hidebound traditionalists who regard the airplane as an auxiliary weapon. If this traditionalism weren't translated into shortages of planes and spare parts where they are needed, it could be ignored. But unfortunately that isn't the case.

American Air Forces in the Middle East, from what I've learned by talking with mechanics, oil bowsers, engineers and others in a tour of our bases that took me as far west as Tunisia, are still stepchildren of war in the Mediterranean. They need planes, they need spare parts and equipment of all kinds. That they've attained and held dominance of African and Mediterranean skies is a monument to American ingenuity and tactical genius in actual combat.

In the rush to worship those who won the spectacular victories on the ground in the Battle of Africa, the role of the Ninth Air Force in support of the British was unfortunately submerged. What happened was comparable to the tendency to

(Continued on page 40)

"I told Mr. Lundy to be sort of gentle-like slipping the bridle on Kate's head, but he never paid me no mind," said Toby

THE SCARS

By Vereen Bell

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

How much of a beating should a man take for what he thinks is right? Jesse Macon went the whole way. Some said he accomplished nothing. You might think so too—but for one thing

JESSE MACON wasn't exactly a preacher; he was just a farmer who led the meetings every other Sunday. Once they had had a regular circuit rider to come to Bold Creek Church, but he was old and he died. For a time they did without any meetings, and then they drafted Jesse Macon, because he was good at reading and singing, but mostly because he was the best man in the settlement. On meeting Sundays he would put on the clean shirt Martha had washed and ironed for him, buttoned at the neck without any tie, and his blue serge suit, and his congress gaiters, and he would go to the church.

You could tell he wasn't a regular preacher, because he didn't say "thou" and "wouldst" and things like that. But almost everybody loved Jesse Macon and they knew he had a lot of respect for the Lord.

So it was sort of bad when the trouble came and Jesse Macon decided he couldn't lead any more Sunday meetings. When the bandages came off his face, there was one great splotch of scar on his jaw, and another that started at the corner of his mouth and went down in a worldly sneer.

The doctor said, "Jesse, you can go to one of those hospitals up North and pay them a lot of money and let them see what they can do. Otherwise you'll carry those scars to your grave." Of course Jesse didn't have a lot of money, and what he had he didn't want to spend on himself that way. He said that he didn't think the pulpit of the Lord was the place for anybody that looked like a juke-house outlaw, and he quit being a spare-time preacher from that day.

NOT all Jesse Macon's praying had been in the church. He had got in a lot of it right there at home, praying about Sue Anne, his and Martha's daughter. Sue Anne wasn't a bad girl, exactly. She was kind, and good around the house, and generally a laughing, friendly sort. But Sue Anne was a Saturday-night girl. Better than anything else she liked to have a good time, and Jesse disapproved of some of the things she included in having a good time.

The worst thing she ever did was to start going with Lundy Reeves. Lundy liked to dance and have a good time, too, but he was sorry and no-account. When Sue Anne ran off and married him, people tried to think of something nice to say about Lundy, for Jesse's and Martha's sake, but all they could say was that he'd had a sweet mother or that he could whistle pretty or something like that.

They all wondered what Jesse Macon would do. What Jesse did was to send for his new son-in-law, and when Lundy came in, suspicious and scornful, Jesse held out his hand to him and said, "Son, you're part of my family now. See that land yonder, beyond that hedgerow? There's about eighty acres, forty in the clear, and from now on, what's across that fence is yours and Sue Anne's. I'll give you the loan of two mules and a plow, and when you get ready to plant, let me know and I'll send Toby over to help."

Lundy looked out the window, and he said, "Right smart stumps in that field."

"We'll go to work on the stumps if you like. It's good growing land."

The following week Jesse sent Toby over with the mules and plow. Toby was a big and simple-minded Negro whom Jesse and Martha had raised from a baby.

Toby went down with two mules and helped Lundy break his land, and in a few days he took the harrow and disked the field smoothly.

It was after dark when they heard Toby coming home. Jesse was at the well, drawing water for the stock, and Martha was in the kitchen at the stove. They heard the rattling of the trace chains, and they heard Toby's low singing. They'd never heard him singing in such a mournful and sad-hearted way.

Then he came into the yard, and they saw that he was driving only one mule. "Where's Kate at?" Jesse asked.

"She's dead," Toby said unhappily. "Mr. Lundy, me and him was hitching 'em up to the harrow, and I told him to be sort of gentle-like slipping the bri on Kate's head 'cause she was kinda ti lous about her ears, but he never pa me no mind 'cept to told me to shut u and Kate 'gin to jake her head back a he 'gin to fight at her and she backed and backed right into the harrow. C her hind leg to the bone, leaders and a and that scared her more and she tried jump out, and then is when she fell into and broke her leg. Mr. Lundy he seen sl was done for, and he cut her th'oat wi his pocketknife."

Jesse waited a moment, and then sa quietly: "Well, what's done is done."

"Ain't you goan do nothing about hi killing your mule?" Martha demanded.

Jesse said, "I don't reckon Lundy we to do it."

AND that was the beginning of it. Lund was constantly feuding and doing un neighborly things. "You're done let hin get away with so much," Martha tol Jesse, "that he knows he can do you an old way," and she got to nagging hin about it.

Especially after the way Lundy di about Sue Anne's baby. It was about th middle of the afternoon when the littl Negro girl came up to the house and tol Martha, "Mis' Sue Anne say tell yo please, ma'am, come down there. She sa tell you hit's a-coming, and ain't nobody home but her." Jesse got the car started and hurried to town to get the doctor, and Martha ran down to do what she could

(Continued on page 55)

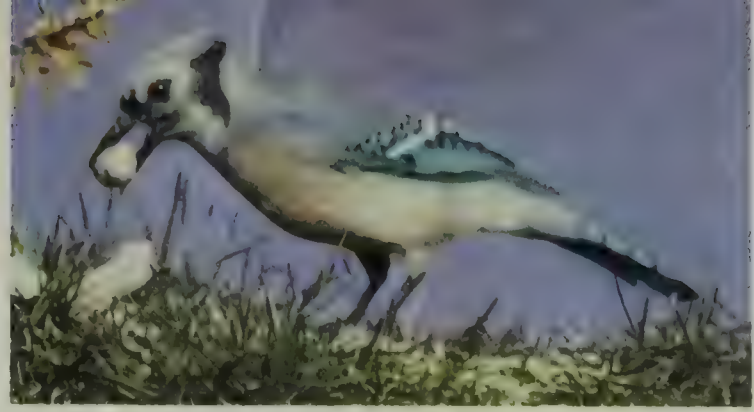
10 BIRDS— 10 CROPS

Margaret McKenny

RAPHS BY SABRA AND HEATHCOTE KIMBALL

OW that you are harvesting your Victory garden, the courteous and generous thing to do would be to throw out a few extra s for the birds which have had almost as to do with the success of your crop as you Maybe they've had more to do with it, for if rds had kept away from your garden, you bly would not have had any crop. They've watch over your growing plants all summer, ying millions of bugs which otherwise would feasted on the delicate foliage of your lettuce mato vines and devastated your cabbage and patches. Long before you were ever astir in horning, they were up and at work, breakfast- n the cutworms and other night-working pests e they could dig in for the day.

allows, nighthawks and flycatchers have pur- and caught the flying insects; warblers, wrens, s, tanagers and orioles have lived largely on caterpillars, which, unmolested, would have led off your vegetables as soon as they appeared e ground. Meadowlarks, thrushes, jays, robins, birds and thrashers have annihilated enormous bers of crawling and burrowing marauders; and irds of the sparrow family, in addition to eat- heir share of insects, have consumed thousands ns of weed seeds. ★★★



The blue jay, shown above snatching a bite at a feeding-station, is a notorious scold and tease, but scientists say he is 75 per cent good. He dotes on suet and peanuts, but rounds out his diet with moths, caterpillars and other pests

The Maryland yellow-throated warbler, above, is one of the busiest of birds. He hurries from garden to field to orchard, snapping up millions of pests ranging from leaf hoppers to moths, flies and plant lice. The bird shown here is the female

Another early arriver, and late stayer, is the red-winged blackbird, above. If you want these birds around, put dry bread on a feeding-shelf

The robin, posed sedately above, is one of the gardener's best friends. He's especially fond of the cutworm, eating thousands every season

great crested flycatcher, shown below giving or his breakfast, is a noisy and pugnacious , but of great value to the garden. He lives cipally on beetles, locusts, ants, crickets, and moths, capturing most of them in mid-air

The brown thrasher, below, doesn't eat as many ants as the flicker, but as an all-around bug devourer he has few equals. It has been estimated that in one summer a pair of thrashers will eat and feed their young at least 50,000 insects

The flicker, below, probably holds the ant-eating championship of the world. With his long tongue, studded with points directed backward, he licks up thousands of these pestiferous insects every day. Five thousand ants are just an appetizer

he wood thrush, shown below making certain that by gets his dinner, searches for bugs all day, d at dusk breaks into song. Like the robin, the ood thrush is fond of cutworms and wireworms, t his especial gustatory passion is the rose beetle

Below, a male Maryland yellow-throated warbler is rearranging his living quarters with straw provided by the photographer, while his spouse is out hunting bugs. Since these birds nest on the ground, cats should be kept off the premises

This handsome bird, lured to the feeding-station below by a handout of finely crumbled doughnuts, is the white-throated sparrow, also called the Canadian nightingale. He lives in your garden all summer, eating huge quantities of weed seeds

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

In the Axis orchestra, Wang Ching-wei is the l oboe. Here, as Tojo waves the baton, he sou theme song: "China must keep in step with He's marked for death, as the Chinese frankl

CHINA'S QUISLING

BY JOSEPH WECHSBERG

The traitorous Wang Ching-wei, once a famous Chinese patriot and now the puppet ruler of occupied China, cowers behind stone walls guarded by Jap machine guns

THE life of a Quisling is not an enviable one. Take Wang Ching-wei, puppet ruler of Jap-occupied China. Wang enjoys the infamy of having been a Quisling, 'way back in 1938, before the ugly word found its place in the English language. He has betrayed 450,000,000 people—one hundred and fifty times as many as Major Vidkun Quisling of Norway.

A wall of reinforced concrete twenty feet high surrounds Wang's residence in Nanking. Recently another five feet was added to the top. What the Chinese say about Wang Ching-wei is mostly unprintable, and they assure you with disarming frankness that they are going to kill him. Contributions to Chungking's Kill Wang fund—with the money to go to the successful assassin and his family—are still coming in.

There have been three known attempts on his life, and at least three more were hushed up by the airtight Jap censorship. Being shot at every year or so has failed to make Wang a heroic fatalist, as you might expect. In truth, it has left him in a lamentable state of utter nervous exhaustion. He is suffering from peptic ulcer, diabetes, insomnia, and he has frequent nervous breakdowns. Last spring his Jap keepers forbade him to smoke—poisoned cigarettes had been found in his house.

Interviewing Wang was never a routine assignment. He has hated the sight of correspondents since 1935 when he was shot by a phony newspaper photographer with a revolver concealed in his camera.

I met Wang in April, 1939, in Hanoi, French Indo-China, shortly after another attempt had been made on his life. "They call me a traitor," he said. "Is it treason to work for peace? Someday they will know me as a true Chinese patriot. Chungking means chaos, hunger, banditry. China is tortured, tired of war. Peace with Japan can be negotiated without loss of prestige on our part. There's no use denying that I have been in contact with the Japanese for over a year. Japan welcomes peace. She is preparing for the showdown in the Pacific and needs peace in Asia."

Late in 1939, Wang received me in his Shanghai house. I saw electrified barbed-wire entanglements, pillboxes, elaborate alarms, sentries, searchlights, sharpshooters in watchtowers.

Wang was in high spirits. "We cannot defeat the Japanese on the battlefield, but we can outmaneuver them at the conference table," he said, slick and smiling.

I said, "In Munich, Chamberlain and Daladier thought they could outsmart Hitler."

"That's different. We are realists. We don't want to be slaves of Japan, but the war must be localized. A basis for a just peace can be found. China will retain her independence, fly her national flag, have her army, her own generals—"

"And they will take orders from the Tokyo military."

He shrugged. "You don't get the point. Can't you Westerners understand that Asia must seek peace and reconciliation or she will be swallowed up by the white powers? Look at the International Settlements! The Anglo-Americans had no right to come here. They are the *real* enemy. I'm going to make them bleed white and get the Settlements back for China. I'm not going to do business with Washington and London. China's natural business partner is Japan."

A few months later I met Wang in Nanking. I had to appeal to the International (Jap) Publicity Board in Nanking six weeks in advance for the interview.

Wang's house stands in a new, sparsely settled part of the city. It is heavily guarded. Someone peek a sliding panel, and the door opens and you e inner courtyard, full of Jap ex-wrestlers and sol Wang's puppet army. You note that the Chines old-fashioned rifles and no cartridges at all. T are armed with short-barreled submachine gun Japs take away your wallet, handkerchief, com cil. Finally you are taken, between three guard room on the first floor. They enter without kn and you face the "president" of the "reorganiz tional government," a helpless captive of the Ja tary.

Wang Ching-wei, at fifty-nine, looks twenty younger and is pleased to hear it. Emotionally ur he can be naïvely sentimental or brutally cynic

The day I saw him he was ill at ease, irrita the presence of the Jap officer. Wang understand lish and speaks French very well, but we had t verse through a Jap interpreter who seemed to Wang's answers, because they came out in the lation as foggy generalities.

"China's revolution cannot be successful w Japanese understanding," he was quoted as "The new China will keep in step with Japan. needs China just as China needs Japan. Sino-Jap relations are the basis of a lasting peace in th East. We must have peace at any price."

I asked, "Do the Chinese people want peace price?"

The interpreter hissed excitedly, and the Jap man said, "The interview is closed."

Uneasy Lies the Traitor's Head

There is little fun for Wang: His conversation recorded. His telephone calls pass the Japanese bassy switchboard. Japs tell him whom to see what to say. At 6:30 A. M. they wake him up; at 11 they turn out the lights. They tell him what to after an attempt at mass poisoning was made last

He hasn't brought peace to China. His power r exceeds the range of Jap rifles. He has no "face" in China. Once he was a "Father of the Revoluti today the Chinese children burn his wooden effigies name has become a low invective. His wife left and went to Canton. The whereabouts of his three and daughters are unknown.

Yet this turncoat once was a great Chinese pat At one time or another, he was president of the Ex tive Yuan (second only to Chiang Kai-shek), for minister, deputy leader of the Kuomintang, vice-ch man of the Supreme Defense Council.

A political chameleon, he has been almost ev thing, from radical left winger to rabid reactionary. 1938, he assailed the Generalissimo for not figh "aggressively enough;" at the same time, he secr sought peace negotiations with the Japs by way German intermediaries.

Once, he was one of Doctor Sun Yat-sen's two fo most protégés. The other was an earnest young offi by the name of Chiang Kai-shek. After Doctor Su death in March, 1925, a triumvirate was to lead revolution—Wang (left-wing radical) as political lead Hu Han-min (conservative Kuomintang leader) as ch administrator, and Chiang as military chief.

That was hardly enough for Wang, who consider Chiang an upstart out to get Wang's rightful inheritan Hadn't he, Wang, written many of Doctor Sun's ma festoes, drafted the Great Old Man's famous will?

At his farcical formal installation in Nanking, March 30, 1940, no foreign power was represent Chungking put a $100,000 price on his head. Not to outdone, the Chinese colony of Chicago, Illinois, fered $700,000 for Wang's life.

Wang has become a billionaire in inflated Wa Ching-wei dollars. The Mitsui, Mitsubishi and Ohku have appointed him vice-president in their "develo ment corporations." His agents are busy collecti American dollar bills.

A few weeks before Pearl Harbor, Wang, throug an intermediary, approached several British and Amer can life insurance companies in Shanghai. They d clined to write a policy on his life.

"I'd rather write a policy on the life of my fathe in-law," an American insurance man said. "The ol man is eighty-seven, has stomach ulcers and a very ba heart. Still, he would be a much better risk than Wan Ching-wei." ★★

ORNER OF EAVEN

Kathleen Norris

, 1949, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

TRATED BY WALTER KLETT

Story Thus Far:

HEN Griselle Mountjoy, an orphan, is wenty years of age, her grandfather—who ought her up—suddenly dies, leaving her in his heavily mortgaged home not far Washington, D. C.

elle is an unusually timid girl. Aware of nd noting that she is lonesome, Mrs. Lawrence, who runs a place known as Indian Creek Tavern near by, befriends kes her in as an assistant. There, at the h, she meets a man from California: Cap- lan McIntyre, of the U. S. Army Medical . Before he leaves for the coast, after a stay, she has fallen in love with him.

eral Cruickshank, her grandfather's best , now over eighty years old, lives in Berke- alifornia. Aware that what Griselle needs is contact with other young people, he ades her to make the long trip to Berke- nd enter the University of California.

Samuel Cruickshanks—Sam, an unsuc- l physician who is the general's nephew, Mollie, his wife—run a boardinghouse in ley. There Griselle settles down, begins collegiate career. She is surrounded by girls; she has a roommate—Torchy White. the earliest opportunity, she calls on the al, who informs her that his niece, Mitzi tage, is on her way to join him, live with until her husband (who has just sailed for eas duty) returns. Mitzi's husband—her nd—is David Armitage, a lieutenant in the y.

hile Griselle is conversing with the old man, i—beautiful, young, vivacious—arrives. She that she has motored up from San Diego; she raves about an officer (one of "dear id's" friends) whom she has recently met. officer is—Captain Alan McIntyre! Noting i's enthusiasm, as she talks of the captain, elle finds herself, for the first time in her becoming jealous!

few days later, Alan comes to Berkeley. He ts Griselle, takes her to call on his mother his brother (a cripple) in Alameda. On the home, Griselle asks him—as casually as she —if he has seen Mitzi lately. Alan says that has not; and he shows Griselle, plainly, that likes her, enjoys being with her. . . . They ch the boardinghouse. Alan says that he st report, at once, for duty. "Thanks aw- y for going with me," he says, as he pre- es to drive away. "It made it a party."

III

ALAN'S pleasant, crooked smile was with Griselle as she went upstairs. Oh, what an afternoon!—sang r thrilling heart. What unexpected joy d delight! She would never have time ough to think about every miraculous tail of it, from the moment when he d found her in a shower of drying hair this last moment when he had said at her presence made it a party.

And so the beautiful procession of the inutes began. She had it now, definitely, mething to build upon, something that body could take away from her, that en her own doubts and misgivings could ot take away from her. Alan McIntyre ad asked her to drive with him; he had ken her to meet his mother.

"Captain McIntyre said that he saw ou, Dodo," she seized the opportunity say next morning at breakfast. "Was at when you were up at General Cruick- hank's?"

"No," Dodo answered, with her mouth ull of cornbread. "Dad and I met him up on the campus, when he was coming from the R.O.T.C. camp."

So *that* was all right. He hadn't been at Mitzi's—

"He said you were getting terribly pretty, Dodo," Griselle went on.

"Did he say that I'd marry him tomorrow if he'd so much as look at me?" Dodo asked absently, reaching for the coffeepot. Griselle laughed her rare, deep laugh. "If he's a mind reader he knows it, too," Dodo said, and Griselle went back into her dream.

It was a dream destined to be brief, for it was that same afternoon that Mitzi came down to Mrs. Cruickshank's, and found Griselle in the kitchen compounding a chicken aspic for a company supper the next day. Mitzi sat down and watched her respectfully.

"I'm not admiring you, because I don't know whether that's hard or easy to do," said Mitzi.

"Well, it happens that this is easy," Griselle said, trying to speak naturally over the little thrill, compounded of admiration, envy and fear with which Mitzi always inspired her.

"Can't you find a cooler place to work than right here, a day like this?" Mitzi asked.

"Oh, today isn't so bad! There was a wonderful fog all morning," Griselle said. "I'm through now, anyway. We can go out in front where it's cool."

"I came to ask you— But maybe you have a date?" Mitzi said. "Uncle Andy and I would like you to come to dinner with us."

To dinner! Oh, maybe Alan was going to be there—maybe he had suggested this—

"Tonight?" Griselle asked, changing color.

"Why not?" Mitzi said. "No dressing. Just the three of us. I'll wait for you and take you up."

Just the three of them! But it was an honor just the same. A thrill and a change; perhaps the beginning of miracles. Griselle flew upstairs to wash her hands and push her hair into some sort of position, and came down to join Mitzi in the car.

(Continued on page 30)

"Can you understand a woman married only last year who falls in love with another man?" Mitzi demanded. Griselle sat in stunned silence

"You're holding him too tight," a deep voice said. "I guess I can handle my own horse!" I replied, furious, ready to tell this nervy sailor where he got off. But the words died in my throat

Laney Draws a Limey

By Grace Nies Fletcher

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

When an American girl sets her sights on a unit of the British navy — particularly one with a red beard—it's time to stand by for action

POP had planned to help me this week end, but he'd had to go to Chicago on business, so I was out putting fertilizer in our Victory garden, when Mom called to me from the back door. It was a swell day in early May. The sky looked washed and shining, the warm earth squished through my bare toes inside my sandals, and a couple of birds were yelling, "Sweet? Sweet?" at each other up in our lilac tree.

"Laney," Mom called me again and came outside, "you'll have to hitch up Ledgie and meet the ten-o'clock bus at the Corners. There isn't a drop of gas in the jalopy. The Union Jack Club phoned from Boston that a new destroyer was in and they had a rating who'd been torpedoed and needed a week end in the country, so of course I told them to send him on out."

More sailors. Every Saturday we had 'em. Just because Pop had been born in England, did we have to make our house a rest home for the whole British navy?

"Jeepers," I grumbled, wiping my hands on my dungarees, "how'm I going to raise carrots so we can see in the dark next winter, unless I get this stuff worked in?"

I'm nineteen, and Mom's thirty-nine, but sometimes you'd think it was the other way around; what I mean is, I'm the practical one, and am always having to make her face the facts of life.

"You'd better hurry, dear," Mom urged. "And don't talk slang so he can't understand you. Ask him what part of England he comes from and about his rosebushes. I do wish you'd wear something besides those filthy pants. They smell."

You can't really garden unless you get in all over, but I didn't have time to even wash my hands. I backed Ledgie into the old buggy, and we rattled off down toward the Post Road to meet the Boston bus, and Ledgie felt so sharp, just like the morning, that he kept tossing his head and jitterbugging. "Don't show off, mister," I told him. "We aren't meeting an admiral, just another darn' rating." But he kept right on, and when the bus came in, he put on a regular one-horse rodeo, the dope. I was so busy making him behave that I couldn't give our sailor the glad hand, but out of the corner of my eye I could see him coming over toward us, anyway.

"You're holding him too tight," a deep voice said.

"I guess I can handle my own horse!" I looked down, furious, to tell this nervy sailor where he got off, but the words died in my throat.

Jumping jeep, we certainly had drawn a pip this time! He was practically mast-tall, with his broad pants flapping about his spindle legs, and that wasn't all. *He had a beard!* A bright red beard like the flag on the end of one of the trucks going by our house to the ammunition dump, and he was staring at Ledgie and me as if we were a circus.

"You're from the Union Jack, aren't you?" I snapped. "I'm Laney Taylor. Get in, please."

He got up beside me in one leap, not bothering with the step, and his wide pants flapping sent Ledgie off toward home like one of those brands of breakfast food shot out of a gun. I was thinking they didn't really need clothes rationing in England; if they'd just take a few reefs out of those pants, they'd have enough to clothe the whole British Isles and most of the colonies, when he said, "I'd drive for you, except that you go on the wrong side of the road here."

I stiffened. So everything that wasn't English was wrong. Or did he mean it that way? When I sneaked a look at him his face had a sort of closed look like the tightly curled buds on our lilac tree. It made you wonder what he'd be like if he let go, loosened up.

"Where do you live in England? Do you have a garden?" I muttered, not giving a darn but remembering what Mom had said.

"Sussex. I've been on convoy mostly for two years."

SO THAT settled that. What should I say now? There was a great hunk of silence, and then I said desperately, looking at the silly little overnight bag he'd parked between his big feet, "You're a high-hat rating, aren't you? Most of the boys we've had out brought their gear in their hats! Last week one sailor took out his toothbrush and comb, his mirror, his money and two packages of cigarettes. I was positively bug-eyed!"

"Really?" he murmured.

It made me mad, being treated like a chatty six-year-old. And then I noticed him looking down at my feet, and I looked too, and they were kind of dirty inside my sandals, and my pants smelled, like Mom said, and I could feel myself getting red up to my ears. I was glad when we turned in at our drive, and Mom came runn down the steps.

She held out her hand, and the tall dri eased himself down and held her ha limply a moment and then dropped it.

Mom said brightly, "How do you Mr. . . ."

Jeepers. I'd even forgotten to ask name. "St. John," he told her, only pronounced it *Sin Gin*. "Vivian Sin Gi

Vivian. Oh, my gosh! And we h this dope for the whole week end, wi Pop away! It was the first time I'd rea understood why we'd had a Revolutio I told Mom when I'd put Ledgie out the meadow and was back in the garde and Mom had come down from showi friend Vivian his room.

"It's the shock," Mom said feebly, tr ing to excuse him. "How would you li to be blown through the side of a ship

"How do I know?" I asked irritably. wish I'd pulled that red egg strainer to s if it's phony. I bet it is." My finge really did itch to give that beard a goo hard yank; the way you walk along a hig cliff sometimes and get a crazy notion jump because you know you mustn't.

Suffering from shock, was he? "La the victim flat. Warm up with blanket Stimulate . . ." The rules for treatin shock that I'd slaved over in First Aid a winter ran through my mind and I bega to grin. "Boy, would I enjoy laying tha Sin Gin flat!" I laughed till the tear

(Continued on page 43)

HAPPENS MOSCOW

QUENTIN REYNOLDS

RADIOED FROM MOSCOW

SOVFOTO

ad-beamed peasants buying greens he market; a U. S. sergeant elbowing lomats at the ballet; a Frenchman h a hen and a rooster in his kitchen; low sun and swaggering Cossacks and Southern sea captain murmuring, riendliest damn' town I ever did see" that's Moscow after two years of war

EAN CHAMPENOIS, who writes for the Free French agency, is one of the most popular correspondents in Moscow. He has a comfortable apartnt, and the other day he held a cocktail party. tually, of course, there are no cocktails in Moscow here's nothing but vodka and some Caucasian wine. t the party was a success. Two ambassadors and three nerals were present as well as several correspondents. e sipped sweet wine, and conversation in French, Rusn and English flowed and ebbed in the room. A viet general was discoursing with considerable knowlge on the strategy of the Stalingrad victory when he as interrupted by the shrill crowing of a rooster.

A moment later, there came the unmistakable trinphant cackle of a hen. Both sounds seemed a bit t of place in an apartment in the center of Moscow. asked Champenois where the noise came from.

"I keep a rooster and a hen," he said casually. Didn't you know? They're in the kitchen. Come ong."

I went into the next room and, sure enough, there as a belligerent-looking rooster that made ominous roaty noises when we walked in, and a plump mothrly-looking hen that had just deposited an egg on the oor.

"I get three eggs a week from the hen," Jean said roudly, quite unconscious of the incongruity of turng a kitchen into a farmyard. "I may get rid of the ooster. He doesn't like me. I think I'll have him for inner some night."

"If you could only get a cow now, Jean, you could have milk and butter and an occasional steak," I suggested.

"I wish I had a cow," Jean said wistfully. "I could keep her here in the living room. But how would I get her up the stairs?"

Things like that happen in Moscow. The ambassadors and the British, American and Soviet generals saw nothing out of the ordinary in Jean's sharing his apartment with the hen and the rooster. In Moscow, the unusual seems normal, and daily life is a series of paradoxes. Technically, Moscow is still a city under siege, and martial law is still observed.

The midnight curfew rule is strictly enforced, even on correspondents, and, during the day, avenues are thronged with men and women in uniforms, armored cars, American jeeps and guns.

Yet, within the limits of military supervision, four and a half million people live fairly normal lives—as normal as life can be in a city dedicated one hundred per cent to the war effort. Correspondents who share this existence have also come to regard life here as fairly normal, although they admit that outsiders would probably disagree with them.

The other night the Ballet Swan Lake was shown with the incomparable Ulanova as the prima ballerina. This is by far the most popular ballet in Russia, and the Swan Lake performance has all the glamor and éclat of an opening night at New York's Metropolitan Opera House. No member of the diplomatic corps would miss it. Neither would the British and American military missions stationed here. It was a gala occasion, for which tickets had to be purchased weeks in advance. Between acts, according to Russian custom, the audience paraded around the large lobby.

Two American correspondents, Bill Downs of the Columbia Broadcasting System, and David Nichol of the Chicago Daily News, were among the lucky ones to obtain tickets. They joined in the parade, jostling elbows with gold-epauletted Red army generals, with American and British generals, with ambassadors and with the beauty and culture of Moscow. But they wanted to smoke, and neither had a cigarette.

We are strictly rationed on Russian cigarettes in Moscow. American cigarettes come our way only when a visiting fireman arrives from *(Continued on page 48)*

Moscow's citizens crowd around an exhibition of war trophies in Gorky Central Park of Culture and Rest. Although the city is technically still under siege, the theaters and ballet play to capacity audiences. Below: Prima Ballerina Olga Lepeshinskaya, a leading favorite, puts the final touches to her costume

PRESLIT

Portrait of B. G. De Sylva at work. The desk seldom has anything more on it than his feet and his reflection

THE KID FROM AZUSA

By Dugal O'Liam

Despite his policy of never working too hard, Mr. Buddy De Sylva has earned millions of dollars, has written hundreds of song hits and produced countless successes for the stage and screen. He has even found time to vindicate the good name of Azusa

WHEN Buddy De Sylva was eight years old, his mother took him to visit in Merced, California. A young native made the inevitable inquiry as to his home, and Buddy, at the moment a small-town Californian, replied, "Azusa . . . everything from A to Z in the U. S. A."

The other said he'd never heard of Azusa. Diagnosing symptoms of a black eye a few minutes later, Buddy swore that one day all the world would hear of Azusa and that its sons would speak its name proudly without incurring contusions.

Thirty-six years later, as production head of Paramount Pictures, B. G. De Sylva made Hold Back the Dawn, in which the heroine told the hero that she was from Azusa . . . "everything from A to Z in the U. S. A." The picture was one of the best of the year, almost winning an Oscar, and the kid from Azusa had paid off.

The incident is typical of the amiable persistence that has marked the career of B. G. De Sylva. He wanted to write songs and he published 500, including Wishing, California Here I Come, Avalon, Sonny Boy, Look for the Silver Lining, When Day is Done, and A Kiss in the Dark.

He wanted a million dollars and earned it before he was thirty. He wanted to be Broadway's top producer and he put Du Barry Was a Lady, Louisiana Purchase and Panama Hattie on Broadway in one season. He wanted to be a picture producer and he made Shirley Temple's five most successful films and Miss Temple box-office tops. He wanted to head a major studio and this year, at Paramount, he is producing twenty-five pictures with an average budget of $750,000 each, including For Whom the Bell Tolls, biggest film project since Gone With the Wind.

He is convinced that such successes as he's had are due to his habit of never working too hard for his own good health and never asking anyone else to do so. This, he says, enables him to get a clearer picture of entertainment's best customer—to wit, the man who is able to spend his time being entertained.

This practical philosopher was born in New York on January 27, 1897, and was christened George Gard De Sylva. As the boy grew up, his mother looked so youthful that strangers mistook her for his sister and the name "Buddy" evolved. In time he dropped the George and substituted Buddy, creating the present B. G. (for Gard) De Sylva.

After Buddy had finished high school, his mother took him to Los Angeles. Seeking a means of earning money consistent with his allergy to labor, he discovered, on Catalina Island, the Utopian profession of diving for coins to amuse tourists. During this same summer, a cousin acquired a wondrous device called a ukulele. Buddy quickly learned to pick a few tunes on it and returned to Catalina with a new resolve. In a week he'd salvaged enough coins to buy his own uke.

Invitation to Work

He matriculated at the University of Southern California, but spent most of his time lying on the Venice beach, strumming his ukulele and crooning. The sun kippered his pelt to a rich, coffee brown, and a cabaret impresario named Baron Long, noting his crooning, invited him to join a Hawaiian orchestra at one of his clubs. Buddy's denial that he was a Hawaiian was lost in Long's assurance that tips and salary would bring him $60 weekly.

This posed De Sylva's first major pr lem—whether to remain in college acquire culture, with some effort, or cept $60 a week for doing something already spent most of his time doing w out pay. The $60 won and he had b imitating one Hawaiian six months wl Al Jolson heard the orchestra do an ea De Sylva composition called N'Everyth and offered $250 for the number.

"You take the song and sing it, Mr. J son," De Sylva said, "and if you sell it, give you half."

This nonchalant perspicacity intrigu Jolson and he took a copy. Six weeks la he appeared and handed De Sylva a che for $250, half of the publisher's advan on the song. De Sylva resigned from t orchestra and the Polynesian race sim taneously, gathered up his mother a took the next train East.

He was down to the conventional th dime in New York when the Remick Cor pany gave him a song-plugging job at $ a week. This was $10 less than he'd ma with Long and the climate wasn't as a tractive. He was on the verge of startir home when Jolson made one of his i spired appearances, accompanied by check. This time it was for $16,000, half the first six months' revenue from N'E erything, and the De Sylva legend pecke at the shell.

A man who sometimes lyrically deplore

(Continued on page 64)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

SEVEN SINS

BY SAX ROHMER

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

IN LONDON, late one night, someone murders Sir Giles Loeder, a radio broadcaster, and somehow contrives to deposit the corpse in the home of Lord Marcus Amberdale, who, finding the body, telephones Scotland Yard.

Investigating, Chief Inspector Firth learns that for some time Lord Marcus has been performing some mysterious experiments, in his home—experiments in which a hypnotized, or entranced woman (a "Mrs. Vane") has been playing an important role. The inspector does not regard his lordship as a suspect.

On the trail of some Nazi conspirators, Gaston Max, a clever French detective, has come to London. Shortly after the murder, he gains possession of a code message which, decoded, proves conclusively that Sir Giles Loeder had been a German spy! Like Scotland Yard's operatives, he keeps a close eye on Mrs. Ysolde Destrée—who runs a gambling establishment—and her associates: "Mr. Francis" and "Mr. Michaelis."

Lord Marcus has an attractive cousin—Fay Perigal—who is in love with Dick Kershaw, a lieutenant in the Royal Air Force. Dick disappears mysteriously, for a time; then, reappearing, he tells a strange story: Temporarily infatuated with a girl named Rita Martin, he had learned that she and Loeder had been having an affair. One night—on a quiet street, with no witnesses present—he had quarreled with the broadcaster, knocked him down, killed him (so he believes). But by this time, it has been clearly proved that Loeder had been killed—*by a man who walked with a limp!*—after Kershaw had left him. . . .

Firth questions James Wake, Lord Marcus' butler. Wake finally confesses that, for a time, he had been a croupier at Mrs. Destrée's gambling place; that he had seen someone kill Loeder (had seen the murderer, but not his face); that he, Wake, had placed the body in the lobby of his employer's home.

Suspicion now shifts to a man named Johann Fritz Brandt, a Nazi who is somewhere in England—a Nazi who limps!—and a man named Batt, a pianist, who according to Gaston Max, is sending secret messages to Germany, in a clever piano-note code. . . .

Lord Marcus invites a number of people, including Dick Kershaw and Fay Perigal to his home, to witness a séance.

Conclusion

"IAY be somewhat difficult," said Lord Marcus, " make clear to those of you who have neither npathy with, nor knowledge of, a subject to which devoted much study, the purpose which inspires night."

stood before the open hearth of that room which housed an Egyptian mummy. His guests were , some on chairs, others on a deep settee, facing A standard lamp, in addition to that on the desk, ight, so that his study, reliquary of queer treasure an earlier civilization, presented a somewhat less er appearance than usual. Lord Marcus wore a suit with a blue stock, and these seemed at once entuate his pallor and his peculiar fairness, and to also, the ascetic beauty of his features.

ne might have noted that the mummy in its gaily d sarcophagus (which stood in a recess beside the h, and on the right of Lord Marcus) was that of n at least equally tall. Refreshments of all kinds set out on a mobile buffet; and except for the sin- appointments of the house, and more particularly of the lobby, nothing overtly mysterious had so ntruded upon the gathering. Nor had anything said by their host to account for his assembling persons together.

he guests seemed oddly chosen. These were: Mr. aelis, Lady Huskin, Dick Kershaw, Fay Perigal, Mrs. Vane.

Mrs. Vane, her wonderful hair a fiery halo, had ted that discreet black gown, square cut at the neck. looked remarkably beautiful but unusually pale. was acting as hostess, and approaching Fay, seated de Dick Kershaw on the deep settee, she offered wiches. "I am used to these strange ordeals, and are not. I hope it will be worth while, but I warn it may be midnight before we get any supper."

Dick laughed. "I'd like to know what it's all about," dmitted.

Fay, gazing in a troubled way at Lord Marcus, ok her head, so that hazelnut hair shimmered like mn leaves; her frank, gray eyes held no reproach; er, they sped a message of appeal. In her simple king suit she looked slim with the lissome slimness a dryad, and, when her glance rested on Dick Ker- w, she was delicately and radiantly lovely.

"I believe I overheard a thought of yours, Fay." d Marcus smiled, clasping his hands behind him. t I hope to convince you by a palpable demonstra- n that my beliefs do not rest upon sand." All, now, re listening to him. "My butler, James Wake, was ested recently in connection with the death of Sir les Loeder. This may be news in some quarters, for name of the man detained has not appeared in the ss. However, I hold my own views regarding Wake. thief I had always known him to be; that he is a mur- rer, I deny. Let me, therefore, give you an outline, cessarily incomplete, of an experiment in which I ask u to co-operate with me tonight."

ADY HUSKIN, thrilled but slightly frightened, moved from her armchair to the settee, where she ined Dick and Fay. Mr. Michaelis leaned against a okcase, motionless; his monocle, catching the light om a standard lamp, glittered statically. Mrs. Vane d retired.

"We live in a machine age. Tied to the wheels of a ant juggernaut, we are swept on, deafened and blinded eternal truth, crushing all beauty in our path. The orrors of this war merely illustrate my meaning. As e machine advances, God recedes, so that in time all e world would be plunged into darkness; those lamps boriously lighted by followers of the great Masters ould be obscured, indeed, become buried and lost. In umility and deep consciousness of my own limited owers—mental as well as spiritual—I have endeav- red to preserve some of those lamps from destruc- ion."

Lady Huskin was holding Fay's hand. The music of he speaker's voice seemed to be touching chords deep within, chords which rarely sounded. . . .

"I have failed in a large measure. I have achieved nothing to enable me to place results before the world n a manner calculated to serve any useful purpose. Yet, I have learned much; notably, that it is wrong to work alone. There is an unsuspected power latent in all of us. Few possess a sufficient quantity of this force, or, possessing, know how to direct it, to be able to em- ploy their gifts as the high priests of Ancient Egypt for- merly were able to do." *(Continued on page 58)*

Michaelis grasped Lord Marcus' arm. "Lord Marcus!" He spoke strangely, wildly and gutturally. "Listen to me. That voice was not the voice of Mrs. Vane!"

Do you know these flags of our allies? Guess. (Correct answers on p. 52.)

THE ALLIES' POOR RELATIONS

BY GEORGE CREEL

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL ROSE

In Washington, a group of silk-hatted men must wait outside the White House gates for news of the United Nations' plans. They are ambassadors of the little United Nations. When troubled by insomnia, they reread the Atlantic Charter

PERHAPS the unhappiest men in Washington are the representatives of the "governments-in-exile"—Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Greece, Holland, Luxembourg, Norway, Poland and Yugoslavia, to be exact, for no others have yet been recognized by the State Department. All of them, save little Luxembourg, have been lifted from legations to embassies, but not even this boost in status has lessened the moans or subdued one sob.

A change indeed from January 1, 1942, when the silk-hatted diplomats assembled in the White House to sign the joint declaration of the United Nations. Then every face shone with pride at being equal partners in the great struggle for a free world. What else could *United* Nations mean? From that day to this, alas, no second invitation has been extended. The very existence of the "exiles" has been ignored to a point where the daily visits of the postman constitute their only official contact with the government of the United States.

When Mr. Churchill reaches Washington on one of his regular salesman trips, the ambassadors never fail to rush forward hopefully, but the closest they get to the White House is the iron palings. There they huddle, scorched by sun and pelted by storms, patiently waiting for the newspapermen to emerge. At sight of the first correspondent, the piteous cry goes up, "Tell us, *please* tell us, what *we* United Nations did today? What did *we* decide? What are *our* plans?"

At that, it was not a definite unhappiness, but more of a melancholy, something akin to sadness only as the mist resembles the rain. Clutched close to the bosom of each ambassador was a copy of the Atlantic Charter, and when his spirits hit a new low, he could always find comfort in reading these explicit pledges: "They (Great Britain and the United States) desire to see no territorial changes that do not accord with the freely expressed wishes of the people concerned; they respect the rights of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live, and they wish to see sovereign rights and self-government restored to those who have been forcibly deprived of them."

Soothing words! Balm for bruised feelings! What first shook confidence in them was Mr. Churchill's bland intimation that nothing was farther from his thought than to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire. A statement of policy, to be sure, that did not directly affect any of the governments-in-exile, for none of them had territorial interests in India, Burma, North Africa or the Chinese treaty ports. Just the same, the declaration disturbed all of them profoundly, for it marked a departure from the principles of the Atlantic Charter. Was it possible the document had not come from Sinai?

Quite a different matter was "Uncle Joe" Stalin's blunt announcement that Russia meant to assert title in fee simple to Poland's eastern provinces, along with Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania—and maybe Finland, too, if the Finns would only take a deep breath and lie back. That was the blow that sank the poor governments-in-exile down into a pit so deep that no stars could be seen. From all of them, but particularly from Russia's near neighbors, came screams that carried clear to the White House, causing Falla to call on the Army for a couple of police dogs.

Fear of the Russian Bear

If part of our country is taken from us, cried the Poles, where is there guarantee that the whole will not be stolen? The Yugoslavs were in no less parlous a state. For weeks they have been calling on the world to notice that Russia was backing the Partisans against General Mikhailovitch's Chetniks. And Partisans, mark you, led by Tito and Nagy, Hungarian Communists! On hearing Stalin's intentions with respect to the Polish provinces, Ambassador Constantin Fotich and his staff blacked their faces and took to the woods to practice Commando tactics.

It has long been an open secret that the Greeks had their hearts set on the Dodecanese, the District of Epirus and a rectification of the Bulgarian frontier—one that would give them elbow room in case of a brawl with the Bulgars. Quite naturally, therefore, the Stalin statement brought on an attack of the hives. If the Baltic states, why not Bulgaria, too? And was it probable that the Russian Bear, once loose in Europe's berry patch, would overlook the Dodecane

Even the Czechoslovaks are not with a very perceptible case of the jitters. Tl have been actively courting Stalin's fav to be sure, and on the occasion of his cent visit, President Benes shyly intima that Russia would back his countr claims to Ruthenia. But Ruthenia, af all, is the gateway to the plains of Cent Europe. What if Uncle Joe, thinki over his promise, decides to let his gr big heart run away with his head?

Talk with any of the Danubian, Bal or Balkan states, and it is quickly disco ered that their hate of Hitler is no mo profound than their distrust of Russia. A live under a fear that the future may fi them satellites of the U. S. S. R. or el integral parts of the Soviet Union.

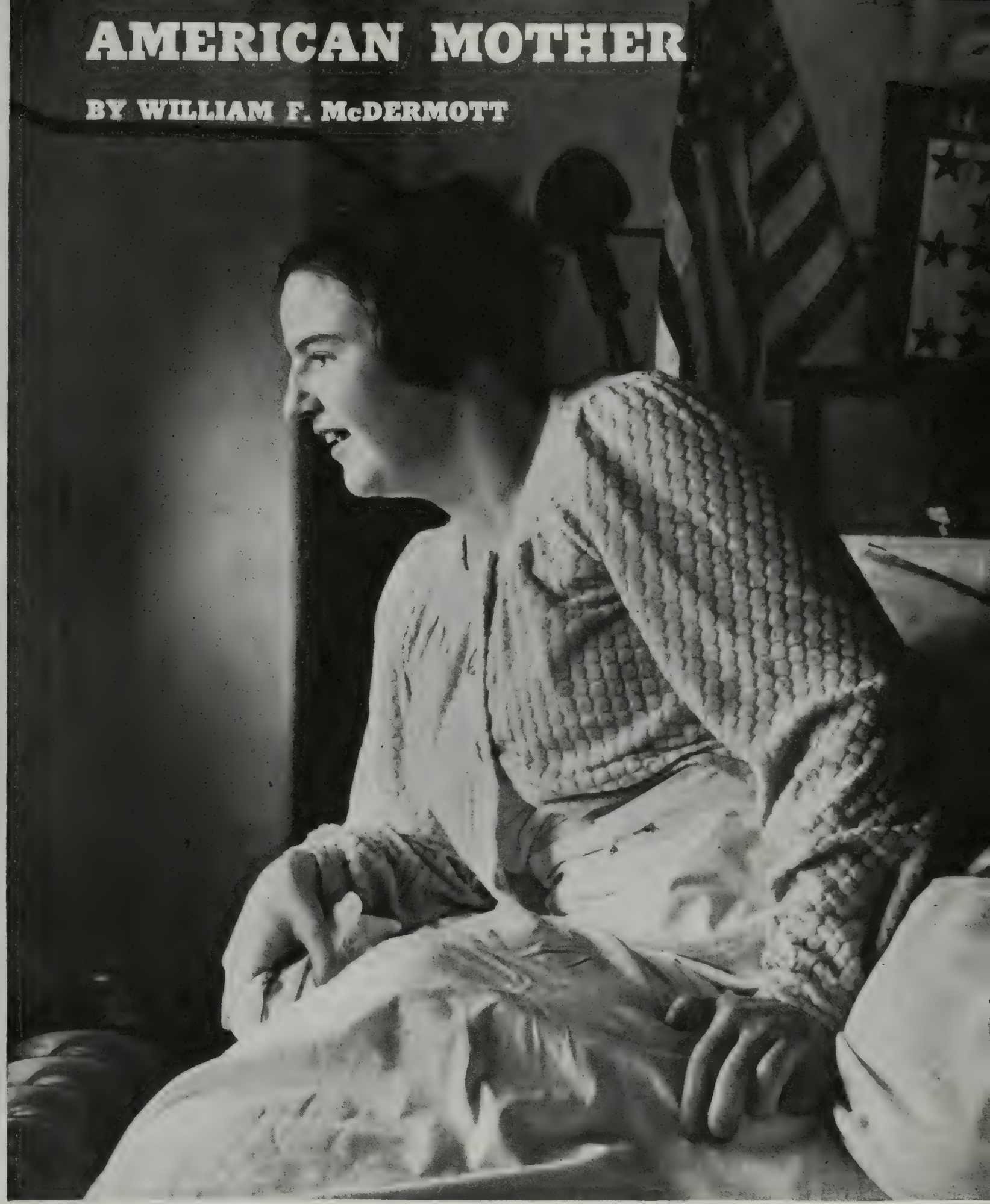
What more binding than the nona gression pact that Stalin signed wi Poland in 1939? Yet when Germany i vaded Poland from one side in 1939, Ru sia invaded from the other side. And ho can Stalin's present claim to Polish pro inces be squared with the treaty of 194 that gave Poland explicit pledges of ete nal friendship and surrendered all pretens of Russian title to Polish territory?

The Russian policy of the United State adds to these gloomy apprehensions. A the governments-in-exile see it, appease ment is a poor thing to put up against hard-boiled realism that looks on concili atory approaches as signs of weakness All admit the heroism of Russia's re sistance, and the supreme importance o keeping Russia in the war. But (runs thei argument) is it not equally true that Rus sia's one and only hope lies in America's shipments of foodstuffs, planes, guns and

(Continued on page 52)

AMERICAN MOTHER

BY WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT



KNOPF-PIX

rances Evans Dyke has given sons to the Armed Forces. She is here during her most recent so- a maternity hospital, looking window at her three small sons e playing in the garden below

rear tenement window overlook- an alley in one of Chicago's most gested melting-pot districts, hangs e flag with eleven stars—each one nting a fighting man.

en sons scattered over the war of the world—that's the proud rec- id to be without parallel in Ameri- tory, of Mrs. Frances Evans Dyke, hree years old. She also has four sons—the last born a few weeks hom she is ready to dedicate to ntry's service if it ever needs them. s never lost a child, and has never daughter. Mrs. Dyke is herself a one of four sets born to her mother and. The mother had twenty-one n in all, eighteen of whom are still

rating to America when Frances ery small, the father worked in coal at Butte, Montana, and in gold at Leadville, Colorado. The child had a doll; all she knew was babies the day she was born.

twelve, she was a buxom, matured ourted by 25-year-old Joseph Evans, er; at thirteen, she married him; at en, she bore triplets, Joseph, John teven; at sixteen, twins; at eighteen, at twenty, twins; and at twenty- nd twenty-four, her last two boys by s.

us, she had eleven sons by the time as twenty-five years old!

Facing the World Alone

hen she was twenty-nine, the husband father, a World War veteran who had ht in France and been wounded, was in an accident.

e young mother and her brood faced world alone. There was some insur- and some damages; but she went to as a waitress in a hospital, doing the dry work for the eleven at night, keep- er home, then at Salida, Colorado, as she could.

e boys didn't sit around to be waited As soon as they were big enough to le a side job, they went to work sell- papers, sweeping out stores, running nds and doing chores; at home, they hed the dishes and did the cleaning and bbing.

was a tough grind, but the heroic her and the sturdy youngsters—not of whom had a serious illness in child- d—fought through it.

Mrs. Evans had got only to the seventh de, but she instilled in every one of her ngsters the desire for an education. r own mind is alert, she keeps informed current events, and her eleven sons k after her and their father in the de- e for knowledge.

Practically all of them finished high ool. The triplets, now almost thirty ars old, finished high school at Denver d developed a burning desire to become iators. Along with their work, they died aviation and learned to fly. Even fore the war broke out, they joined the my Air Corps—all three enlisting to- ther—and now they are in the thick of e fighting in the South Pacific.

The first set of twins, Martin and Al- rt, now twenty-eight years old, are in e Marines, as are the next twins, William d Gene, twenty-six years old; the third d last set of twins, Peter and Michael, venty-four, are in the Army. The singles, obert, twenty-one, and Jack, nineteen, re in the Army and Navy respectively. everal of these boys are in service abroad.

Seven years ago, the high altitude proved too much for the mother's heart, and she had to seek a lower altitude. Bringing her younger boys with her, she migrated to Chicago, where she got a job as a waitress. Here she met Peter Dyke, and though he was making only $10 a week as a trucker's helper, they married. He's in war work now and makes good wages. Their four little sons, Peter Jr., Franklin Delano, Arthur and Richard, are all healthy, happy, bright youngsters.

When the attention of President Roosevelt was called to the amazing record of Mrs. Dyke as a war mother, he wrote her congratulations upon the eleven stars in her family service flag.

Good Friend to All

Mrs. Dyke looks young for her age, with no gray showing in her brown hair. She bubbles over with good humor and she is known throughout her neighborhood for her friendly smile and the helping hand that she extends to those who need it.

"Kids have never been a bother to me," she said. "I was raised with a lot of them around and I always want to be with them. I saw that my children got the best food and care I could provide, and while I always loved them, I never coddled them. I felt it was best for them to get out and hustle.

"I saw to it they always had time for football and baseball, and there was a time when I could put a baseball nine or a football eleven on the field. I used to take a bunch of them at a time with me to neighborhood folk dances and I taught them to be graceful as well as strong.

"I realize I married terribly young but, frankly, I don't regret it. I suppose it seems incredible — maybe terrible — to some people to have had so many sons, but I can't say it ever scared me. I never let it get me down. In fact, I've had a whale of a lot of fun as a mother, and even though I'd have liked a girl or two for variety, I never complained about it. My boys were always swell to me, in fact still are, and I was more of a pal to them than a parent."

Every night, Mrs. Dyke prays for her eleven fighting sons, wherever they may be; and she names them one by one in her petitions.

"I don't pray they shall be kept from all harm, because I know that injury and even death must come to many of our nation's defenders, but I do ask God that they be true soldiers and sailors and Marines. I am intensely proud of them and I know they want to be worthy of their father's record in the first World War."

Then she tucks in her four tiny sons—they all sleep in one room—and goes about her never-ending housework. She has never known anything but struggle and hustle, and she would be lost without it now.

At that, she's laid by a few War Bonds and never lets a Red Cross or USO campaign go by without doing her bit. ★★★

HOW THE FINNS LIVE

BY THÉRÈSE BONNEY
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

In many parts of Finland people are actually starving. But they do have plenty of lemons, forced upon them by the Nazis

EVERYWHERE I went in Finland I heard two words over and over again—*ei ole*, "no more." They ran through the whole of Finnish life like a refrain; they were the answer to most of my questions.

When I talked to a farmer, it was no more fertilizer, no more leather for mending harness; to a housewife, no more milk, no more shoes for the children; to a forester, no more heavy gloves, no more boots; to a butcher, no more meat, no more sausage.

Finland has never been a land of abundance, and three years of war and invasion have exhausted reserves and brought about shortages in virtually all the necessities of life. The standard of living has been forced downward until large masses of the population are facing starvation; they are dependent almost entirely upon the meager contributions of the Germans.

About the only food that is really plentiful is lemons, enormous quantities of which are shipped into Finland by the Nazis in payment for cellulose and other forest products. At certain seasons of the year, windows of delicatessens, fruit shops, and grocery stores in Helsinki and other cities are piled high with lemons, handsome to look at but almost useless.

"We didn't order them, we don't want them and we don't know what to do with them," said a Finnish merchant, "but we've got to take them."

I have never forgotten my first meal when I arrived in Finland in July, 1939, and I shall never forget my first meal when I returned in October, 1942. In 1939, in addition to meat courses, the usual vegetables and unlimited bread, butter, coffee, sugar and pastry, I had *smörgasbord* and large portions of the great delicacies of of the country—smoked whitefish, crayfish, northern salmon.

In 1942, there was no *smörgasbord*, no butter, little bread, only ersatz coffee, and no pastry. The meal consisted principally of a lamprey, an eel-like creature about ten inches long and an inch in diameter; a small slice of smoked fish, a thin round of smoked eel, and a scrawny, almost meatless bird not much larger than a robin.

A few days later, I had dinner at the home of a Finnish army officer and was served the best in his larder—a tasteless soup, a watery stew with a few small pieces of mutton floating in it; sandwiches made of pickle and mushroom and thin slices of bread about two by two inches; and an ersatz preparation of wood, bits of onion, a dash of margarine, and a few drops of artificial flavoring which gave it a taste vaguely reminiscent of liver.

Bootleg Luxuries Come High

The delicacies which I had enjoyed so much three years before are now unobtainable except occasionally in the black market at high prices—two dollars for a small slice of smoked salmon, for example—while bread, butter, coffee and sugar are strictly rationed in small quantities.

Incidentally, the black market is surreptitiously encouraged by the Germans who send "hot" foods and materials into the country by Nazi soldiers. Recently the Finnish government has been much concerned over the circulation of counterfeit ration cards, particularly for meat, sugar, bread and tobacco.

Restaurants in Helsinki still offer English and French dishes, but few of those listed bear any relation to their names. Such places may serve only certain foods prepared in specified ways, and a diner must surrender ration tickets for each item. For home consumption, virtually everything is rationed and the allotments are very small.

Before the war, the Finns consumed about 115,000,000 pounds of sugar a year, most of which was imported from Denmark and Germany. Today the sugar ration per person is one half pound a month.

In peacetime, the consumption of coffee in Finland was approximately 44 million pounds a year. Now the allowance is one half pound every two months, of a mixture containing only 15 per cent of real coffee. If the Finn is willing to forgo the fifteen per cent he may have, during this period, a whole pound of ersatz coffee made of roasted cereals. It doesn't taste like coffee; in fact, it doesn't taste much like anything. It is black and strong, but all that can be said for it is that it is a hot drink. On the black market, real coffee sells for about $40 a pound.

The restrictions on the consumption of coffee have caused more restlessness in Finland than any other feature of the rationing system. Every Finn who manages to get to Stockholm tries to buy real coffee in the Swedish black market (where it is cheaper than in Finland) and smuggle it into his own country. He considers himself successful if he brings in enough for a cupful.

Most of the smugglers, however, are caught, for Sweden exercises very strict control over travelers and over her food supplies. No rationed food may be taken out of Sweden, but small quantities of unrationed eatables may be exported by special license. The traveler is not allowed to choose what he will take; allotments for export are made according to surpluses. For example, a home-going Finn might ask for three pounds of sardines and wind up with three pounds of cookies.

An Acute Dairy Shortage

Shortages of meat, butter, milk and fats in general have caused serious problems in Finland ever since the first war with Russia. While I was there, a Finnish official estimated that only 20 out of every 150 cows in Finland are producing milk. Much of the milk never leaves the farms because of a shortage of milk cans and wagons. Before the war, Finland exported about $7,000,000 worth of butter a year, of which considerably more than half went to England. Today the butter ration, including cheese, is slightly less than a pound a month. On the black market, butter is $10 a pound and up.

The meat ration now is approximately three fourths of a pound a month, and only chopped meat may be sold. All the pork is supposed to go to the army, but some finds its way into the black market, where it sells for $12 a pound. One of my Finnish friends bought a ham for last Christmas, on the black market, and paid $80 for it. With a special license a Finn may buy a pig if he can find one and he is permitted to board it with relatives in the country. It must be fed nothing fit for human consumption. When the animal is butchered, the owner may eat four pounds of the meat a month but must give up his meat ration card.

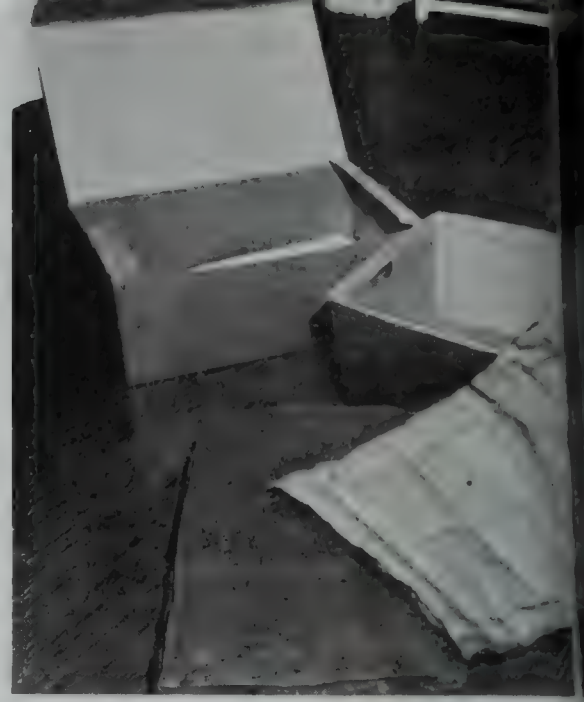
Of such things as household furnishings, yard goods, clothing, bath towels and dish towels, there is not so much a shortage in Finland as an almost complete absence. A Finnish woman is allowed to buy, in one year, a blouse, a shirt, a jacket, a pair of knickers, a dress, a coat, two sets of underwear and one pair of shoes, but it is seldom that all of these articles can be found.

Most of the shoes now available are made of woven paper, with heels and soles of wood or composition. The lasts are of cardboard. In the shoe department of one of Helsinki's great department stores, nothing now remains but one pair of silver evening slippers.

The soap ration in Finland when I left there was one pound a year. On the black market, a dealer offered me three pieces of soap, each about half the size of an ordinary American cake, for fifteen dollars. The Finns have tried many substitutes for soap, but none has proved very satisfactory. Among them are juniper berries and birch bark, which are boiled, and the water is used to wash clothing. Vinegar, ammonia and salt are also used mixed with water.

Finns who manage to get hold of an extra bit of food, or anything of value, immediately try to trade it for something else. The newspapers are filled with advertisements offering swaps.

When I went to Finland I took one of my friends a pair of silk stockings. She immediately traded them for a gill of cream to serve at a dinner party which she had been planning for months. Another friend told me of trading two boxes of cigarettes for four pounds of butter, which he then sold for 600 marks. With part of this money he bought three bottles of liquor, which brought 1,500 marks in the black market. A third swapped a box of cigarettes for a cake of Swedish chocolate, traded the chocolate for two boxes of cigarettes, and swapped those in turn for a small bowl of butter. ★★★



The cradle, box and blanket shown above of paper. Together with a paper matt complete layette, also of paper, they are free to poor families by the Finnish g

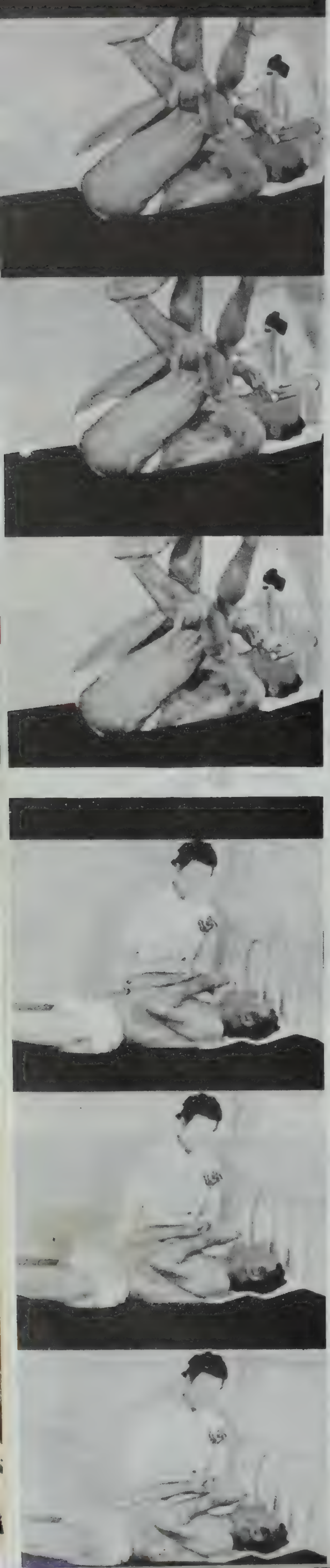
There is no leather for civilians in Finlan shoes above have wooden soles, cardboar paper tops and linings. Below, one of the fe cacies left in Finland, a fish called nah

The korsu, above, is a dugout shelter built by soldiers in the side of a hill, or underground, with heavy beams to support the walls and ceiling and a thick layer of earth on top. Usually it is equipped with a brick stove and primitive ventilating apparatus. Sometimes peasants, finding an abandoned korsu, move in until their homes are rebuilt

Because of the shortage of fuel, thousands of Finns go regularly into the forests to cut firewood. Picture above shows an actor and an actress of the Helsinki People's Theater with saw and ax

Instead of the huge quantities of fine fish usually shown, the lone fish cart at Helsinki Market, above, is displaying a few boxes of kalalokki, a bird of the sea gull family which in normal times was never eaten. Below, since Finnish delicatessen stores have little or nothing to sell, the shelves are decorated with empty soda bottles

Above, a Karelian farmer returns to the ruins of his home to start life anew. Below, a tent made of paper and decorated by a soldier-artist. Temporary shelters for refugees are also constructed of paper



SHOCK ABSORBER

BY J. D. RATCLIFF

The dreaded killer drug of the jungle, once used mainly to tip the lethal darts of savages, now fights—and conquers—some of mankind's most baffling ailments

IF YOU read detective fiction, you know about curare—the arrow poison used by South American Indians. The story is always pretty much the same. The victim feels a gentle prick from a blowgun dart. Then the silent death from the jungle gets to work. In a matter of seconds, the victim is paralyzed; and in a matter of minutes, he is dead. It is all very hair-raising.

Up to now, the detective-story writers have been the biggest users of curare; the second biggest users—the million Indians on the upper Amazon. They use it on game, casual enemies and an occasional explorer. Their efficient blowguns are almost uncannily accurate. At 100 feet, they can pierce the neck of a small bird better than many expert shots can do with a rifle.

Now we get around to the third use of curare. In a score or so of American hospitals, this swift, efficient drug is being used to treat sicknesses which would be untreatable by any other means. A drug that has meant sudden death in the past is giving life and hope to thousands of patients. The story of how this violent stuff was tamed and put to work is a superb story of medical detective work. The story starts in the jungle.

The outside world has known of curare since 1595, when Sir Walter Raleigh brought a sample back from his trip to the Orinoco. Indian witch doctors have known about it longer, and they have known more about it.

Curare is an alkaloid contained in stems, roots and leaves of several tropical plants. Individual witch doctors have their own recipes for making it. To make his own brand of curare more lethal, one Indian will add the heads of a few poisonous ants. Another will put in a dash of snake venom. But the basic recipe is the same. The stems are boiled in water. After a while, solid matter is strained out and the resulting soup is boiled down into a thick, blackish, tarlike substance. This is jungle curare which is applied to the tips of arrows, darts and spears. It works swiftly in the blood stream of bird, monkey, jaguar or man—paralysis—then quick, merciful death. In effect, curare is nothing but a man-made snake bite.

For years, medical men speculated on the potential value of curare. Mightn't it be enormously valuable in treating convulsions—say the convulsions of tetanus? When a person is seized with tetanus—or lockjaw—he has violent and uncontrolled spasms. Muscles work so continuously that the patient literally works himself to death. Now, the doctors said, if we had curare and knew how to use it, maybe we could partially paralyze the patient, rest his muscles and let him get well. If . . .

But there were *"ifs"* everywhere. They didn't have curare and they didn't know how to use it even if they did have it. This was the situation in 1938.

Then an American, living in Ecuador, began to talk to physicians. He was Richard C. Gill, who ran a dude ranch on the fringe of the jungle. He knew the Indians, knew curare. He went to several pharmaceutical houses with his story. Physicians, he said, had been interested in curare for a long time without quite knowing why. Perhaps it was because of the drama of the drug. Very well. Why didn't some pharmaceutical house get a supply? Then it could get to work on it—purify it and standardize it.

Medicine from the Jungle

More important, they could find what it was in curare that had the paralyzing effect. If they were successful, medicine might have a potent new weapon against several diseases. Then he added a tantalizing thought: Medicine had got several enormously valuable drugs from jungle witch doctors. Merciful, pain-deadening cocaine was one. Quinine—which means life for millions of people with malaria—was another.

Gill told his story to a number of people without result. Finally, he talked to Horace Holaday, H. Sidney Newcomer, and R. A. Hardt of E. R. Squibb & Sons. They agreed to put up money for collecting curare and, when the curare came in, they would put a crack team of research men to work on it.

In time the curare did come in—about 100 pounds of it. Doctor Newcomer met it at the dock and drove it to the laboratory in New Brunswick, New Jersey. The first job was to get the black, tarry resins out of the curare. The next was to get a trustworthy test of potency. This last point was particularly important. The stuff had to be perfectly standardized; otherwise doctors couldn't use it. A drug can't do one thing one time, another thing another time; particularly a drug like curare.

To give you an idea of how pitifully little was known about curare when this work started, note one point: The small amounts that had reached the civilized world were classified according to their container. Thus, there was clay-pot curare, gourd curare, and bamboo-tube curare. It was like classifying beer as growler beer, bottle beer and draft beer—and implying that all were different.

The Squibb researchers set to work trying to sort fact from fiction. After a few months' work they had a reasonably pure curare—a straw-colored liquid. The next step was to get a standardized test. Holaday solved this one—and rather neatly, too.

He strapped a rabbit to a board and dropped measured amounts of the drug in an ear vein. The amount required to destroy the action of neck muscles was one standard unit. A rabbit, you see, always tries to hold its head up—and will hold it up until the curare paralyzes the muscles. When the head drops, you see how much curare has been dripped into the vein. That is one unit.

For about fifteen minutes after receiving this dose, the rabbit is a formless bag of bones. It suffers no pain, of course, but it can't stand on its feet or lift its head. Before we forget the rabbit and move on to other things, maybe we should mention one point: The effect wears off—since the dose is small—in about fifteen m and the rabbit is good as new; p perhaps, but not harmed.

All this preliminary work was t time-consuming, but at least a pure, ardized curare was available for c trials. The research men were re hand it over to the medical men a whether it would do the jobs they h would do. Little 5-cubic-centimete pules of straw-colored liquid went clinics for trials.

There was one obvious and imm use. While Gill was collecting cur the jungle, a new shock treatment f sanity had come along.

Up to 1933, about the worst thin could happen to a human being w mentia praecox—the insanity of the y Most of the victims of this terrible sic never got well. Occupying over ha beds in hospitals for the insane, they doomed to useless lives. Then D Manfred Sakel of Vienna (now of York) came along with insulin shock found that repeated, massive dose insulin miraculously brushed the cob from disordered minds. Over half patients thus treated either made com recoveries or, at least, social recove They were well enough to go home.

Insulin performed wonders for suff with dementia praecox. But it had hopeful effect on the second great g of mental cases—the manic-depres group. About 1938, other treatments rived for them—also shock treatme Either with electricity or metrazol, tients were thrown into violent con sions. After each shock (perhaps a do were needed in all), heads got a l clearer. Results were striking. In s sample groups of involutional depress nearly all patients made full recovery.

Hopeful and promising though this w a big catch still remained. Terrify things happened to patients in conv sions. Muscles contracted so violently t arm and leg bones snapped. One out every six patients suffered dislocations of jaw, shoulder or some other joint.

Danger in Shock Treatments

Many patients could not be treated this method—older people with brit bones, people with weak hearts, herni or deformities. Many doctors were on t point of abandoning such shock trea ments. One put it frankly: "Metrazol a perfectly dreadful drug." Still, it d clear heads. It might break bones, ch vertebrae, cause the ultimate dread patients—but it did clear heads. This w the situation when Squibb's curare w made available for chemical study.

It had an obvious application. Why n use it to partially paralyze muscles of pa tients about to undergo shock? Wouldn it soften the convulsion? Muscles migh want to contract and snap bones—bu curare would weaken them so that th couldn't. This, at least, is what th Squibb research men hoped.

Perhaps the reader thinks a physicia would be hesitant about using such a potent killer as curare. A few facts wil straighten this out. Curare isn't a poison, as such. It doesn't destroy cells or tissue. Small amounts can even be eaten without ill effect; Indians must consume it in the game they kill with blowguns.

It acts only when introduced in the blood stream. It blocks nerve-muscle junctions and causes paralysis. The brain might

(Continued on page 73)

The three top photographs show the violent seizures of a mental patient undergoing metrazol shock treatment. The bottom three show the same treatment, with soothing curare added

A Doctor for All of Us

By James Rorty

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

; "shortage" of doctors is nothing an a maldistribution of doctors. icians where they're needed, say worked medical men, and the job arding civilian health can be licked. e's a catch in it: Nobody seems to necessary authority, and doctors, are human, like the rest of us

JNE 2d last, soothsayers and sybils in and it our national capital noted that planes ing into Bolling Field were tossed by a vio- ; about the same time a Scottish doorkeeper e office building ran howling into the street. eks later the Congressional Record revealed appened. On that day, the hard-boiled House ions Committee, which never fails to pare s of any and all government bureaus, sud- gaga and told Assistant Surgeon General top being a piker. Timidly, Dr. Draper had 175,000 with which to place 35 private physi- entists and another 35 from the staff of the es Public Health Service in our badly un- war-boom towns. Here, believe it or not, House watchdog of the Treasury handled

ver: That makes 70 in all. You do not think going to meet the very crying need for addi- ors for the civilian population, do you?

per: No, sir, I do not. . . .

ver: You are running along here with a pop- to do something that will probably require ery. . . .

ently, in its formal report to the House, the ions Committee declared its willingness "to eration to any type of program which the lth Service may suggest to meet the need in quate manner, but does not feel justified in ling to the House the expenditure of funds to a program which is so patently ineffective." t the matter squarely up to Surgeon General d presumably the latter was not tardy in bid. The lowest estimate of the number of uired to meet the acute shortage in boom- lepleted rural areas is 2,000. Twice as many be required and even that number is scarcely in the terms of an entirely practicable mo- f health forces. One can only surmise why Health Service confined its original request n; possibly because it was trying to keep the the American Medical Association and its nt and Assignment Service, which has been onsibility for the job, but which has thus far to shuffle only 500 civilian physicians from could at a pinch do without them to places were badly needed.

Self-Rationing by the Profession

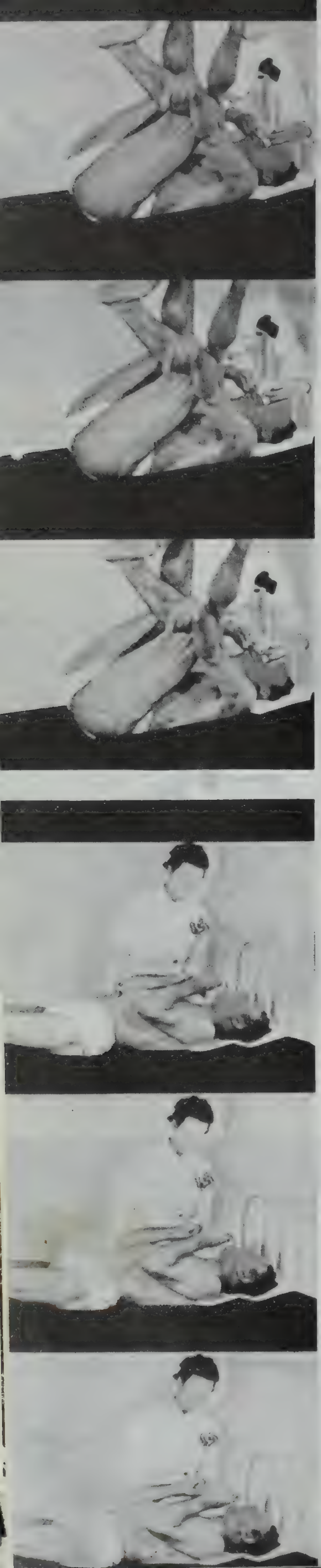
two years ago, the organized medical pro- dertook a kind of voluntary rationing of its bers between the growing demands of the orces and the minimum requirements of the opulation.

etup was called the Procurement and Assign- ice for Physicians, Dentists and Veterinarians, olunteer professionals who staffed its regional offices put in long hours trying to make it t the directors of this effort, headed by Doctor H. Lahey, the distinguished Boston clinician, president of the American Medical Associa- no legal authority.

could ask their colleagues to go here or to stay t they couldn't tell them. Nor could they give the Army, which, deciding that the voluntary vasn't working fast enough, began a year ago out its own recruiting teams for doctors. The countered no lack of medical patriotism, but ates already low in doctors gave up far more ir proper quotas, others considerably less. The nces of this unhappy situation multiplied rap- day, there is a serious shortage of doctors, other personnel and hospital beds in hundreds of war-boom towns and doctor-denuded rural

or Lahey told a subcommittee of the Senate ee on Labor and Education, headed by Senator E. Pepper, that "voluntary methods definitely hieve the best results." The committee has nded that a central *(Continued on page 53)*

Nurses like Lotta Chaikin save doctors' time. She examines Mrs. Frances Teel's premature daughter, finds both doing well. The Charles E. Chafins (below) live in a trailer with their brood. Both parents work. The Chafins board a woman worker. When one of the four youngsters becomes ill, they need a doctor in a hurry



SHOCK ABSORBER

BY J. D. RATCLIFF

The dreaded killer drug of the jungle, once used mainly to tip the lethal darts of savages, now fights—and conquers—some of mankind's most baffling ailments

IF YOU read detective fiction, you know about curare—the arrow poison used by South American Indians. The story is always pretty much the same. The victim feels a gentle prick from a blowgun dart. Then the silent death from the jungle gets to work. In a matter of seconds, the victim is paralyzed; and in a matter of minutes, he is dead. It is all very hair-raising.

Up to now, the detective-story writers have been the biggest users of curare; the second biggest users—the million Indians on the upper Amazon. They use it on game, casual enemies and an occasional explorer. Their efficient blowguns are almost uncannily accurate. At 100 feet, they can pierce the neck of a small bird better than many expert shots can do with a rifle.

Now we get around to the third use of curare. In a score or so of American hospitals, this swift, efficient drug is being used to treat sicknesses which would be untreatable by any other means. A drug that has meant sudden death in the past is giving life and hope to thousands of patients. The story of how this violent stuff was tamed and put to work is a superb story of medical detective work. The story starts in the jungle.

The outside world has known of curare since 1595, when Sir Walter Raleigh brought a sample back from his trip to the Orinoco. Indian witch doctors have known about it longer, and they have known more about it.

Curare is an alkaloid contained in stems, roots and leaves of several tropical plants. Individual witch doctors have their own recipes for making it. To make his own brand of curare more lethal, one Indian will add the heads of a few poisonous ants. Another will put in a dash of snake venom. But the basic recipe is the same. The stems are boiled in water. After a while, solid matter is strained out and the resulting soup is boiled down into a thick, blackish, tarlike substance. This is jungle curare which is applied to the tips of arrows, darts and spears. It works swiftly in the blood stream of bird, monkey, jaguar or man—paralysis—then quick, merciful death. In effect, curare is nothing but a man-made snake bite.

For years, medical men speculated on the potential value of curare. Mightn't it be enormously valuable in treating convulsions—say the convulsions of tetanus? When a person is seized with tetanus—or lockjaw—he has violent and uncontrolled spasms. Muscles work so continuously that the patient literally works himself to death. Now, the doctors said, if we had curare and knew how to use it, maybe we could partially paralyze the patient, rest his muscles and let him get well. If . . .

But there were *"ifs"* everywhere. They didn't have curare and they didn't know how to use it even if they did have it. This was the situation in 1938.

Then an American, living in Ecuador, began to talk to physicians. He was Richard C. Gill, who ran a dude ranch on the fringe of the jungle. He knew the Indians, knew curare. He went to several pharmaceutical houses with his story. Physicians, he said, had been interested in curare for a long time without quite knowing why. Perhaps it was because of the drama of the drug. Very well. Why didn't some pharmaceutical house get a supply? Then it could get to work on it—purify it and standardize it.

Medicine from the Jungle

More important, they could find what it was in curare that had the paralyzing effect. If they were successful, medicine might have a potent new weapon against several diseases. Then he added a tantalizing thought: Medicine had got several enormously valuable drugs from jungle witch doctors. Merciful, pain-deadening cocaine was one. Quinine—which means life for millions of people with malaria—was another.

Gill told his story to a number of people without result. Finally, he talked to Horace Holaday, H. Sidney Newcomer, and R. A. Hardt of E. R. Squibb & Sons. They agreed to put up money for collecting curare and, when the curare came in, they would put a crack team of research men to work on it.

In time the curare did come in—about 100 pounds of it. Doctor Newcomer met it at the dock and drove it to the laboratory in New Brunswick, New Jersey. The first job was to get the black, tarry resins out of the curare. The next was to get a trustworthy test of potency. This last point was particularly important. The stuff had to be perfectly standardized; otherwise doctors couldn't use it. A drug can't do one thing one time, another thing another time; particularly a drug like curare.

To give you an idea of how pitifully little was known about curare when this work started, note one point: The small amounts that had reached the civilized world were classified according to their container. Thus, there was clay-pot curare, gourd curare, and bamboo-tube curare. It was like classifying beer as growler beer, bottle beer and draft beer—and implying that all were different.

The Squibb researchers set to work trying to sort fact from fiction. After a few months' work they had a reasonably pure curare—a straw-colored liquid. The next step was to get a standardized test. Holaday solved this one—and rather neatly, too.

He strapped a rabbit to a board and dropped measured amounts of the drug in an ear vein. The amount required to destroy the action of neck muscles was one standard unit. A rabbit, you see, always tries to hold its head up—and will hold it up until the curare paralyzes the muscles. When the head drops, you see how much curare has been dripped into the vein. That is one unit.

For about fifteen minutes after receiving this dose, the rabbit is a formless bag of bones. It suffers no pain, of course, but it can't stand on its feet or lift its head. Before we forget the rabbit and move on to other things, maybe we should mention one point: The effect wears off—since the dose is small—in about fifteen and the rabbit is good as new; perhaps, but not harmed.

All this preliminary work was time-consuming, but at least a pu ardized curare was available fo trials. The research men were hand it over to the medical men whether it would do the jobs they would do. Little 5-cubic-centime pules of straw-colored liquid went clinics for trials.

There was one obvious and im use. While Gill was collecting cu the jungle, a new shock treatment sanity had come along.

Up to 1933, about the worst thin could happen to a human being w mentia praecox—the insanity of the y Most of the victims of this terrible si never got well. Occupying over ha beds in hospitals for the insane, they doomed to useless lives. Then D Manfred Sakel of Vienna (now of York) came along with insulin shock. found that repeated, massive dose insulin miraculously brushed the cob from disordered minds. Over half patients thus treated either made comp recoveries or, at least, social recove They were well enough to go home.

Insulin performed wonders for suffe with dementia praecox. But it had hopeful effect on the second great gr of mental cases—the manic-depress group. About 1938, other treatments rived for them—also shock treatmen Either with electricity or metrazol, tients were thrown into violent conv sions. After each shock (perhaps a doz were needed in all), heads got a litt clearer. Results were striking. In so sample groups of involutional depressio nearly all patients made full recovery.

Hopeful and promising though this wa a big catch still remained. Terrifyin things happened to patients in convu sions. Muscles contracted so violently tha arm and leg bones snapped. One out o every six patients suffered dislocations— of jaw, shoulder or some other joint.

Danger in Shock Treatments

Many patients could not be treated b this method—older people with brittl bones, people with weak hearts, hernia or deformities. Many doctors were on th point of abandoning such shock trea ments. One put it frankly: "Metrazol i a perfectly dreadful drug." Still, it di clear heads. It might break bones, ch vertebrae, cause the ultimate dread i patients—but it did clear heads. This w the situation when Squibb's curare w made available for chemical study.

It had an obvious application. Why n use it to partially paralyze muscles of pa tients about to undergo shock? Wouldn it soften the convulsion? Muscles mig want to contract and snap bones—b curare would weaken them so that th couldn't. This, at least, is what t Squibb research men hoped.

Perhaps the reader thinks a physici would be hesitant about using such a p tent killer as curare. A few facts straighten this out. Curare isn't a pois as such. It doesn't destroy cells or tis Small amounts can even be eaten wit ill effect; Indians must consume it in y! game they kill with blowguns.

It acts only when introduced in blood stream. It blocks nerve-muscle tions and causes paralysis. The brain

(Continued on page 73)

The three top photographs show the violent seizures of a mental patient undergoing metrazol shock treatment. The bottom three show the same treatment, with soothing curare added

A Doctor for All of Us

By James Rorty

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

ica's "shortage" of doctors is nothing rs than a maldistribution of doctors. t physicians where they're needed, say r verworked medical men, and the job eguarding civilian health can be licked. t here's a catch in it: Nobody seems to the necessary authority, and doctors, e all, are human, like the rest of us

N JUNE 2d last, soothsayers and sybils in and about our national capital noted that planes coming into Bolling Field were tossed by a vio- draft; about the same time a Scottish doorkeeper House office building ran howling into the street. o weeks later the Congressional Record revealed had happened. On that day, the hard-boiled House priations Committee, which never fails to pare quests of any and all government bureaus, sud- went gaga and told Assistant Surgeon General r to stop being a piker. Timidly, Dr. Draper had for $175,000 with which to place 35 private physi- and dentists and another 35 from the staff of the d States Public Health Service in our badly un- ctored war-boom towns. Here, believe it or not, w the House watchdog of the Treasury handled quest:

r. Tarver: That makes 70 in all. You do not think his is going to meet the very crying need for addi- l doctors for the civilian population, do you?

r. Draper: No, sir, I do not. . . .

r. Tarver: You are running along here with a pop- o try to do something that will probably require y artillery. . . .

bsequently, in its formal report to the House, the opriations Committee declared its willingness "to consideration to any type of program which the c Health Service may suggest to meet the need in re adequate manner, but does not feel justified in mmending to the House the expenditure of funds to rk on a program which is so patently ineffective." hat put the matter squarely up to Surgeon General an, and presumably the latter was not tardy in ng his bid. The lowest estimate of the number of ors required to meet the acute shortage in boom- and depleted rural areas is 2,000. Twice as many t well be required and even that number is scarcely llery," in the terms of an entirely practicable mo- ation of health forces. One can only surmise why Public Health Service confined its original request popgun; possibly because it was trying to keep the e with the American Medical Association and its urement and Assignment Service, which has been n responsibility for the job, but which has thus far able to shuffle only 500 civilian physicians from es that could at a pinch do without them to places re they were badly needed.

Self-Rationing by the Profession

Nearly two years ago, the organized medical pro- ion undertook a kind of voluntary rationing of its n members between the growing demands of the ned Forces and the minimum requirements of the lian population.

This setup was called the Procurement and Assign- nt Service for Physicians, Dentists and Veterinarians, the volunteer professionals who staffed its regional local offices put in long hours trying to make it rk. But the directors of this effort, headed by Doctor ank H. Lahey, the distinguished Boston clinician, past president of the American Medical Associa- n, had no legal authority.

They could ask their colleagues to go here or to stay re, but they couldn't tell them. Nor could they give ders to the Army, which, deciding that the voluntary tem wasn't working fast enough, began a year ago send out its own recruiting teams for doctors. The ter encountered no lack of medical patriotism, but any states already low in doctors gave up far more an their proper quotas, others considerably less. The nsequences of this unhappy situation multiplied rap- ly. Today, there is a serious shortage of doctors, other alth personnel and hospital beds in hundreds of vollen war-boom towns and doctor-denuded rural istricts.

Doctor Lahey told a subcommittee of the Senate ommittee on Labor and Education, headed by Senator laude E. Pepper, that "voluntary methods definitely on't achieve the best results." The committee has ecommended that a central *(Continued on page 53)*

Nurses like Lotta Chaikin save doctors' time. She examines Mrs. Frances Teel's premature daughter, finds both doing well. The Charles E. Chafins (below) live in a trailer with their brood. Both parents work. The Chafins board a woman worker. When one of the four youngsters becomes ill, they need a doctor in a hurry

Corner of Heaven

Continued from page 17

"I had to wear this dress or one of my house dresses, and they're really kitchen aprons," Griselle said apologetically. And immediately she was angry because she had once again taken a humble and explanatory tone with Mitzi. What was it to her what Mitzi Armitage thought of her?

But Mitzi only commented absently, "You're all right," and they finished the short drive discussing the college town, what they liked about it and what they did not like. "I wonder if she knows Alan and I had that wonderful time together yesterday?" Griselle thought more than once in her triumphant heart. "I wonder what she'd think of *that!*"

Mitzi presently told her what she thought of it. But not until after the luxurious little dinner was over and Griselle had played some dozen games of backgammon with General Cruickshank. Then, when the clock struck ten, jingling the eleven cents he had won from Griselle as a sort of accompaniment, he limped slowly upstairs and the two women were left alone.

"It's a short walk home if you're tired, Mitzi," Griselle said then, not knowing quite what was expected of her, whether she should immediately depart or whether it was for Mitzi to suggest taking her home.

"Oh, no; I left the car in the drive," Mitzi answered carelessly. Her thoughts seemed to be far away. She had taken a chair on the porch; they had wandered out there when the general went upstairs. Now Griselle took the nearest chair and they looked down across the town to the lighted spans of the great bridge beyond and the lights of the city on its seven times seven hills. There was a moon tonight, already setting, and the sky was throbbing with stars.

"Griselle," Mitzi said suddenly, "I'm in trouble, and I think you can help me."

GRISELLE was able to say nothing. The silence between them seemed to pulse with the beating of her heart.

"When I was nineteen," Mitzi went on, "I married—the wrong man. I was a spoiled kid; Jeff was rich, good-looking, had played football in college, was an All-America halfback. Well, anyway, we were married. I have a little girl, you know—Joan; I adore her. It simply didn't work and I knew from the beginning that it wouldn't work, but we stuck it for five years. That is, I stuck it. Jeff never stuck anything. He left me alone for months; his home was the last place that interested Mr. Jefferson White. Three years ago I got a divorce, and because I had no plans I left Joan with his mother. Then for a while I played 'round. I had a little French beau, and a divine Englishman; that was just playing. Then I met David Armitage; you met him. Did you like him?"

"He seemed awfully nice," Griselle said hesitatingly. "I only saw him for a few minutes."

"I know. Well, he *is* awfully nice," Mitzi said after a short pause in a thoughtful voice. "He's kind and jolly and popular and he likes everything—night clubs and poker and dancing and dinner parties. David's—normal. The kind of man all men like. He's never done anything in his life, you know, until he went into the Navy, last year. But he's always being put on boards of directors, so he must have something . . ." Mitzi stopped, on an appealing note.

"Well, you'd think so," Griselle conceded temperately.

"Wouldn't you? I mean, president of duck clubs and yacht clubs, managing hunting lodges and community chests and so on," Mitzi said. "Well, anyway, he gave me a *rush;* I have never been so carried off my feet. And here was the family mansion outside of Detroit—I mean, oil portraits of the children, and old colored servants who'd been with them since the Flood—you know what I mean? To be Mrs. David Armitage was something, believe you me! Not," she interrupted herself to say practically, "that David has much of his own. His father gives him a big allowance and pays all our bills—things like that. And, of course, when the father dies we'll have *oodles.* Even as his widow, I suppose I could claim—" she went on dreamily, and stopped. "But on our very wedding day," Mitzi resumed, with sudden emphasis, "I told him that it was part of the understanding that he was going to make me as crazy about him as he was about me. I didn't pretend that I was head over heels. Do you think that was fair?"

"Well, yes. If he thought it was."

"My dear, he wanted me on any terms!" Mitzi fell silent for a moment, and there was no sound or stir among the deep shadows of the porch. "Now he's gone to war," she presently went on, "and I am writing him twice a week, sending books and cigarettes and goodness knows what. And I'll always feel that he is one of the finest, and the best company—in fact, I don't know why I'm saying this," she interrupted herself to interpolate, "for I'm not trying to get out of anything, and I'm devoted to him, and he must never know—"

ANOTHER silence. Then Mitzi said slowly:

"He must never know that a few weeks ago I met the man my heart has been waiting for all my life. That sounds sentimental, doesn't it? But it's true. I didn't mean it—I didn't want it. God knows I was as innocent as you are about it! We went to a luncheon at the Ambassador, somebody said, 'Captain McIntyre, Mrs. Armitage,' and I took one look at Alan. David is short, of course, and Alan looked like a tree beside him; he had his head sort of bent sidewise, and he looked down at me. You know the way he looks."

"Yes, I know." Griselle had to clear her throat to make herself heard.

"We drove up from Los Angeles together with the Maberlys, but they didn't matter," Mitzi said, "and we've seen each other a dozen times since. Yesterday," she went on with a little difficulty, her voice thickening, "yesterday we lunched together— No, we didn't lunch. We just drove the car up into the hills and sat on the grass and—and talked it over. And it has to stop. We know that. What I want you to do is come here to live with Uncle Andy and me—Uncle would love it. I've spoken to him about it. I have to get over this, Griselle. I have to make myself a fit wife for David who's always been so decent to me. And I need someone to talk to, to have with me all the time, to keep me from going mad!"

"You'd think they'd never seen a guy take a bath before in their lives"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

Again Griselle could not speak. She remembered Alan's tense face and weary eyes yesterday; she understood them now. He had just come from that last talk with Mitzi. Bitterness flooded her soul.

"Do this for me—just for midsummer holidays, Griselle!" Mitzi said unsteadily. "I'll make it up to you, some day! Help me! For the first time in my life—for the first time in my life, I'm in love! Can you understand a woman married only last year who falls in love with another man?" Mitzi demanded.

Griselle sat in stunned silence. Only yesterday she and Alan had gone together to Alameda; she had met his mother and his brother; she had felt herself admitted to their councils, honored by his confidence and dizzied by the hope that he liked her.

Now she knew that he had come to her straight from that last talk with Mitzi. He had been half blind with pain when she had looked up to see him standing near her in the back garden, he had been bewildered and despairing all the time they had been together. Not one word of what she had said had reached him or would have mattered at all if it had; he had been thinking only of Mitzi, ful, mischievous, completely out reach!

"You can't understand it, then?" said humbly, sadly.

Griselle came back to the preser a stammered apology. "Oh, yes— could," she said hoarsely in a low "If it - if it just happened that way

"I want you to know how it di pen." Mitzi dried her eyes, st ened herself in her chair, her head back and her eyes fixed on the "I've had no one to talk to," she "I've almost gone mad, wanting so to talk to! Aunt Mollie would think simply, well, promiscuous—no use ing to her—and Uncle Andrew is eighty! You don't know what it mea me to have you here. Griselle, th nothing in this world that will ever me anything but faithful to David tage; it simply isn't in me to let him d I'll write him, and I'll wait for him when he comes back, I'll make the ki home he wants; he wants to live on a they have near Wyandotte, and ente people. I'll do it. I'll go to the co football games and hockey; I mean i make him happy. You know me enough to know I'll do it!"

GRISELLE stirred a little in the c She did not speak.

"But I hadn't been married to Da week," Mitzi went on, "before I k that I'd made a mistake. Oh, he'll n know it. I hope I have character eno for that! And it wasn't a mistake as as liking each other goes, and compan ship and lots of fooling and presents; never went anywhere, Palm Beach New York or Atlantic City but what bought each other presents. And that told Alan yesterday—that's safer than ing off into wild furies of ecstasy, i it? That's real."

Griselle made no sound.

"But Alan—!" Mitzi drew a l breath; she was speaking softly now a the very name was sacred. "I had idea of what was happening to me u —oh, last week," she said. "I knew w was happening to *him;* I knew he w getting in deeper and deeper. But thought: Oh, I can stop this at any m ment. So I let things drift along. A then day before yesterday, we met in S Francisco and we had lunch. After lun we were going out to the Cliff House see Seal Rock We'd never seen it. A something—at the lunch table—we we just chatting along and something w said—I forget what—

"Well, anyway, it was something th made me say to him, 'Why don't you rea ize that we're falling in love with eac other? What else is this, if not tha Haven't you been seeing it?'

"Griselle, I never saw a man's fac change as his did! He got fiery red, an he began to stammer something about No, that was ridiculous; I had a husbanc and he knew it. I felt so heartsick fo him and for myself that I couldn't kee the tears out of my eyes. I said, 'Alan don't be sorry. It's too beautiful a thin to be sorry about. It doesn't have t hurt us, or anyone.' But he was like a man who's been—well, stung by a bullet We had finished lunch, and he paid the check—he couldn't seem to get through things fast enough—and when we came out to the door of the hotel and I said something about the Cliff House he sort of brushed all that off; he had to go back to Treasure Island. And he walked off, with his head down, as if he were facing a gale. I was sick for him!

"That night," Mitzi went on, speaking

PONTIAC

BUILDING FAST AND BUILDING WELL . . . *FOR LIBERTY*

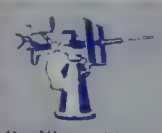
MESSENGER OF DEATH—Navy officials describe it as a "slippery messenger death"—call it "the deadliest weapon of the and *the most difficult to manufacture.*" leased from low-flying Torpedo Bombers d started on its self-maintained, under-water urse, it packs enough power within its eaming 20-foot shell to shatter the protec- e armor of the mightiest enemy ship afloat. Its official name is the AIRCRAFT TORPEDO!

Volume production of Aircraft Torpedoes for the Navy—one of the six war assignments on which we are currently at work—presented problems which were a challenge to the skill and ingenuity of our staff . . . a challenge which we here at Pontiac eagerly accepted. Today, those problems have been met and mastered. Aircraft Torpedoes, with their 5222 intricate parts and 1225 complex assemblies are being produced for the Navy in volume and ON TIME.

And, we have no doubt, our Navy will find ways and means of delivering these "messengers of death" to the enemy in volume and ON TIME!

PONTIAC DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Now at work on six different war assignments


Oerlikon 20-mm. Anti-Aircraft Cannon

Aircraft Torpedoes for the Navy

Bofors 40-mm. Field Guns

Diesel Engine Parts

Axles for M-5 Tanks

Engine Parts for Army Trucks

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS—
KEEP AMERICA FREE!

as if half to herself, "he telephoned. I had known he would, of course. But I couldn't make head or tail of what he was saying, so I told him to come see me. So he came yesterday morning and we had our talk And we're not going to see each other again."

A long silence. Griselle did not move or speak.

"But I think it will kill me!" Mitzi broke out suddenly, and Griselle heard her beginning to cry.

"No; it won't kill you, Mitzi," Griselle said after a while. She suddenly felt older and wiser than the other woman. "But it's just—just too bad," she added slowly.

"Oh, too bad!" Mitzi echoed the phrase vehemently. "I haven't had a happy moment," she said. "I've—*agonized* over it! The look in his eyes while we were talking yesterday. The shame of it, to him. There aren't many men like that!"

"Well, I have to get started!" Griselle said suddenly, out of the dark.

"Wait until I get another handkerchief and my coat and I'll drive you," Mitzi said, faint hurt discernible in her tone. She had not by any means exhausted the relief of confidences.

"No; I'd rather walk. I truly would!" Griselle said abruptly.

MITZI fluttered down the steps to the garden walk beside her; laid both hands on Griselle's coat lapels. "And will you consider coming up here to stay with Uncle Andrew and me?"

"When school closes." Griselle could not make it sound gracious. She was conscious of talking to herself half aloud on the long mile home. A fog was coming in from the ocean, the stars were gone; there was no view tonight; the streets were softly filling with mist. Motorcars were honking bewilderedly; their lights appeared ringed with white halos. From the bay, ten miles away, came the faint, far cry of horns on the bay. Griselle walked fast; it was all downhill and there seemed to be a sort of satisfaction in quick, hard movement.

"He loves her!" she said over and over. And then, "Well, she's married and he's going away. It won't do them much good!"

But the hard, deep ache persisted. That night when she was trying to get to sleep she twisted her head to and fro on the pillow and the words came back and back to her wearied thoughts: "He loves her."

She told Mitzi the next day that she could not move up to Uncle Andrew's house. Mitzi appeared at once amused, shocked and amazed.

"Aunt Mollie really needs me," Griselle pleaded; "she was staggered when I suggested it. She said she couldn't get along without me."

"But listen, idiot!" said Mitzi. "You'd have your own room and bath at our house. Emma does everything—waits on table, makes up our rooms and dusts and carries off the laundry; there isn't any comparison between things up there and things at Aunt Mollie's. Down there you've nothing but one continual bedlam, girls milling and pitching all over the place; I don't suppose you can call a handkerchief your own!"

"I like it," Griselle said with her slow smile. At the moment she almost felt it to be the truth. At all events she preferred it to the miserable self-consciousness, the jealousy and unwilling admiration she was obliged to feel for Mitzi when she was in Mitzi's company. She wanted never to see Mitzi again, to keep away from her. And at the same time she felt everything else in her life unimportant beside the poignancy of what Mitzi had to tell her. If some girl at the table casually observed that Mitzi was looking bad, Griselle felt a savage satisfaction. If on the other hand someone spoke of the hopelessness of ever rivaling Mitzi, of Mitzi's beauty and assurance and charm, Griselle felt the sick little trickle of jealousy beginning to stir deep within her again.

She despised herself for it, worked harder than ever. Doors were opening to her mind and heart and soul. Those about her were beginning to feel in her the presence of unsuspected power; Griselle was not conscious of anything except the one burning emotion that possessed her.

Her English instructor, Professor Forbes, a bearded, gentle man whose whole life was wrapped up in the care of an old mother and a small motherless niece, talked seriously to her of a writer's career.

"You have a charming and unaffected style," he said. "I say 'unaffected,' because most of my students' papers have the terrible fault of not being honest."

"Well—this is Pine Ridge Road and the lake, sir . . ."

Griselle hardly heard him. She was looking out the window at the campus, across which walked a tall, lanky boy, who somehow suggested Alan.

"One would think," Professor Forbes went on, ruffling papers, glancing at them, stacking them again, "one would think that young men and women who come into my classes to learn the first rudiments of story writing would be simple. But they are not. Not one of them writes of anything he knows. Your first paper told me that I had a born writer in my class."

GRISELLE, completely unconscious of what he was saying, smiled an automatic smile. She was thinking that it would be wonderful if she should meet Alan in the old-book store this afternoon. She determined to go there after her conference with Professor Forbes. Alan had said that he wanted to pick up some good detective yarns for the canteen library.

"When I was at Harvard," the professor was saying, "I had great hopes of developing a natural gift for writing, myself. That's why I feel such a special interest —almost a reverence—for the very few students in whom I find it. It will be a great pity, Miss Mountjoy, if you do not follow it up."

"Oh, thank you," Griselle said vaguely, rising. She wandered out into the afternoon sunshine, went down to the old-book store with a quickening sense of happiness. Alan *might* be there!

The world seemed hot and dry and uninteresting as she walked home; no use trying to feed her hungry heart on dreams now; she was sick of dreams.

MITZI showed some little pity for anyone who could decline the prospect of coming to live in all the comforts of General Cruickshank's house, but she seemed to feel no resentment at Griselle's choice. She asked Griselle to come to lunches, dinners, and for drives and shopping expeditions. Mitzi wanted an audience; she wanted a confidante. Griselle learned a great deal about Mitzi's two marriages and about various other affairs.

But she also learned, to her surprise, that Mitzi was a clever and capable woman in certain ways. She was not lazy, though she loved leisure to do things that to other women, and to Griselle especially, might seem a waste of time. It took Mitzi a long time to get dressed; she considered her appearance of first importance. Every morning she worked for an hour to get her hair into exactly the position she liked, but after that hour it was beautifully and becomingly set for the entire day.

If Mitzi had an evening engagement, she gave her hair another hour's going over. Care of her skin, her eyelashes, her lips, her brows, her hands, her fingernails all claimed her time, and her wardrobe was the great extravagance of her life. If Mitzi saw a dress she wanted, it haunted her until she got it. She had forty pairs of shoes and slippers; each one with a fitted wooden tree within it. She had forty purses; tiny evening bags, bags of blue, green, brown, red, black leather, and of suède and fur.

In the house, she wore beautiful house gowns with brilliant bracelets and chains; or she would start for town smothered from throat to hem in mink, with a small mink cap tipped on her gold curls and a mink purse, monogrammed in gold, under her arm. Everything about her was exquisite; her dressing-table appointments, her bath soaps and salts, her writing paper, the flowers on her desk, all expressed Mitzi, and nobody else but Mitzi.

She managed her uncle's house smoothly; rooms were always in order, and meals were delicious. Mitzi could not cook, but she knew how sh things to taste, and she would c or hints from the papers and g to Lee Hing in the kitchen to knew what Emma's duties w never overlooked carelessness o

Also, she was generous. Sh to give Griselle presents. She w ually give away anything she ha one who wanted it, although s slightly lessen the value of the a ing forth to buy the same thi much more expensive, the next attended lectures, read recommen rent books, never missed a sy concert, took a French lesson eve wrote regularly to David, and we Thursday to the Red Cross r make bandages.

"Griselle," she said one day ingly, "don't you ever think w look like?"

"Of course I do," said Grisell

"You've been here months, a haven't bought yourself anything observed.

"Well, I haven't really need thing."

"Good heavens!" Mitzi said She was lying on the chaise longu room, working at her fingertips wi spears of orange wood, cotton, ti tles of color. "Some day you'll love, Griselle, and then you'll b care about appearances."

A SLIGHT pause. Then Grisel "I suppose so."

"You suppose so! Don't you kn it's part of the deliciousness of b love to go in for lovely clothes, silk and perfumes? You put a little blue your eyes and fluff your hair, an right at him with your eyes roun when he says, 'Do you know you're tiful tonight, darling?' you're t dously surprised. You say, 'In th thing!' and he thinks your new tw dred-dollar gown is something you around for years."

"And that's what you want h think?"

"Well, certainly. All men want wives to look as if just turned o Schiaparelli," Mitzi said, surpris Griselle's ignorance. And then sud "Griselle, were you ever in love?"

Griselle had thought that this qu must come some day. She had tri steel herself for it. But now wh came, she felt as if her secret was ten in her face. Mitzi had a snapsh Alan in a little silver frame on her ing table; Griselle did not let her move toward it.

"I suppose so," she said in a low turning scarlet.

"Why, Griselle!" Mitzi said, surp and delighted. "Good for you! Wh he? Anyone in school here?"

"Oh, no. It was a—it was a long ago," Griselle stammered. "I—h was before I came here."

"And you got over it?" Mitzi's fin had stopped working; she was watc the younger woman with narrowed e

"I suppose you have to," Griselle thickly. She got up and went over to window and stood looking out.

Mitzi jumped to her feet, scattering small implements in every direction, came over to put an arm about her.

"Why, Griselle," she said, "Grise Why didn't you tell me? But I might h known!"

"Nothing to tell," Griselle said, tu ing to face her with a smile.

"But, darling, isn't there any cha of his coming to California?"

"None," Griselle said simply. "N now."

"Why not? Is he married?"

"No; not married."

"But not interested," Mitzi said. S went back to her chair, considering, kn

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

IN SERVICE ON EVERY FRONT

"We'uns promised the blood bank a quart . . . reckon Paw has any?"

GASOLINE DONORS CAN HELP, TOO!

Become a gasoline donor by giving your spark plugs a "Plug-Chek." Tests conducted by The American Automobile Association show Auto-Lite "Plug-Chek" Inspection Service can increase gas mileage as much as 12%!

As simple an operation as cleaning and regapping your present plugs may do the trick.

A proved spark plug inspection service, "Plug-Chek" is offered exclusively by Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealers.

Stop for a "Plug-Chek" today —and if inspection by your service man shows new plugs should be installed, be sure to insist on Auto-Lites — the spark plug that is Ignition Engineered!

Color and condition tell whether spark plugs are operating properly or wasting gas and power. Matching your plugs with those illustrated on the "Plug-Chek" is the first step in restoring new life to "spark-weary" engines.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY

TOLEDO, OHIO · *Merchandising Division* · SARNIA, ONTARIO

IN ITS 26 GREAT MANUFACTURING DIVISIONS, AUTO-LITE IS PRODUCING FOR AMERICA'S ARMED FORCES ON LAND, SEA AND IN THE AIR

Painstaking EXACTNESS rules his work

TIGHTENING CYLINDER HEAD

Hard work? You bet your life it is! And *good* work, too. For every job he does *must* be right before it leaves his shop. The Doctor of Motors would not have it otherwise.

Experience has convinced him that the shortest cut to satisfaction is to do his work with painstaking exactness! It has taught him that it pays to do each job right the first time. And he does just that!

The Doctor of Motors has a right to demand painstaking exactness in the parts he installs, too! He has a right to insist upon piston rings which save oil and gas and increase power. He's been doing so for years . . . and because we have *met* his demands, he's installing Perfect Circles in increasing millions every year.

The Perfect Circle Companies, Hagerstown, Indiana, U. S. A. and Toronto, Ont., Can.

PERFECT CIRCLE

PC

PISTON RINGS

THE NATION'S CHOICE

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS TO BEAT THE BAND-ITS

If your car is old enough to SMOKE— it's time to install PERFECT CIRCLES

ting the beautiful forehead under the waves of gold hair, biting her lip. "We'll get him here," she said. "Is he in the service?"

"Yes. Oh, yes."

"But stationed in Washington," Mitzi mused rather than asked. "What's his name?" she demanded, after a pause.

"Arnold," Griselle answered readily. "John Arnold." (I must remember him by Benedict Arnold, she thought. John—everyone's named John. John Arnold. . . . Benedict Arnold.)

"Any relation to Senator Arnold? I met him."

"No. No; he's from Vermont." (How'll I remember Vermont? ran Griselle's thoughts. John Arnold of Vermont. Of Manchester, if she asks me. . . . She's not going to. Vermont. . . . Canadian border. . . . Snow. . . . Vermont.)

"And you've been keeping this from me all this time?" Mitzi reproached her.

"Nothing to keep from you."

"AND I tell you everything!" Mitzi sighed. "I saw Alan Thursday. I wasn't going to tell you, but I have to!" she went on. "And he is more wonderful than ever! Don't you think Alan McIntyre terribly attractive?"

"I thought you weren't going to see each other any more?"

"Oh, I know," Mitzi said, sighing, her soft, fair, childlike little face suddenly wistful and her blue eyes misty. "But I went to the Saint Francis to lunch with two women on Thursday—Alan and I have lunched there—and there he was, standing quite quietly under the clock, watching people coming and going. It was—it was the most terrific moment of my life, I think! I'd been simply frantic to see him. I hadn't eaten any lunch, really, just hoping and hoping he'd come in, and thinking that he might guess—that he might take a chance on my being there. But seeing him—going up to him and putting both my hands in his, and saying, 'Just ten minutes? Mayn't we have just ten minutes?' Well, it's been in my mind ever since," Mitzi finished.

Glancing at her, Griselle saw that her eyes were filled with tears.

"You see, I like David, too," Mitzi said whimsically. "I said that to him. I said to him that I had done all sorts of foolish and selfish things in my life, but that this time I was going to play fair. David's off somewhere doing all he can to keep me safe, and I'm going to keep his home safe while he's gone. But, Griselle," Mitzi finished, "I don't know how I'm ever going to be happy in any place that Alan McIntyre isn't. Just that crooked smile of his, and the way he sort of drops his head on one side—"

"Yes, I know. And I have to go; it's five o'clock and I'm making a strawberry shortcake!" Griselle said, getting to her feet.

"Come back to dinner and play backgammon with Uncle Andrew?" Mitzi begged.

"I can't tonight. But if you want me—how's tomorrow night?"

"Tomorrow night's fine," Mitzi said without heartiness. Griselle caught the reservations in her voice. Perhaps Mitzi, for all her resolution, had asked Alan to dinner.

"I'll let you know. I may have to work," Griselle said. The confusion of her spirit, the fear, jealousy, heartache, despair were like a physical illness as she walked slowly home. "There must be some cure for feeling like this; there must be some way of forgetting!" she said frantically to herself. "Things can't go on this way!". . .

"My mother had your note," Alan McIntyre said to her smilingly.

"Oh, did she? And did you and she look at the house?" They were on the campus; Griselle had just come out an eleven-o'clock class to see her some, hungry dream come true, to s tall, lanky form of Alan McIntyre ally standing in the shadow of one arcades, watching for her.

No mistake about his watching fo He was scanning all the men and w who came out; he walked forward b as he saw her. It was no dream; Gr was walking under the oaks with hi her side. Heaven opened before her

"No, I didn't show Mother the h because she's busy at the canteen, said. "I thought that I'd like to s first."

"Then you haven't seen it?"

"I wondered if you'd be able t there now with me?"

She had promised to get home ear case Mrs. Blodgett from next door landed two-year-old Brucie-Bruce Aunt Mollie. But that was nothing.

"Oh, yes; let's!" she said eagerly. didn't go in the other day. I just saw it was to let, and a cottage, and tha had a nice space for a garden. It lo terribly neglected, and, of course, I d know the rent."

"We'll go to the agent's first and f out."

"The key's next door."

"Oh, well, then, that's better. Y were awfully nice to remember to lo for a house for Mother," Alan said they went along together.

"I said I would. Don't you reme ber?" She turned her shining eyes him.

"I know. I remember, but I didn't kn that you would. Are we walking? Is far?"

"You have a car? Oh, but let's wal It's such a glorious day. It's only half dozen blocks."

"It was bitter cold and foggy on th island. But it's heavenly here. Yes; have a car. People are spoiling us," Ala said. "When I got here an old friend o my mother put a car at my disposal. isn't one of hers. She gets her friends t lend their cars if they're going away o not using them. I never saw such hos pitality as the people have here. I hate t go."

"And you are going?"

"We think very soon. All leave is can celed after tomorrow, and various indi cations are that we're on the move."

"And you don't know where, Alan?"

"They don't tell us."

"THIS is the block," Griselle said, "and that's the house."

"I'll get the key," Alan said. And then in a pleased tone: "Mountjoy Street! Yours! Why, that ought to be a good omen!"

"So it is," Griselle said, her color mounting. "I didn't notice it. I just remembered that you turned the corner where the pink cement flats are."

Its exterior looked very shabby in the noontime sun. It was a completely commonplace cottage, with a bay-windowed bedroom on the right of a small square porch, a sitting room on the left with dining room and kitchen behind it, another bedroom and bath completing the picture.

But it did have a picket fence to protect an overgrown tangle of old garden flowers and grass already dried and brown; it did have a good back yard with two willow trees, an apple tree, sheds and a windmill, and it did have a view of the distant bay and the fog-shrouded city.

Inside was a smell of paint and of rotting wood and pipes. But the bath fixtures were new; there was new linoleum on the kitchen floor; the bedrooms both faced the southeast and so were sure of morning sun, and there was a fireplace with paperers' and plasterers' rubbish swept into it, and a long table under a

He comes downstairs with cushions on his feet

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

In this toughest of all wars, don't forget the tough assignment that is handed to the U. S. Army paratrooper—the boy who "hits the silk" and drops from the skies, ready for instant action in hostile territory.

To help soak up the shock of his landing (he can't pick any soft spots!), every paratrooper today wears thick, soft, especially designed rubber heels on his boots.

An exclusive development of Goodyear, this new heel is wedge-shaped at the instep . . . provides maximum cushioning effect . . . stands up under roughest wear and tear of war. And, because of its unique shape, this heel helps prevent the paratrooper from catching his boot on any small obstacle he might encounter if dragged along the ground after landing.

As the leading producer of rubber heels in peacetime, Goodyear now is concentrating much of its research and production on war . . . to help give the fighting men of America the finest fighting equipment ever known. The progress born of wartime emergency will bring you new and better products in the future.

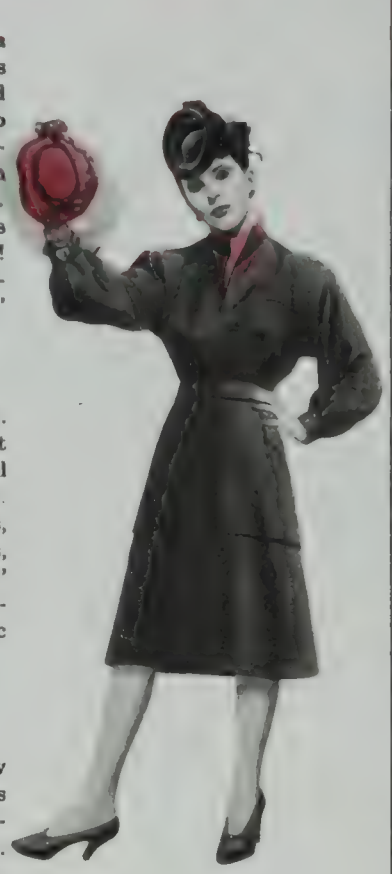
A pioneer in the manufacture of tires and other rubber products, Goodyear also uses long experience and specialized skills gained in working with metals, fabrics, chemicals . . . to serve America in war and peace.

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

Do you know this about Jessel... Daché... Haley?

GEORGE, WHO BOASTS a rare collection of religious books, has recently authored a book of his own, "So Help Me," which—like Regent—is taking curtain calls from Broadway to Hollywood. "Regent's King Size," says George, "makes real sense! It means top value—a cigarette that's over 20% longer."



LILLY LIKES 13 for luck. She arrived in America, got married and has opened all her style shows on the 13th. When it comes to cigarettes, Lilly likes Regent, exclaims, "Regent is better tasting!" And to celebrate her discovery she has designed this chic new hat in Regent Red.

THE JACK YOU don't know is an amateur athlete, keeps in tip-top shape with five-mile jog trots every morning. The hale and hearty Mr. Haley is keen about handball, tennis and the Regent crushproof box, which he says is "just like a custom-made cigarette case."

ALL THREE AGREE that Regents are milder! Multiple Blending, an *exclusive* Regent process, is the reason. It makes Regents *really* mild, always so gentle to your throat. Try better tasting, milder Regents. They cost no more than other leading brands.

Quality tobaccos...Multiple Blended make **REGENT**

The milder, better tasting cigarette!

grape arbor where on a hot day a medical student might work with his books while his mother busied herself with peeling apples or shelling beans.

Best of all, the level of the floor was but three steps up from the ground.

"Your mother could bump Steve's chair down that?" Griselle said, pointing at the shallow back steps.

"Oh, he'd manage that himself. He's always hurling himself out of his chair to do things," Alan answered. "He can *get about*. But in the sense of walking, he's helpless. He takes showers and in the old place he had a carpenter's table and used to do a lot of work."

"He could have a carpenter's table here. But there's no shower."

"Yes, there is. Not glassed in," Alan said, "but there's a shower over the bathtub. That's all he wants. He can't get down in a tub very well because he can't get out again, and Mother can't lift him. Steve's solid. He'll sit on this upper step and get his chair down into the yard in great style."

"Then you really do think they might take it, Alan?"

"I really do. I'm going to try to bring Mother over here this afternoon. Didn't our friend here with the key say that the rent was twenty-five dollars?"

"And she said he might shave that a little for a year's lease."

"WELL, they could be really comfortable, only paying that!" Alan said in great satisfaction. "Steve could get to school five times a week; he could have his big table in here by the fireplace with all his books and papers on it. Twenty-five dollars, why, we couldn't ever do better than that! I was counting on something between forty and fifty."

"You could really do something with this garden," Griselle said. "You see, they've had corn here."

"Is that corn?"

"That's cornstalks."

"Gosh!" Alan said youthfully. "I'd be glad to have them in here. I've been awfully worried, having them in that flat, where Steve can't get out at all. And you," he said, as they went next door to return the key, "you were awfully kind to take all this trouble."

"Trouble!" she echoed. "I simply loved to do it."

"What do you think of it?" said the woman in the house next door. "It would look better if folks were in it, and had a man to get that garden into order. I think," said Hazel Brice, pinning clothes to a wire line with little sprung wooden clothespins, "you could offer her twenty-two fifty; that's what we pay and we're on the corner and have a garage. If you and your husband are gardeners—but maybe he won't be here?" she surmised, smiling at them with a young face framed in ridges of curling pins, and obviously impressed by Alan's uniform. "Folks won't take that house because there's no room for a car; there isn't a side gate. But it's a lovely house."

"I'm going to bring my mother to see it," Alan told her seriously. Griselle's color had come up brightly; but she made no comment upon the woman's remarks as they walked away.

"You asked me if I knew where I was being sent," Alan said presently. "I think I know. I think I am to be in New Mexico somewhere."

"That's south, isn't it? That means hot weather."

"It's a hundred miles down from Santa Fe; there's a big camp there."

"Then you won't be sent to the Solomons?"

"I may be, of course. But something that was said made two or three of us think that we may be kept in America."

"And which would you rather, Alan?"

"I don't know," he said hesitatingly after a moment. They were back at the college grounds now, and suddenly he indicated a green bench that encircled the trunk of an enormous oak. "Would you sit down for a minute?" he asked. "There was something I wanted to talk to you about."

Griselle sat down and he seated himself beside her and squared himself about on the bench to face her.

"They may send me to New Mexico," he said, "and they may send me to the Solomons. I don't know and nobody knows. I may be at sea this time next week. I might be in Alaska or Australia then for the duration. That's war."

"That's war," Griselle said, watching him. She tried to store on the photographic plate of her mind the picture of the fine, lean, earnest face, all the more attractive because of the very homeliness that somehow expressed so much simple goodness and strength.

"It breaks me all up to have to leave my mother and my brother—and to leave you," Alan said.

"Me!" Griselle exclaimed. Color rushed into her face. "I'd be very glad to think that you might miss me—might think of me," she went on confusedly.

"I will," he said, with a troubled look. "I don't suppose you know that of all the girls I've ever known I admire you the most. I feel more respect for you; I want more for you to like me—" Alan floundered on. Griselle was looking at him steadily, her lips slightly parted. She made no attempt to speak.

"I know how this must sound to you," he said quickly; "but I want you to understand that, too. I want you to understand that no matter how completely I was carried away—how completely I was fascinated—"

He stopped short; Griselle did not speak.

"A man," he began again in so puzzled, so apologetic a tone that her heart ached for him, "a man might become infatuated with a woman—not realizing it, not being conscious of it until it was too late—too late to stop. And yet all the time he might know that he didn't love her, mightn't he? He might be like a man in a fever, saying things that he didn't mean—feeling things that were just a part of the fever, mightn't he?"

"Oh, yes, he might," Griselle said, clearing her throat.

"He might know that she was married, have it always in his mind, and yet—yet be unable to help trying to see her, telephoning her, waiting for some word from her."

THERE was a silence. Girls and men went by them in pairs, in groups, strolling on the wide college avenues under the oaks, going up to the school buildings on the hill, going down toward the town.

"Do the girls at Mrs. Cruickshank's," he presently asked, "do they think she is—does everybody see a sort of fascination in her?"

"In Mitzi?" Griselle asked. "Oh, yes," she said. "Everyone. Everyone! We all know that there is no one quite like her. With that gold, gold hair, and the slow, smiling way she talks—"

"I know!" he said quickly as she paused.

"She is irresistible," she said, simply.

"You see it?"

"Everyone sees it, Alan."

"I wish I had never met her."

"She told me—she talks to me sometimes," Griselle began somewhat timidly, "and she told me that you and she—that you felt very bad— But perhaps," she broke off to say sympathetically, "perhaps you have never felt that way toward anyone before, Alan. Perhaps this is the first time?"

"This is the first time," he repeated abstractedly, staring at the ground at their

ith narrowed eyes. "The thing is," an suddenly, "that I am asking you would consider marrying me."

ame so unexpectedly that Griselle, ng at her breath, could only look in complete bewilderment.

ait a minute—wait a minute!" he astily, with an air of silencing her, gh she had made no attempt to . "Do you remember the last time alked together—at the Tavern, I , in Maryland? Do you remember, efore I came away?"

es, I do," Griselle answered, her s scarlet. "If you had asked me " she added after a moment, "I d have been the happiest woman But now there's Mitzi. You n't marry one woman while you are ve with another."

ut that's what I want to end. That's I must end," he said. "If you and I married, if we went to New Mexico her, if we tried a new life, that would everything for what it is—just a bad m."

RISELLE laughed ruefully. "Not a bad dream, surely," she said; "a m, maybe."

She is married, and her husband is a ndid chap," Alan went on, his manner appy and feverish, his words coming dly. "When I realized—when I real— l—" he began, and broke off again, ding his two lean, big hands together. hadn't realized," he said simply, and s silent.

She told me that," Griselle said. "She ws that you didn't know. But if you e her, Alan," she went on, finding a ilous, strange pleasure in thus becom- his adviser, "couldn't Mitzi—she did ce—couldn't she get another divorce, d couldn't you wait for her?"

"A divorce from Armitage!" he ex- imed, shocked. "Oh, no, I don't think e ever thought of that. He adores her, d she loves him; they were happy to- ther—they've not been married long! nd besides that," he added after a mo- ent, "I would have nothing to offer her. captain's pay! It has never been in my ind—any thought of that. It's only een—"

And suddenly he leaned forward and ropping his face in his hands pressed his alms tightly against his throbbing tem- les.

"It's only been madness," he said in a whisper. "Griselle, it can't go on like this! There's some way out."

"But suppose you were married to me, Alan, and found that Mitzi's attraction was as strong as ever?"

"It would not be," he said quickly. "My wife would come first. My whole life would change. Griselle, I know how strange this must sound to you," he went on. "But this is what made me dare to ask you. Mitzi came to the city yesterday and telephoned to me. She felt that she must see me, and we had a talk. She told me how fond she has grown of you and how much she sees of you, and I told her that of all the young girls I had ever known I thought you were the finest. Then she said that you were in love with some man in Maryland, some man you had known before you came to California, and I wondered. I wondered because I remembered the talk that you and I had had, and I wondered whether you had changed.

"I felt," Alan went on, looking at her now with anxiety in his serious eyes, "I felt that, while I hadn't anything to offer *her*, a woman with a rich husband, a woman who has had all that Mitzi has had, I might have something to offer *you*. You said that you would feel more secure. You said that you would like the life of a doctor's wife. I'll have a fair chance when I come back. The doctors of a city clinic have asked me to join them; it means a promising future. It means a home for you and it means a husband who will be eternally grateful to you—who will do his best to make it up to you."

"You mean make up for not loving me?" she said slowly.

"No, I don't mean that. Do you suppose I could say this if I didn't know that marriage for you and me would be right, that we would go on into deeper and deeper happiness, year after year? You trade," he said eagerly, "whatever it costs you to go into this now, under these circumstances, for a future that would be happy—it *would* be happy."

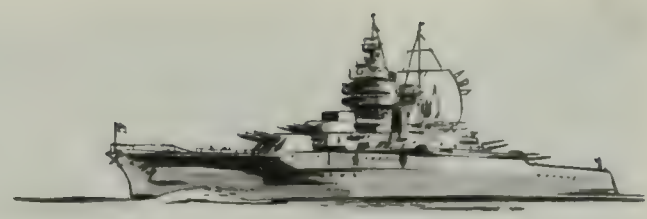
They walked on silently until they reached the gate of the Cruickshank boardinghouse.

Then Alan said, "Will you think about it, Griselle? Will you marry me before I have to go away?"

"My answer is ready now," she said. "It is 'yes.' "

(To be continued next week)

COLLIER'S "When the war is ended, Henry wants to take a trip around the world, but I'd rather go somewhere else" JEFFREY MONAHAN



WHAT'S HE SAY?

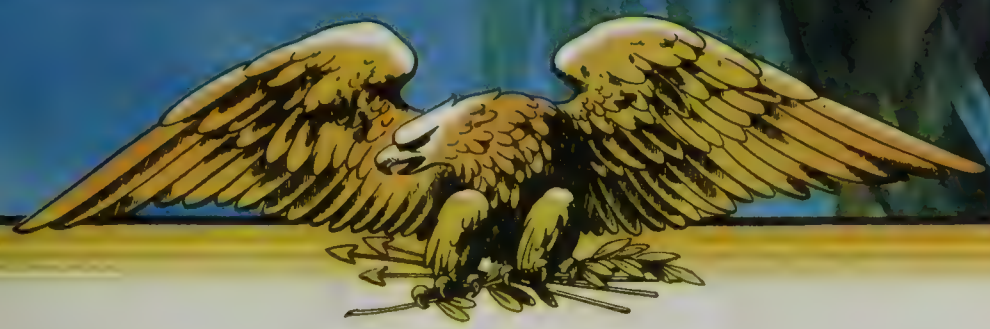
HE SAYS THERE'S

SOMETHING REALLY NEW IN DENTIFRICE

War-Economy Container
10% More Powder
No Higher Price

Powder in a revolutionized **NEW QUICK-FOAM FORMULA!** Feels more like a paste when you brush, yet gives you powder's money-saving economy. **NEW "WHIRLPOOL" CLEANSING ACTION** really gets down to work on dull, lack-luster tooth surfaces . . . helps bring out the flashing natural brilliance of enamel. And what a taste thrill in that **NEW WINTER-MINT FLAVOR!**

VICTORY THROUGH PROGRESS



NOW BLUEPRINTS ARE BORN *on the battlefield*

THE lessons of this war come hard, fast and many, leaving no time for the measured, steady progress by which the automobile was perfected in peacetime.

So, close up behind our fighting men – close enough to know the sting of desert sandstorms, the taste of salt spray, the sound of overhead dog-fights – General Motors maintains a staff of some 250 special field technicians and observers.

On every front, these men gather firsthand reports of General Motors-built war goods in action, assisting military men to find possible improvements in structure or design. From the reports they send back, blueprints for new and better instruments of victory can be shaped by home-front teamwork between General Motors engineers and Army and Navy experts.

Such on-the-spot search for technological progress is but one instance of how General Motors carries out its fourfold wartime purpose – which is to increase the volume of war goods, to reduce costs, to make most efficient use of materials and to maintain high Army and Navy standards through constant enlargement of General Motors "know-how."

This "performance reconnaissance" represents a step taken primarily to hasten victory. It likewise serves to spur progress when victory is won. For from what is learned in the stern test of war are being gathered many lessons to make more bountiful the blessings of the coming peace.

GENERAL MOTORS

"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

Prepared in America from formulae developed through 140 years by the family

NUYENS

LIQUEURS

Creme de Menthe 60 proof	**Creme de Cacao** 60 proof
Triple Sec 80 proof	**Apricot** 60 proof

Distributed exclusively by
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC.
New York, N. Y.

Airpower is Winning

Continued from page 13

regard General Sir Bernard Law Montgomery as the hero of El Alamein almost to the exclusion of credit to General Sir Harold Alexander as the draftsman of Montgomery's strategy. Montgomery carried the ball but Alexander coached the team, trained the players, designed the plays and usually called the signals. Montgomery would be the first to admit this, though you might have trouble obtaining any such admission from Alexander, who is a modest fellow.

However, nothing Alexander and Montgomery accomplished would have been possible without the Ninth Air Force. And this isn't an attempt to detract from the magnitude of Montgomery's victory and Alexander's strategic aptitudes; rather, this is an effort to put into proper focus what happened in the deserts and skies of Egypt, Cyrenaica and Tripolitania, and perhaps to show you that planes made in California and flown by boys from the farms, factories, colleges and soda fountains of the United States had a greater share than is generally recognized in liberating Africa. Tomorrow they'll free Europe.

El Alamein and Mareth are popular milestones of victory's progress across some 2,000 miles of the hot North African earth that is now a springboard for invasion of Europe and the Balkans. And yet, long before the troops captured El Alamein and points west, victories were being insured in the air. Air forces were 500 miles and more ahead of the triumphant armies. They were pounding Benghazi, Mersa Matruh, Fuka and El Daba while the ground troops were still locked in battle back in El Alamein. The bombers were reaching out for warships and freighters, enemy bases, landing fields, troop concentrations and truck and tank farms before the actual battles had even begun. Air forces anticipated the enemy plays and broke them up before they could get started.

All of which adds up to this: Rommel was beaten logistically before he was beaten tactically. Logistics is the technique of supplying and maintaining an army in the field. When the Ninth Air Force was done with Rommel he couldn't do either. The Americans cut the volume of supplies Rommel received from Italy and via Greece, at first by twenty per cent and in the final phases of the Battle of Africa by as much as fifty per cent.

Caught with Their Tanks Empty

More than 700 Axis aircraft were found on hastily abandoned enemy landing fields by the ground forces which pursued Rommel after the bombers had done their work. A large percentage of these machines were serviceable. The Luftwaffe commanders didn't have the gasoline to fly their ships away. Some of the planes had dry tanks without even the few drops of fuel needed to fire them.

From this a lesson leaps out of the Ninth Air Force's operational reports and hits strategists right in their faces. It doesn't matter how many planes the enemy builds. If his capacity to obtain petroleum and produce high-octane gasoline and lubricants is destroyed he can't use his planes anyway.

In the first phase of the battle for Africa—from the arrival of the first American air units in Egypt late in June, 1942, through October, up to the battle of El Alamein—United States Air Forces made the following contribution to the extermination of the Axis in Africa: Their bombers made 1,002 sorties, dropped 3,374,000 pounds of bombs, Tobruk alone receiving nearly one third of the total weight. Fighters made 550 raids as escorts in offensive sweeps over enemy lines and on fighter-bomber missions. They destroyed dozens of enemy fighters, dropped tons of bombs on landing grounds, truck and tank concentrations.

Up to zero hour—7:40 P. M. on the night of October 23d—German and Italian forces were ranged in one solid wall along a line reaching from the Qattara Depression to the sea. Before the British forces could move forward, that wall had to be breached. Said Alexander, "To break down a wall, one inserts a crowbar beneath it and pries." The Ninth Air Force, then not yet formally constituted as such, may not at the time have been the "crowbar" Alexander described. Perhaps the crowbar was the British twenty-five-pounder gun. Nearly 1,000 of these pounded the enemy's prepared positions in a barrage that exceeded in power anything remembered by veterans of the first World War. Those guns constituted the lever that pried the hole in the enemy line that Alexander wanted, but planes from American factories, manned by Americans, constituted the fulcrum. Without a fulcrum, a crowbar is useless.

How American bombers came to be in Egypt in the Middle East's hour of greatest peril a year ago is one of the untold stories of this war. It was no secret that the Liberators that arrived with Colonel Harry Halverson were en route to a mission in the Orient. With Rommel reaching for the Nile, Halverson and his planes were ordered to remain here. They helped to save Egypt.

Almost immediately, heavy bombardment tasks in the Middle East became the exclusive province of the American command. No other theater provided a better testing ground for the effectiveness of long-range heavy bombardment. Americans were equal to the job, which was to close the supply corridor between Greece and Crete and the African ports of Benghazi and Tobruk, and to sever the pipe line which fed the Afrika Korps from Naples and Sicilian ports via Tripo was done. A few aircraft of th Air Force were included in the A bomber command, but it was, as t ish themselves described it, "an A show."

A few weeks before the El Alan fensive began, no ships were r Rommel's ports intact, and those t through couldn't unload. Long Tripoli fell, that port had been cl Axis shipping. Long-range raid made without fighter escorts, a losses, thanks to the firepower of Liberators, were absurdly small. cates of daylight precision bo proved their point, although, as B says, night pattern bombing by the Air Force helped in breaking dow the physical and moral resistance enemy. Brereton happens to be o those who believe that wars can be f and won in the air alone, althou confesses that we probably won't h chance to prove it in this war.

Stepped-up Offensive

At first our share of medium-bo and fighter participation was small. diums, mostly Mitchells carried only fifth of the offensive load, later assu well over one third of the burden. at the outset the proportion of Ame medium-bomber raids was low, thei fectiveness was proportionately high. same was true of our fighters. They only one sixth to one tenth of the so but they scored approximately forty cent of the total Allied victories.

In the second phase of the Battl Africa, from El Alamein to El Agh which was reached December 14th, weight of American bombs dropped enemy targets increased to 5,624, pounds in a total of 1,621 missions.

Warhawks of our fighter group m 1,646 sorties, destroyed nine others damaged 28. Tobruk received 1,200, pounds of bombs in this period and B

COLLIER'S "The help problem is getting serious. They can't keep much of the fairway mowed" DAVE GERARD

118,000 pounds. Landing grounds
voys took more than 1,000,000
al pounds and our bombers
e explosives on Navarino Bay,
ay, Maleme, El Daba, Candia,
and Naples. No target was too
too difficult.

midst of the battle on November
e Ninth United States Air Force
mally constituted, comprising all
States Army Air Force units in
ddle East and succeeding the
States Middle East Air Force. It
exciting day at Air Force head-
s in an unpretentious brownstone
at 8 Rustum Pasha, Cairo. The
ir Force had come of age. General
n was put in command and subse-
was given command of all the
States ground as well as air forces
theater. From a total of 5,800
and men the Ninth's roster rose to
A few Liberators arrived to in-
the power of our bombardment,
B-17s which Brereton had brought
m from India were sent back.
Ninth Air Force grew, but it was
question of making an ounce of
e do pounds of damage. "On to
i," was the battle cry as the cam-
entered its third phase after the fall
Agheila in mid-December, and
omery's Eighth Army gathered it-
r the lunge which was to carry it to
i by the end of January.
mmel was withdrawing quickly
the coast road in a desperate at-
to reach the protection of the Mar-
e before Montgomery caught him.
gomery strove to bite into Rom-
exposed landward flank. It was
ative that Rommel be flanked, his
a Korps trapped and destroyed. At
point, Montgomery signaled Alex-
: "What proportion of casualties
permitted in attempting to outflank
mel?" Alexander messaged back:
hundred per cent." But even though
tgomery had full authority to expend
any men as he needed to trap Rom-
the wily German eluded him.

Starting the New Year Right

d while the Eighth Army marched
ripoli at Rommel's heels, the Ninth
Force was already bombing Tunis!
New Year's Day, 15 Liberators
ped high explosives on Axis shipping
unis harbor and shot down a Me-109
for luck on the way home. The next
medium bombers joined the heavies
ne of the most important, best-timed,
t accurate raids of the war up to that
t. Their target was the enemy landing
at Herakleion, Crete, where Axis
ters and mediums were based and
n where they gave our boys consider-
e trouble from time to time.
he Liberators took off from a secret
mbly point. They were first over the
et and dumped their bombs with their
al precision from high altitude. Almost
ore the B-24s were off the target, the
diums arrived, coming in low to polish
whatever was left. Not a single stretch
the landing areas was left in usable
ndition, and all installations were de-
oyed.
Fighters that tried to rise to meet
waves of American machines were
bbed with machine-gun fire and bombs
they left the ground. Americans at-
ked from the east. The Germans ex-
cted that all bomber attacks would
me from the west, for they'd been so
nditioned by our boys. All our heavies
turned safely, but we lost two middle-
eights from engine trouble.
Sfax as well as Tunis was repeatedly
unded. It was the old battle to deprive
e enemy of supplies. Brigadier General
ic Strahm, Brereton's chief of staff, urged
e boys on. "At present we are seeking
ut the enemy's supplies and supply in-
stallations," he told them. "We are making it tough for him to get anything and we will make it tougher."

We did. By January 23d, our heavies had made 2,560 missions, dropped so many millions of pounds of bombs that the statisticians began reckoning in thousands of tons instead of pounds. The score was a total of 3,495 tons. Fighters had by now made 3,244 sorties, destroyed 84 enemy aircraft in combat, probably destroyed 17 others and damaged 31. American wings became frightful patterns to Axis troops, who took the kind of pounding their Luftwaffe and Reggia Aereonautica used to give our British allies up to last year in the western desert, except that now the effectiveness of Allied bombing was not merely double that of the Germans and Italians but was a thousand times more effective.

Mechanical Wonder-workers

Between January 23d and March 26th, the fourth phase of the Battle of Africa, which took the Eighth Army from Tripoli to Mareth, was completed. For the Liberators, only the targets changed. Otherwise they maintained their relentless, vicious pounding with Naples, Crete, Messina, Palermo and Crotone now the objectives of their destructiveness. On the ground and in the air, the crews accomplished small miracles of mechanics in keeping planes repaired during the intense winter sandstorms.

By April 3d, the total amount of bombs dropped by our heavies and mediums reached 4,175 tons. Our fighters had destroyed, probably destroyed and confirmedly damaged a total of 155 Axis aircraft, about one sixth of the enemy's known strength.

African victory was now insured. It was obvious that Rommel would make a battle of it if he could receive reinforcements and supplies. It was the Ninth's task now to do everything in the power of what was a relatively small fleet of planes to prevent anything from reaching Rommel—troops, food, gasoline and the hundred thousand items required by a large army. From March 26th to May 15th, the weight of American bombs hurled on the enemy to accomplish complete isolation of Rommel's and General Jurgen von Arnim's forces rose to 6,217 tons or 12,424,000 pounds. Our fighters had destroyed 178 enemy aircraft, probably destroyed 32 others and wrecked 76. Rommel never got his reinforcements.

Mareth was broached and flanked by the Eighth Army. Montgomery hammered the Afrika Korps against the anvil forged farther west by Generals Ike Eisenhower and Anderson. Africa was free of Axis troops and their impedimenta.

From most operations "our aircraft returned safely." Our losses in the air were remarkably small. On the ground our planes were well protected by revetments and well dispersed—Brereton had learned his lessons well in the Philippines, Java and Burma. Once he had an entire encampment of newly arrived men and officers uprooted and redistributed because they'd failed to disperse tents and administration canvas properly. Tents and knockdown buildings are easy to move. But slit trenches had to be dug all over again. You can't move trenches. But the extra work saved lives as the laboriously built revetments saved planes. It wasn't an easy victory, however, nor was it won bloodlessly. There are a few graves in the desert where American airmen lie. Our fliers know where they are. They dip their wings as they pass over them en route to fresh missions in new skies. Their bombs thunder now in a new crescendo of victory. Soon, perhaps sooner than you dreamed it could happen, you'll hear it too, 'way back there at home.

THE END

7 A. M. . . . sad sight, our Nell!

OH, WHAT A DAY! Nell wakes up feeling sluggish and headachy due to constipation symptoms. She needs a laxative. But Nell's mother knows what to do! She gives Nell a sparkling glass of Sal Hepatica, the minute she gets up.

9 A. M. . . . and Nell feels swell!

HIP HIP HOORAY! Taken as soon as you get out of bed, Sal Hepatica *usually acts within an hour* to bring fast, yet gentle relief. AND . . . Sal Hepatica helps turn a sour stomach sweet again by helping counteract excess gastric acidity. Three out of 5 doctors, recently interviewed, recommend this sparkling, saline laxative. Sal Hepatica is a stand-by in millions of homes. Try it.

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy*

SAL HEPATICA

Sal Hepatica's active ingredients: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Ask your doctor about the efficacy of this prescription. It is important to use only as directed.

TUNE IN { "DATE WITH JUDY"—Wednesdays, 9:00 P. M., EWT
"NOAH WEBSTER SAYS"—Tuesdays, 8:30 P. M., EWT

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

THIS, TOO, IS AIR POWER!

TRANSPORT PLANES that serve the home front are a measure of U. S. air power, as surely as the bombers that blast the Axis.

Today, as for many years, the United States is the leading power in air transport.

Its Airlines knit hundreds of cities and foreign countries into a single airways system, with faster, more efficient service than ever attained by any other nation.

Consequently, when the Japs struck at Pearl Harbor, they asked for the greatest show of air transport the world has ever witnessed. Built during years of peace, the Airlines required no conversion for war. *They were ready to go!*

They promptly handled a sharp increase in tonnage — passengers, mail, express — despite the fact that half their planes were assigned to military duty.

The Airlines also helped the Army and Navy establish air supply routes to every fighting zone—and are now operating a giant fleet of transport planes over this global system.

So wherever you see a transport plane, remember this: IT, TOO, IS AIR POWER—an integral part of our war machine.

And when the war is only a memory these same Airlines, with over a billion miles of experience behind them, will continue in friendly commerce. As PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT recently said: "With the dawn of peace, commercial aviation will have new and greater opportunities for which it will be all the better prepared by reason of the training and experience it is now getting."

When you travel by Air *make reservations early; please cancel early if plans change.* When you use Air Express *speed delivery by dispatching shipments as soon as they're ready.* Air Transport Association, 1515 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

IF YOU'VE DONE YOUR BIT, NOW DO YOUR BEST—BUY BONDS!

THE AIRLINES OF THE UNITED STATES

AIR TRANSPORT GETS THERE FIRST... PASSENGERS... MAIL... AIR EXPRESS

Laney Draws a Limey

Continued from page 18

n running down and Mom got nerv-

Helene Hamilton Taylor! If you're o something!" she wailed.

Who? Me?" I said.

played with the idea all morning while s hoeing, and after lunch when Mom the boy friend for a walk, I only ed till they were out of sight before hipped upstairs and took a bath, and lay down on my bed to figure out the way to knock the shock out of lan.

d take him to the Country Club dance ght, I decided. With that beard, he'd riot; he'd find out who was the circus, or me. Stimulate, h'mm? That ought be easy. Hadn't I watched Dorothy nour often enough at the movies? Just ax and kind of droop your eyelids and "Dah-ling!" with a sort of sigh in it . . . got up and stood in front of the mirror practiced looking Dorothy Lamour- I waved my hand and asked, "Won't . . . sit down?" They always say that plays.

WAS so busy I couldn't believe it was four already when I heard the front door ng and Mom's voice say, "Wouldn't like to make the tea, Mr. Sin Gin?" The English think no one can stew tea them, so Mom lets them. They warm earthenware pot just so, and put in one spoon for each cup and one for the pot.

"Just a suspicion of sugar in the pot kes it draw better," Sin Gin was saying wnstairs. A suspicion of sugar! I snorted d went to get dressed.

When I came and stood in the living-om door, Mom gasped and the tall ip's teaspoon clattered on his saucer as stood up, practically hitting the ceiling, s eyes glued on my white organdy, with e bunch of pink roses on the shoulder d my hair that I'd brushed and brushed l it was nearly as shiny as my smile.

I murmured, "Sorry to be late, Mom. ay I . . . sit down?"

"Why not?" Mom said, bewildered.

All through tea, the Sin Gin kept steal-g glances at me, and I must admit if you haven't seen anyone except in dirty pants and a scowl, there was quite a difference, but there was an odd light in his very blue eyes, so I was glad I'd dabbed perfume behind my ears to give me courage.

Once when I handed him a fresh cup of tea and let my fingers brush his, he jumped as if I were a hot poker. Well, I decided, I had the victim flat all right; now for the warm-up treatment.

"Do you dance?" I asked, sweet as the cover on a candy box. "Would you like to go to the club with me tonight, Mr.—er—Saint John?" When he was in America, he could just talk American.

"I'd love to go," he said. "Will they dance any of those old Indian dances I've heard so much about?" His face was dead-pan, but way back in his blue eyes was a spark that might or might not be the candles on Mom's tea tables. "Oh sure," I told him. "But I don't think Aunt Minnehaha will be there."

"Laney!" Mom gasped. And then we all three whooped with laughter and by the time we'd wiped our eyes, we felt quite well acquainted, and Sin Gin said his friends called him Lofty. "Okay, Lofty," I said. I certainly was relieved not to have to yodel, "Vivian" at him in front of the gang.

We walked to the dance because otherwise the rationing board wouldn't let us have one, and we had to go right by the ammunition dump, with its arc lights blazing down on the road, and the mounted patrol was checking in on that little telephone on the pole just inside the barbed wire fence, when we went by. It was hard to believe that behind those trees where I'd played tag when I was a kid were tons and tons of TNT, I told Lofty.

"Let's forget TNT for one night," Lofty begged, sliding his not-so-cool eyes over me. "It's hard to believe I'm here with you, but not hard to take, really." He was warming up, all right, and not with blankets.

Lofty was a riot at the dance, but not the way I planned. A murmur went around the room when the gang first saw me standing there beside the beard, but when we began to dance—Boy, could that Limey give! He was smooth as last year's tire—what I mean is, he was *good*. After the first dance, there was a bargain-counter rush to where we stood, and that snip, Jenny Saunders, made him first, with a lot of hooey about how she thought a beard was *so* virile.

"Go on. Put her out of her misery," I told Lofty.

He and Jenny danced three dances without stopping, and naturally I knew it was her fault, but when Lofty came back all pepped up about how hospitable American girls were, I told him coldly, "We always serve mush Saturday nights. It's an old Indian custom."

"Mush?" Lofty said. "We call it porridge . . . Oh." There was nothing slow about this limey; he learned fast. The twinkle came back into his eyes and he grinned, "Dance, Laney?" It was the first time he'd called me Laney.

A sax moaned, he held out his arms, and I went into them, and it was like coming home. You know how it is. You go places and see things and it's simply super, but when you get home, there's your own white bed and the things you had when you were a kid, still around the room. . . . You belong in this place. And Lofty and I belonged, dancing together.

And then it happened. The orchestra swung into a hot number called, Bless 'Em All. I'd heard plenty of English ratings singing parodies of it, some you couldn't print and some just funny, and I sang under my breath:

"Bless all the sergeants and WOIs,
Bless all the corporals and their blinking sons.
For we're saying farewell to them all,
As back to our billets we crawl.
You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean,
So cheer up, my lads, bless 'em all!"

"Why, Lofty, what's the matter?" I asked, for he'd lost step, and when I looked up his face was white under the tan. "Let's go outside," I said. It was dark and cooler out on the dimmed-out golf links. We sat down on a bunker and I urged, "Now, tell me."

"There was a chap, Goldy," Lofty began. His voice was all frozen up again, the way it had been this morning. "He was my 'oppo'. He—he used to play that, nights, in the mess, on his mouth organ."

"What's an 'oppo'?" I helped him along when he stopped.

"Navy for 'opposite'—chum, I guess you'd call it."

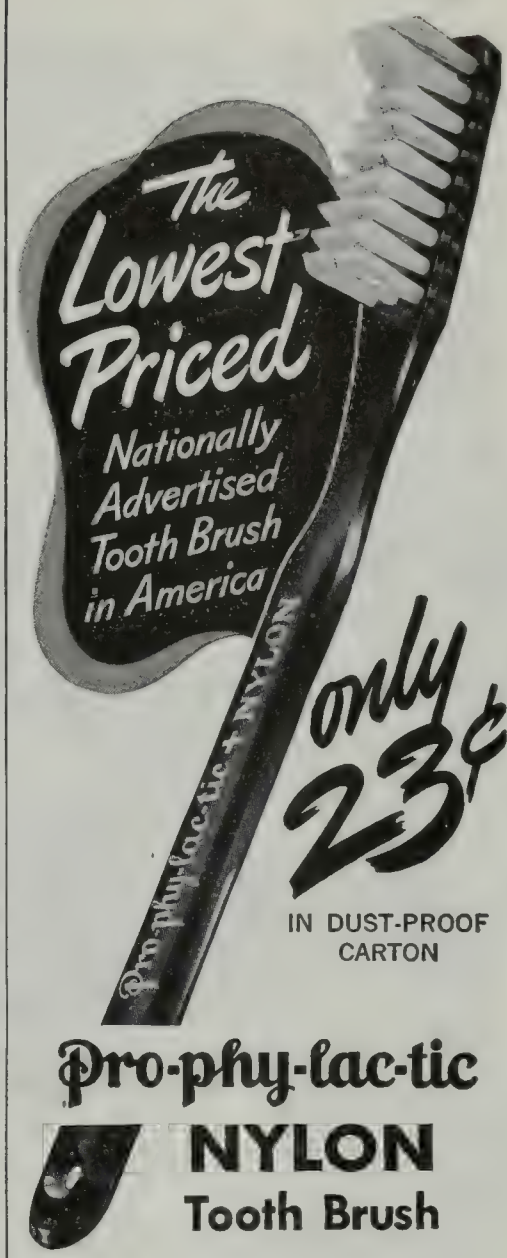
HE'D never had a close friend, Lofty explained, till he met Goldy on the Torrid, because Lofty's mother had died when he was born and he'd been brought up by a rather grim maiden aunt who couldn't stand noise. He'd been so alone that later at school, he didn't quite know how to fit in. When the war broke out and he'd got in the navy, he hadn't fitted there, at first, either.

"I was a schoolmaster," Lofty explained. "But I didn't go in for a commission."

Goldy was a tough little Cockney paper boy who had the hammock next to Lofty's and he took the tall schoolteacher under his wing. Once when a bully began knocking Lofty about, Goldy had yelled, "Lay off 'im, see?" and hit the bully on the back of the head with a beer bottle. After that he and Lofty were seldom apart; they drank lousy whisky together at Gibraltar and were both in the St. Nazaire scramble; they even made a bet who could raise the best beard before they got back to blighty.

"We weren't going to shave them off

COLLIER'S "Tastes just like old rags, doesn't it?" VIRGIL PARTCH



BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

MEN WHO USED TO CRUISE ON

MAGNIFICENT BIG YACHTS

MIGHT THEN HAVE PAID TOO

MUCH FOR WHISKEY. BUT NOW IN

MATTINGLY & MOORE THEY'VE FOUND A

MELLOWER & MILDER WHISKEY THAN

MANY BRANDS COSTING MUCH

MORE MONEY. SO WHY NOT

MAKE THIS DISCOVERY YOURSELF?

MERELY ASK FOR

M & M TONIGHT!

The best of 'em is

M&M

MATTINGLY & MOORE BLENDED WHISKEY

80 proof—72½% grain neutral spirits.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc.,
Louisville & Baltimore.

An Explanation to our Friends

If your bar or package store is sometimes out of M & M, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our prewar stocks to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other war products. (Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.)

"It's wonderful to be able to say, 'Fill 'er up!'"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

till we got a couple of Jerries," Lofty explained to me. "But one night last week . . . there was a bit of a blow on, and the Old Lady was pitching and rolling; we were off duty and Goldy was lying there playing that tune on his mouth organ and all at once . . ." He couldn't go on but I knew; the torpedo had struck without warning, and Goldy, Lofty's oppo, would never play that on his mouth organ any more.

Lofty was sitting there beside me, still as a stone. It was funny but it wasn't he and Goldy struggling there in the dark water, fighting for their lives that got me; it was the little boy, Lofty, who'd never fitted in and who was alone again. I could just see how he'd looked, with his thin legs, and his soft brown hair, and his big scared blue eyes . . . the poor lonesome little kid!

"Why, you're crying!" Lofty said, bewildered, as if he couldn't believe anyone would care that much what happened to him.

And then I lifted my chin and he kissed me, hard, and fireworks went off all over the sky. We sat there for quite a while with his arm around me, and you could feel the little wind like lips on your cheek, and Lofty murmured, "Sweet?"

So he felt the same way I did, and I'd been right about our belonging together, even when we were dancing. Anyone needed someone to come home to, to let things out to, and I'd be that one for him. Things happened fast these days. I'd never stand up in a church and call him Vivian, but you could say, "I, Laney, take thee, Lofty . . ."

"There's something I wish you'd help me with, Laney," Lofty said after a while, taking away his arm to light a cigarette. "There's a girl in London named Alice. I wrote her directly we docked yesterday, but I'd like to send her something from here—more, well, personal. Silk stockings, maybe. Will you help me pick them out?"

I came back to earth with a crash that made me sick all over. So he already had a girl in London named Alice! He wasn't the kind that sent a girl silk stockings unless— Oh, my goodness! Had I said anything to give myself away? What did he think I was, after that kiss? Just a common little floozie who snuggled up to any sailor handy? I wanted to die, but all I could do was to get up and run. If I could only get home before I let go!

"What's the matter?" Lofty asked, coming after me.

I yanked my arm away from his hand. "Leave me alone!" And then I did what I'd been aching to that morning, I reached up and gave his beard a good hard pull, and he let go, all right.

"I'm sorry I kissed you, if that's it," Lofty said. "But I thought . . ." H thought I'd kissed him back, and I hac

When we got home, I rushed up to m room and shut the door, but I couldn' shut out how I felt. I threw myself on m bed by the window, remembering hov strong his arms had been, and his lips . Oh, I hated him, I hated him . . .

WE ALWAYS have pancakes fo breakfast Sunday, but when I came downstairs that morning, Mom wasn't in the kitchen frying them; she was just coming in the front door. She had on a sweater and skirt and she said, not looking at me, "Lofty had to go back to his ship. I walked down to the early bus with him." She knew there was something wrong between us, but she wouldn't ask what it was. Mom is swell.

I stared at her, swallowing. So Lofty was gone. I should have realized how sensitive he was; but I'd been thinking of myself and not him. After sleeping on them, things always look different and I saw now that he'd had to tell me about Alice. It was the only fair thing to do. If I hadn't acted like a peevish kid—jeepers, a swell mess I'd made of things!

"Don't you want any pancakes?" Mom asked, alarmed.

"I'm not hungry," I told her. "I—I think I'll take Ledgie for a run."

I wasn't hungry the next day either. Mom had one of those liver messes for dinner that are good for your iron or something, and Pop said, Why hadn't he stayed in Chicago? Give him a boiled egg, Pop said. And Mom said, Boil it himself. Oh, we were just one big happy family, about as miserable as I felt. If I could just see Lofty and tell him I was sorry.

"Pop," I said, talking very fast, "what about taking me to the Union Jack Club dance tomorrow night?" They had dances there for the boys Tuesdays and maybe Lofty would be there, if his ship hadn't sailed already.

Pop and Mom looked at each other and I knew they were talking with their eyes about Lofty and me and how there hadn't been time for this to be serious.

"How old were you, Pop, when you fell for Mom?" I asked him.

"Seven," Pop said, twinkling at Mom and forgetting the liver. "She was a towheaded kid with freckles and she whanged me one with a toy spade. . . . Oh, oh!" He grinned at me when he saw the pit he'd fallen into, and I knew I'd won. . . .

I wore my new blue linen with the cerise jacket when Pop and I went into Boston on the bus because naturally we don't use the jalopy for pleasure, and Pop said, "I see you've got your war paint on. You really like this limey, Sis?"

I looked at him, and I got all choky. Jeepers, was I going to make a fool of myself and cry?

"I see," Pop said.

The Union Jack was full of more ratings than I'd known there were in the world, drinking beer and laughing in one room and dancing in another, and, of course, I'd rather die than ask for Lofty. I was wondering desperately how I'd find out if the Torrid had sailed when Lofty's voice said behind me, "Good evening, Miss Laney. Your pater said you wanted to see me."

I'd come all this way to talk to him, but when I looked up at him, I couldn't say a word. I didn't have to. The orchestra was playing, and Lofty opened his arms and I went into them and it was just the same as before, like coming home. Was it possible he could make me feel this way and not care a little?

We danced every dance that evening and when it was time to leave, Pop held out his hand and said, "Sorry to miss you last week end, old man. Why don't you come out this Saturday and get acquainted?"

"That's kind of you, sir," Lofty said.

Oh, gosh, families were swell! I snuggled up to Pop on the way back on the bus, and the world kept on going round and round in a waltz with Lofty's arms around me. He was coming out Saturday. I slept the rest of the way home with my head on Pop's shoulder.

LOFTY spent four week ends with us after that, for his ship had to be almost completely refitted after the torpedoing, and he didn't mention Alice again, and you can bet I didn't, either, so that after a while, she came to seem like someone I'd dreamed, not real at all. He didn't kiss me again, either, but those days were like Christmas and Easter and your birthday all rolled into one, even though we did only the same old things.

Lofty and I hiked, picnicked, drove Ledgie and laughed. I even deviled him into carrying buckets of water for my Victory garden, because it had been terribly dry for weeks now, and Mom was worried, with the ammunition dump so near, and the woods coming down on us on three sides and people so careless about cigarettes.

Mom and Pop both liked Lofty.

Almost every evening we'd go for a stroll in our lane. We called it that, because it reminded Lofty of the sunken lanes in England, but it was really only an old logging road nobody used that ran through the woods back of our place and came out on the main road at the dump. The underbrush and fallen trees were thick from what we still call in New England "The Hurricane," and we'd sit down on a log and talk about how we both hated spaghetti and loved Rhapsody in Blue, and around us the night would smell of wild honeysuckle.

But our last week end started off badly. The weather was terrible, for one thing, hot, with a strong, dry wind blowing dirt into my face when the bus stopped, and I knew the minute I saw Lofty that something was cooking.

I burst out, scared, "The Torrid's sailing!" But Lofty only grinned down at me. I said irritably, glaring at his beard, "Why don't you shave that thing off? It doesn't match your hair."

"Not till I get a couple of Jerries," Lofty said stubbornly. "One for me and one for Goldy. Lord, it's hot!"

"It's going to storm," I told him. "Well, we need rain."

But there was the same uneasy electric feeling between Lofty and me, too, and when I tried to find out what was the matter, he acted as if he wanted to tell me but didn't know how to begin. It was maddening, for I imagined so many things. Then later, when he bent over to water my poor, cindery beans, a picture fell out of his pocket, and I looked at it lying there, with a sinking feeling. It was a girl and she was pretty, all right, with lovely fair hair waving back from her forehead and big honest eyes.

"Is that—Alice?" I asked him, running my tongue over my dry lips and bending to pick up a cutworm that wasn't there. "What's her last name, Lofty?"

"Yes. Perkins," Lofty said, picking up the picture and putting it back in his pocket. "I'll be seeing her quite soon now," Lofty admitted, "but, Lord, I'll hate telling her—" He stopped, miserable, and I finished for him in my mind, *"about us."*

So that was it; he hadn't known how to tell me he was going back to Alice. Well, I had *some* pride, I hoped; I started for the house.

"Where are you going?" Lofty asked.

"To help Mom. She—she's got a sick headache," I called back.

I rushed into the kitchen where Mom

ALFRED by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE

"Yes, I know Milton is doing his work properly, Alfred. Now just see that your searchlight is polished"

COLLIER'S

GINGIVITIS

may be attacking your gums this very moment!

4 OUT OF 5 May get it—Neglect often leads to dreaded PYORRHEA

If you want your teeth to continue to look healthy and handsome—don't neglect your gums! *Healthy teeth need firm gums.* And one of the most common enemies of healthy teeth and firm gums is GINGIVITIS, which may attack 4 out of 5 people.

While Gingivitis is a mild gum inflammation—*never* neglect it, because it often leads to Pyorrhea with its soft, receding gums and loosening teeth which only your Dentist can help. So see him every 3 months. Then at home here's—

One Best Way To Help Guard Against Gingivitis

Massage your gums and brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste. Forhan's is the *first* and original toothpaste made *especially* for both massaging gums to be firmer—more able to ward off infection and for cleaning teeth to their natural brilliant lustre. Forhan's also helps remove that acid film which so often starts tooth decay. No wonder so many dentists have used and recommended Forhan's for so many years! At all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

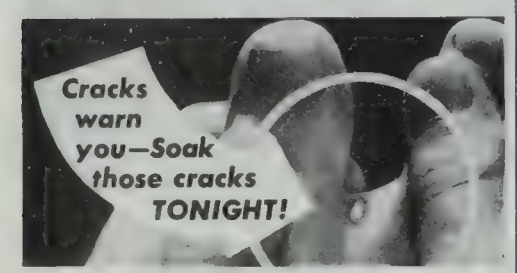
How 95% GINGIVITIS CASES Improved in 30 Days!

Clinical investigation shows that a 30-day test was made with hundreds upon hundreds of people who had Gingivitis. Approximately half were first given dental prophylaxis. ALL were instructed to massage their gums twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste. In 30 days—95% of the Gingivitis patients *improved!* Get *your* tube of Forhan's *today*—start massaging *your* gums with Forhan's *tonight!*

use **Forhan's** *with massage*

FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

It's the extra perspiration that comes with extra wartime walking that feeds the Athlete's Foot fungi—makes them grow that much faster. Then, when cracks appear between your toes, the ever-present fungi get in through the cracks and attack raw flesh. Toes redden and itch, skin flakes off, every step hurts because you've got Athlete's Foot.



Spread your toes apart carefully. At the first sign of a crack, drench toes with Absorbine Jr. Use full strength and repeat night and morning.

1. **Absorbine Jr. is an effective fungicide. It *kills* the Athlete's Foot fungi on *contact*.**
2. **It dissolves the perspiration products on which the Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.**
3. **It dries the skin between the toes.**
4. **It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.**
5. **It eases itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.**

Athlete's Foot is serious—don't let it lay you off your job. Always keep Absorbine Jr. handy. It's the nationwide favorite for relieving this painful skin infection. At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, address W. F. Young, Inc., 201P Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

PROOF that Athlete's Foot fungi DIE AT TOUCH of Absorbine Jr.

Fungi growing fast. Photomicrograph of Athlete's Foot fungi. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, irritates delicate nerve endings. No wonder Athlete's Foot causes severe pain!

Fungi dead. Photomicrograph shows Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot fungi as they are reached. No longer can they grow and cause you pain and misery.

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases, consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.

ABSORBINE JR.
KILLS ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGI ON CONTACT!

was stirring applesauce on the stove and grabbed the spoon out of her hand, begging, "Listen, Mom. You're sick, see? Go to bed. Please!"

Mom's mouth opened and shut. She gasped, "But, Laney . . ."

"Didn't you ever want to pretend before you and Pop were married that you were keeping house?" I asked her. "Lofty's sailing and we got only a little time . . . Oh, please." Mom's eyes got sorry and she said, "Oh," and kissed me and went to her room, and I felt like a worm. But how could I tell her I had to keep busy because I couldn't bear to be alone with Lofty, with Alice's picture in that little pocket, closer to him than breathing?

I got lunch, washed up the dishes, swept the living room, and then I polished the silver tea set. Lofty didn't have a chance to get a word in edgeways all afternoon. He looked like a puppy that's been kicked when it expected to be fed; and I wasn't feeling any too hot myself. My head ached and the kitchen was a furnace, but when you opened the window, the wind blew out the oil stove.

I was just washing up the supper dishes and thinking I felt the way the dishrag looked, limp and greasy, when Lofty strode out into the kitchen and shut the door that I'd left open on purpose because Pop was there reading.

"Come on, young lady. We're going for a walk—alone," Lofty said grimly.

"But the dishes. And . . . and it's going to rain. . . ."

"Never mind the dishes. I hope it's a cloudburst. Come on!" Lofty ordered savagely, and it was swell having him boss me and feeling his hard hand on my arm.

We went down our lane, and it was so dark we had to feel our way, almost, and the wind blew dry leaves and pine needles in our faces. When we finally sat down on a log, we could see the lights of the ammunition dump against the sky, but where we were was black shadow. Lofty put his arm around me. Oh, gosh, he was going to kiss me at last, and I couldn't bear it, because the kiss wouldn't be mine, it'd be Alice's. . . .

"Laney!" Lofty said when I turned my lips away, but there was a funny proud note in his voice as if he wouldn't beg me, and it was only then I gave up hope. I'd been hoping all along for a miracle, but I saw now he had to go back. If he let down Alice who trusted him, he wouldn't be my Lofty.

"THERE'S a car coming down the lane," Lofty said suddenly.

That was funny. Nobody used this awful road. I pulled myself together and looked, and it was a car, with only parking lights on, coming very slowly.

"Are they crazy!" I gasped, for someone had tossed a lighted cigarette out of the car window, into the woods! And then another arc of sparks spiraled into the tindery woods on the other side of the car, and when the wind caught it, little flames leaped up. . . .

"Firebugs!" I whispered, but the word yelled in my brain. If a fire got a head start in the shaving-dry woods with this wind. . . . Jeepers, the wind was blowing straight toward the ammunition dump!

Lofty must have realized this at the same moment I did, for he gave me a little shove and ordered, "Run! Give the alarm! I'll do what I can, but we'll need help!"

But before I could start, the car which had been coming on slowly stopped in front of us, and when another cigarette fell almost at our feet, we could see a rag tied to it and smell gasoline.

Lofty gave a little snarl in his throat and leaped. He was up on the running board, yanking out the driver, before I could speak. I couldn't move either, watching, like a bad dream, Lofty and the firebug rolling over and over on the ground, reaching for each other's throat.

I picked up a stone but Lofty yelled, "Quick, Laney. Run!"

There was a second man getting out of the car, coming straight for me. Oh, my gosh. I sweat all over even now, remembering how I ran, with my heart thumping and my feet slipping over roots and stones, and behind me the rising flames and the dark shape of a man coming like Frankenstein or The Thin Man or something. The crashing behind me in the bushes came closer and closer. My breath was coming in sobs and I couldn't run much more.

I made it to the dump, but when I got there, the patrol wasn't in sight, only the lights blazing down on the barbed wire and telephone poles, trying to tell me something. Why, of course: The phone on the pole!

"Help! Fire! Help!"

I had time to yank off the receiver and yell this much before the hand closed over my mouth. I fought and clawed, but I was choking and everything began to go round and round and get black.

"You all right, Laney?" This must be heaven. I could breathe; Lofty's arm was around me, and a man was lying there, very still, on the ground.

"If he's hurt you—" A siren drowned out Lofty's voice as a big, lovely red fire engine came roaring out of the ammunition dump, and the place simply exploded M.P.s and firemen and soldiers. In no time at all, they were swarming all over those woods with hose and axes and spades.

"I feel swell," I told Lofty. "What's the matter with your eye?"

"I must have run into a tree," Lofty told me.

Then the sergeant in charge came up, and we told him about the other man and the car in the woods and how we happened to be there, and who we were.

"It sure was lucky you two chose just that spot to pitch a little woo, Miss Taylor," the sergeant said. "That guy who tackled you looks like he'd been claw by a wild cat!"

"Phooey," I said. "Lofty knocked hi out and the other egg, too."

"Nice going, Limey. You oughta get couple of stripes for them two Na mugs," the sergeant promised grimly.

"Thank you. I'm getting my commi sion rather soon," Lofty told him. H looked at me and added firmly, "And ge ting married."

I knew it, I knew it. To Alice! But h hadn't even told me about his commi sion. If you dare bawl, Laney Taylor. . . But I'd been through too much, I gues

LOFTY just took my arm and steered m off up the road home; if there's any thing an Englishman hates, it's a scene

"I suppose your Alice never cries!" sniffed.

"What do you mean, my Alice?"

"Lofty Saint John!" I cried. "Do you mean to tell me . . ."

"Naturally, she's Goldy's girl," Lofty said, surprised. "Why else would I be writing her what happened to him. I found her address and picture among his things. Why, my poor sweet!"

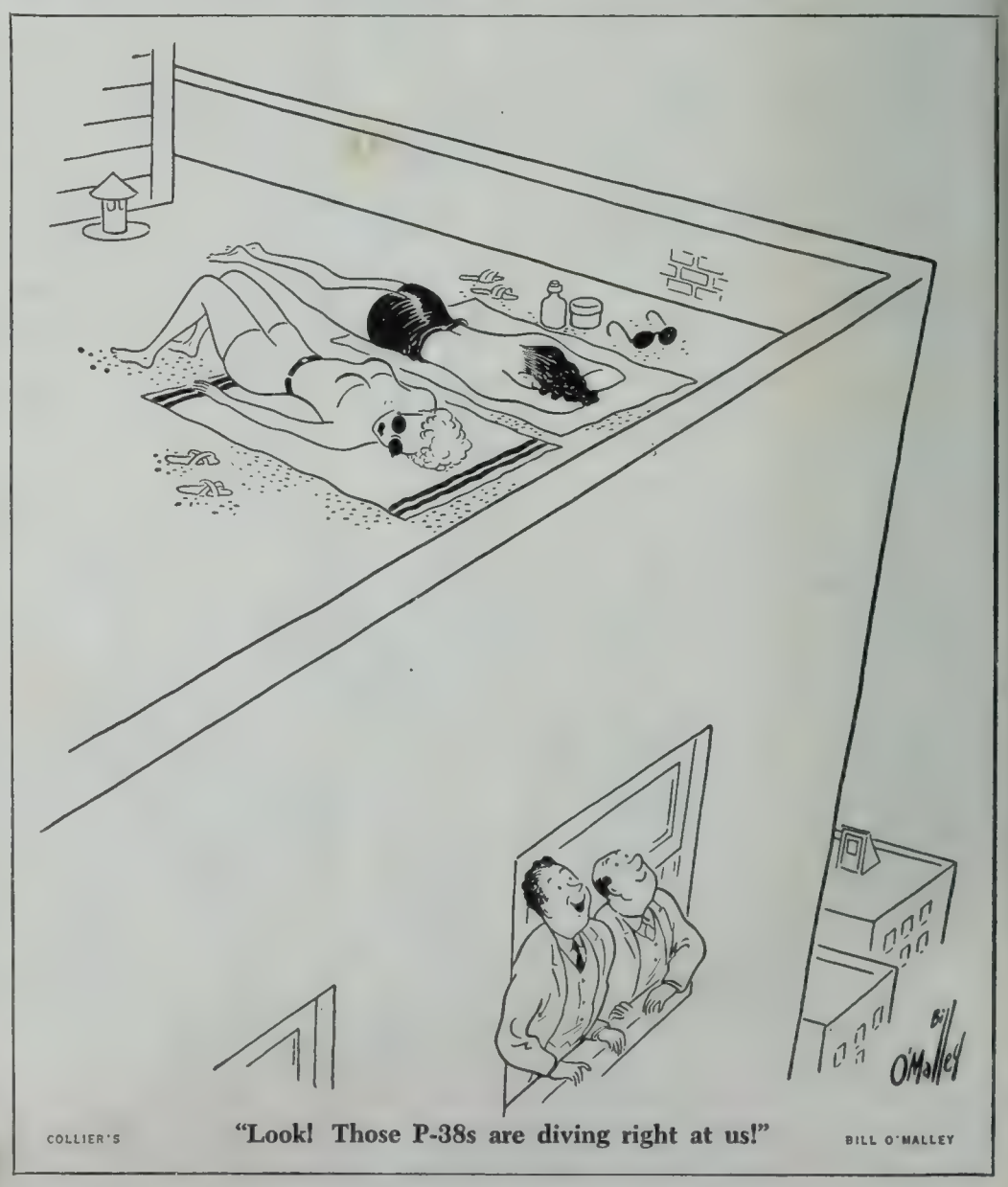
He grabbed me up in his arms and kissed me hungrily, and behind us a soldier whistled and, as if it were a signal, the rain came down in buckets. I didn't care. The whole ammunition dump could have exploded then; I wouldn't have noticed.

When I came to, we were turning into our yard, and Lofty's wet beard was tickling my cheek. "Well, you can shed that now," I told me. "You got your Jerries."

"I got you," Lofty said, as if that was all that mattered. "I'll shave it off for our wedding tomorrow, if you like."

Our wedding! "Darling!" I cried. But it wasn't at all like I'd practiced it; it was the real thing. I felt sorry for Dorothy Lamour; she hadn't been kissed by Lofty under our dripping lilac tree, or heard him murmur, "Sweet?"

THE END



COLLIER'S "Look! Those P-38s are diving right at us!" BILL O'MALLEY

Living Costs UP!

Electricity DOWN!

• Food, fuel and clothing are higher. But electricity is still cheap! Since August, 1940, the cost of living has gone up 22%. During the same three years, *the average price of household electricity has dropped 9%!*

• Today, electricity for the average household costs only about *half* as much as it did fifteen years ago. If your bill is a *little* higher than it was then, that's because you use a *lot* more electric appliances. *And you're getting twice as much for your money!*

• Why is electricity so cheap? Because the electric companies under *experienced business management* have done a better and better job of bringing the benefits of electricity to more and more families at lower and lower prices.

Hear "REPORT TO THE NATION," news program of the week, every Tuesday evening, 9:30, E.W.T., Columbia Broadcasting System.

THIS PAGE SPONSORED BY A GROUP OF 124

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES★

SELF-SUPPORTING, TAX-PAYING BUSINESSES

★*Names on request from this magazine.*

DON'T WASTE ELECTRICITY JUST BECAUSE IT ISN'T RATIONED!

"THEY CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!"

RONSON REDSKIN 'FLINTS'. The distinctive 'REDSKIN' coating is your guarantee of high quality—extra-length, tempered hardness, showers of sure-fire sparks, freedom from powdering and from other deterioration.

RONSONOL Fuel — quick lighting, clean burning. RONSON Wicks — high absorption, long service.

If your RONSON needs attention, send it to RONSON (Service Dept., Newark, 2, N.J.) for servicing at minimum cost.

AND GO SMOOTHLY

with ENDERS SPEED SHAVER

With an Enders Speed Shaver—you don't have to worry about blade scarcity. You can buy the new Enders Strop outfit and make every double-thick Enders blade do the work of a dozen ordinary blades. Here is your chance to really *save* steel and get "new blade" smoothness every shave. Get an Enders Speed Shaver at your drugstore.

Send $1 for Enders Special Stropper—can be used only on Enders Speed Blades. No C.O.D.'s.

ENDERS *SPEED* SHAVER

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., DEPT. C, MYSTIC, CONN.

Waiting orders for the dash
Our hero thought
he'd take a splash.
The land's best bet
Was the Sultan's pet,
But the MP's took a flash.

BRIGHT STAR BATTERIES

You can't buy them as before
When it's over there'll be more

It Happens in Moscow

Continued from page 19

America with a surplus supply. Downs had a package of smoking tobacco, but there's no cigarette paper in Moscow. Two great journalistic minds pondered the problem, and then canny Nichol, with a triumphant cry, drew from his pocket a book of subway tickets. These are printed on very thin paper.

The two masterminds hurriedly rolled cigarettes, using subway tickets and walked happily around the circle, the cynosure of envious eyes. It is hardly a sight one would see at a fashionable New York opening but it seemed quite normal in the lobby of the Filial theater.

Military Boys Are Ballet Fans

The ballet theater and moving picture houses are packed every night in wartime Moscow. At present we have a large military mission in Moscow and the boys are great ballet fans. Hard-boiled sergeants who a year ago were arguing as to the relative merits of Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis now argue just as heatedly about Ulanova, Lepeshinskaya and Semenova. I heard such an argument the other night in the lobby of the Filial between acts of the ballet Don Quixote, which starred vivacious Lepeshinskaya, a favorite of most Americans here.

"Okay, okay. So Leppy is great in Don Quixote," the sergeant was saying to his pal. "But what the hell, brother. How about her arms? They ain't long enough to work in Swan Lake. Leppy don't look like a swan. Now Ulanova really is a swan when she's giving out in that second act of Swan Lake. And how about her arms? Yeah, what about her arms?"

"You forget about Semenova. She's no palooka, you know. Her hand movements in Bakhchisaraiski Fontan got me, all right, and nobody can give out with Fouette like her."

"She can't sell me nothing," his pal said scornfully, and then the bell rang and they hurried to their seats.

Moscow loves its theater. In addition to the Moscow Art Theater, the Maly, Filial, Stanislavski and other old-established theaters, there are many others situated in various Moscow parks. There are five in a park called the Hermitage, only a few minutes from the center of the city, and three in the Park of Culture and Rest. The huge Bolshoi Theater, bombed more than a year ago, is still closed, but Moscow rejoices over rumors that it's to reopen soon. In all, there are thirty theaters in Moscow and there's seldom an empty seat in any of them.

The most popular dramas are the old favorites like Anna Karenina, The Marriage of Figaro, and The Cherry Orchard (in which Chekhov's wife, for whom it was written, still appears), while in opera The Queen of Spades (Tchaikovsky), Carmen (Bizet), A Life for the Czar (Glinka), and Traviata (Verdi) bring in the crowds.

Every Man His Own Critic

Dmitri Shostakovich, who lives across the square from me at the Moscoa Hotel and whose Seventh Symphony raised such rapturous praises when performed in New York last year, is not considered quite the greatest in Moscow, where the critical faculties are very well developed. Factory workers, streetcar conductors, and Red army men and women will argue that Dmitri, while a nice young guy, really doesn't belong in the same league with such big-timers as Tchaikovsky, Moussorgsky, Rachmaninoff or the brilliant Khachaturian.

The Soviet Union has lost nearly one third of all European Russia, and sixty million of her people have been killed, captured or temporarily enslaved in occupied territory. Yet Moscow, much as she grieves in private, sees no reason for giving up her theater and operas.

All our military people here speak the language. With typical Army efficiency, they were all trained in Russian before being appointed to this post. It's strange to hear unmistakable Brooklyn or Middle Western accents arguing amiably in Russian. All correspondents, too (with the exception of this one), know Russian fairly well, and when we play hearts or gin rummy (our only dissipation), we usually play in Russian. Families of correspondents here might blink in surprise if they heard fond sons or husbands look at a hand and cry out with disgust *"Ochen plokho!"* which means a very lousy hand.

If I may bring up the delicate subject of the drinking of alcoholic liquids, it might prove educational to future visitors to Moscow. As I mentioned, we get only vodka, wine and on rare occasions Russian champagne, an excellent if rather sweet drink. We are rationed on vodka, being allowed to buy four liters (about three and a half quarts) per month. It costs about 120 rubles (24 dollars) a quart at the official rate of exchange.

Say what you will about vodka, it's not a lovable drink. I can't imagine anyone becoming a vodka addict because he likes the taste and, as a steady companion, vodka is a dreary, unpalatable friend. The brightest minds in the American embassy have invented a drink composed of one third vodka and two thirds canned grapefruit juice, which is excellent. But the supply of grapefruit juice has just become exhausted. We do all we can to disguise the taste of vodka, but only one intrepid correspondent has actually solved the problem.

I had a personal interest in his experiment because it was made on the occasion of my birthday. The scientist responsible is Walter Kerr, of the New York Herald Tribune. When we have a birthday party such as mine, we all contribute whatever we have. Most of us contributed vodka, but Eddie Gilmore of the Associated Press and Harold King of Reuter's each managed to snare a bottle of champagne. It was Kerr who invaded the kitchen of the Metropole Hotel, where correspondents are quartered, to produce three lemons, an unheard-of luxury here. And then this genius went to work.

The idea, he said, came to him in a dream. He squeezed three lemons a large glass pitcher, cut the rinds up threw them in, poured in a bottle of vo after that, and then filled the pitcher v champagne. The drink was *ochen kh sho*—as the boys say when they want bestow particular praise on someth Kerr had one thing to add that made look at him in awe. It proved the va of the scholarly influence of the Her Tribune.

"I have named this drink Katusha!" said solemnly.

Katusha is the name of a very fam Russian gun which we are not allowed write about. It has killed many Germa It is a great antipersonnel weapon. So this drink, but it makes birthdays hea for very homesick correspondents.

Moscow never forgets that there's a w on and that this war is in her back yar Rings of antiaircraft guns encircle the ci and are manned by men and women wh are eternally vigilant. I have visited the and can bear testimony.

No Complacency in This Cit

No bomb has dropped on Moscow fo a year, but we all know that many time German bombers have attempted to ge through the outer defenses of the city onl to be repulsed by antiaircraft guns an night fighters, and we have had "alerts." Perhaps the enemy bombers will breal through some night. Moscow is ready Air wardens are on duty at every offic building, factory and block of apartmen houses. We see them when we come back home at night, standing alert in the stil pale light, for darkness doesn't really come to Moscow now until close to midnight. Yes, we expect air raids soon. But we have faith in defenses, both military and civilian.

Moscow is already thinking of next winter. Every factory, every civil, social and political organization sends selected groups into the country for short periods. There they fell trees, cut trunks into logs and cart wood back to Moscow. There was a shortage of fuel last winter in Moscow, and thousands of apartments had to go without heat. There will be no shortage of wood next winter.

It would be absurd to say that the people of Moscow have all they want to eat these days. Naturally, the best food and plenty of it goes to the front. No one here would wish anything else.

The staple diet of the ordinary family is

"... and to my brother-in-law, George, I leave the sum of one dollar . . . sit down, George—I knew you'd beef . . . and to . . ."

COLLIER'S BILL KING

The fabric of American life is woven of simple familiar things. Home and neighbors—a movie around the corner—a table of bridge or a game of horseshoes. Millions of Americans every day enjoy these simple human things in the pleasant company of a glass of friendly SCHLITZ . . brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, none of the bitterness.

Years of No bitterness

Just the KISS of the hops . . .

Schlitz

—all of the delicate hop flavor—none of the bitterness. Once you taste that famous flavor found only in Schlitz, you'll never go back to a bitter brew. Since 1849, America's most distinguished beer.

In 12-oz. bottles and Quart Guest Bottles. On tap, too!

Copyright 1943, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

ARMY'S B-26 MARAUDER

BRITAIN'S BALTIMORE

THEY'RE WRITING HEADLINES WITH A MARTIN MARAUDER

ALEX . . . JOE . . . STEVE . . . ED . . . and BILL. You know them. Alex, who used to bring your groceries . . . Joe . . . Steve . . . Ed and Bill, who used to go with little Sally Miller. Likeable, quick-to-laugh young Americans. Give them the best aerial schooling in the world, put them in a rocket-fast, Martin B-26 Marauder, and they're a flyin', fightin' team that wins!

There's a reason for this, of course. Aircraft are highly complicated mechanical devices . . . and these boys were fitting together mechanical gadgets, tinkering with tools, racing old jalopies, when their adversaries were learning to "heil" and "banzai." They've got the feel of speed, the mechanical know-how that makes natural born pilots, gunners and bombardiers.

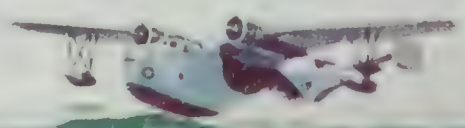
This same instinctive technical skill gives America fighting planes like the Martin B-26 Marauder . . . Sleek, graceful, packed with speed, power and punch, it's the kind of plane that makes young America's eyes light up . . . makes him say, "Put me down for the Air Force!"

What's more, American technical skill is going to play a major role in fashioning the future. Already Martin has completed plans for giant airliners of 125 or more tons . . . mighty ships that will bring distant nations to within hours of your doorstep. At the same time, our Army and Navy airmen, imbued with the thrill of flight, the love of speed, are resolving never to be shackled to earth again. They're in the air . . . to stay!

Alex . . . Joe . . . Steve . . . Ed . . . and Bill. They're doing more than win a war. They're building a world that will take your breath away.

THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY, BALTIMORE
THE GLENN L. MARTIN-NEBRASKA COMPANY—OMAHA

NAVY'S MARTIN TRANSPORT



NAVY'S MARINER PATROL BOMBER

Martin AIRCRAFT

Builders of Dependable Aircraft Since 1909

bage or vegetable soup with black rd. Occasionally they have cereals and oy and then a piece of meat. But this ie meager as it would be to an American ny, seems to agree with Moscowites. n rican Army doctors, here to take care f mbassy and military mission illnesses, y hat there's very little disease and no ta ation in the capital.

oscow has inaugurated a tremendous a -to-the-land movement. Every Mos- o citizen has been allotted a plot of d outside the city. Each Saturday aft- r on, one sees strange processions r ping to various railroad stations. Hun- r s of men and women and children v k along with hoes, spades and rakes v their shoulders, bound for their own t plots.

pecial trains, with transportation cost- virtually nothing, take them to the ntry. They cultivate these small plots. -wise Moscowites are rapidly becom- an urban agricultural community. ny spend the night sleeping in the open their plots of ground and then work day Sunday on their potatoes, carrots cabbages. Moscow newspapers tell m how to till their soil and when to nt and harvest.

Victory Gardens—Russian Style

Only yesterday one paper carried a e-one story warning people that they y had five more days in which to plant atoes, by far the most precious and ght-after vegetable in Moscow.

n the city itself, every back yard, every ant lot has been cultivated. The Ameri- embassy, on one of Moscow's main eets—Mokhovaia, had a ten-foot strip grass in front of it, running the length it. Even this has been transformed into truck farm which produces radishes, bbage and carrots.

The ambassador's residence, large asso House, is likewise half farm and, der the skilled hand of Boston-bred Ed- Page, second secretary, thirty-three ickens, three rabbits and eight ducks are ing fattened in the garage and in the rd back of the house.

City-wise Page thought he had made a n-strike when he got rabbits. He had sions of hundreds of them scampering out and later gracing the embassy table. hen weeks passed and the rabbits didn't ey their traditional function by multi- ying, a more rural-minded member of e embassy staff whispered into the ear of Page that, unfortunately, all his rabbits were of the same sex.

Now that summer has come, Moscow has thrown aside her somber winter raiment, and the streets are alive with color. Girls in bright print frocks mingle with crowds of uniformed men. The most common Red army uniform is a green blouse, dark blue trousers, black boots, and khaki cap trimmed with red. Officers wear golden epaulettes on their shoulders. The immaculate whiteness of our own naval officers' and trim U. S. Army uniforms are common sights on Gorki Street. Occasionally, a tall Cossack swaggers by complete with round fur hat and a dagger hanging at his waist.

The market on Isvetnoi Boulevard is one of the centers of Moscow life. Collective farmers who produce more than their schedule bring their surplus produce here and sell. These goods are unrationed and may be bought by anyone who has the money. I visited the market this morning. Hundreds of women stood behind counters in the open, while thousands passed by with filled baskets; and yet prices were rather high today.

Bearing in mind that a ruble is worth about 20 cents, you can figure that if a pint of milk costs 35 rubles, that's seven dollars in American money. By the same token, a broiler weighing a pound and a half costs $150; butter is $80 a pound; and enough mushrooms to garnish a steak—if you had the steak—would cost $10. This is all on the open, unrationed market.

I suggested to a Soviet official that in Britain and America the rich are given no such privileges for buying extra rations just because they have the money, and that Churchill and Roosevelt are as strictly rationed as the lowest paid worker. I said there was no open market in Britain and America.

He answered that the open market is a necessary evil, but it has the purpose of encouraging individual enterprise.

What price Communism? I'm beginning to think that this is the one country in the world with no Communism.

In the market were stalls selling flowers. Peonies, lilies of the valley, forget-me-nots, buttercups, all brought in from the country by farmers, were eagerly snatched by people who wouldn't mind the lack of meat on their tables if the table could show a few flowers.

No one could ever accuse Moscowites of being hoarders. Secure in the knowledge that pensions will take care of them in their old age and that medical care is free should illness come, they spend every ruble they earn to make life more easy. They never worry about tomorrow or borrow trouble. If you mention hard times sure to be ahead, they shrug their shoulders, smile, and murmur their favorite word, *"Nichevo!"*—which can be best translated to American expression as "So what?" Money is merely something to be quickly transformed into commodity goods.

It is typical of Moscow that, although prices are fantastically high on unrationed goods, you can obtain a precious, almost priceless icon in exchange for two bars of soap. And a dressmaker, instead of charging you rubles for embroidering a blouse, asks half a pound of sugar or a quart of vodka.

The Moscow maiden takes good care of her clothes. This is especially true of shoes, which are now virtually unobtainable except on the black market at a cost of $500. Obviously, all the leather is needed for the army.

Coming out of the opera recently, the crowd was greeted by a terrific downpour. In Moscow, everyone walks (no cabs or private cars, and the subway range is very limited).

Shoes do not last long if subjected to many downpours, and this night I saw a half dozen women remove their shoes nonchalantly, put them under their coats, and brave the rain barefooted.

Things happen in Moscow which happen nowhere else. Janet Weaver, Moscow correspondent of the New York Daily Worker, is popular with her colleagues not only because she is the only American girl who has been here throughout the war, not only because of the charm which seems to be part of any Georgia-born girl, but because she is the only woman in Russia who can make lemon meringue pie as we knew it at home. Such pie!

Star-Spangled Solo

One night there was a knock at the door of the apartment where Janet and her husband live. A fifteen-year-old girl stood there. Her name was Nadia Tomova and she was going to graduate from high school soon, she said. She had been selected to sing The Star-Spangled Banner. Nadia had a copy of the words, but did not know the tune. Hearing that Janet was an American, she had come to ask her to teach her our national anthem.

Happily, Janet once taught school in her native Georgia. She took the child to the home of a friend who had a piano; there she taught Nadia the tune and the correct pronunciation of the words. At the graduation exercises, Nadia Tomova was a terrific success.

Recently, Captain Herbert Callis, skipper of an American merchant ship temporarily anchored in a Russian port, came to Moscow for a week's vacation. I showed him around town. Captain Callis, whose home address is Blakes, Virginia, made a rather profound observation on Russia's capital.

"Friendliest damn' town I ever did see," he declared enthusiastically, in his Southern drawl. "And it's the truth that anyone in this town big enough to walk is wearing a uniform."

That's almost literally true; and those who aren't in uniform are doing other war work. Moscow is a strange town, but it's a town of friendly people. No foreigner, and very few Russians, understand this country of paradox where the unusual is typical.

But you don't have to understand Russia to know that this city of Moscow, although dedicated to war, has not allowed the scanty food, the lack of fuel and the horror of a battle front only an hour away by air to dampen its spirit or to shake its faith in its eventual destiny.

THE END

"Patrick Henry had red hair! George Washington had red hair! Thomas Jefferson had red hair! Ginger Rogers has red hair! Katharine Hepburn has red hair! Red Skelton has red hair! Red Rolfe . . ."

COLLIER'S COLIN ALLEN

ONE WOMAN'S TELLING ANOTHER

. . . for simple headaches try a "BC" Headache Powder. Its fast working prescription-type ingredients help soothe minor headache and neuralgic pain. Keep a package handy!

QUICK-ACTING "BC" for HEADACHES neuralgic and muscular pains

Headache tip to WAR WORKERS

Headaches tend to slow you down . . . impair your efficiency. Keep a package of quick-acting "BC" Headache Powders handy and be *prepared* for that next headache. 10¢ and 25¢ packages at all drug stores. Use only as directed.

IN THE Atlantic

the more war bonds you buy . . . the safer will be our supply lines to fighting fronts . . . so buy more!

IN St. Louis

the better you rest at night . . . the more efficient you'll be next day . . . so stop at

HOTEL Lennox

EVERY ROOM AIR CONDITIONED . . . NOISE-PROOFED . . . FROM $3.00

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then *cleanse* and *soothe* them the quick, easy way — use Murine.

WHAT IS MURINE?

Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients — safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops in each eye. *Right away* Murine goes to work to *relieve* the discomfort of *tired, burning* eyes. Start using Murine today.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES · REFRESHES

★ *Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps* ★

You'll Ride *Safely* on Silent Vacuum Cup Tires

YOUR Pennsylvania dealer will soon have for you the safest and greatest tire the world has ever known. It is the new Pennsylvania Silent Vacuum Cup Tire—the first really different tire in a generation—developed by the Company that will always be known for applying the vacuum principle for safety in the tire field.

Pennsylvania engineers broke away entirely from compromise designs. They invented a tread that r-o-l-l-s like a smooth tire—but "stops on a dime." Look through the glass. See how vacuum cups are formed to provide positive anti-skid protection—then *silently* released as the wheel turns.

A plus value of this revolutionary design is that it greatly increases the mileage obtained from every pound of material in the tire.

Your Pennsylvania dealer is a good man to know *now*—make his acquaintance. Pennsylvania Rubber Company, Jeannette, Pennsylvania.

PENNSYLVANIA TIRES

MANUFACTURED BY THE ORIGINATORS OF THE *Silent Vacuum Cup Tire*

Pennsylvania is one of several associated companies operating the Copolymer Corporation at Baton Rouge, La., now producing synthetic rubber for the United States Government.

The Allies' Poor Relations

Continued from page 22

munitions? Why, then, should concessions be made by one side only, especially when those concessions involve the surrender of great principles? Why give an inch to one who straightway takes a mile?

Norway, Holland and little Luxembourg, while untouched by the Russian fear, are no less heartsick. In the Atlantic Charter, with its emphasis on self-determination and nonaggression, was their hope of an orderly world that would afford small nations peace and safety. If, however, the Charter is to be junked in any one fundamental, what is to prevent the scrapping of the document as a whole? How is it possible to break only part of an egg? And if Russia is going to be given a free hand on the continent, what is gained by the substitution of one dictatorship for another? Just the same old fears, unrests and certainties of new wars.

Rightly or wrongly, the governments-in-exile also nurse bitter resentments against the Office of War Information, attacking its broadcasts to their several countries as biased, unfair and misleading. The Poles, for example, allege that the man who writes scripts for transmission to Poland has lived in Paris for fifteen years, notoriously associated with French radical groups, and is utterly out of touch with Polish thought and national aims.

The Yugoslavs charge that the broadcasts to their homeland are prepared by a Russophile who has boldly taken the name of a famous Montenegrin patriot.

According to the Dutch, the broadcasts to Indonesia are the work of three persons on whom the authorities in the Dutch East Indies would be glad to lay hands. One is a man who refused to answer his government's call to the colors, and the other two jumped Dutch ships on reaching American ports. One was actually interned and released at the request of OWI.

The Free Hungary groups are furious over the fact that the broadcaster to Hungary is a Czech. Their anger is mild, however, compared to that of the groups working for a Free Austria, who hurl specific accusations at one Julius Deutsch. According to these charges, Deutsch led the bloody Socialist uprising against the government in Vienna in 1934, and, after his flight, served with the Communists in Spain. In all of the OWI broadcasts, this Socialist revolt is painted as a protest of workers suppressed by an inhuman government, thus opening the door to Hitler.

Although the United States has refused to recognize Germany's absorption of Austria, and regards Austria as an occupied country, the OWI makes no such d tinction, treating Austrians and Germ as one and the same. A look over broadcasts to Austria for the last t months bears out the charge that the O avoids mention that Austria resisted Nazis for five long years, and that to an effective underground has the sup of 90 per cent of the people.

Elmer Davis stoutly contends that whole trouble proceeds from his refusa take part in factional quarrels. The ex insist they would rather have Americ do the broadcasting, talking from a pu American point of view, than their o nationals who represent this or that f tion. Mr. Davis, however, holds to his sition, and not only fails to consult w any ambassador but even refuses to them see the scripts.

Even allowing for "oversensitivene the governments-in-exile have a ca After all, they *are* members of United Nations and, contrary to gene belief, they *are* doing their share of t fighting. Some 150,000 Poles are battlir heroically on land and sea and in the ai Dutch soldiers are in Pacific jungles, an Dutch submarines are in the Mediterra nean; Belgian fighters are no less form dable than Belgian armored regiment Greeks are on every front, and Greek wa ships stalk the seas; Norse commandos ar among the bravest, and Norse warship have proved no small addition to the nav of the United Nations; and half a millio Yugoslavs hold the heart of their countr against Germans and Italians. Besides th fighting men of these little United Na tions, there are close to a million in wa industries in England and America.

Not a bad showing. Maybe it would b a helpful thing for President Roosevelt t make some time for their ambassadors— enough, at least, to give them a sense o inclusion; and for Elmer Davis to speak to them kindly, if nothing else.

THE END

Here is the lineup of United Nations' flags as pictured on page 22.

Top to bottom: Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Greece, the Netherlands, Luxembourg, Norway, Poland and Yugoslavia.

"I wonder how it feels to be as sophisticated as we act"

COLLIER'S B. MACDONALD

A Doctor for All of Us

Continued from page 29

ilian agency be given full power to bal-ce military and civilian needs in medi-l manpower. This might logically be the nited States Public Health Service, al-ough Surgeon General Thomas Parran s testified that he isn't yet ready to allo-te doctors by means of a national serv-e act.

However, it is generally agreed that we ust have a unified command on the alth front, whosoever heads it. Such a mmand will allocate and distribute our maining health personnel and essential alth facilities where they are lacking—is with a single eye to the furtherance of e war effort and not too much regard r the ability of local communities to pay e costs.

As of last November 1st, our Armed orces had taken 40,000 of our 120,000 edical "effectives." That leaves us 80,-00, or approximately one doctor for very 1,600 civilians, not counting an ad-itional 56,000 elderly, retired, or semi-etired physicians. Thousands of these, lthough not classified as effectives, are lready back in harness, working gal-ntly twelve and fifteen hours a day—nd frequently popping off from coro-ary thrombosis.

Situation Can Be Controlled

Our civilian shortage of doctors is real nd it will entail increasing hardships for oth patients and doctors, especially when nd if the Armed Forces take the total of 5,000 physicians required to serve our rospective Army of 7,500,000. But no erious consequences need be appre-hended if we act promptly to distribute nd utilize effectively the services of our esidual health personnel.

Before the war, Sweden with her com-bination of voluntary and compulsory health insurance, plus public medicine in some isolated areas, had achieved one of the best health records in the world. Yet Sweden never had more than one doctor for every 1,600 patients, and her present rate is one to every 1,750. Even today, after mobilizing an army larger proportionately than our own, the Swedes have managed to maintain high civilian health levels.

Logistically, as the military commentators would say, our relative position on the health front is excellent. In other words, we have what it takes and what our enemies lack. Germany today has only one physician for every 15,000 civilians. Hitler is feeling the backlash of his own dog whip in the mounting disease rates and enfeebled labor power of his slaves, both inside the Reich and out. Diphtheria is rife in the Balkans, and in Poland the deaths from typhus, numbered first in hundreds, are now counted by the tens of thousands.

But bacterial saboteurs sleep in both camps and are faithful to neither. We must look to our own defenses against health hazards that have been multiplied by the strains and dislocations of the war effort. Among the first to join the colors were young doctors from the country districts, especially in the South—which were already seriously deficient in both health personnel and facilities. But that isn't all.

During the past two and a half years about four million people have moved. They move themselves, their families, sometimes their furniture, but not their doctors. They move—most of them—into isolated war-boom towns that are deficient not merely in doctors and hospital beds but in the most elementary sanitary facilities.

Some of these are today (in the opinion of the responsible investigators who surveyed them for the United States Public Health Service and the Children's Bureau) "setups for epidemics." That doesn't mean that we're necessarily going to have a general epidemic, or that if a local epidemic breaks out, we can't check it by a prompt concentration of health personnel in the affected area. It does mean that, remembering such things as the influenza epidemic that killed 55,000 Americans in the last war and 25,000,000 throughout the world, we can't take chances.

When the war boom started, Bremerton, Washington, was a quiet town of 15,000, with twenty-eight vigorously competing doctors. Now there are 38,000 people in Bremerton, with another 30,000 living in the surrounding area. Nearly half the doctors—all the younger ones—have been called to military duty. The older men are struggling desperately to serve some 70,000 people. You can multiply that situation by about as many war-boom communities as you can find.

Serious conditions have also developed in the industrial back yards of many of our cities. Baltimore is one of these. In the heart of the city is the Johns Hopkins University, one of the great medical centers of the world. Eight miles away is the Middle River bomber plant of the Glenn Martin Company. There, some 50,000 men and women fight the Axis on triple shifts.

In 1940, before the war boom hit Middle River, it was a farming village of not more than fifty families. Then, as the great bomber plant swung into production, workers poured into the area from every state in the Union. Public Health Service investigators estimated that 25,000 people moved into the Glenn Martin district, not counting those who commuted to the plant from Baltimore's packed roominghouses. Forty-three men were found occupying a farmer's chicken coop and drinking water from his polluted well. To serve this incoming horde, there were only six doctors, three dentists—and no hospital.

That was in December, 1941. Nine months later, 5,000 more people had moved into the Glenn Martin area, and the population of Baltimore County had increased from 155,000 in 1940 to an estimated 220,000. To meet Middle River's health problems, there were, according to last reports, nine doctors and eighteen public-health nurses. That's about a third as many as would be required by accepted prewar standards. There wouldn't have been that many but for the efforts of Doctor William H. F. Warthen, Baltimore County's stocky, indefatigable health officer, who induced the county to double its health appropriation.

Life Begins in a Trailer

The county also appropriated $101,000 toward the construction of an $850,000 125-bed hospital, the balance of the cost to be advanced by the federal government under the Community Facilities Act. But construction has not yet been started, and, meanwhile, the women of Middle River's Trailer Town will continue to stage their blessed events (the frequency of which is increasing) within the very limited privacy of their respective trailers. Abnormal or difficult deliveries will be received in the Johns Hopkins Hospital.

Trailer Town (population 5,000) is the Farm Security Administration's contribution to the amelioration of Middle River's housing crisis. It takes in the newcomers, after the "old residents" (they came in as much as six months ago) have graduated into the prefabricated bungalows which have been put up by the National Housing Administration, Glenn Martin's Aero Acres, and a number of smaller private

1 Smoo-ooth! Collar can't pucker—it's woven in one piece instead of usual three layers of cloth. Looks starched, is soft!

2 Like magic! Always folds right, irons perfectly, for the foldline's woven in. Keeps a clean curve around your neck.

Only the Van Heusen Shirt has the famous Van Heusen collar attached!

FROM the back . . . from the side . . . from the front—the collar on a Van Heusen white shirt does justice to your neck. Never gets sloppy—it can't wilt, can't wrinkle, *looks* starched but *isn't*. Always comfortable—woven—not just sewed but *woven*—to fit the human neck. Look smarter tomorrow—get Van Heusens today! Sanforized, laundry-tested, wide variety of patterns and collar styles. Phillips-Jones Corp., New York. *Van Heusen Shirts,* **$2.25** *and up*

Van Heusen Shirts

SHIRTS • TIES • PAJAMAS • COLLARS • SPORTSWEAR

SHOES INFECTED WITH ATHLETE'S FOOT MAY START VICIOUS CIRCLE OF RE-INFECTION

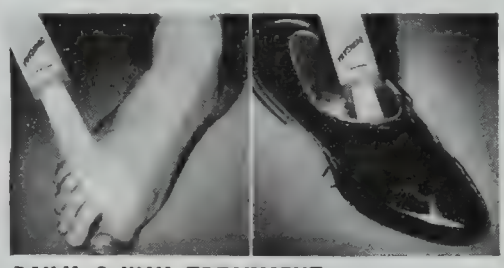
U. S. WAR EFFORT SPEEDED BY NEW SUCCESS OVER ATHLETE'S FOOT

KEEP AMERICA MARCHING
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF CHIROPODISTS

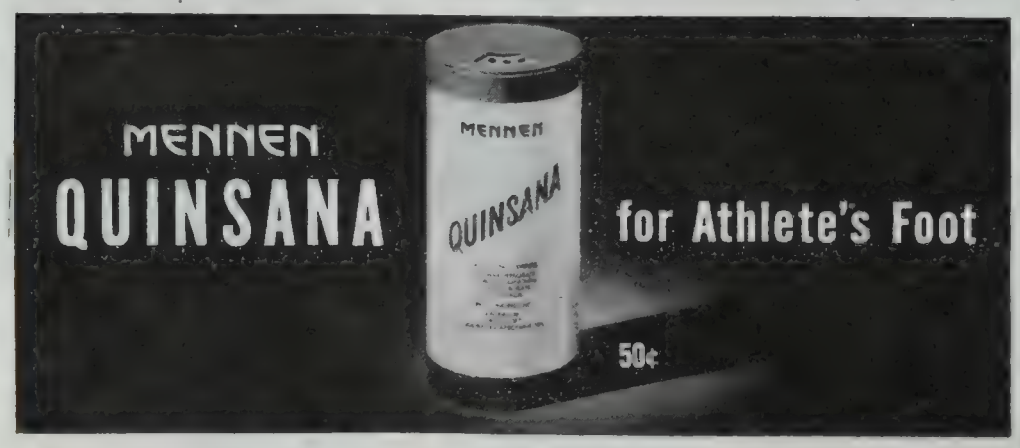
A NEW fungicidal powder is scoring sensational victories in the nation's wartime fight against Athlete's Foot—on the fighting fronts, on the production front! Results obtained with *Quinsana* in combating the disease are important news, since surveys show that Athlete's Foot infects over 70% of adults, including war workers, each year. Quinsana is based on new knowledge that the fungi which cause Athlete's Foot cannot live under certain *alkaline* conditions, and may thrive in shoe linings—as well as on feet—creating a *vicious circle* of re-infection.

REMARKABLE RESULTS among thousands of persons is shown above; note incidence of Athlete's Foot before (*left*) and after (*right*) 30-days Quinsana treatment. Unlike liquids and ointments, Quinsana *powder* is conveniently used in *shoes*, as well as on feet. Used in shoes, Quinsana absorbs moisture, reducing chances of re-infection from this source.

HAVE YOU BEEN SHOCKED to find that you have Athlete's Foot? Watch for common symptoms—chronic peeling and cracks between toes, blisters, itching, soggy skin. Even mild cases may suddenly become serious. Inflammation may mean secondary infection; see physician or chiropodist. (Diabetics should be doubly sure to use Quinsana every day).



DAILY 2-WAY TREATMENT with Quinsana helps *prevent* as well as relieve Athlete's Foot. Everyone should use Quinsana as regularly as soap and water; it is as easy to use as talcum powder. Excellent also for excessive perspiration, foot odor. Quinsana is fungicidal, bactericidal, non-irritating, absorbent. *Pharmaceutical Division, The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.*



housing developments. Trailer Town has a health trailer where one of the local doctors is on duty every morning. There is also a day nursery.

Just across the highway from Trailer Town are the barracks of the aviation ground unit which is being trained to care for the bombers the Trailer Town folks are building. It has the usual generous provision of medical service (6½ doctors per thousand soldiers, this being nearly twice the quota that is considered sufficient by the British), but only in a serious emergency will the Army doctors answer calls from the civilian population across the highway.

Trailer Town wonders whether it makes sense to maintain this enormous disparity between its own meager health resources and those of the Army, remarking with a certain cogency, "We're all in the same war, aren't we?"

Recently some of the experts have been raising the same question. First studies indicate that in some critical production areas, nonoccupational illnesses have risen by as much as ten per cent above the previous five-year average. This can only mean that essential war production is being impeded.

One reason we are running into trouble on the health front is that even before the war hit us, our health resources were badly distributed. Year after year, for nearly a half century, the more isolated country districts, too poor to pay adequately for medical service, and ill-equipped with the hospitals and laboratories required by modern practice, have been losing doctors to the cities.

In 1900, Oklahoma had one doctor to 500 people, in 1940 one to 1,070, or less than half as many. The converse result has been a surplus of doctors in our larger cities. Even today, despite Army and Navy inductions, it is estimated that New York City still has better than one doctor for every 1,000 patients, and Washington, D. C., an even more generous ratio.

Thus far, Procurement and Assignment has been unable to correct this maldistribution, one reason being that it lacks mandatory power, as Doctor Lahey testified before the Senate Manpower Committee. Nor are the individual doctors necessarily to be blamed for not rushing to the aid of the war-boom towns.

Doctors Are Ready to Go

According to the records of Procurement and Assignment, 7,000 physicians have expressed their willingness to move, given reasonable assurance that they will be able to live and practice efficiently in the new location.

But can they be sure that their colleagues in the boom town, overworked though they may be, will welcome their competition? Will the newcomers have access to the local hospitals? Or are they proprietary institutions, closed to all save their owners? If the move is across state boundaries, can the migrating doctors legally practice in the new state, since there is no general reciprocity between states? Finally, what will happen to them and their practices when the boom town collapses after the war, as it almost certainly will?

These are just a few of the headaches of Procurement and Assignment. There are others: the refugee physicians, for example. These are mostly Jews from Central Europe, who are admittedly Hitler's loss but who thus far have not been permitted to become America's gain to anything like the extent that they might be.

There are some 6,000 unnaturalized *émigré* physicians in this country, about half of whom could be rushed into the war-boom towns as medical shock troops—except that, in addition to the obstacles above cited, they are denied licenses in all but three states by the restrictive action of state and county medical societies, wh members frankly fear lest their pract be appropriated while they are off to wars.

This is the health front three years a the fall of France and a year and e months after Pearl Harbor. Somethin being done to strengthen it, but thus the remedies have been slow and ina quate, so that our health situation a whole has progressively deteriorated. I fall the Procurement and Assignm Service, in co-operation with federal, st and local health agencies, initiated jo surveys of the war-industry and cant ment areas—which had already been peatedly surveyed by the United Sta Public Health Service and the Childre Bureau. By March 1, 1943, only 33 out at least 300 of these critical areas had be surveyed, and of these, 20 reported urg need of more doctors, dentists and nurs

Conditions Growing Worse

The "safe" ratio of doctors to popul tion is one to 1,500. On March 1, Breat itt County, Kentucky, with a populati of 25,000 and 698 live births last year, h no doctors at all, and little immedia prospect of getting any. Since 194 Huntsville, Alabama, has increased population from 30,000 to 55,000—mea while losing seven of its original 24 do tors, leaving a ratio of one doctor 3,250 actual or prospective patients. Th survey group recommended that seve additional doctors be sent in immediatel but as late at May 1st, none had been sen Twelve critical areas reported doctor-pa tient ratios ranging from one to 2,600, t none to 18,000—this last being the are immediately surrounding Henry Ford bomber plant at Willow Run, Michigan Both the C.I.O. and A.F. of L. are getting increasingly loud complaints from thei locals about health conditions in the war industry areas, and this pressure is being reflected in Washington, as well as in the councils of organized medicine. Last fal the New York Physicians Forum issued a statement declaring that the shortage of doctors in the war-production areas has created "a situation that contains within it all the makings of a national calamity." The Forum urged that, without more ado, the United States Public Health Service be given authority to commission medical officers for civilian practice in selected areas, build needed hospitals and clinics, and be given the necessary priorities.

Only a few weeks ago, the Committee for the Improvement of Medical Care put the best-known liberal group of the American Medical Association squarely behind federal centralized control by saying:

"One centralized federal body should be given responsibility for the control of medical manpower. Maintenance of the health of the civilian population is as much a national responsibility as is the control of production and distribution . . . of commodities between the Armed Forces and civilians. It can be discharged only by a nation-wide plan because of the barriers of medical licensure and the uneven distribution of physicians between the states. No reliance can be placed on plans predicated upon the voluntary relocation of physicians."

The President has the power to take whatever steps may be necessary under the terms of an act of 1902, which allows him to call on the United States Public Health Service to do what the emergency requires. No new legislation is required, with the possible exception of a law to straighten out the present fantastic licensure tangle.

Like rubber, the protective skin of our health services can be safely stretched only so far, and our health front seems to be badly in need of a united command.

THE END

The Scars

Continued from page 14

When the doctor got there the baby come. Sue Anne kept crying for dy, but Lundy wasn't there. "He r wanted me to have it, and this morn- I told him it was time to get the doc- and I thought he went off to get him I guess he just went off and got k." And that had been what he had e.

Martha was white with anger. "You g to let him do that way to your own ghter?"

esse said, "You forgot that she ain't daughter so much as she's his wife, by her own choice. They're one fam- and we're another, and it ain't for us nterfere, except to give help when it's ded."

WHEN they got home from meeting the next Sunday, there was Toby ing on the back porch with one side of head bruised up and his right ear shed and caked with blood.

"What kind of trouble you been in?" se demanded.

"Mr. Lundy he asked me to come down i help him make soap and I went down re and he was doing some drinking d we went to work, and after while it t like I wasn't doing it just exactly to t him and he begin to cuss at me, and ing mighty bad things, and I asked him please, suh, not cuss at me that way and picked up a piece of stovewood and me have it beside the head," Toby d apologetically.

"Martha," Jesse said. "See after Toby."

Jesse took off his go-to-meeting coat d laid it on the shelf beside the water cket, and went down the back steps d out the gate.

Lundy was in the yard, making soap, irring the pot of hot lye and fat with a ttling stick. Seeing the way Jesse was ming, he must have known what to ex- ect. Jesse opened the gate and came in, d there was no word spoken between em. Being wise in the ways of fighting, undy knew the advantage of getting in e first lick. As soon as Jesse was within each, Lundy drew the dripping battling ick from the pot and struck hard at the ther's face.

Jesse hardly thought of it then, but later e remembered the solid jolt, and the calding fire of the hot lye. He struck with is work-hardened hands again and again, ow in so close that Lundy could not use he stick. Lundy tried backing up, but esse followed him, and finally an empty ook came into Lundy's eyes and he fell.

Jesse then felt the fiery pain of his face, nd saw the lye splashes on his shirt, al- eady eating at the fabric. He went to the well and drew a bucket of water. . . .

That was Jesse Macon's last Sunday be- hind the pinewood pulpit of the church. Later, when he took the bandages off his face and saw himself in the mirror, and when the doctor told him he'd carry the scars to his grave, he made up his mind not to lead any more meetings. There was a splotch of scar the size of a fist on his jaw, and his mouth was pulled down in that cold sneer. They all said it was a shame that such a good man should be made to look like a rogue that way.

When Lundy's trial came up, Jesse got up on the stand, looking like something out of one of the WANTED pictures at the post office in town, and said that he wasn't sure just where the fault was, because he was the one who went down to Lundy's house. Then the solicitor said *he* knew where the fault was, and he reckoned the jury did, too. The jury went to the jury room and after a little while they came back, and the foreman handed the verdict to the solicitor, and it was "Guilty." The people clapped like Bold Creek School had just won the ball game.

Afterward, Lundy asked for Jesse Macon, and when Jesse got to the cell he was sitting there with his head in his hands.

"Mr. Macon, I got no right to ask you for no sympathy, but cain't you help me out of this mess? I git to thinking about my little family, and I worry about what's to come of them."

"We'll see after Sue Anne and the baby."

"Mr. Macon, many's the night I've laid awake and regretted doing what I done to you. I was drinking and I wasn't in my right mind. If you'll help me out of this trouble, I'll make it up to you. I aim to do better from now on."

They talked a long time and finally Jesse went to the judge and said, "Judge, excuse me for trying to interfere into the court's business, but I come to speak for my son-in-law, Lundy Reeves. You reckon you could see your way clear to putting him on prohibition, and letting the sentence ride? Lundy's been shamed, and I believe he's ready to do better."

"He's one man that sure ought to go to the gang," the judge said, looking at Jesse's face, "but I'll pay attention to anything you got to say."

So the judge freed Lundy on probation, and Lundy wrung Jesse's hand and cried some, and went home.

About a month later Lundy went fire-hunting one night and killed a deer, and he sent Jesse some of the venison. Jesse said it was the best deer meat he had ever eaten, but Martha said it choked her.

Then one day Toby came home and said, "I just been talking to Mr. Lundy down at the fence line, and he say our big bo' hog done been gitting through the fence to where his sows and pigs is at, and to see that it don't happen again."

"What did I tell you?" Martha said.

Jesse told Toby to take some wire down there and patch up the fence, but before he could do it, the boar mashed the fence down, and got into Lundy's place again. Lundy put his catch dog on him. After catching the boar, Lundy could have sent for Toby to come get him, or even taken him back himself. But he didn't do that. He castrated the hog and put him back over the fence. The hog made it to the woods and there he bled to death.

"I reckon I got no complaint coming," Jesse said. "The hog had no business over there, and I had been warned about it."

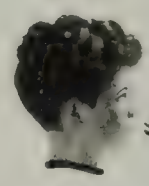
ALL that was ten years ago. Except for one thing, nothing has changed much. It would be pleasant to say that things were better now, that something had happened, that Lundy had quit his old ways, or that he had moved away or something like that. But he's still there, and he's still quarrelsome and hard to get along with. Jesse does the best he can. He leans over backward to avoid trouble, and he always does more than his share to try to keep the peace.

People say they don't see why any man should think he has to put up with all Jesse Macon puts up with, and Martha says she can't have respect for a man that'll let himself be done just any old way. Jesse just keeps his mouth shut and goes about his work.

Only one thing is different, and this change has come about gradually. I went away and was gone a long time, and when I came back I saw it. Perhaps it's a small thing; I don't know. Anyway, what I remembered was the scars. They are gone. Every sign of a scar has disappeared from Jesse Macon's face.

THE END

From a nutritional standpoint, meat alone offers dogs a few food essentials, while Gaines offers them ALL food factors they're known to need — including Vitamins A, B_1, B_2(G), B_6, D and E!

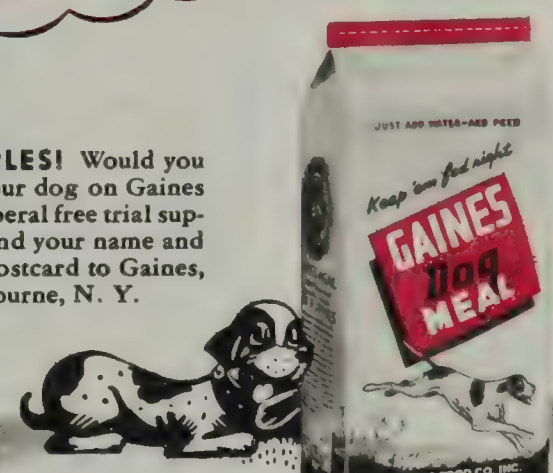


Gaines has a taste appeal that dogs like from the start . . . but what is perhaps even more important, Gaines is a food that dogs *keep on eating* without tiring of its taste!

Gaines *costs less* than meat. Actually, one 5-lb. bag of Gaines can help keep the average house dog fed right for 10 days to 2 weeks. That's a cost of about 3c A DAY!

Try Gaines—without risking a cent! Buy a 5-lb. bag. Feed it to your dog—understand you must be entirely satisfied in every respect or you'll get your money back!

FREE SAMPLES! Would you like to start your dog on Gaines by feeding a liberal free trial supply? Simply send your name and address on a postcard to Gaines, Box C-8, Sherburne, N. Y.



★ ★

Sold in 2 lb., 5 lb., 10 lb., and 25 lb. bags. The bigger the bag the more you save.

KEEP 'EM FED RIGHT WITH

GAINES

COMPLETE DOG FOOD

Chosen by U. S. Antarctic Expedition—Now used by U. S. Army

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

Sweet are the Uses of Geraniums

BY ROBERT FONTAINE

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

"Who," Ethel said to herself in the mirror as she dressed, "being of sound mind, would have been overwhelmed by the attentions of a major?"

ETHEL had reached the stage when even a new hat was not going to be enough to restore her to membership in the happy section of the human race (female division). I am, she mused as she wiggled her toes under the light blanket, a variety of unpleasant characters, mostly an egotist, a whiner and a jellyfish.

She was, as a matter of fact, superb.

When she hopped out of bed and stood shivering bravely under the cold shower, it could have been observed that whatever she was, she was definitely not a jellyfish.

The cold water had the effect of clearing her mind as well as giving her a violent urge to get out from under it. Ordinarily she took a cool shower or a tepid shower. Today, she wanted to punish herself.

She wanted to punish herself because she did not love Reginald Carter. He was a major and, as Bill had remarked, "A general is something, a private is something, but a major is neither here nor there."

Major Carter, Ethel had discovered, was neither here nor there. Perhaps, Ethel mused as she rubbed the enormous towel too briskly, it was because the major was forty-five and had been married before.

While she was pondering on the major a curious bit of useless information was skedaddling through her mind.

It was a note she had read as she was going off to a troubled sleep last night. "How many of us," the Food Tips column had asked, "think of adding a crisp, green pungent leaf of geranium to our salads these hot evenings?"

"Who indeed?" Ethel wondered aloud. "And who," she said to herself in the mirror as she dressed, "being of sound mind, would have been overwhelmed by the attentions of a major to the extent that she would slight and thereby hurt one Bill Andrews, whose only real vice was the curious opinion that all women are beautiful in summer dresses?"

The answer, of course, was Ethel Wainright.

A hat was perched at a defiant angle on her reddish hair, almost obscuring one bright green eye. She smiled painfully at herself in the mirror and said, "You dog!"

SINCE it was her day off she chose to ramble aimlessly through Washington Square. She had a vain hope that Bill Andrews had not yet gone back Merchant Marine-ing and might come crawling charmingly on his hands and knees to the bench where she and a squirrel now sat.

A drop of rain hit her on the end of the nose as she was going rapidly through the dialogue which had accompanied their separation several weeks ago.

Bill had said, "You're just hanging around this old bloater because you want to make me jealous and then I'll ask you to marry me. Well, I was going to anyway, but now I won't because I don't want a major in the family."

"That doesn't make sense. Besides, you're acting very conceited," Ethel had replied coldly.

The debate had gone on, Ethel getting more and more angry from the wounds her vanity was receiving; Bill getting more and more calm and precisely correct in his judgments. So much so that he had made her furious. If he had only been wrong!

Finally he had picked up his cap and said, "You'll have to make a choice. I'm shipping out any day or week or month and it's a long run."

"Really?" she had said, which now seemed to her very smug and inadequate.

"Yes, and you're going to be very lonely. I think you are, anyway. When I'm sure, I'll just grab you under one arm and run all the way to City Hall. When and if, I'm sure. You might be the type that can take majors. So long and don't take any wooden maple leaves."

Another drop, a large cold one, hit her squarely on the tip of the nose. She started up Fifth Avenue because she needed to see a lot of people in a bunch, es men, so she could say, "Look at men in the world—why worry abou

That would help for twenty-fou or so, maybe.

The shower stopped suddenly a turned down 8th Street because it v of nice, foolish memories that wou for a while. If only he wasn't som on the way to Russia—or Australi

SHE passed a flower shop and stop look in the window. It was th where Bill often stopped to get her sage. Bill had his own ideas abou sages. He liked violets with som yellow in the middle, for instance. O had wanted two scarlet geraniums white rose.

Geraniums, she repeated. She re that, in back of her mind, it had be ing on and on. "How many of us th adding a crisp, green pungent le geranium to our salads these hot nings?" It kept going around like a

"Okay, okay," Ethel muttered. good fairy is filling my head full of green, pungent geranium leaves, and am I to argue?"

She went into the store and start buy a potted geranium, but when sh through she had a whole window which the salesman agreed to delive

The salesman even carried the bo stairs to her tiny apartment and plac on the sill. "Just enough sun," he "not too much. Just enough water not too much. As for trimming

"I know." Ethel smiled. "Just en and not too much."

The salesman smiled too, and left, v tling.

For dinner Ethel had a salad with a gestion of garlic, a dash of basil, a s pinch of marjoram, long bright g leaves of lettuce, olive oil, vinegar crushed geranium leaves.

There was something very lovely homey and secure about the idea, E thought. Not, she thought, that they re taste like much, but they smell nice.

They gave her a feeling, in fact, of ing a solid citizen, without caprice folly. This was the way she wished much to feel this day.

She slept that night and dreamed t Bill was banging furiously on the d and, when she woke up, Bill was bang furiously on the door.

"Hey!" he shouted. "It's Barnacle B I'm rough and I'm tough and I love yo

Ethel, astonished, jumped out of b into mules and other necessary impe menta and opened the door.

Bill flung his arms around her a kissed her thoroughly. Then he stood ba and sighed. "My poor darling!"

"You all right?" she asked, puzzled.

"I'm all right. I'm fine. You're n though. You're lonesome. You don't lo the major. You love me. Or you wouldn be lonesome. Marry me and I'll join t Army and settle down."

Ethel swayed from side to side as if s had been struck by a substantial moo beam. "How did you figure this all out

Bill grinned, about six inches. "Geran ums. Only lonely people buy boxes geraniums and put them in their window My mother told me that. My mothe knows everything about peoples' heart . . . and geraniums."

"Oh, Bill . . ." Ethel began to laugh

"Don't get hysterical," Bill warned "Just say you'll marry me."

"Of course I'll marry you . . . But I d wish you'd ask your mother sometime i she ever used geraniums in her salads."

Bill wrinkled his face in vague curi osity. "Sure," he said, "sure she did. Als Pop found the stems made darn' goo pipe cleaners. What is *this* all about?"

Between her happy laughs Ethel managed to mumble, "How many of us thin of adding a crisp, green, pungent leaf . . ."

FAMOUS SINCE 1894

Philadelphia

FAMOUS SINCE 1894

Philadelphia

BLENDED WHISKY

The delicate bouquet and distinctive flavour of this blend are achieved by the exclusive use of fully ripened and selected matured grains

BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY THE

Continental Distilling Corporation

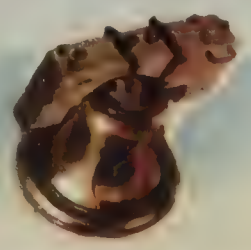
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

In the Philadelphia Tradition

86.8 proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits

MANY GRACIOUS ARTS WHICH CONTRIBUTE TO THE ENRICHMENT OF LIFE HAD THEIR BEGINNINGS IN PHILADELPHIA — CRADLE OF COLONIAL CULTURE. OUT OF THIS EARLY ASSOCIATION FLOWERED THE HERITAGE OF HOSPITALITY . . . A PLEASANT TRADITION UPHELD TODAY BY A DISTINGUISHED WHISKY—PHILADELPHIA BLEND. A WHISKY ORDINARILY RESERVED

HERITAGE OF HOSPITALITY



FAMOUS SINCE 1894

OF ALL TIMES TO GET AN UPSET STOMACH.
Drug stores closed . . . everybody asleep . . . and is there any PEPTO-BISMOL in the house?

If there is, an upset stomach will never catch you unprepared. Put a bottle in the medicine cabinet, today!

Help to Calm and Quiet Your Upset Stomach! *Never upset an upset stomach* with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics. *Gentle* it with soothing PEPTO-BISMOL!

This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither antacid nor laxative. *Its action is different.* It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls . . . thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets.

Get a bottle today! If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

Three sizes at your druggist's—or by the dose at drug store fountains.

Makers of Unguentine*

Norwich

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

PEPTO-BISMOL
FOR UpSET STOMACH

This formula is known and sold in Canada as P. B.

Seven Sins

Continued from page 21

He paused, and the regard of his strange eyes rested upon one after another of his listeners. But none of them spoke.

"If the collective resources of seven suitable persons could be concentrated, however, this, as my inquiries have shown me, might under suitable direction achieve remarkable results. Now, regarding this age-old science which modern science ignores, it will be enough for me to say that the power I have mentioned varies in quantity, quality, and character in each individual. Only those within the same psychic cycle can hope to co-operate successfully. Blood transfusion offers a slight parallel. The symbolism of seven is familiar to everyone. There are seven days in the week, seven deadly sins; and for this symbolism of seven there is a strictly scientific reason.

"Therefore, I have sought for six persons whose spiritual forces are attuned to my own. I have found them, with the aid of Mrs. Vane, who is in my own cycle and is also a sensitive and a trained explorer of the borderland. Four others and myself are present; Mrs. Vane is the sixth; and we await the seventh, Mrs. Destrée, who is returning to London this evening, as Mr. Michaelis informs me, and will be present in time for our experiment."

Mr. Michaelis, now referred to, asked a question: "Do I gather that, in your opinion, all of us now present are associates of some former existence?"

"Not necessarily, sir. That we have had common experiences is certain, as that we have lived in former times and at identical periods. One of those periods, and the fact that I was then alive, I could establish quite easily by means of unwrapping the mummy which stands beside me—that of a high priest who held office at Thebes some one thousand three hundred years before the birth of Christ."

Lady Huskin's hold on Fay's hand tightened.

"No further evidence on this point would be demanded of me. But since my present purpose is not your conversion, but merely your co-operation, let me pass on to the object of tonight's experiment. This is, quite simply, an attempt to settle a mundane problem, namely: *Who was responsible for the death of Sir Giles Loeder?* Directly Mrs. Destrée arrives to complete our circle, the experiment can begin. Mr. Michaelis tells me that urgent business called her out of town . . ."

THE nature of the urgency of that business to which Mr. Michaelis had referred would have become apparent to anyone secretly present several hours earlier in Destrée's room where lilies floated. Only one sound disturbed its scented silence, that of almost uninterrupted movement of a fountain pen over rough paper. At a feminine little bureau, the upper part displaying behind plate glass several arresting pieces of jade, Mr. Francis sat writing.

He wore evening dress, with a double-breasted tuxedo, which, since sunshine flooded the room, looked oddly out of place; he wore, also, black-rimmed glasses, which queerly changed his appearance. He had before him a B.B.C. script typed on foolscap sheets secured with pink tape, and he appeared to be rewriting part of it. Destrée, attired in a tightly fitting fur-trimmed suit which resembled a Cossack uniform, an astrakhan hat upon her gleaming hair, earrings of pear-shaped emeralds, watched him.

Gauntlet gloves lay on the floor beside her; her feet were shod in soft, high-legged boots which perfectly fitted the curve of her calf. Destrée dressed like no one but Destrée. She occupied her favorite place on the settee, smoking a cigarette in a tortoise-shell holder, and sideways, through lowered lashes, studying the writer.

"This is a tough proposition. I just don't see how I can do it," Francis said suddenly, and laid his pen down. "The B.B.C. will stand for a certain number of alterations, slipped in neatly, but if I try to spill this load—"

"Giles spilled even heavier loads," Destrée's tinkling voice reminded him. "Often, he wrote in his own messages."

Mr. Francis' heavy jaw, for she viewed him in profile, jutted out truculently. "That's not so hard to do in a political speech. It's a different matter to have to get laughs with loaded material. This is dull stuff, even for the troops."

"Then write it in your own way . . . but leave out none of the essential words. The names of all the ships must go in," Destrée said.

"You know I can't do it. I'm no cryptographer. You invented the Pythagoric code, and writing messages is your pidgin. But if I try to crack a gag like this, I shall arouse suspicion; I shall also get the bird."

"Oh!" she laughed, that childish, trilling laughter, "you are suffering from cold feet—yes? I see what it is. You have read in the papers that a man has been detained by Scotland Yard. It is so?"

"Yes." He swung around to face her. "And we don't know who that man is, how much he knows, how much he may tell."

"I can venture a guess, Francis, about who he is—and I am rarely wrong. You can confirm if you wish by lifting the telephone. It is Wake, Lord Marcus Amberdale's butler. That was why I sent for him and talked to him. But he is very cunning. You think so?"

"I do. I have suspected this man all along, kept him under observation, as you know. I figured he had the money when he turned down twenty guineas for one night's work. To save himself, he may say anything. We can look for a visit from the police at any moment."

A discreet rap preceded the appearance of a grim-looking elderly maid. "The car is here, madam . . ."

The car which ENSA had always provided to transport Francis Batt to town concerts stood at the entra Gatacre House. Its driver, one o elderly chauffeurs who have been men, so that they might at any m say "Gee up!" to the engine, touch cap respectfully, gazing into a cle pasteled with high white clouds.

"Looks like it'll be keeping fine drive down, sir."

"That's so," shouted Francis.

He had grown accustomed to sh at this man, whom privately he re as a public danger when in charge o hicle, since he was nearly stone-dea indeed wore an earpiece to rectif disability. Otherwise, in spite of his he was a competent driver. Francis a portfolio inside and settled Dest the other corner before he got in hi As the old chauffeur was about to clo door: "You know your way to Bidch I guess?" he shouted.

"Oh, yes, sir, I have been there b We go through Farmborough."

"That's right," yelled Francis; then, ering his voice, he added, "A fine old ish institution!"

THEY set out. Destrée lay back closed eyes as Francis opened his folio, adjusted reading glasses and s work on his notes. The commodious ran smoothly.

Destrée broke a long silence. " are afraid that if Wake was the man ran up (I am sure of this, myself) he have recognized your voice?"

Mr. Francis removed his glasses looked aside at her; she presented an gaging picture. "Wake, if it was W ran up from the other direction. I 'way ahead of him, remember. It's I had to stand by and see Loeder pet his girl friend for quite a while before quitted in a taxi." He watched Destr profile fixedly, but her features remai placid as a cameo. He went on:

"The mystery man in Air Force blue in on me just as I was coming up w him. I took cover and so didn't h what happened until a scuffle started moved up just as Loeder went down. T Air Force guy ran off. Of course, Loe was bluffing. He had stopped a hard

COLLIER'S "That's the way it goes. They'll buy every damn' luxury under the sun and the doctor is the last to get his fee" TONY BARLOW

Whether it's a special occasion, or just because you're thoughtful...in any event, wire flowers. Flowers have a way of saying things for you in a way people never forget.

Flowers boost wartime morale too, yet save on vital war materials used in numerous other gifts, so—

In Any Event Wire Flowers.

But remember, help is scarce so try to give your FTD Florist enough time to deliver your flowers on time. Another good idea is to ask your FTD Florist to make the selection. He is an expert on the right flowers for the right occasion.

IMPORTANT:

Through pooling delivery facilities, FTD Florists are conserving manpower, gasoline and rubber. Because of this flowers can still be delivered even in restricted areas.

In any event wire Flowers

THIS SEAL is your Guarantee of Quality and Dependability

This FTD Seal is your assurance that when you send flowers by wire you'll get full value because all FTD members are bonded for your protection. But remember, all florists are not FTD Florists, so always look for the FTD Seal on the window.

FLORISTS TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

and got wise to the fact that the other fellow was too hot for him."

"So you tell me," Destrée murmured.

"I'm telling you again. He stood up, took off his tuxedo, and shook it, brushed himself off, picked up his portfolio and walked right on. I watched him do all that, and I overtook him just as he turned into South Audley Street. There was no sign of Wake before or at that time."

"He may have been near, all the same."

"No; he had gone the other way. You know croupiers always leave by the tradesmen's entrance. I'm sure of it. No one saw me. There is something I want to say. I'll say it now, whether it offends you or not. You think too much about the money. It was Loeder's damned money that led to all the trouble—that, and the girl."

"I see." Destrée's voice, although it remained silver, was frozen silver. "Is there anything else you want to say?"

"Plenty. I am by no means sure you believe that I don't know what became of this money. I can only guess just what happened between you two on that night, but I know you lashed out at Loeder because of the girl, and I know he claimed the return of all his capital—five thousand pounds. God knows what was in your mind when you sent me after him. All you said was 'Bring him back.' "

"Instead of which, you strangled him."

"That's a lie! But it's true, because of what he was to you, that I hated him. I knew he wasn't worth it."

"Oh, oh!" Destrée smiled; there were times when this man frightened her. "I can see that little vein throbbing above your eyebrow, even when you think of him."

THE dimple in Francis' chin had become static; it resembled a healed gunshot wound, and the vein to which Destrée referred was unpleasantly evident. He glared at her for a moment, his cold blue eyes shining metallically. "I don't know why I should trouble myself. Michaelis (or maybe it's more respectful to call him Major Felsenhayn) is the only man who really counts. He's always with you."

"Indeed, and why not? Major Felsenhayn is a dintinguished officer, and—"

"A gentleman? While I'm just a common agent, and neither. But my neck means as much to me as his means to him. The main difference is that he doesn't leave your apartment until three or four in the morning. Some nights, I never hear him leave at all."

"Even so, what of it? If it were true, it would be the concern of himself and of me, but of no one else. Yes?"

"Maybe. If the major were the only one I'd have no case. But what about Loeder?"

Destrée leaned back and closed her eyes again. "I sometimes think of the cause for which we all risk our lives. It may count for little to you, but to *me* . . . if I have had lovers I have given them little. My attraction—*agacerie*—brings nothing to me except a means to achieve my end when other means fail.

"Giles Loeder was a bad man, a man of poor extraction; but he was strong—except in one respect. So, I played upon this weakness. I told him that he could be of great value to us. I told him that every woman has her price—and that this was mine. Very well. He *was* of great value to us: we may never be able to replace him. The price I had to pay in return was a small one, I think."

"While you had him under your thumb, maybe it seemed that way," said Francis. "But the night he brought that girl along, it seemed different, or so I imagined."

"Ah, so!" Destrée widely opened her eyes and glanced aside at him. "My woman's vanity really betrayed me?"

"Really betrayed you!" Francis mocked. "What did you say to me?—and you knew the man you were talking to. You said, 'Loeder has insisted on withdrawing his capital tonight. I have paid him all we have in reserve. Go to the table and get the rest.' "

"I remember saying something like that."

"I went to the table to draw out the balance. As I have already remarked, I don't know how the quarrel had come about, but I can guess. The girl was in the bar talking to Olivar. I just brought the notes to your room and walked right out. After Loeder had left, do you remember what you said to me? I have told you once. Let me remind you. You said, 'Bring him back.' "

Destrée laughed, that tinkling laughter like an echo of fairy bells. "Well, you did not bring him back. If I seem mysterious, it is because you are mysterious. There is something you have never told me."

THE vein which throbbed on Francis' brow grew darker. "Listen—I never told you what that man said to me, did I?"

"No, you merely told me that there was a scuffle, and—an accident."

"Well, when I clapped him on the shoulder (he hadn't heard me coming up) he turned around like a shot. I could see he was all tensed up—and I don't wonder. I said, 'Listen, Loeder, I want to step into your apartment and explain to you that you have left us in rather a fix.' He said, 'I suppose that woman sent you after me?' "

"That woman," murmured Destrée.

"I told him I didn't know what had happened and that I didn't care, but if he would be reasonable, everything could be settled in the morning. He said, 'Nothing will be settled in the morning; I shan't be there. I'm through with the whole business. When I'm sick of a woman I walk out—and I have walked out.' "

Destrée laughed. "Is that really what he said?"

"Just that. He moved on, the portfolio under his arm; and I felt a buzzing in my ears. I had one of two choices: to let him go, or to have it out . . . I went after him, grabbed him, and swung him around. It had become very dark. I wasn't just sure where we were standing. But before I knew what had happened, he led off and registered hard on my jaw. He said, 'Take that back to Ysolde with my compliments.' I didn't answer—I just reached out for him. . . . What?"

"I did not speak," Destrée whispered.

"Oh—I thought you did. I pulled him forward and jerked his chin up—routine stuff. He went over backward. That wouldn't have caused any great damage; I wasn't trying for a kill. But how could I know he was standing right in front of a stone flower box screwed down to a low parapet? He gave a sort of scream as he realized what had happened—not very loud. He tried to save himself, but it was too late. He pitched back, half sideways, onto his skull, and toppled right over . . . The weight of his body did the rest: a thing that's happened many a time, but a thing I hadn't planned. There's no doubt he broke his neck.

"Even then, although he was so still, I didn't know he was dead. I was afraid to use a torch, and the night was very black. I began to feel around for the portfolio, but he was lying on it. I couldn't pull it out. Then, I heard someone running up . . ."

IN THE assistant commissioner's office, Colonel O'Halloran switched off his radio on sustained applause of a wildly enthusiastic character which had crowned the final exit from a military concert "somewhere in southern England" of that popular transatlantic artiste, Francis Batt. Chief Inspector Firth stood before the blacked-out bay window; Sergeant Bluett sat at the sacred, if untidy, desk of the commissioner, where his dexterity in short-

This Year More Than Ever It's . . .

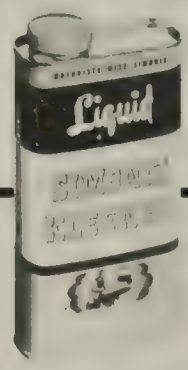
BEAUTY BY Simoniz

Gives You a "New Looking" Car . . . And Saves the Finish, Too!

Simoniz your car! Never before has it been so important! A car always sparkling bright gives you more pleasure per "rationed" mile. Saves your pride and self-respect. At the same time Simoniz protects and makes the finish last longer. Preserves the "after victory" trade-in value of your car. Makes it easy for you to keep it immaculately beautiful. So the sooner you Simoniz the more you save. Get Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener for your car today!

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ
HOUSEWIVES DO LIKEWISE



Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. Sold by grocery, hardware, auto supply, paint, drug and department stores as well as filling stations and garages.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

© 1943, The Studebaker Corporati

Studebaker military trucks, like our Yanks, ar certainly seeing the world

AMERICA'S fighting men have been covering plenty of this planet in their travels in this war. Yet there's scarcely a place where they set down their packs that they don't find familiar Studebaker trucks from home to welcome them.

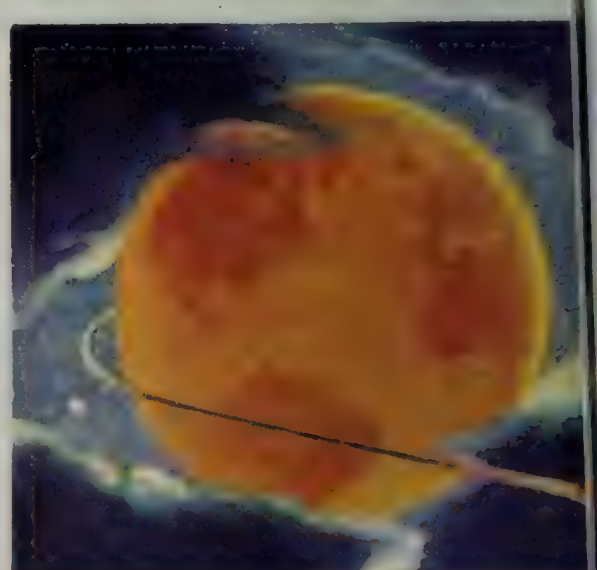
They see long lines of big, multiple-drive Studebaker military trucks rumbling past the sites of ancient Persian cities in Iran. They see them doing heavy transport duty in India, in Alaska, in the British Isles, in almost every area of Allied war activity.

It's one of the greatest compliments ever paid to the high quality of Studebaker craftsmanship that Studebaker today is one of the world's largest producers of big military trucks. And it's equally significant that tens of thousands of these powerful Studebakers have already won their service stripes in the active war zones—many of them on the crucial Russian front in the supply trains of the invincible Soviet armies.

Building military trucks, of course, is only one of Studebaker's war assignments. We're producing other vital war matériel including large numbers of the mighty Wright Cyclone engines that power the famous Boeing Flying Fortress.

Our factories are all-out on war work today. They have no time right now for any other considerations. But once victory is complete and decisive, you can depend upon it that you'll have finer Studebaker motor cars and motor trucks than ever in our history.

BUY U.S. WAR BONDS



The roadways of the world are worn with Studebaker wheel marks—In wars peace, for over 91 years, Studebaker vehicle written their share of history on the roadways world. This is the sixth time in a national eme that we've served our armed forces. We are pr the extent and the consequence of our present

had been taxed by the comedian's delivery.

ot it all, Bluett?" asked Firth.

think so."

ry your hand, Firth," the assistant missioner directed. "You have the key —'Pythagoric buds,' and so on. Ex- dinarily rambling story, that one he nd up with. Sounded phony to me."

rgeant Bluett stood up, ingenuously logetic. "I couldn't take down the mu- sir. That can't be done in shorthand."

Being looked after by another depart- t, Sergeant. Musical code, I under- d, can be solved with same key if one ws music." The colonel knocked out pipe in a large ash tray on a side e, then delved in that pocket in which ept loose tobacco. "Sing out last bit Chief Inspector. See what you make t, Firth."

nd so, while the assistant commis- er stamped up and down, busily rging the hot bowl of his pipe, Sergeant ett in tones much subdued by awe of surroundings dictated from his notes Chief Inspector Firth.

Firth wrote the shuffled alphabet at the of a page, with the conventional ver- n underneath it, and then industriously to work. Clearly enough he was baf- d for a time, his tawny eyes narrowing he studied the words. His lower jaw truded and his brows were drawn wn. Then, evidently, and suddenly, me enlightenment.

"Ah! It begins here!"

"What begins?" asked the assistant com- ssioner.

"List of warships, sir."

"Good Lord!"

"It's child's play once ye grasp the thod. Now—here is the name of an miral."

ONE of several phones rang. The as- sistant commissioner crossed and took the instrument . . . "Yes," he snapped; e's here." He leaned across, extending e receiver to Firth. "It is your depart- ent."

Firth said, "Chief Inspector Firth speak- g," and a voice replied, "Mr. Michaelis as gone to the house of Lord Marcus mberdale. There seems to be some sort f party there. Officer in charge awaits in- ructions." Firth nodded: "Do nothing ntil I arrive, unless Michaelis leaves—in hich event bring him here." He replaced e receiver.

"Hasn't slipped away, has he?" asked e colonel.

"No, sir. He is at Lord Marcus' house."

"What! Great Scott! What on earth can he be doing there? House covered?"

"Yes, sir; he's safe enough." Chief Inspector Firth returned to his studies . . . "Here is Birkenhead," he reported presently. "May be the name of a ship or a port. Ah! This looks like a date."

"Date the Malta convoy sails!"

Bluett, who had stood up deferentially when the phone rang, now began excitedly to walk up and down in the constrained space behind the desk.

"Take a cigarette, Sergeant," said the assistant commissioner, pointing to a large box. "Relax—relax, man. Go ahead, Firth."

There was silence for some minutes as the chief inspector bent over his task. Bluett sat on the extreme edge of a chair smoking a cigarette as if he expected it to explode. The assistant commissioner blinked and walked up and down continuously. Again a phone buzzed. He crossed, took it up, listened for a few moments and then said, "Thank you. Goodby," and hung up.

"Usual nightly token raid on south coast," he explained. "Nothing serious. Three or four of 'em over."

THAT miniature temple in South Audley Street, black ceiling painted to create an impression of infinite space, had undergone yet another change. The shrine was veiled, and a screen stood before it. A circular ebony table occupied much of the available floor room, seven high-backed chairs being set at regular intervals around its circumference. In one corner of this otherwise unfurnished apartment, a silver incense burner sent up tenuous wavering columns of smoke from its perforated lid. Already the atmosphere was laden with fumes of *kyphi*.

Its insidious appeal, at once to the senses, to the brain and to the spirit, reacted strangely upon those present. If any element of levity, however suppressed, had lingered among them, it disappeared as they entered, led by Lord Marcus. Mrs. Vane already had taken her seat—that directly facing the hidden shrine. She sat upright, slender white hands palm downward upon the table before her; and at sight of the enraptured face, awe entered into the minds of those who saw her. Indeed, Lady Huskin hesitated on the threshold.

"The traveler is preparing for her journey," explained Lord Marcus. "In fact, she is already on her way. When the circle which I seek to form is completed by the arrival of Mrs. Destrée, we will take our proper places, which I shall point out, resting our hands upon the table in order that power may be concentrated among us. We have some time to wait, but I thought it better to acquaint you with the conditions under which the experiment must be carried out. With your permission we will retire again, leaving the door open. Air too heavily impregnated with *kyphi*, to those unaccustomed to it, is sometimes overpowering."

He stood by the entrance, his head gravely inclined, intimating that his guests should pass into the lobby. Last of all, he came out and joined them. There were those, it is true, to whom the thing smacked of a stage illusion, but there was none who had not come under the influence of Lord Marcus' singular personality. Lady Huskin, avid for fresh experiences, decided that she was really frightened. Mrs. Vane, an experienced woman of the world, had stood for a link with things normal and amusing, but her present condition completed Lady Huskin's alarm.

Crossing to the Roman couch, she seated herself, and beckoned to Fay Perigal with whom she had become well acquainted since Fay had taken up her duties at Rosemary Cottage. She liked the look of the young Air Force officer too, although this was the first occasion upon which they had met.

"Come and sit down beside me, you two." Lady Huskin patted the cushions to right and left of her. "I must really have a serious talk with you."

Fay hesitated, but at last: "Oh, well," she murmured, "I suppose there is no reason why not . . . ." And so she and Dick Kershaw sat down right and left of Lady Huskin upon the couch which had supported the body of Sir Giles Loeder.

MR. MICHAELIS and his host had returned to the study. Lord Marcus courteously placed an armchair, and he, himself, took a seat behind the mahogany writing desk, leaning back so that light reflected upward from its polished surface lent to his features an appearance which might have inspired a painter to attempt a head of John the Baptist.

"There are cigars beside you, Mr. Michaelis; cigarettes also. Would you care for a drink—or some coffee?"

"Thank you, no. I am deeply curious about this queer business, Lord Marcus. It is by no means clear to me what you hope to achieve, nor do I observe anything which I might describe as personal sympathy between the persons you have assembled here tonight."

"That," replied Lord Marcus, "is not surprising. Our bodily ages and mannerisms are no more than remotely related to our spiritual identity. No one in these rooms tonight is younger than Neb-net-eru—" he pointed directly over Mr. Michaelis' shoulder to the mummy in its sarcophagus. "All of us, yourself included, were contemporaries of Seti the First."

"Indeed," murmured Mr. Michaelis—and the immovable disk of his small monocle indicated that his gaze was fixed upon the face of Lord Marcus. "You speak with a conviction which I am compelled to respect, but which I am not bound to accept."

"I ask you to accept nothing, Mr. Michaelis, except my hospitality."

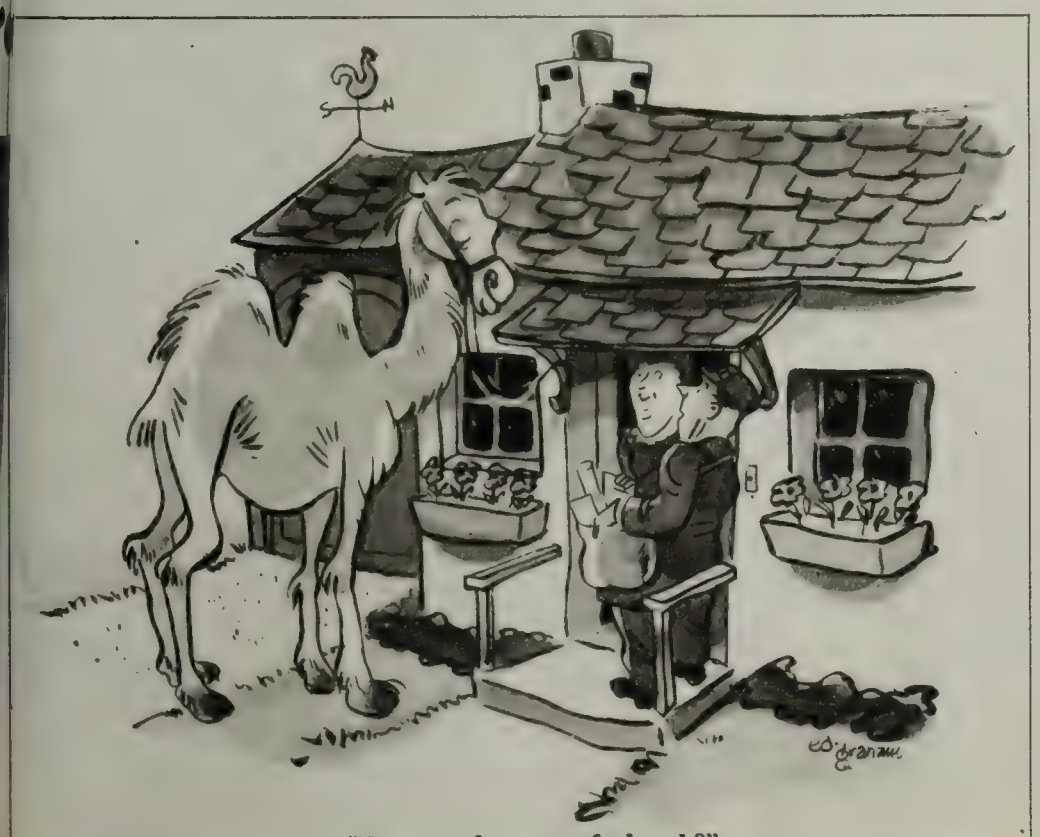
"I do not presume to dispute your knowledge; you are unmistakably a scholar possessed of deep and unusual learning; but I wonder if—"

"Much learning has made me mad?" suggested Lord Marcus smiling.

"Not at all. I beg you will not misunderstand me. My reservations go deeper than that. You maintain that the human spirit can, and does, operate away from the body which normally it occupies?"

"Certainly."

"Then on this rock, Lord Marcus, our



COLLIER'S "Your son home on furlough?" ED GRAHAM

Bulldog Shape. $2.50

the honey-cured smoke

The yellow bowl of this pipe is the secret of an extremely mild, fragrant smoke at all times and especially the first few times you smoke it. Nature's pure golden honey (3 kinds, blended) produces a truly wonderful effect for all who are accustomed to having to "break in" a new pipe—there is no "breaking-in" at all, with Yello-Bole, and it stays sweet and serene continuously. Get a Yello-Bole today for the time of your life.

YELLO-BOLE STANDARD $1

YELLO-BOLE IMPERIAL $1.50

YELLO-BOLE PREMIER $2.50

YELLO-BOLE
630 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N.Y.

courses split. I have no idea what mysterious significance may attach, in your estimation, to this mummy, but I think I should make it plain that I dispute even the possibility . . ."

He was interrupted. This interruption took the form of a wailing cry:

"No, no! Stop those sirens! Hold my hand. . . . Don't leave me!"

Mr. Michaelis came to his feet as if propelled upward by a powerful spring. A muscular spasm swept that ironic urbanity from his face. His monocle dropped and rolled silently across the carpet.

Out in the lobby Lady Huskin exclaimed, *"What's that?"*

As Lord Marcus stood up and moved with long strides toward the study door, from the temple came a piercing scream, the scream of a woman in dire agony, and a babble of sobbing words: "Hugo! . . . Hugo! . . . Where are you?"

Michaelis grasped Lord Marcus' arm as he was about to pass. "Lord Marcus!" He spoke strangely, wildly, gutturally. "Listen to me. That voice was not the voice of Mrs. Vane!"

"No," Lord Marcus replied; his tones were calm but grave. "It was the voice of another speaking through her lips."

"It was Ysolde! It was Ysolde!"

"It was the voice of Mrs. Destrée—yes. I recognized it."

A COUNTRY road in a southern county stretched wide and empty under the moon. A German plane which had traversed some miles of its length at treetop height might be heard droning away in the distance. At one point, this road swung eastward and was overhung by trees in such a way that a bay of shadow masked the bend. Here, at an angle of forty-five degrees in a wide ditch, a car lay, a commodious limousine, its roof riddled with machine-gun bullets.

One might have supposed it to be deserted, have assumed that its occupants were dead or unconscious. The hawklike shape of a Spitfire streaked by, high above, on the tail of the German raider, as a sound of tearing and wrenching came from the forward part of the overturned car. Presently, a near side door was forced open, and the driver, clutching at a weed-grown bank, hauled himself free of the wreckage and stood poised, one foot on the bank, the other on the upturned running board.

He was that elderly, gray-haired chauffeur who resembled an ex-coachman, the driver provided by ENSA to convey Francis Batt to a military concert and back to London again. The man stood there for a while, inhaling deeply and evidently trying to steady himself; then, struggling back to an uptilted door of the car, he succeeded by sheer force in wrenching it open. He shot his flashlight into the interior or the car, stooped, and examined what he found there, then hauled himself out again, and climbed the bank, looking up and down the deserted road. He had lost his cap, and a slight breeze disturbed his thick gray hair.

A rattle of distant machine-gun fire came and died away again. A far-off shouting arose, and almost immediately subsided. High pufflike clouds seemed to powder the face of the moon. He could detect no sound of traffic. Removing that earpiece which, habitually, he wore, he began to run back in the direction from which he had come. He was making for a police call box which he remembered to have passed.

As this was two miles off, some little time elapsed before Colonel O'Halloran, still walking up and down his office in Scotland Yard, rolling and lighting cigarettes, smoking and reloading his pipe, blinking, snapping his fingers, and generally exhibiting every evidence of suppressed nervous energy, received the call, which was intended for him.

CHIEF INSPECTOR FIRTH was busy with further transcriptions of Sergeant Bluett's shorthand notes and had become involved in a mass of names and figures to which no clue could be found. Sergeant Bluett, who realized that he was listening to a condensed but detailed account of the constitution, personnel, times of sailing and ports of call of a huge convoy bound for Malta—and that this information had that night been placed in enemy possession—sat on the extreme edge of his chair wearing the look of a bewildered schoolboy. Having forgotten his evening paper, he tapped his knee with a notebook.

The telephone buzzed, and in two strides the assistant commissioner had reached the instrument. . . . Yes, at once. Put him through." He turned and spoke two words: "Gaston Max!"

"Is that you, Colonel O'Halloran, my old?" came the voice of the Frenchman. "Heaven be praised that I live."

"Where are you? What has happened?"

"I am in a police box on a country road, six miles from Farmborough. Always, fate snatches my prisoners out of my hands. Wake was the only one I have safely delivered. But I am alive. Yes—I have much to be thankful for. You understand, I was driving Destrée and Francis."

"Don't understand at all," rapped the commissioner. "*You* were driving them?"

"But certainly. I have driven them several times, now. I arranged this with ENSA, who provide the troop entertainments as you know. The car is wired, and I wear an earpiece. I learn much in this way, and tonight—I learned all."

"What did you learn?"

"The man we have known as Julian Francis, and also as Francis Batt murdered Sir Giles Loeder. I was bringing him back to you, with Madame Destrée. She was the leader of the gang and the brains which guided it!"

"Well! Where are they? What happened?"

"A German raider swooped down on us in the moonlight. I heard him coming and ran the car into a ditch where there was shadow. Alas, too late! He plastered us with machine-gun bullets. My friend, it was terrible! Francis threw himself on the woman, to try to shield her body. One bullet killed them both. She was shot in the throat—screaming for Hugo."

"Good God! Who is Hugo?"

"Major Hugo Felsenhayn, of the German Intelligence. We know him as Mr. Michaelis. He was her lover, I think; or at least, her favorite lover. Is it not fate, Colonel O'Halloran, my old, that never can I make an arrest after so much work? Fate steps in and fools me. You have the worthy Michaelis covered, I trust?"

"Certainly. Know where he is at present moment."

"Send my old friend the chief inspector at once to arrest him. Seize him as accessory to the murder, before Military Intelligence can act. Let your fellows at least have *one* worth-while prisoner to show; a mere thieving butler is not good enough. . . ."

IN THE lobby of Lord Marcus' house an atmosphere of nervous tension prevailed. Mrs. Vane, whose condition for a time had caused some anxiety, was now resting upstairs in the guest room; she retained no memory of what had occurred. Lady Huskin had requested permission to sit with her, so that only Dick Kershaw, Fay, Lord Marcus and Mr. Michaelis remained.

Mr. Michaelis was strangely disturbed. He had recovered his monocle and had returned it to its place, but he had not succeeded in recovering his characteristic composure. Frequently, he consulted a wrist watch. Fay was lying in a deep armchair brought from the study, and Dick perched beside her, one arm thrown across the back of the chair. "Do you feel better, Fay?" he asked in a low voice.

She looked up and nodded. "There is nothing the matter with me, Dick, except that I always hated these occult experiences. They frighten me. . . . Somehow, I don't think they—are right."

"I don't quite know *what* I think," said Kershaw; "but I know the voice we heard wasn't the voice of Mrs. Vane. There's something else, too—a sort of foreboding as though—"

"You were expecting something else to happen? I know. I have it, too. Oh, listen!"

Muffled, for the house with the scarlet door possessed a quality of peculiar silence, the wailing of sirens became audible. One of the coastal raiders was approaching the London area. Mr. Michaelis glanced at his watch and then turned to Lord Marcus, who stood, seemingly lost in thought, before the silver-plated door of the temple, now closed.

"I begin to fear, Lord Marcus, that Mrs. Destrée has been detained. Perhaps, in the circumstances—"

The doorbell rang. Its sound, for some reason, electrified the listeners. Fay jumped up and grasped Dick's arm. Mr. Michaelis strode across. But Lord Marcus overtook him, resting a restraining hand upon his shoulder.

"Permit me, sir."

Lord Marcus himself opened the door—and Chief Inspector Firth stepped in. Behind him, indistinct in shadow, two uniformed figures might be discerned.

"Good evening, sir."

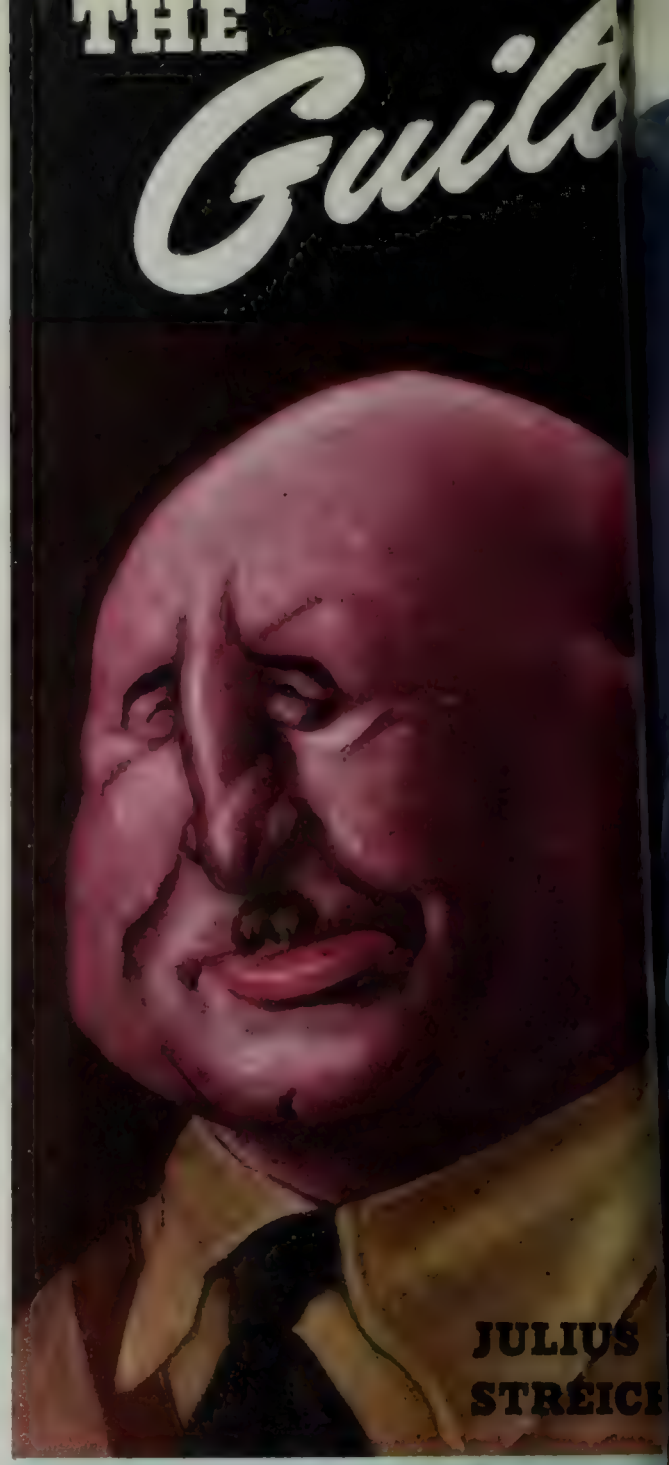
"Good evening, Chief Inspector."

Firth fixed the regard of his tawny eyes upon Mr. Michaelis. "Major Felsenhayn—I ha' a warrant for your arrest."

Mr. Michaelis grew visibly pale as he met that set regard of the chief inspector. Then, drawing his heels together, he bowed. "Mrs. Destrée?" he asked quietly.

"Mrs. Destrée and Johann Brandt were killed in an air raid near the coast less than an hour ago. . . ."

THE END



III

THERE is nothing furtive or hidden about Streicher, *gauleiter* of the Bavarian provi Franconia and Germany's Number One and Jew baiter. The life of the man is an open for his crimes, degeneracies and obscenities a matters of court record and press report. In 191 tain unmentionable practices earned his discharg schoolteacher, on the grounds that he was "me unsound," the authorities deciding against prose out of unwillingness to shame his little victims. years have worked no change.

Julius Streicher likes to tear out the beards of with his own hands, and he delights to drive the ca drags Jewish men and women over the cobbles of emberg. He has whipped children to death in the ence of their parents.

In the Library of Congress, but not for general ing, there are bound copies of *Der Stürmer*, the trated weekly that Streicher has published since It is in the pages of this sheet that the man stands revealed, for not only does he admit his crimes, boasts of them and gloats over them. Pornogr fights for space with hate and thuggery. Side by with disgusting nudes, are pictures of dead Jews, sprawled where they fell after being stoned to dea else hanging from gibbets. Not in all the histor printing has any press produced a paper more unu ably vile, yet, by order of Adolf Hitler himself, obligatory reading in Germany.

Streicher was among the first and most ardent verts to the Nazi faith. He launched the party in emberg as early as 1921, marched with Hitler in putsch of 1923, and went with him to prison. than any other, too, he has put the Fuehrer's pre ings into savage practice. While Goering and Goeb were advocating caution with respect to attacks on Catholic Church, Streicher arrested priests and bish on charges of venery, pederasty, and similar figm of his diseased imagination. Well in advance of Ro berg, he sounded the cry that Christianity, as well Judaism, must be destroyed, bawling that Hitler was one and only God.

Adolf Hitler holds Julius Streicher, *der Verrück Hund*, in admiration and regard—about as damning indictment as any ever leveled against him.

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

Everyone grows vegetables

In Victory Gardens galore

And frosty bottles of Mission Orange

Add zest to this wartime chore

If you are unable to obtain enough Mission Orange Beverage when you want it and where you want it, remember that orange juice is a most important dietary requirement for our fighting men, and the Mission plant at Los Angeles is working day and night supplying this product in concentrated form.

Naturally Good

Return Empty Bottles Promptly

MISSION ORANGE

Mission Dry Corporation, Los Angeles

The Kid from Azusa

Continued from page 20

the pain of a ruptured heart might be expected to have found romance cruel. Not so De Sylva. Even his marriage was founded on a song. He met Marie Wallace of the Follies in the Remick office and proposed a few weeks later. Miss Wallace asked him how he got the scar on his cheek, doubtless suspecting that it was the handiwork of one of the mischievous underworld characters adorning the Broadway of the period. De Sylva explained that he had acquired it while coin-diving at Catalina and added that he still had a ringing in his ears from the depth pressure.

"Is it a musical ringing?" asked Miss Wallace.

"Only when you're around," said the guileful poet.

"How exciting!" girl said. "Why don't you write a lyric for it?"

"I will," boy said, "if you marry me." Girl said she'd take the matter under advisement and boy began scribbling on a menu. Presently he was mumbling, rhapsodically:

"Somebody loves me; I wonder who
It could be?
Somebody loves me; maybe it's you . . ."

"Maybe it is," sighed Miss Wallace, overcome, and that did it. Two hours later De Sylva had a new hit song and a promised bride.

De Sylva's first important job in New York was to write lyrics for Jolson's Sinbad. After that, he collaborated with a young pianist at Remick's on a musical comedy called La La Lucille. The pianist was George Gershwin, and Lucille wasn't one of his better efforts. It did, however, bring De Sylva to Victor Herbert's attention. Herbert wanted lyrics for Orange Blossoms, and the combination of the master's need and the youth's awe produced A Kiss in the Dark, generally bracketed with When Day is Done as De Sylva's most significant work.

The era from 1920 to 1923 was formative for De Sylva, but even then he published sixty songs, most of them money-makers. He pursued no fixed course in composing, but recalls that he was seldom touched by the muse while alone. Bits of conversation, snatches of melody, a wayward gag, all were grist to his mill.

"The layman thinks a song writer turns out stuff with a heart full of romance and a head full of rhyme," he says, "but he does better with an office full of bill collectors and a bank full of overdrafts."

By 1925, De Sylva was writing songs faster than anyone in Tin Pan Alley and collaborating on librettos for major musicals. In 1928, he joined Lawrence Schwab on the book, lyrics and melodies of Queen High and stepped up front to stay.

Turns Deaf Ear into Profit

At about this time he made the embarrassing discovery, for a song writer, that he was deaf in one ear. With typical aplomb, he diverted it to his own profit. In business conferences he turns the bad ear to any proposition that doesn't suit him, blithely covering the other. By this artful maneuver he has become almost argument-proof.

His capacity for getting things done without effort is fantastic. From 1921 to 1929 he wrote lyrics for Sally, Greenwich Village Follies, Ziegfeld Follies, six Scandals, Orange Blossoms, Captain Jenks and Three Cheers. He did lyrics, librettos and melodies for Queen High, Manhattan Mary, Hold Everything, Follow Through, Good News and Flying High. It adds up to practically a glossary of the musical hits of the era.

Before the age of De Sylva, musical comedies did without plots. Female epidermis was the first necessity, followed by sets, music and comedy. Into this formless panoply barged the Azusa iconoclast to build musicals on conflict, pursuit, frustration and triumph—sound, salable dramatic ingredients. In Du Barry, one of the forgotten millions wins the Irish Sweepstakes while toiling menially in a gents' room. His reactions to his windfall, converging on that tragic moment when he inadvertently gives himself a Mickey Finn intended for a love rival, make for suspense and sympathy.

With the advent of talkies, Hollywood saw a new bonanza in musical comedy for the masses. It was soon apparent, however, that such fare, as produced on the stage, was too friable for the primitive demands of film fans and too diaphanous for the camera's basilisk eye. What was needed was a genius who could give substance to frivolity, and it was while nursing this dream that Hollywood became aware of B. G. De Sylva.

Although a fabulous Broadway figure at thirty-three, De Sylva was ready for a change, so when Winfield Sheehan, then head of Fox, broached a Hollywood contract, he found his amiable little Barkis willin'. He was also busy, but pleasantly so, racking up his forty thousandth dollar from his Sonny Boy hit. We mentioned this because it was now 1929. In a year when about everyone with more than an academic interest in money was contemplating the consistency of the sidewalk from vertiginous heights, De Sylva was hitting a high mark in earnings from a single song.

At the same time De Sylva signed with Sheehan, Lew Brown and Ray Henderson, his partners in the publishing firm of De Sylva, Brown & Henderson, also went to Hollywood. The defections left the house without business or artistic geniuses and created quite a problem. It was solved by the Frères Warner of Hollywood who paid $4,000,000 for the firm as a mean[illegible] taining the fountainhead of son[illegible] each of the partners received $1,33[illegible] for three years of unrelenting rel[illegible] With characteristic acumen, De Sy[illegible] tiously invested the $333.33 and [illegible] balance in his pocket for mad mo[illegible] hadn't yet bucked Hollywood, b[illegible] heard plenty and he wasn't goin[illegible] caught without carfare back to Br[illegible]

De Sylva's $3,000-a-week contr[illegible] Sheehan was far from notable in [illegible] where anything less than $1,000 [illegible] sidered an affront, but he was mor[illegible] ested in making pictures than ac[illegible] more money to count. While Hol[illegible] smirkingly predicted his come-u[illegible] he made Sunny Side Up. Running [illegible] De Sylva form, it became one of th[illegible] est money-makers of picture histo[illegible] Hollywood was stopped.

From the hour of his arrival, De[illegible] was a riddle to Hollywood. He hi[illegible] extra secretaries, no chauffeurs a[illegible] butlers, and his firm refusal to ad[illegible] nary-colored slacks and chartreuse [illegible] heightened the distrust. The last str[illegible] when he began to arrive at his of[illegible] nine A. M., a departure classified by [illegible] wood's eleven o'clock guild as de[illegible] subversive.

Long-Distance Song Writing

He was best known in Hollywood [illegible] man who once wrote a song by lo[illegible] tance telephone. Jolson had called [illegible] York from Hollywood for a numb[illegible] The Singing Fool and had told Lew [illegible] his needs. Brown reached De Sylv[illegible] Henderson in Atlantic City. "Al [illegible] something about a kid, with a lin[illegible] 'Climb up on my lap' in it," he expl[illegible]

"How's 'Climb up on my lap, S[illegible] Boy; play me for a sap, Sonny Boy?' [illegible] Sylva came back.

"Be nice, now," Brown pleaded, [illegible] get Al a song today. He's waiting."

BUTCH by SGT. LARRY REYNOL[illegible]

"You would have to remark what a fine Victory garden he's got!"

COLLIER'S

wo Scotch and sodas later, De Sylva Henderson had put together the Comb up on my knee, Sonny Boy; hugh you're only three, Sonny Boy" tear er, telephoned it, collect, to Jolson in llywood and returned to their relaxing.

De Sylva's outstanding achievement in llywood is his contribution to the ca- of Shirley Temple. When he took over incredible moppet, she was merely an nerican freak with no more acting abil- than a baby giant panda half her age. Sylva's biggest problem was to keep studio from casting her immediately in in or Mourning Becomes Electra. He ked her stories with extreme care, see- to it that they were within the scope a child's interest and understanding.

Childless himself, De Sylva has a firm asp of child psychology. He sensed that irley had to be interested in the move- ent of a story she was helping to tell. all pictures he made with her, he sub- erged her interest in her own extraordi- ry self and placed emphasis on the game. irectors were forbidden to shoot from e cuff (Hollywoodese for deviating from e script) because that would violate the les of play. By converting work into a ort, the pair turned out The Little olonel, The Littlest Rebel, Captain Janu- y, Poor Little Rich Girl and Stowaway, quartet of triumphs representing the pogee of the Temple legend.

If De Sylva helped Miss Temple, she epaid him in kind. Without her, his Hol- wood career might have ended ten years go. At that point, Sheehan had been queezed out of Fox, and Darryl Zanuck ad taken over. Listed among the heads o fall was De Sylva's.

"They can't do it," said Miss Temple. I'll tell my mamma."

She did and Mrs. Temple informed Zanuck that she insisted her daughter re- main under De Sylva's aegis. Zanuck didn't know Mrs. Temple well, then, but he took one look at the set of her ma- ernal jaw and De Sylva stayed.

In 1940, after eleven years of Holly- wood, De Sylva took a sabbatical. Al- though he called it a rest, he joined Herb Fields in preparing Du Barry for Broad- way. It costs money to produce musicals, but that didn't faze De Sylva. He hired Cole Porter to do the music, put Bert Lahr and Ethel Merman in the leads and got his show together for $110,000. Within a week after opening, it was setting box-office records and had started a musical comedy renaissance.

Three Hits in a Season

De Sylva next plunged into Louisiana Purchase, casting Bill Gaxton, Zorina, Irene Bordoni and Victor Moore. Once more he felt the pleasant flush of a hit, making it two for the season. And he was only resting, mind you. He might have returned to Hollywood without his three-in-a-season record had not he and Fields got to mulling over a number called Hattie from Tahiti. In the ensuing discussion, Hattie was moved to Panama because Tahiti had become corny, whereas Panama had fresh, topical pegs to hang a plot on.

They went on from there, engaging for the role of the child Miss Joan Carrol, who followed the De Sylva pattern for pittypat prodigies by becoming the toast of Broad- way. As if there could be no end to the De Sylva luck, a theatrical producer and a dramatic critic engaged in a bloodless brawl in the theater lobby on opening night and the subsequent publicity blizzard would have sold out a flea circus.

De Sylva's earnings from these three hits approximated three quarters of a mil- lion dollars, including sales to the movies of Hattie for $130,000, Du Barry for $80,- 000 and Purchase for $150,000. Fortified by a year of so-called rest and the health- giving feel of seven hundred and fifty thou- sand dollars, he returned to Hollywood to produce Bob Hope's Caught in the Draft. Then came the call that was to make him top hand in a business that a decade be- fore had scoffed at him.

Paramount Studios, in the beginning of 1941, found its earnings approach- ing the vanishing point. In dire extremity, the studio heads sent for De Sylva on the hunch that he knew where some bullion was buried. To their dismay De Sylva, now Hollywood wise, gave an automatic "no" to their first proffer of the executive- producer scepter.

"At least," someone said, "you can tell us how you make pictures."

"By the pit of my stomach" was the discouraging answer. De Sylva explained that the best aviators fly by the seat of their pants and that he merely elevates the system fifteen inches. When he reads a script, or sees a rush, and feels a sinking in the pit of his stomach, he says "no." On the other hand, if he has the sensation of just having swallowed three fingers of brandy, he says "yes."

Simple as the system seemed, the studio heads were no better off than before. In the end they had recourse to Hollywood's infallible weapon, rugged money, and De Sylva signed.

Curtains for the "Simp" Formula

His first move was to junk the formula known as the Simpleton Special. In this, boy meets girl, mutual hatred develops, boorishness becomes a badge of charm and, after an hour and thirty minutes of juvenile insults, the twain start hunting for a preacher. De Sylva held that there are women alive today who prefer gentility to boorishness and offered Hold Back the Dawn to prove it, eventually having the satisfaction of watching the public fight to see it.

After the success of Hold Back the Dawn, he tried Sullivan's Travels, in which he again permitted two people in love to be kind to each other before the last hun- dred feet of film. To the chagrin of the Simpleton school, this one also flushed up new box-office custom. Not only had De Sylva proved his point, but the financial results enabled Paramount to face the financing of For Whom the Bell Tolls with an equanimity undreamed of a year be- fore.

De Sylva still keeps but one secretary, and she wears a perpetually harassed ex- pression because of his habit of reiterat- ing that he can't find enough to keep her busy. His office features a scarred desk that seldom seems to have anything on it but his feet. There is also a radio and a piano, the latter having an important func- tion. When De Sylva wishes to end an in- terview, he sits down before it and starts thumping, at the same time indicating that he may burst into song at any minute. It always works.

His home in Holmby Hills has neither swimming pool nor tennis court. Some years ago, when money began pouring in, he acquired an authentic Renoir, a pair of minor Van Goghs and a Manet. They now serve the *décor* of his living room.

In recent years he has taken to painting portraits of his friends. One of the most interesting of these is of Director Leo Mc- Carey. One critic found that it makes Mr McCarey look like a lemur, a disaster for which De Sylva refuses to accept entire responsibility. "An artist paints only what he feels and sees," he said.

Anyone who has coasted through life on a golden sled doubtless shows considerable effrontery in offering Rotarian advice, but De Sylva is not inhibited. He still believes that worriers defeat themselves and that if more of us followed the line of least re- sistance the millennium would soon ar- rive, probably to a fanfare of This is My Lucky Day, by B. G. De Sylva.

THE END

FALSE TEETH WEARERS

WHY RISK DENTURE BREATH AND LOOSENED PLATES BY BRUSHING WITH MAKESHIFT CLEANERS?

Brushing your plates with tooth pastes, tooth powders or soap, may scratch the den- ture material which is *60 times softer than natural teeth.* These scratches cause odorous stains, film, and food particles to *collect faster and cling tighter* . . . resulting in Den- ture Breath. Remember, *you* may not know you have it, but others *do!* Besides, brush- ing with makeshift cleaners often wears down the delicate fitting ridges designed to hold your plate in place. With worn-down ridges, of course, your plate loosens.

PLAY SAFE—SOAK YOUR PLATE CLEAN IN POLIDENT

The safe, modern way to clean dental plates, partial plates and removable bridges is to *soak* them clean in Polident every day. Polident is approved by many leading dentists and the leading makers of modern denture materials. No brushing, no danger, yet the daily Polident bath works into the corners and crevices no amount of brushing seems to reach—leaves your den- ture sparkling clean, odor-free.

"Now I go places . . . do things . . . enjoy life!"

Millions call Polident a blessing. No fear of Denture Breath—no risk of wearing down and loosening the plate. Polident used daily, maintains the original, natural appearance of your dental plate for less than a penny a day. Today—get Polident at any drug, department or variety store. 3 oz. size—30¢; 7 oz. size—60¢.

FREE—Booklet on Care of Dentures. Send post card to Hudson Products, Inc., Dept. C-8, 8 High St., Jersey City, N. J.

POLIDENT *The Safe, Modern Way to Clean Plates and Bridges*

The More Women at Work — The Sooner We'll Win!

Café Sinister

Continued from page 12

liked Dickie. He was of the tribe of rich young men who go in for a career of billboard love affairs. El Granada has a large complement of these Romeos who, lacking all other enterprise, devote themselves to the pursuit of ladies. The pursuit seldom goes beyond a jog trot but even at this pace the night-club Isoldes are easily lassoed. The goal of both sexes being identical—to achieve mention in the gossip columns as often as possible—little time is wasted outside the limelight.

"The old hunting grounds," our lieutenant said sentimentally, turning a flaccid face on the clientele.

"How do they look after the terrors of Washington?" I asked. Dickie always appreciated minor insults.

"Better than ever," he laughed, still sweeping the horizon with expert eye. His attention came to a halt. "At least," he went on, "I know now what I'm fighting for."

"And what's that?" I asked.

"That redhead," said Dickie softly. "Holy hat! That's an item! Who is the graveyard with her?"

I gave the baron's name.

"Never heard of him," said Dickie.

"Ever seen the girl?" I asked.

Dickie sipped his drink and was thoughtful. One had the impression of a young man peering into a myriad of hotel rooms.

"Uh-uh," he said moodily, "but it's my dish. I think I'll go over and cheer the poor little thing up. I never could stand to see redheads wasted."

"You won't get very far," I said. "The baron is a seclusive type. He shuns people."

"My dish," Dickie repeated softly and stood up. "Watch me. The Navy never misses."

We watched and were astonished. Lieutenant Malchen stood in front of the baron's table smiling and speaking easily. The baron arose, smiled and bowed. Whereupon the beautiful redhead stepped from behind the table and in a twinkling our lieutenant and the baron's prize were on the dance floor locked in a sort of *rigor mortis*.

I watched Dickie and noted that he had not lost his cunning as a ballroom artist. He still favored the strangle hold for waltzes and the bear hug for all other rhythms.

Morty nudged me. "That bears it out," he said.

"Bears what out, oracle?" I asked.

"My first diagnosis—that the baron doesn't give a hoot about redheads." Morty mopped his brow. "He hasn't opened his eyes, turned his head or stolen a single peek at the blitzkrieg on the dance floor."

TWENTY minutes later, Dickie returned the rumpled beauty to her perch beside the baron and sat down next to her. There was a small group of tax-tortured citizens at our own table discussing the future of the world. This vital topic, however, failed to hold my attention. I waited for the Navy to bring us tidings of Baron Corfus. And while waiting, I noted with some surprise that our Don Juan apparently had lost interest in his redheaded quarry. Both he and the "dish" sat unaware of each other, listening openmouthed to the elegant baron.

At 1:35 Dickie returned from the vestibule and joined us. The tax-debating society had moved on to another club for inspiration, and Morty and I were alone.

"Holy hat!" said Dickie. "What a guy! The most exciting old pollywog I ever listened to."

"How'd you get in?" I asked.

"Oh, that," Dickie grinned. "Just pulled the old gag. Introduced myself and told the old boy I'd made a fifty-dollar bet with you gentlemen that I could prevail on him to let me dance with the lovely young lady at his side. It worked like a charm. The thing that helped was that the old boy knows you and doesn't like you. Uh-uh—not for apples."

"Knows whom?" I asked.

"The doctor," said Dickie. Morty beamed. "He hates psychiatry," Dickie went on, "if that's of any interest to you?"

"Of the deepest," said Morty.

"What did he talk about?" I asked as Dickie sunk his nose into a wineglass.

"Terrific!" he looked up. "Biggest authority on Nazis in the world. He knows them all—Goebbels, Goering, Hitler. All the big shots. He's been at their homes. I never heard anything so fascinating."

"As for instance," I prodded.

"Oh, well," said Dickie, "an absolutely inside track on all those boys. Don't you think that's pretty interesting? I do. You know—who loves who and what those crazy Nazis say when they let their hair down."

HERE at least was an answer to the baron's fascination for the two redheads. Our mystery man was full of intimate tidbits concerning the nature of the enemy and apparently had bowled over Dickie as well with tales of the home life of Germany's bogeymen.

"Holy hat!" Dickie jumped up suddenly. "I forgot to get her telephone number. I'm slipping."

"Sit down. She'll be back tomorrow night," I promised. "What did she have to say about his nibs while you were dancing?"

"Not a talking type," said Dickie, with a soulful look toward the vestibule, "but quite a dish, eh?"

"Well," said Morty, after Dickie left us, "we've found out one impressive clue. The baron knows who I am and dislikes me. I think that's vital information."

"For your press book, perhaps," I "Personally, I am more interested i being so close to the great Nazis."

"Lies, all lies," said Morty. "He do know any Nazis. He never met Goel or Hitler. He's merely taking advar of the ingénue American interest in b stairs tittle-tattle to put something His dislike of me proves that absolut

"You're sending up bubbles," I "I don't follow you."

"My dear friend," Morty beamed, man's up to something and he's terr I'll see through him. All lunatics feel way about me."

Morty let his face drip in exultation

"They're telepathic," he went on. "I can sense a brain piercing through t hocus-pocus. That's what ails the ba He knows I've got his compulsion r rosis by the tail and that I'm likely to where it's going—any minute."

Highly pleased with himself, the m thinker forgot it was his turn as gues our table and picked up the check.

Thus our mystery remained for a we The only progress made was by Dic Malchen, whose relationship with the r head had already borne fruit in the gos columns.

I had hoped the lieutenant would p go-between and get us a bid backst of our mystery. Nothing of the sort h pened. The only news that Dickie brou us of the baron was of his remarkal collection of paintings and of his aversi for Morty.

"I suggested we all get together," sa Dickie, "but he can't stand psychiatris You ain't mad, are you, Doc?" and Dick winked at me.

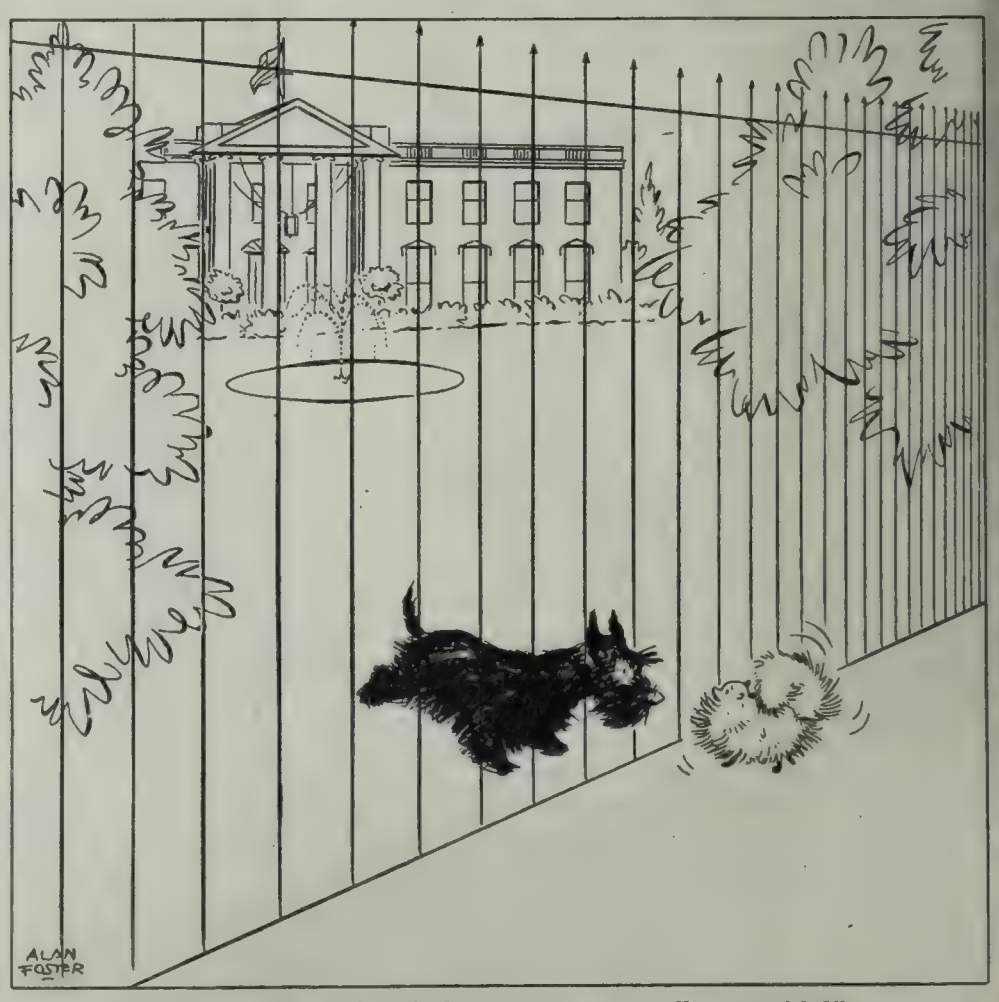
"Not in the least." Morty also wink at me. "Nobody loves a nosy psychiatrist

Dickie chortled and squeezed off t ward the dance floor.

It was the next night that the curtain which we had been staring so long bega finally to rise. It did not rise far, b enough to give us our first glimpse of th design of the hidden stage. The desig

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



COLLIER'S "You say they classified you as emotionally unstable?"

For the Taste Connoisseur

RONRICO

Best RUM bar none

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free copy. Ronrico Corporation, Dept. (D) Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out about two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

ALSO KILLS LICE & TICKS

PULVEX FLEA POWDER

25¢ AND 50¢

Room with Bath $2 up

HOTEL LOWRY

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

GARAGE • COFFEE SHOP

CLEANS RUST OUT OF RADIATORS

Dissolves rust and scale quickly, safely. Requires no reverse flushing. It stops overheating. Increases engine efficiency, also saves gas and oil.

DU PONT COOLING SYSTEM CLEANSER

DU PONT Cooling System CLEANSER

COLLIER'S "Once I got started, I found I couldn't stop" LAWRENCE LARIAR

s Uncle Albert Malchen, Dickie's most nowned relative.

The honorable and disintegrating Al- rt was rarely seen in such gaudy dens as Granada. He belonged to an era that d come to a full stop with the diabolic vention of the income tax; an era, also, at had regarded sin as a very important atter worthy of secret mansions, secret chts and posthumous autobiographies. ncle Albert, having squandered millions amour, was averse surely to seeing it nocked down nightly in the open market or a single magnum of champagne, which ay have accounted, in part, for his ab- nce from such haunts as ours.

HIS appearance on this night sent a rip- ple through the blaring room, for Mr. Malchen was more than a celebrity come o be seen holding hands with another elebrity. He was a legend stepped out of ncient Wall Street deals and international ove scandals—a gentleman as archaic as he Devil in red tights—and the fleshpots urtsied nostalgically to him. Behold- ng him, the clientele of El Granada re- nembered tales of chateaus on beaches, nountaintops and boulevards, recalled Rembrandts and Raphaels showered on strumpets, wheat markets cornered, and somebody shooting somebody else on the opening night of the Opera.

The lieutenant piloted this white-mus- tached, red-faced legend through the crowded room. He held it tenderly by the elbow, and a look of extreme piety was on him as if he were guiding an abbot to his prayers. The two, uncle and nephew, stopped in front of the table of our camellia-studded baron. Introductions took place and chairs were adjusted.

"Well, my friend." Morty scowled. "At least the first part of the mystery is cleared up. We can dismiss the Titian sirens from here in." He mopped his face.

"We're a pair of idiots," he resumed. "Good Lord, imagine my not seeing through the whole thing in a minute. It makes me sick."

"But you did see through it," I com- forted the scientist.

"Only as far as Dickie," Morty frowned. "I saw that the redheads were a bait set out for our naval hero. And I saw that the baron had gone to consid- erable research, for a foreigner, to estab- lish the fact that Dickie had a fetish for red-haired ladies. But I didn't think be- yond Dickie to Uncle Albert."

"You're quite right," I said. "It looks pretty obvious. Our baron snagged Dickie with a redhead. And then used Dickie as bait for Uncle Albert. And Uncle Albert is now going to be taken for something neat and considerable."

The baron and Mr. Malchen were con- versing amiably against the padded satin wall. Mr. Malchen's red, rubbery face was full of a sort of roguish good humor of the old school. He appeared to be urging something on the baron and the baron with much charm appeared to be refusing whatever it was.

"One thing confuses me," Morty spoke up suddenly. "There doesn't seem any- thing mad about the whole business. And there should be. There should be some- thing very definitely maniacal going on. And there isn't. It's all too stupidly logi- cal."

Morty glared at our baron as at a men- dacious patient.

"We are being misled," he sighed. "If that man's a swindler, I'm a chiropodist." And Morty sat glaring at the baron in- dignantly.

OUR mystery was being seated when we reached our El Granada roost the next night.

"I wonder what the next step is," I said as Ganzo with tip-dizzied tenderness guided the baron and the redhead to the padded wall.

"The next step involves us," said Morty in a whisper, "the fellow is beam- ing at us like a brother Elk."

I turned and saw this remarkable sight. Baron Corfus was smiling unmistakably

How to Make a Wish

MANY folks used to wish on a Covered Bridge, but Covered Bridges are scarce these days. So if you want to make a wish, wherever you are, simply close your eyes and slowly put your wish into words. For example: "I wish this war would end soon and that we would win." Of course, the only sure way to make that wish come true is to buy plenty of War Bonds and Stamps regularly. No discredit to the wish-fulfilling prowess of Covered Bridges, understand, but War Bonds buy the bridges of ships and airplanes that carry destruction to the Axis. America will build 'em fast if you buy 'em fast. This advertisement contributed by the makers of Sani-Flush and Mel'o.

—SAYS "OLD SARGE"

You need the right weapons against fleas. And you need to rout fleas if your dog is to keep in good health and condition.

Our secret weapon for fleas is the ONE-TWO: *One,* a flea-killing (and skin-conditioning) bath with SKIP-FLEA Soap. . . . *Two,* frequent dusting with SKIP-FLEA Powder — it slaughters new arrivals.

Fight your dog's fleas with SKIP-FLEA. At all drug and pet stores. Free Sergeant's Dog Book, too! (Or use coupon below.)

FREE SERGEANT'S, Dept. 51-H, Richmond, Va. Please mail the NEW, 1943, 40-page, Illustrated Sergeant's Dog Book to:

Name_____
Address_____
City State

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

in our direction, and Ganzo was moving toward our table.

"The gentleman over there," said Ganzo, "Baron Corfus, asks if you care to join him as his guests."

"We'd be delighted," said Morty softly.

Ganzo bowed and smiled like a good fairy whose work is done.

We squeezed our way to the baron's side.

His voice fitted him like another camellia. It was softly accented and full of good humor—the voice of a man of wit who has learned English where it is spoken only by the most elegant of people.

"I feel we are old friends," he said after the introductions to the red-haired Miss Annabella Wilkerson were done and we had all sat down. "Your faces have the quality of long companionship. I am certain that mine must be equally familiar to you."

This was not bad as a dig at our weeks of scrutiny.

"Yes," said Morty. "We've been interested in each other for some time. In fact, my friend and I have been happily mystified since your first appearance."

I thought this a little crude but the baron was delighted.

"I didn't know psychiatrists were ever mystified," he said. "I thought people were an open book to them—a rather ugly book."

"Open," said Morty kittenishly, "but hard to read halfway across a room."

The baron nodded and failed to look wary. His eyes continued to glitter through their slits with a sort of gaiety that confused me. But not Morty. Morty apparently understood this symptom thoroughly. He seemed, in fact, full of a friskiness that matched the baron's, and I was reminded of two fighters who square off with grins on their mugs, each equally certain of himself.

WE ORDERED wine, and I tackled the red-haired Miss Wilkerson with a few opening remarks about Dickie.

"Oh, really now," Miss Wilkerson answered in a swooning Southern voice. "All Navy men are alike, don't you think? Ah don' mean anything disrespeckful tawed the Navy, but they ah so Navy, wouldn't you say?"

The baron smiled at her without mockery.

"I find this place very interesting," he resumed, "and also a little sad."

"Why sad?" I asked and earned a mysterious kick under the table from Morty.

"It is sad when you see how little riches have come to mean," said the baron. "And how small a thing luxury has become. Hardly more than this." He nodded wistfully at El Granada and continued, "Luxury was once the goal of all intelligent human beings. Now we are all a little ashamed of it and actually frightened of its fine clothes and pleasant hours. It's a pity that the dream of luxury has been frightened out of the world."

"It will not be luxury that's removed from the world." Morty mopped his face and kept peeking like a schoolboy from behind his handkerchief. "But only its present formula—a great deal for a very few. This is being altered into another formula—a little for everybody."

"I wonder," said the baron, "if useless things can be rationed or idleness evenly distributed. It is doubtful."

"Why did you ask us over?" Morty asked suddenly, and I was glad to see that the boys had come to an end of their sparring.

"The scientist is always direct," the baron smiled. "Here is our wine. Shall we drink first?"

The lovely Miss Wilkerson cooed over the bubbles.

"Ah just adaw champagne," she said. "It relaxes yaw mind. It really does."

The baron raised his glass to her. "To you," he said, "for being so beautiful."

"Thank you." Miss Wilkerson widened her eyes at all of us.

Our host said, smiling at Morty, "I asked you over because your deep interest in me made me think you might enjoy the only small gift I have to offer—that of the raconteur."

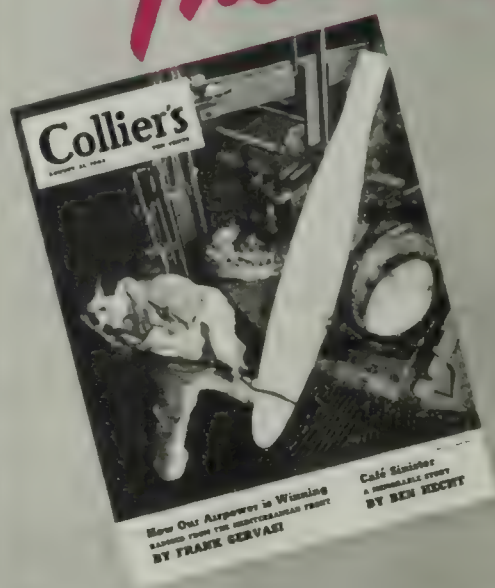
"I knew that," said Morty smugly; "I knew you had something to tell us."

A waiter appeared bearing a tele instrument which he plugged in.

"We have your number now," the said.

"Excuse me." The baron smilec and spoke into the instrument: "He that Emil? Emil, this is Corfus. D remember what time I told you I ex the gentlemen? . . . Ah. . . . They ar Please, I will speak to the lieutenant

The Week's Work



AT THIS very moment the hollow steel propeller blade shown on the front cover may be biting the air over one of the theaters of war. When this picture was taken, however, the red-hot blade was being hoisted by chain out of a rotary pit furnace in the Curtiss-Wright Propeller Division plant at Caldwell, New Jersey, after being heat-treated for 81 minutes.

Ordinarily, these blades must be guided into a hydraulic press, for "die-quench" hardening, within 15 seconds after removal from the furnace. A man with a stop watch times the transfer. But for picture purposes, a hot blade was held steady for what must have seemed a painfully long time by Heat Treater James Annecone, whose face and left arm were highly reddened by the 1,500-degree heat.

The top of a pit furnace is on a level with the floor, and is 25 feet deep. Its capacity is 10 blades, which emerge at the rate of one every nine minutes. The blue light shown at the top of the picture flashes on when a blade is ready for removal. Heat treatment is one of the most important stages through which Curtiss hollow steel blades must pass before they're put into service on any of 14 different warplanes of the United Nations. In the first hardening step, the blade is "normalized" in a gas furnace of 1,700° Fahrenheit, then slowly cooled in an asbestos-lined chamber. The pit furnace comes next and, third, the hydraulic press, which "blows out" indentations and distortions and brings the metal's hardness up to rigid Army and Navy specifications.

A NOTE for camera addicts. Photographer Eugene Smith spent five hours co-ordinating everything for this cover composition. The actual shooting took very few minutes. Curtiss-Wright had a platform ready for Gene, but it turned out to be too low. A 12-foot ladder made the grade for height, but proved too unsteady for a tripod. Gene finally wound up on a 14-foot platform normally used, he thinks, for changing light bulbs in the shop ceiling.

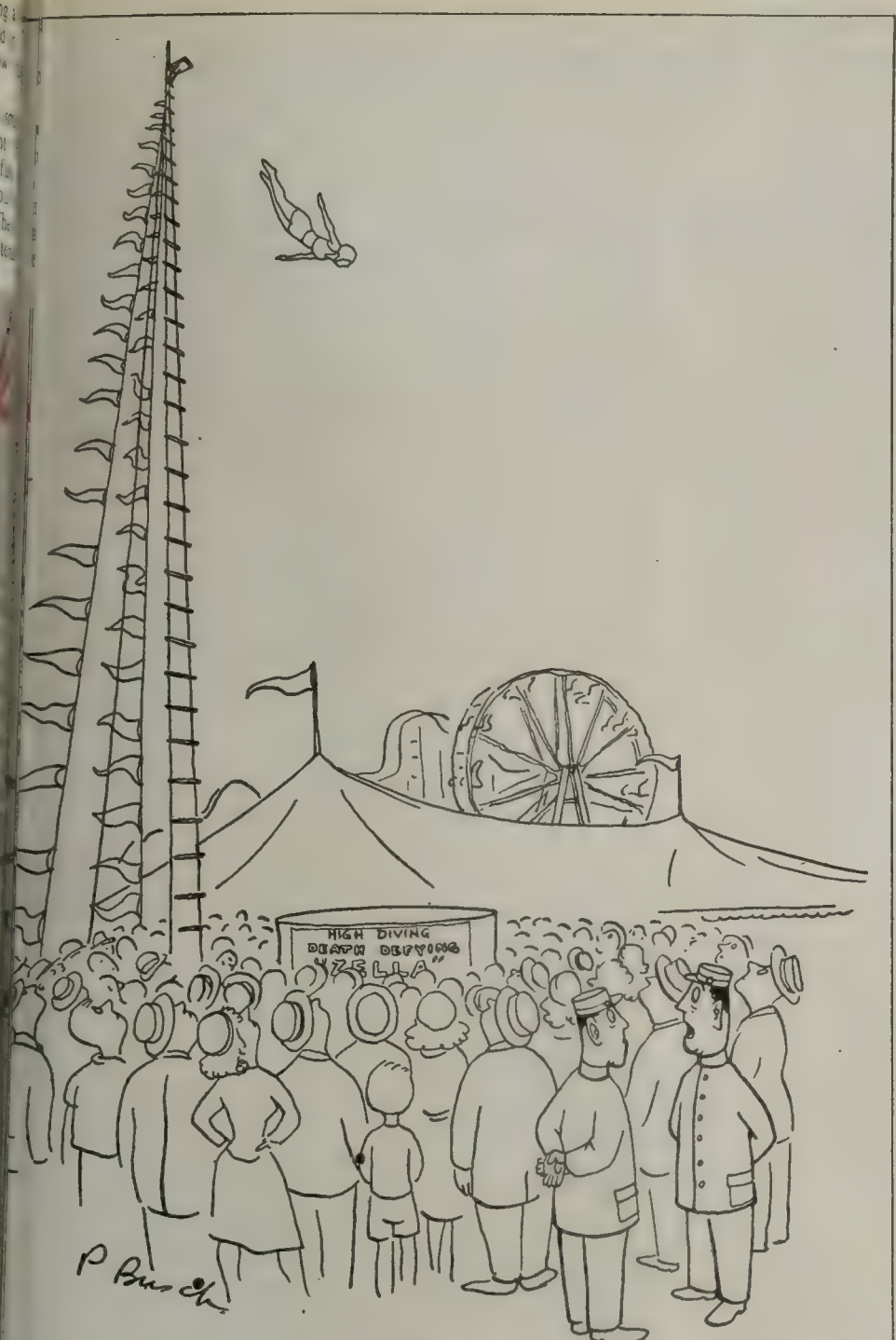
Mr. Annecone, a very patient man, made several "dry runs" with a cold blade for a critical Mr. Smith, then eight exposures were made of four hot blades, with two cameras operating simultaneously. The exposures were "open flash"—the shutters remaining open for four seconds so the color could register on the film, then closed after a couple of flash bulbs had lighted the details. Best exposure was f5.6. Smith's best job for quite a spell.

NO USE keeping Virgil (VIP) Partch under wraps any longer. Newsweek spilled a full page of beans about him in their issue of June 14, and cartoon books will soon be popping right and left containing examples of his pen-and-ink lunacy. Collier's bought the first of Partch's gags on January 8, 1942, has stamped an okay on the best he has turned out since, and has patiently answered letters from readers demanding to know if Mr. Partch is unhinged and are we in our right minds. Our patience has been rewarded; we seldom hear any complaints these days.

VIP breaks most of the rules of Art and his sense of humor outscrewballs the balmiest of his contemporaries, but the combination is something that grows on you. Although we have yet to meet our twenty-six-year-old discovery, our correspondence between New York and North Hollywood is lively. Sample: "Dear People," he addressed us recently, as though fearing his message would never penetrate to the Cartoon Department (which has all the privacy of Grand Central Terminal), "I'm sorry I have been so long in delivering this drawing. Please hate me." We can't. We love him and all his wacky works (see pages 30 and 43).

G. W.

Partch, by Partch



"Why, no—I thought you had filled it!" P. BUSCH

e baron sighed and looked at Morty. have done a very stupid thing," he "I thought my appointment was for hirty rather than midnight. Isn't that I told you, Miss Wilkerson?"

'es." She nodded earnestly. "Ah unood it was one-thirty. Ah remember ictly . . ."

'm afraid we are wrong," he smiled. u must explain to me, Doctor, how it at one's memory can be so accurate, ivid and accurate about the past and ompletely worthless on matters of the ent."

'erhaps the present is of no interest to ," Morty cooed. I knew he had spotted shaking of the baron's hand and the ion in the slitted eyes.

HELLO," our host spoke into the phone. "Lieutenant? . . . Oh, I'm so sorry, Lieutenant. I had an impres- that we were to meet after the café . . . really? . . . Yes, I recall now. In fact, been uncertain for fifteen minutes. ase convey to your uncle my deepest rets and ask him if he will be kind ugh to look at the paintings. I will be r very soon. Tell him the data is on my k . . . Oh, he is? I am delighted."

The baron's breath caught in a curious p and the shaking of the hand holding instrument increased.

"Then there is no need for me to rush," resumed. "And how are you, Lieuten- ? We missed you this evening—in more ys than one. Yes, she is here. Would u care to speak to her?"

He handed the phone to Miss Wilker- n. Morty mopped away and peeked ex- edly, and I wondered if he would offer his handkerchief to the baron, on whose temples a film of moisture had appeared.

"Hello tha," said Miss Wilkerson. "So sorry yaw not heah, Mr. Malchen . . . Yes, tha's a wonderful crowd heah tonight . . . Oh, just everybody . . . You do? . . . Oh, that's very naughty, Mr. Malchen . . . No, I won't call you Dickie ever if you talk like tha." She laughed, as Dickie apparently stepped up his campaign and tossed back a series of arch and ambiguous gurgles. The baron sat listening with what seemed a breathless, dreamy air. A smile twitched his mouth and he took the instrument from Miss Wilkerson.

"Will you please ask the butler to fix you a drink, until I get there?" he said. "Oh, it's no trouble at all for him. And I'm sure he has some sandwiches ready . . . He did? Well, I'm delighted . . . No, no, no . . . Please, say nothing about that till I get there. And give him all the time he wants. A great art connoisseur loves to be alone with his quarry . . . And I'm sure he'll find the paintings quite worth his attention . . . Yes . . . We'll finish our drinks and be over . . . And my apologies for forgetting the hour."

He hung the phone up and looked at his wrist watch. The moisture had spread from his temples to his chin and glistened now on his shaking fingers. His voice, however, was smooth enough as he said, "Mr. Albert Malchen is at my apartment looking at some paintings I own and am not averse to selling."

Morty stared at him blandly.

"It really upset me." The baron removed his own handkerchief and mopped his face. "I cannot bear to be unpunctual. Punctuality is perhaps my defense against a completely disorganized mind. At least, I often think so. But no harm's been done. Shall we have another bottle of wine?"

"Ah don't think we ought to leave Mr. Malchen alone," Miss Wilkerson pouted.

"But I cannot desert our new friends here so abruptly." He smiled. "Particularly Dr. Briggs who is still curious as to why I sought the honor of his company. I am an exile from a country that I once loved. There is nothing pleases me so much as to tell stories about that country. It is the same as one feels toward an old, old friend who has died. One loves to recall him and speak of him to others."

I had an impression the baron was babbling and I waited for Morty to say as much. But Morty had grown dreamy and I knew his mind was far away from the baron's words. He was thinking like a steam engine.

BARON CORFUS spoke for another five minutes. He was describing a dinner party at which Mussolini had recited an ode to himself, when the waiter appeared, bearing a telephone.

"For you, sir." He nodded at the baron, as he plugged in the wire.

"Hello," the baron spoke into the phone. "Yes . . . What? . . . I don't understand . . . Oh, I see . . . Oh, I'm terribly sorry . . . Yes, I have one in my pocket . . . Yes . . . Oh, I'm sure nothing has happened . . . Yes, indeed, I'll be right over."

He hung up quickly and rose. Morty followed him to his feet.

"Has something happened?" he purred.

"You look awfully upset." Miss Wilkerson put her hand on the baron's arm. "Is it something about Dickie?"

"I'm sure it's nothing," our host sighed, starting toward the vestibule. Morty was at his side and the baron added, "Mr. Malchen says his uncle locked himself in my drawing room. The door has a spring lock and I have the only key."

"Why doesn't Uncle Albert open it?" Morty asked softly.

"Apparently he is so enthralled by my paintings," the baron smiled, "that he cannot hear his nephew's outcries."

"I am a doctor," said Morty, "and will go home with you. In case one is needed."

The baron's apartment was five minutes away by taxi. The four of us rode there in silence.

The butler who opened the Corfus door for us looked like Voltaire—a puny and electric old gentleman. Dickie gathered Miss Wilkerson to him and begged her not to worry because he had already sent for Dr. Kenneth O. Bishop, the heart specialist, and his uncle's chief personal physician. Miss Wilkerson patted the mariner's cheek and was certain everything would be all right.

In the meantime Corfus unlocked the door, at which we were all looking. We saw a large softly lighted room with a number of paintings on the walls. At the far end of the room stood an easel with a large painting of a woman on it. The easel was an imposing affair with velvet drapes on each side.

A third look revealed Albert Malchen on the floor, his face flattened against the rug. The fabled Malchen was dead. In this room hung with too many paintings, he looked like a child collapsed amid his toys.

We stood like a little group of mummers who had not learned their lines for the death scene. Particularly Morty. Morty had turned his gaze away from the mighty Malchen crumpled on the rug. He was looking at another figure—the one on the easel. It was a full-length portrait of a woman of twenty. She was a proud and fragile lady done chiefly in greens.

Dr. Kenneth O. Bishop found us with highball glasses in our hands. He was tall, learned and expensive-looking and obviously of the supreme court of medicine. It was apparent at once that dead million-

FROM THE HEART OF CALIFORNIA

I speak for ROMA

WINES true to type, faithful in flavor, sound of character, reasonable in cost... America's largest-selling wines.

Roma offers a wide choice of
APPETIZER WINES
TABLE WINES
DESSERT WINES

Before you buy wine —buy War Bonds

ROMA WINES

TUNE IN: The Roma Show. Your Columbia Station — every Thursday night. Stars of stage, screen, and radio. See your paper for station and time. Roma Wine Company...Fresno..Lodi..Healdsburg, Cal.

aires were no novelty to him. Mr. Malchen's death held no surprise. Dr. Bishop had been treating the financier for a bad heart for a number of years, he said.

Dickie, removing his arm from the Wilkerson rib cage, explained the events preceding the demise. He had accompanied his uncle into the room, and they had just started looking about when Baron Corfus had telephoned. Dickie had followed the butler to the phone, which was in another room, and asked the old fellow to mix him a drink. The butler had prepared the drink while Dickie talked over the phone. Then he had sat drinking and giving the butler his favorite recipe for mint juleps. Going back to join his uncle, he had found the door locked. Mr. Malchen had closed the door himself, Dickie imagined, because he wanted to look at the paintings without interruption.

Morty, who had been listening blandly, added the question: "Were the drapes on the easel painting open or closed when you left the room to answer the phone?"

"They were closed," said Dickie, frowning.

Morty nodded agreeably.

The more expensive-looking scientist then made a curious statement. Some seven years ago Albert Malchen had specified that he should not be buried without an autopsy. This was a request not uncommon among his extremely wealthy patients, who were evidently haunted by a fear of foul play. Of course, this phobia did not mean anything, but he would let Dr. Briggs know any interesting findings, he added graciously, favoring the gleam in Morty's eye.

He paused and sighed.

"Mr. Malchen was a very dear friend. It's obvious that he became overexcited by these paintings, particularly the one on the easel."

"It is a beautiful thing," said Corfus.

"Well, it was too much for him," said Dr. Bishop. "Poor Albert, he always loved art above everything else in the world."

"A wonderful theory . . ." Morty whispered in my ear sarcastically. "That painting never excited anybody—except me."

I SAW the baron nod to the old butler as we started leaving the room. Voltaire remained behind and slowly drew together the drapes. . . .

Morty telephoned me the next afternoon. I asked him if he had seen the baron.

"No," he said, "but don't worry about him. We'll see him tonight at El Granada."

"You think he'll be there?" I asked.

"You *are* a babe in the woods," Morty chuckled. "He'll not only be there but he'll be alone."

I asked my Sherlock how he deduced that.

"Because he's expecting me," said Morty. "I hold a great fascination for him. Much greater than he ever held for me."

I assured Morty that I was completely baffled by the whole thing and asked about the autopsy.

"Mr. Malchen died of a bad heart," Morty said happily. "No contributing factors in the way of bullets, poisons or blows were found. It was a perfect crime. Twelve o'clock—and don't be late. I don't want to keep the baron in suspense."

Baron Corfus was there, and alone, poised as a bit of old statuary. Obviously, he was waiting for us.

I have always admired dandyism in distress—Charles of England removing the long curls from his neck and murmuring that there was no occasion for the ax man to disturb them since they had offended no one; the literary prince of Paris listening to the pompous death warrant being read to him and interrupting wearily: "Tut-tut . . . the style of Diderot;" and that Brooklyn boy swimming through the oil-flaming Coral Sea and calling out to the rescue boat, "Hey, buddy, here's a couple of hitchhikers."

The temperament that yields no whit of its style to calamity has always been my favorite, and on this night our baron was an elegant member of its tribe. For if ever calamity signaled its presence, and nemesis bayed in the offing, it was Morty. He squinted at our host as if he were sighting a rifle on him, he perspired, leered and fidgeted like a June bride, and he gulped down glasses of wine. But his gloat was that of the pedagogue in pursuit of truth rather than the Puritan laying evil by the heels, and I forgave him. It pleased me to know, however, that our baron would sit unperturbed until doomsday, and that it would have to be Morty who first unmasked. It was Morty.

"Corfus," he said finally, "I'd like to tell you a story."

"That would be only fair," the baron replied. "You've listened to several of mine."

"Before I begin," said Morty, "I want to make it plain that I'm here not only as one who is going to accuse you of murder, but also as judge and jury."

"The court of El Granada." The baron nodded smilingly. "A charming locale in which to be tried."

"I'll enter the evidence quickly," said Morty, "since, of course, it will offer no surprise to you. My only reason for boring you possibly with the details is to convince you they are in my possession."

"YOU will not bore me," the baron said. "May I give you some more wine?"

He refilled Morty's glass. Morty drank it absent-mindedly.

"I'll begin with the redheads," he said. "I couldn't satisfy myself about the significance of those redheads. I knew, of course, they were decoys for Dickie and I knew Dickie was a decoy for Uncle Albert. But why should a man with such authentic paintings to sell go through such a hocus-pocus to meet the art-hungry Malchen?

"This question, of course, was among the several answered last night. You needed both Dickie *and* Uncle Albert on the scene. You, naturally, were going to be absent. And you wanted someone present at the scene of Malchen's death beside your butler. That old gentleman with the Heidelberg scar is hardly a character that would bear close questioning. And if the mighty Malchen were found dead on the premises of a stranger with nobody but that dubious creature on the scene, there would be considerable questioning. Dickie was perfect insurance against any such investigation. Hence Dickie. Hence all the hocus-pocus."

The baron remained a picture of polite interest.

"The part I am grateful for," Morty resumed, "was that you called me over to your table last night to use me—as part of your alibi. That wasn't nice . . . but I enjoyed it. It was fruitful. And now we come to your vital and slightly paranoiac adventure. I knew, of course, from the first that you were neither a crook nor a swindler, but a man of hate . . ."

"Hate," said the baron, in the most amiable of tones, "is the sole diet of continents today."

MORTY mopped his face and continued: "Last night, when you spoke over the phone here, the basic nature of the adventure became clear to me. You lied. A lie, my dear fellow, is always the best signpost to the hidden. As long as a man doesn't lie, his secret is safe. My profession of psychoanalysis, as you know, is little more than a lie hunt. I'm always geared to spot a lie. When you said over the phone that you had forgotten the exact hour of your appointment with Uncle Albert, the gong sounded. A man who has devoted two months to bagging a Malchen isn't going to forget any detail of his appointment. It was also obvious, while you were talking on the phone, that you had been engaged for two months in establishing a public habit—an El Granada habit of attendance between midnight and one-thirty. This habit would serve as your alibi—this, and ourselves. Yes, indeed, El Granada had many uses for you."

The baron glanced at his wrist watch humorously.

"It is almost one," he said, "and I am still in the grip of habit."

"We will be through in time," Morty beamed. "To return to the spectacle of you at the telephone. You showed all the signs of extreme strain. Your hands shook, and your face sweated. And I knew that the adventure—a seven-year adventure as we learned last night from Uncle Albert's long-standing fear of murder—had reached its climax. The murder of Malchen was taking place as you held Dickie on the phone."

The baron sighed. "I am confused," he said. "Whom are you accusing—my butler?"

"Heavens, no," Morty said indignantly, and added, "At any rate—only as a very minor performer. The thing was so clear that I was afraid that ass Kenneth O. Bishop—O for ossified—would see it."

Morty shook his head reprovingly at the baron.

"You took a big chance killing Mr. Malchen with a Forain portrait," he said, "—a piece of painting that couldn't possibly affect his heart action—except maybe to depress it."

"Forain is a much undervalued artist," said the baron, "and I felt that they were both mad."

"I could see that you had great faith in him," Morty chuckled, "the minute I entered the room. Nevertheless I wondered why an art connoisseur like yourself should honor a fifth-rate canvas with a draped easel. Once I had asked myself that question, my dear Corfus, I needed only to ask another to know all the details of the murder. Were the drapes on the easel closed when Uncle Albert entered the room? They were. The rest was simplicity itself."

Morty paused as if for a round of applause. "Having gorged himself on Memlings and Goyas," he continued, "an art lover like Malchen would turn eagerly to the obvious prima donna of the collection —the canvas honored by a draped easel. Now we arrive at the crime. When I left the room, I made a final observation. I saw the butler, so-called, pulling drapes closed with some difficu ticed that the knob on the co drape rode up to an unusual he the curtains were closed—in f Uncle Albert's head. Uncle Alb reach for this knob and pull h he turned at last to gaze at t Forain."

I felt like laughing.

"Do you mean that the extra e opening the drapes ended the li Malchen?" I asked.

"I mean nothing of the so Morty. "The knob on the c killed him. There was a syring knob, and when he grabbed h he received a deadly injection."

"Poison?" I looked at the impe baron.

"Obviously," said Morty. "B cial kind of poison, I realized, w fus didn't seem to be the least dis the promise of an autopsy. I spen over a pharmaceutical volume r my memory about poisons that traces. Today, when that ant medical freak, Dr. Bishop, phon sure me the results of the necro entirely negative, I knew. There one such fooler: Insulin."

He looked at Corfus triumpha

"At least two hundred units o were in the needle that was relea the hand of Mr. Malchen when he up for that knob and pulled gre was perfect. Your victim receive gering insulin shock, which nob distinguish from the last throes o coronary attack."

OUR table became an oasis of s the blaring café. After seve ments Morty said, rather appeali the baron: "It's your turn, Corfus

The baron seemed rather tired.

"An interesting story," he said "but a little fanciful."

"I haven't gone to the trouble ging up any proof," said Morty "but if the police were told to Uncle Albert's right palm, they wo a perforation. Also, an analysis draw cord on the easel would sh sulin, and would also show, I am su a new and more innocent knob h substituted for the one I have de to you."

The baron seemed to have fallen I realized with surprise that he w ing—quietly, and without emphasis

"Perhaps it will satisfy the jud jury of the court of El Granada if I my true name. It is Count Eitel vo tenfels. This name is my only defe

Morty beamed.

"Naturally I've heard the name. ied in Berlin, you know. It was one big banking families of Germany. doesn't shed any light."

"I am sorry," said the baron. "It have saved us time. That portr Forain that you failed to admire my sister—Marie von Lichtenfels."

"Why, of course," said Morty. "didn't do her justice at all. She famous beauty."

"Yes, the gods were lavish with too lavish. They added one gift too around her cradle. They bestowed the honor of being part Jewess. I know the exact percentage, but it wa ciently large to aggravate Dr. Goe And being perhaps the richest of th desirables, our family fled Germa 1935.

"I went to Russia. My father, b and sister went to London. In Londo sister Marie received a cable fro American financier, Albert Malcher was in Austria and wished to buy a she owned in Salzburg. My father Malchen. He had tried for many to buy a Rembrandt that was the pri the Lichtenfels collection." The

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

A high, wide and handsome serial by

ERNEST HAYCOX

America's favorite writer of Westerns tells of a blood feud which flickered across the range, a romantic adventure full of color and gunsmoke

THE WILD BUNCH

Copyright 1943, Better Vision Institute, Inc.

This little girl is in trouble

School! It was going to be wonderful! It was growing up. It was learning—oh, everything. It was being somebody!

And now . . .

The teacher would write it. *But she couldn't tell.* The teacher would show it to them in the book. *But she couldn't tell.*

Nicky and Bets could tell. *But she couldn't tell*—because she couldn't *see!*

So there were the bad marks. And mom and pops didn't understand. And nobody understood . . .

There is no torment just like the humiliation and despair that ride a child who starts school with defective eyesight.

Such a youngster is clumsy where others are skilled; slow where they are quick; worried and doubtful where they are serene and sure; at odds with everybody, unable to discover the reason; suffering from headaches, heartaches and utter defeat; always behind, behind, behind.

Don't bring this torture on your children. Remember: 83% of their knowledge reaches them through their eyes, which also control 80% of their motions.

If you haven't done it before, *and very recently,* have their eyes examined before they return to school.

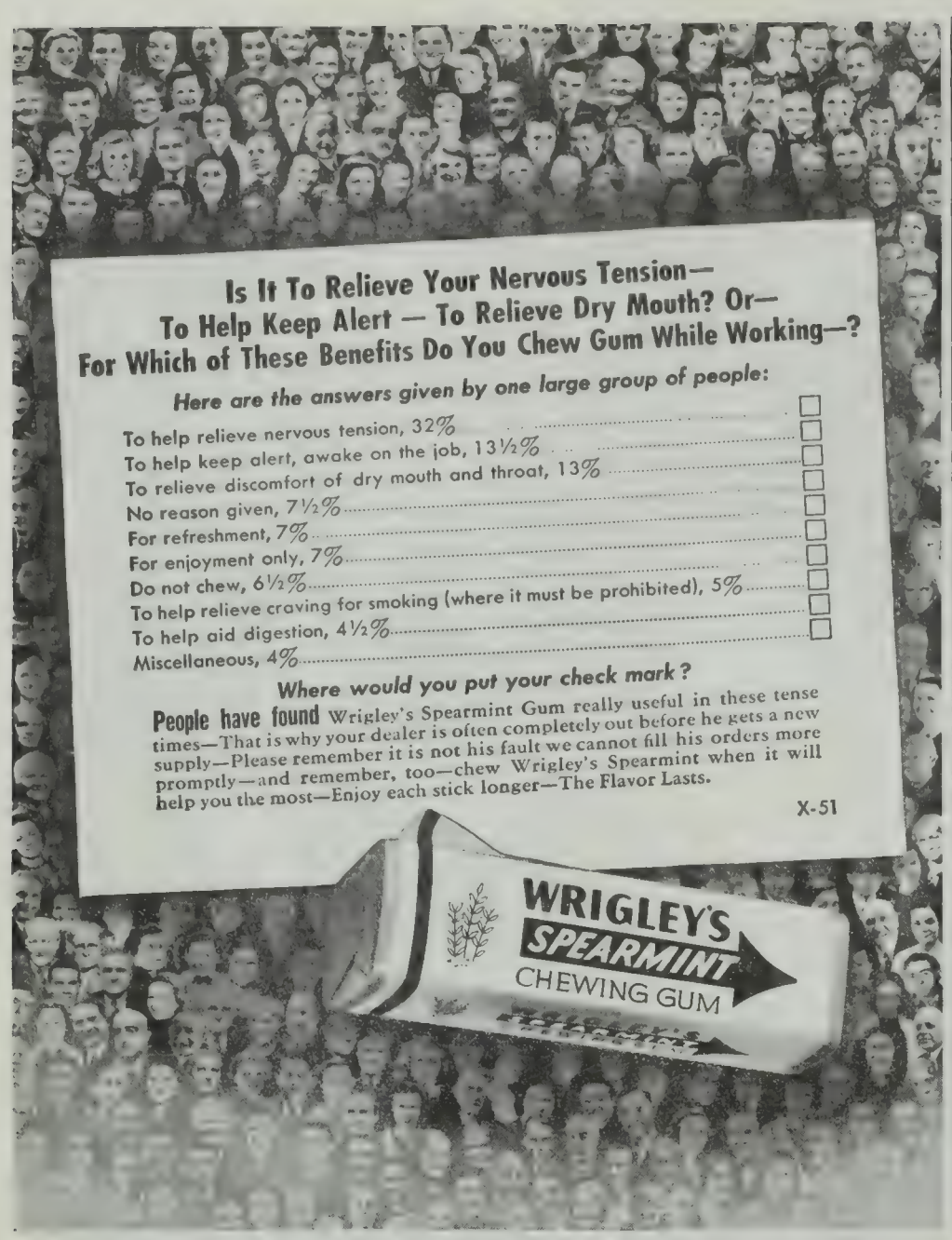
Take them to a professional man of undoubted reputation. Profit by his expert analysis and if visual correction is needed, get the benefit of the best scientific and technical skills available.

No less than the best is wise or safe for the precious eyes of your loved ones. Good vision is the root of all achievement.

BETTER VISION INSTITUTE, INC.
630 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK CITY

MEN OF VISION
PUT ALL THEIR
FIGHTING DOLLARS
INTO WAR BONDS

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY



sipped his wine and looked dreamily at the dance floor.

"It is a difficult story to tell," he resumed, "because it has lost none of its horror."

Morty said nothing and we waited for Corfus to continue.

"Malchen asked my sister Marie to meet him in Austria," the baron resumed. "But Austria was dangerous ground for her. It had not yet been gobbled up by the Nazis, but they were sitting at its banquet board, knives in hand. Marie arranged with Malchen to meet him in Zurich, but Malchen failed to appear. He sent her a letter explaining that he was bedridden in a sanitarium just across the Austrian border, and he begged her to visit him and close the deal for the castle there. My sister, who was brave and eager to improve the family fortune—for we had fled with little of our wealth—my sister crossed into Austria and arrived at the sanitarium.

"Mr. Malchen was not waiting for her. Instead a group of Gestapo agents seized her and took her to Berlin. You see, it was known to the Nazis that our family on fleeing Germany had buried the bulk of the Lichtenfels art collection somewhere in a forest in Saxony. We had left fifty paintings, very famous ones and worth millions, underground to await our return when the Nazis had finished their day."

THE baron sighed. "It is a long day," he said, "longer than we imagined." He paused.

"In Berlin," the baron resumed, "the Nazis tortured my sister for three months. They disfigured her face and broke her hands and legs. And they were able finally to learn from her the hiding place of the Lichtenfels collection. Mr. Malchen was rewarded immediately for his part in the affair. He was allowed to buy the Rembrandt he had so long coveted, for a comparatively small sum. It hangs in his own collection now. Mr. Malchen had evidently heard that the remaining members of the Lichtenfels family had sw avenge Marie. My father was not them. He shot himself after Mari Friends in Berlin were permitted t her. They wrote us that they were to recognize her. Last night my who is my older brother Frederick, were able to fulfill the vow."

The baron sighed. "Last night," h "my sister watched Mr. Malchen die feet. If you will pardon me now baron smiled faintly—"it is one-t

He stood up. "The check has been he said, "and thank you for an inter evening. I hope we shall see each again."

"Good night," said Morty, "and forget to burn the cord on that drap

Baron Corfus bowed and walke ward the vestibule.

"My conscience," said Morty, "d bother me at all. Justice of a very order has been done."

"It's still murder," I said.

"Murder, my eye," Morty moppe face. "The whole thing was a fanta mine. You can forget about it. pleasant fellow, Corfus. Too bad not long for this world. I made a study of his physical signs tonight. cachexia. It can only mean an adva and pretty well metastasized cance condition. The man is probably in stant pain. I give him six months liste to El Granada music. It's a great plac Best in town." Morty beamed, and I lowed his eyes around the crowded ta

They were all there, all the toy face the city's night life. Fame, wealth beauty sat huddled like a flock of be ened sheep come in from a storm. side, the world was exploding on hundred battle fronts. Around us the of trivia was still in his heaven with votaries yawning at their devotions.

And the most elegant and ennuied them all was Baron Corfus bowing good night to Ganzo in the doorway.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

up into a reasonable facsimile of cabbage. And its juice is good. Water lilies are a bonanza.

But it's not all vegetables and no meat. The book has directions for tracking down and fixing up such things as scrub turkey, wild pigs, barking pigeons, parrots and white cockatoos. The Filipinos are nuts about locusts, particularly when they are pickled in vinegar or fried in salty fat.

Sea food offers a fine variety. The book tells of a number of shellfish that can be picked up around the islands in the Pacific. Things like the cockle, the cowry, the limpet, the conch and a lot of the other creatures, whose principal attraction has been their shells, are nice eating. So are prawns and fresh-water mussels. The wanderer has to watch out for one shellfish, however. It's called the cone, because it's shaped like a pine cone. The cone is not only poison to eat, but has sharp teeth that shoot venom into you like a serpent's fangs. Furthermore, it seems to get positive pleasure out of using its teeth.

The book tells how to cook the shellfish if no kitchen utensils are handy. Simply build a fire on top of them. They stew in their own juices and come out quite palatable. Or they can be eaten raw.

The turtle is a famous food. The book tells how to get him by shooting, trapping, lassoing, or flipping him over on his back. You have to be careful to keep out of the way of his big beak. It can tear a chunk out of you long after the turtle's head has been cut off. Besides furnishing good steaks and stews, the turtle also has a shell that's handy. can be used as a stewpan in which to b the turtle's eggs. The eggs are buried tw or three feet deep in hot sand. They' easy to find because the turtle carves regular highway from the edge of t water to the nest.

ALL this leaves out the prospects c catching fish and bringing down th more normal types of game. But that's a in the book, too, in addition to a numbe of household hints for the city slicker wh has to set himself up in a tropica jungle.

Wanderers are told, for example, tha when they need water, they should watc the white cockatoos. When cockatoo are around, good drinking water isn't fa away.

And if there's a question about whethe a particular plant is fit to eat, the bird will give the answer. If they eat it, the chances are overwhelming that it's good. Then there are these suggestions:

"If you come down in mountainous areas, make for the coast as the ranges are devoid of food and water. To avoid thirst, travel at night and sleep during the day. If you carry a small piece of sponge, or even chewed-grass fiber, water can be obtained at dawn by sponging the dew off the shrubs, rocks, etc. Flowers of various honeysuckle trees, shaken into a bark dish at dawn, will often yield an abundance of sugary liquid. It is useless to start the task after sunrise."

The things our fliers have to put up with! They even have to be Boy Scouts, yet. . . .

ROBERT MCCORMICK

HEAR a world of sound through a MAICO

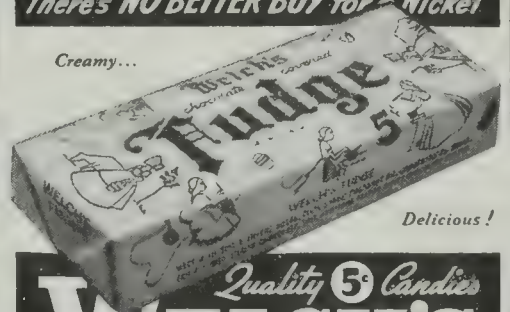
Small, light and easy to wear, yet enables hard of hearing person to carry on normal conversation at 20 feet — to hear even a whisper with loud noises cushioned

Send name of relative, friend or your own name for a new experience in hearing. No obligation. Address Maico Co., Inc., Dept. 50-S, 2632 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis

MAICO Vacuum Tube Hearing Aid

A product of the Maico Co. which provides 90% of America's precision hearing test equipment. Choice of ear physicians, hospitals, universities, clinics, airlines, U. S. Army and Navy.

There's NO BETTER BUY for a Nickel



Creamy...

Delicious!

Quality 5¢ Candies
WELCH'S

Helps Shorten Working Hours

For Tired, Burning, Swollen Feet

If you are on your feet all day—walking the floor or standing in front of a machine — just sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease on your feet and into your shoes every morning. This soothing powder really brings quick relief from the discomfort of tired, burning feet. When feet tend to swell and shoes feel pinched from all day standing, try Allen's Foot-Ease to relieve this congestion. Also acts to absorb excessive perspiration and prevent offensive foot odors. If you want real foot comfort, be sure to ask for Allen's Foot-Ease — the easy, simple way to all-day standing and walking comfort. At all druggists.

CORNS Go Fast

1. Sends pain flying
2. Quickly removes corns
3. Prevents corns, sore toes
4. Eases new or tight shoes

Doctor's 4-Way Relief Acts Instantly

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly stop tormenting shoe friction; lift painful pressure; quickly remove corns. Cost but a trifle. At Drug, Shoe, Department Stores everywhere.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Shock Absorber

Continued from page 26

s an electrical impulse along a nerve n muscle to get to work, but that mes- never arrives at its destination.

he first clinical work began in Omaha nder the direction of Doctor A. E. nett of the University of Nebraska. t first patient to get curare set the pat- for all that followed. The drug worked n orderly pattern. First, it acted on al muscles. The patient's face became ccid mask, jaw and lips sagged, eyelids ame droopy. Neck muscles went out t; then arms and legs. Breathing is cted only if too large doses are admin- red.

ut suppose a doctor does give a too e dose—one which paralyzes breath- ? At first glance, this looks like a htening prospect. It isn't. Curare is reted rapidly. If muscles are tempo- ly paralyzed, artificial respiration will p the patient going until normal breath- is resumed. In laboratory tests, ex- imental dogs have been given 50 times lethal dose of curare—and been kept e by artificial respiration.

n curarizing patients about to undergo ck, the drug is administered in an arm n. Maximum effect is achieved in about o minutes. At this point, the patient n't lift his head. He can barely move ms and legs. He is ready for metrazol— o administered by hypodermic—or for mule kick of electricity. Without curare would bend double, and nurses would ve difficulty keeping him on the table. t with curare, he lies quietly. Arms d legs twitch, but movements are so ble that no damage is done.

Doctor Bennett reported brilliant re- lts from his first series of 101 patients. ere was only one fracture. In that pa- nt, curare wore off while physicians arched for a vein to administer metrazol.

After this first series, curare went out r experimental work in dozens of other spitals. Fractures, sore backs, and other ings that had frightened physicians away om shock treatments were eliminated by is black magic from the jungle.

As this is written, over 40,000 doses of rare have been administered, with no ntoward results.

Hope for the Hopeless

After this demonstration of the drug's afety and efficiency, physicians began oking for other applications—and found hem. Mightn't curare be used in treating pastic paralysis? This ghastly sickness is ore prevalent than infantile paralysis. t accounts for a good portion of the crip- les you see on the street—and thousands f others you don't see. These are the ones onfined to homes and hospitals.

One form of spastic paralysis results rom injury during birth. Wild impulses o out through nerve channels, so that he sufferer has no control over his mus- cles. Speech is hopelessly garbled. Perhaps one arm muscle or leg muscle is un- der constant stimulus—so that it pulls the arm or leg into a permanent crook. Of all cripples, the spastics are the most hope- less. To add to their tragedy, their minds are clear and alert. They know what they want to say but can't control the muscles of speech. They know how leg muscles should move in walking but they can't make them work.

Curare? Some physicians began to won- der. Couldn't it be used to tame (or to shut off) those wild nerve-muscle im- pulses? To screen them out, perhaps, and let physiotherapists get to work re-educat- ing muscles? It was a shot in the dark. Never before had there been *any* medi- cation for spastic paralysis.

In Providence, one group of physicians got busy. Instead of injecting curare in a vein—where it would have a quick effect and be excreted—they injected it in muscle and under the skin. Thus it was liberated gradually into the blood. In some cases, the effect of curare persisted for as long as three days.

Children who had difficulty in talking before spoke clearly. One little boy had always wanted to spin a top and was able to do so. Curare, the sudden death from the jungle, granted one little girl a lifelong wish: She had always wanted to go up a flight of stairs without assistance.

This group of children were kept on curare for four months. In all of them, speech became clearer and muscle per- formance smoother. The drug, of course, has no healing effect. It cures nothing. It only permits temporary relief, during which time physiotherapists can institute a program of muscle training. The reaction of the children? They were so grateful for the relief it gave that they begged for it.

Curare has had only the most meager use so far in treating spasticity. The tragedy of this disease is too great for us to get any false notions here. In not a sin- gle case has the use of curare made a sick child into a well child. It merely offers a hopeful new approach to treatment.

Tetanus—the Nightmare

Curare offers promise in treatment of tetanus—an important point in wartime. Although there is a vaccination against this disease, a few cases will inevitably ap- pear. Care of patients with tetanus has been a nightmare in the past. They are kept in dark, completely quiet rooms. The slightest thing—feeding, care of body needs, medication, even a sharp noise— will set off violent convulsions. Curare offers a merciful antidote. It has already been used on several patients, allowing them to make uneventful recoveries from this terrible disease.

Another field for curare usefulness is opening up. In abdominal work—hernia, appendicitis, intestinal obstruction—sur- geons in the past have faced one omni- present difficulty: tenseness of abdominal muscles. Muscular contractions of intes- tines make work on this organ difficult. Why not curarize patients and get com- plete relaxation? This has been done with excellent results. Curare is rarely used with ether, because both depress breathing and it is dangerous to pile one effect on another. But it has worked well with that brilliant new gas anesthesia, now coming into wide use—cyclopropane. This gas has few of ether's aftereffects—no nausea, no ether pneumonia, no depression. Patients emerge from cyclopropane with clear heads within a few minutes after comple- tion of surgery. In abdominal work, curare is a perfect complement for cyclopropane anesthesia.

While these clinical trials have been go- ing on, the laboratory men have been doing additional curare work. Remember, the curare so far used in hospitals has been merely a refined jungle product. The chemists have been interested in finding what it is in the jungle product that causes paralysis—what chemical. So far, one British worker has crystallized this pure stuff, and Squibb chemists have duplicated the feat. The next step is to try to make this chemical artificially.

All clinical work so far done with curare has been on an experimental basis. The drug won't be released for general use for several months yet, but it has a secure future. It holds out hope for thousands of afflicted men and women. The jungle's kiss of death has been tamed.

THE END

AL, THE MESSENGER...

The distant train beats its tom-tom of approach —and then, with a mighty crescendo of sound, roars on.

Inside the Express car, Al, the Railway Express Messenger, is busy. He works night and day to help facilitate and protect the transporting of every package entrusted to his care, so that no valuable time will be lost . . . loading or unload- ing at the next station, or the next, or the next.

North, South, East, West . . . on long journeys or short, every minute of the day or night, wher- ever trains go, some part of the army of 7,160 Express Messengers is always at work . . . help- ing Railway Express provide its fast, nation- wide service.

★ *Use AIR EXPRESS for Super-Speed at 3 miles a minute!*

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

Collier's
WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher • CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor • JEROME ELLIS Managing Editor

FOUR PLANKS FOR '44

COLLIER'S is in receipt of a statement from Elmo Roper concerning what he thinks most Americans will want the politicians to promise the people in the 1944 Presidential campaign now shaping up.

Mr. Roper is qualified to offer such an opinion. He has spent the last ten years or so as a conductor of public-opinion surveys—a man who asks cross sections of the people what they think about well-nigh everything under the sun. His reports have scored high for accuracy through the years, so we are glad to pass along here the Roper findings on the American people's wishes regarding 1944 national platforms.

Any political party that seriously wants to elect a President in 1944, Mr. Roper thinks, had better incorporate in its platform four principal planks, having to do with the subjects listed below; and its candidate had better convince the people that he means to deliver the goods on all four planks. Here they are:

1. Full Postwar Employment.

"To the average man," says Roper, "the right to work under decent conditions and for decent wages and with an opportunity for advancement is the cornerstone of any Social Security program."

To this average man, Roper finds, plans for old-age pensions, unemployment insurance, health insurance, etc., etc., are just desirable trimmings. Give him a reasonably steady job, his feeling is, and he'll buy what social security he can.

The bulk of the burden of furnishing full postwar employment must fall on private enterprise. The politicians' part of the job is chiefly to help private enterprise shoulder this burden, by enacting laws calculated to help industry maintain and expand pay rolls and plants, lay up reserves for research and for development of new outlets, keep wages fairly adjusted to living costs, and so on.

In slack periods, the federal government can legitimately step in with public-works programs financed from its own funds—but only as a stopgap and a pump primer. Our average man, as of 1944 and probably for a long time thereafter, does not want government competing with private enterprise or trying to push it out of the industrial picture. Government also has a responsibility for what Mr. Roper calls the "morally, physically and mentally unfit."

2. World Peace—World Co-operation.

Mr. Roper is convinced that Americans are not reconciled to the idea of a world war every 25 years or so from here on out; that they think peace can be guaranteed by a concert of powerful, well-intentioned nations; that their chief disagreements and perplexities turn on the question of what is the best way for the world's leading nations (our own included) to co-operate to keep the peace after the Allies win the war.

Isolationism seems to us not quite so dead as all that, and may indeed be set for quite a comeback sooner or later—a probability which we think postwar planners will ignore to their eventual regret.

But it does seem accurate to say that the national mood is now one of hatred of all war, including this one, and of ardent desire to prevent similar holocausts in future if they can possibly be prevented. Americans know now that polite expression of lofty ideals will not curb world gangsterism. Mr. Roper seems on safe ground in suggesting that the 1944 Presidential platforms had better set forth sane, businesslike plans for at least prolonging the peace after this war. "Businesslike" is the important word here, we think, because Americans have not forgotten how their pious hopes that wars were to be no more blew up in their faces in due time after the first World War.

3. Fair Distribution of Industry's Rewards.

Mr. Roper heavily discounts the occasional talk you hear to the effect that this war is softening the American people for Socialism or Communism. They want neither, Mr. Roper feels sure: "They want a country where individual initiative, exceptional vision, extraordinary abilities and hard work will secure for anyone who has these qualities, more financial security and more of the luxuries of life than they would like to see go to anyone who is not in possession of those qualities. They still want a land where anybody can become President or millionaire."

But Roper reports a widespread feeling that t gaps are still too large in some cases to be socia healthy—as, for example, the distance between sor corporation presidents' salaries and the wages pa some lower-rank white-collar help. What America appear to want under this head is a floor of dece minimum pay for all who work, but no penalizing anybody for having unusual energy, enterprise ar vision—since those qualities in one person almo invariably benefit a lot of other people as well as th person who possesses them.

4. Victory as Soon as Possible.

The American people, Mr. Roper finds, ar unanimous in their desire to have this war fought t the unconditional surrender of the Axis in the shor est possible time.

They are already fiercely impatient, and are grow ing more so by the day, with anything or anybod that appears to be dragging out the war by so mucl as ten minutes—because your boy or mine may b killed or maimed for life in that last needless te minutes.

The majority of their 1944 votes will go, Mr Roper feels (in case the war is still in progress at the time, of course), to the party which can best convince them that it can and will, if its candidate wins, cut the home-front bureaucratic bickerings and political shenanigans to the bone and get on remorselessly and relentlessly with the war.

"The Republicans," he says, "might try to get by as the 'Party of Prosperity'; the Democrats may try to get by as the 'Party of Humanity.' But unless the Republicans can, for example, tie their 'Prosperity' to a belief in the fair division of that prosperity, unless the Democrats can tie their 'Humanity' to a capacity for *curing* unemployment, not just alleviating the suffering that results from it, the voters will not be too impressed."

This analysis of Mr. Roper's makes sense to us. We believe it will make sense to most Americans. Therefore, we believe it is worth the careful—even prayerful—attention of every politician who expects to have anything to do with carpentering any 1944 national platform.

Collier's

UST 28, 1943 TEN CENTS

WHILE ROME BURNED
RADIOED BY
QUENTIN REYNOLDS

ERNEST HAYCOX
BEGINS A NEW SERIAL

DO NOT CUT, TEAR OR DEFACE
BOOKS OR MAGAZINES.

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

PUBLIC LIBRARY
BURLINGAME
CALIF
A 67255
C
1/2F
1 JA44

Do your best . . . and

BE AT YOUR BEST

HESE are simple obligations, to our country, to our men at the front, and to ourselves.

Jo matter what your job or your share in the effort, give it all you've got . . . do your t all of the time.

That means keeping strong, keeping healthy. s job's going to take every bit of stamina we muster. And health is your greatest asset.

But as you work, don't forget to play. Play is great equalizer. Make it part of your life. p forth. Go places. Meet people. Cultivate old nds and make new ones—lots of them. And to *be* at your best in appearance and personal- Don't let down. Keep cheerful. Keep going. t your best foot forward. That's the way the ys at the front would like it.

a safe, efficient household antiseptic for use in housand little emergencies, Listerine Antiseptic s stood pre-eminent for more than half a cen- y. In the later years it has established a truly pressive test record against America's No. 1 alth problem, the ordinary cold, and its fre- ent attribute, sore throat.

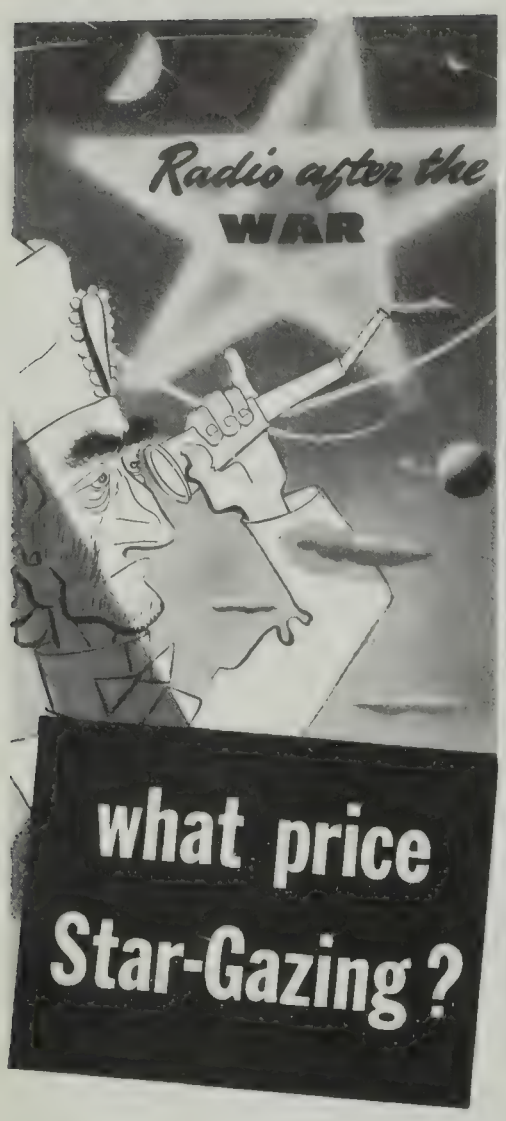
It is hardly necessary to add that, because of its rmicidal action which halts bacterial fermenta- n in the mouth, Listerine Antiseptic is the social ndby of millions who do not wish to offend edlessly in the matter of halitosis (unpleasant eath) when not of systemic origin.

AMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC . . . Because of wartime restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Rest assured, however, that we will make every effort to see that this trustworthy antiseptic is always available in *some* size at your drug counter

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

ISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for Oral Hygiene



TO dream and plan realistically for the future is both good and necessary. However, to indulge in Star-Gazing through the wrong end of the telescope is an extravagance which no industry can afford. RADIO can point with pride to its achievements and its miraculous progress made under the impetus and emergency of war. But to promise that the miracles of Radar and other Electronic development will be ready for delivery on V-Day . . . is to damage an otherwise glorious record.

The Future is Bright . . . But
Motorola Radio
Has its Eye on the Ball!

Our number one job right now is the production of Radio Communications Equipment and Radar for the armed services. These are weapons which will help win the war. The application of new Electronic knowledge to peacetime radio production will, of necessity, be a gradual and evolutionary process. We don't know exactly what the first post-war Motorola Radio will look like—but you can depend on it—*it will sound and look swell!*

Expect Big Things from Motorola—THEY'RE IN THE MAKING!

For the development and production of Radio Communications Equipment for our armed forces, Motorola was awarded the Army-Navy "E" with added Star for continued excellence of performance.

Motorola
AMERICA'S FINEST RADIO FOR HOME & CAR
GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION · CHICAGO

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
W. B. COURTNEY	European War Theater
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Russia and Far East
KYLE CRICHTON	Articles
HERBERT ASBURY	Articles
DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
ALLEN MARPLE	Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Articles
HENRY L. JACKSON	Wearables
WM O. CHESSMAN	Art
CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AMY PORTER	Articles
GEORGE CREEL	Washington
WILLIAM HILLMAN	Washington
FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
FRANK GERVASI	Middle East War Theater
JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
GRATTAN O'LEARY	Ottawa
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
U. L. CALVOSA	Photographs
GEORGE DE ZAYAS	Hollywood
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor
JEROME ELLISON Managing Ed

ANY WEEK

WE'VE just been talking to an Italian with a green thumb. People with green thumbs can make things grow where nothing ever grew before. This green-thumbed Italian, a Sicilian, has a Victory Garden worth walking miles to see. After telling him what a beautiful thing it is, we asked him what he thought of the Allied invasion of his native island. "That's fine," he said. "I gotta son in the American Army. He was in North Africa and maybe is now in Sicily. I hope so. Tonight I will write him and tell him to be sure to see his Uncle Tomasso if he gets to Gerbini and ask him why he does not answer my letter. My brother Tomasso does not write to me for two years."

AT THE moment we are ducking dornicks hurled in salvos by Hephzibahs, Lobelias, ZeBarneys, Ermintrudes, Hirams, Rufuses, Reubens, Knatchbulls, Archibalds, Percys and Tecumsehs—to name but a few. And it's all about that editorial of ours—Give the Kid a Good Name. Our editorial writer deplored such handles, demanding to know how many American kids have had their egos twisted by "outlandish or outmoded or funny" monikers wished upon them by their parents before they were old enough to hit back. Well, we're getting smacked down by a wide variety of sensitive citizens who, as we seem to see it, give some support to our lead writer's reasoning by furious defense of their given names. They range from the Very Reverend Hiram R. Bennett, Dean of the Cathedral of St. John, Wilmington, Delaware, to a gentleman named Florence Mendelssohn of San Francisco. The latter does something important in a war-industry plant but is willing to pay his own way to these offices to punch us in the nose if we don't make it very clear that he's a man. Dean Bennett wants to know "what's the matter with Hiram?" Obviously, there's nothing the matter with Hiram. And Mr. John Swartwout of Camden, New Jersey, taking a swift look at the masthead of this dashing magazine, asks: "What did Denver, Kyle, Quentin, Gurney and Ifor think of your editorial?" Mr. Swartwout didn't know it, but we have a stricken bloke named Wilberforce, too. Letters still coming in—one just this moment from a Marine whose first name is Walnut. And a guy named Leander has just been on the phone. Never a dull moment around here.

WHEN not overwhelmed by her job with the Railway Express Agency, Miss Anne Means of New York City has been investigating the important part that leeches are playing in the winning of the war. She's been interviewing Mr. Y. Yacobellis of Long Island, who, unknown to millions, has been toasted in the trade since 1915 as King Leech. Mr. Yacobellis ships out vast numbers of leeches to doctors, chemists, hospitals and laboratories. They are valuable in various sorts of research, but the point that needled us is that most of Mr. Yacobellis' leeches are going to our Army camps and dispensaries to be turned loose on black eyes. Mr. Yacobellis told Miss Means that he sent two thousand leeches to one military reservation recently. But he refused names and other details for military reasons, saying merely, "It seems to be a very quarrelsome area. Two thousand leeches can fix up a lot of black eyes and bruised faces." Moreover, you can't just mail leeches to the patient; they have to be packed in special metal containers, properly ventilated. Furthermore, the containers have to be bedded in wet moss or cotton wool. Then the containers are shipped by air. "Otherwise," said Mr. Yacobellis, "the leeches won't be happy. No use trying to work with an unhappy leech!"

A CHAPLAIN newly arrived in New Guinea called at the hospital to see how the wounded were getting along. This we learn from Sergeant Charles D. Pearson who was there. One lad was abed in a formidable brace, his head heavily bandaged. Air-raid poisoning, he explained. "Y'see, sir," he added, "when the air-raid signal sounds at night we all gallop to the air-raid trench. When you're within jumping distance you jump in—feet first, without looking. Kinda hard on the guy who's first in. I was first in last night." W. D.

Vol. 112, No. 9. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1943, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

THIS WE

AUGUST 28,

SHORT STORIES

ELSIE TAYE
Never Trust a Shy Man. A g wrong about who is Mr. Right.

WALTER HAVIGHURST
Four Brothers. They were alway they wanted it that way.

ISABEL SCOTT RORICK
The Phantom Butler. The servant p solved for Mrs. Cugat—but temp

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
The Time Freddie Talked, by Edm

SERIAL STORIES

ERNEST HAYCOX
The Wild Bunch. The first of six

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Corner of Heaven. The fourth of

ARTICLES

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
While Rome Burned. The story smashing of Italy's arsenal.

HENRY F. PRINGLE
They Didn't Know What Hit Them. altitude bombing (skip bombing) ha enemies by surprise.

JOSEPH ISRAELS II
A Ship is Born. Behind every there's a background of tradition a

REAR ADMIRAL CHAS. M.
Doctors at Sea. Our Navy's casualti new minimum—thanks to the medic

AMY PORTER
Ladies of Congress. Eight woman labor against pretty big odds.

CLARE SHERIDAN
Fifteen Hours with Winston. An inti of the Prime Minister by his cousin, sculptress.

FRANK GERVASI
Dig the Grave Deep. Organized mu terminating whole populations in th

J. D. RATCLIFF
New Crown for King Cotton. Disco stronger, finer fiber by the boy w know cotton.

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World.

WING TALK.

DAVID O. WOODBURY
Your Life Tomorrow.

THE GUILTY (Josef Terbove
Profile of Axis Terrorist No. 4.

THE WEEK'S WORK.

EDITORIALS
Two Tips to Servicemen.
Get Ready to Dig.
Homestretch on Rubber.
Tut, Tut, Walter.

COVER RONALD

How much weight should a civilian carry?

IN THE PICTURE ABOVE, you can readily see that the soldier is carrying a substantial burden—equipment which weighs some 40 pounds. What you may not realize is that the civilian carries an equally heavy burden—a burden of overweight which he carries around day and night, in contrast with the soldier who can put aside his pack and rifle when he rests.

It's an unfortunate fact that excessive fat places a great deal of extra work on the heart, kidneys, and lungs—work from which there is no relief. That is why overweight can be a threat to health. Figures show that people over 45 who are 20% overweight have a death rate 50% above the average.

What causes excessive weight? Sometimes it is due to glandular disturbances. The most common causes are too much food, and not enough exercise.

When the body gets more food than it needs for its work, the excess is stored as fat. If less is eaten than is required, the body loses weight by burning some of its reserve fatty tissue. Exercise hastens the process, but by itself is seldom effective. This gives us the principle often used in planning programs to reduce weight.

If you are overweight and want to reduce to your "fighting" weight, you will be wise to start by having your doctor examine you thoroughly. With his advice, a diet can be planned which in normal cases will cause a moderate, steady loss in weight and at the same time adequately protect your health. Exercise, fitted to your age, condition, and occupation, will round out the program.

Avoid the use of reducing drugs except on the doctor's advice. Girls in their teens should especially avoid "fad" diets or the risk of reducing on their own responsibility.

To help those interested in watching their weight, Metropolitan offers a free booklet entitled, "Overweight and Underweight." Among other things it contains information about low-calorie diets and helpful exercises.

COPYRIGHT 1943—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

75th ANNIVERSARY—1868-1943

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln,
PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 93-C, "Overweight and Underweight."

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

SEALED-IN-STEEL TO PREVENT CORROSION

Preserved Power For Fighting Words . . .

Crouched here in the front-line he directs death and destruction into enemy entrenchments. By walkie-talkie radio or along hastily laid telephone lines, his words come through strong and clear, thanks to Ray-O-Vac batteries with their *preserved power.* Batteries help win battles—that's why *all* LEAK-PROOF batteries go to our fighting forces.

IF YOU HAVE BATTERIES

. . . use them sparingly and keep in a cool place.

AFTER THE WAR YOU CAN AGAIN ASK FOR

RAY-O-VAC

Leakproof

FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES

BUY WAR BONDS RAY-O-VAC BUY WAR STAMPS

FLASHLIGHTS BATTERIES

RAY-O-VAC COMPANY • MADISON, WISCONSIN

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Probably the most intricate rattrap ever invented is now available for use in large buildings, such as warehouses, factories and hotels. About the size of a trunk, with two "stories," many compartments and two ramps, this device automatically lures, traps, electrocutes and disposes of each rat in a few seconds and then resets itself, through a complicated electrical mechanism which includes photoelectric cells.

Dr. Frank P. Graves, former Commissioner of Education for New York State, holds 42 college degrees, the last received from the Albany Law School when he was graduated in 1942.

The Navy has just adopted a new system of training its men to recognize ships and planes instantly from a glimpse of their total image, instead of by glances at their distinctive parts. The course consists of a 120-hour study of 2,000 pictures of 168 objects from various angles on slides that are run through a projector at high speeds. To pass, a man must be able to identify a ship in one second and a plane in 1/75 of a second.

When the flag of Australia was designed in 1901, the artist submitted two color versions, red and blue, for its very large field. Both were adopted and are still used, the red by the general public and the blue by the government, its various services and noncommercial organizations.—*By Mary O. Kidston, Centreville, Nova Scotia.*

Chemists who measure, with a complex apparatus, the areas of fine powders to determine their adsorptive value have found that a cubic inch of some such particles has as much as 15,000 square feet of surface.

One of England's newest war weapons is a mortar in which the projectiles are placed around the outside, instead of inside, the barrel. . . . The electrically heated suit worn by American Army airmen in flights at high altitudes contains 21 feet of slide fasteners.

A dental cavity that never bothe an airman on the ground will usual give him a toothache at altitudes fro 10,000 to 30,000 feet, owing to th expansion of body gas at low a mospheric pressure. In several case the carious condition producing th pain was in such an early stage that was not detectable in an X-ray photo graph.

A study was made recently to de termine the frequency of left-hande batting and throwing among the 59 members of the 16 major-league base ball teams. It shows that 71 bat an throw left-handed, 67 bat left an throw right, 16 bat right and thro left, 13 bat right or left and thro right, and 3 bat right or left an throw left. Thus 170, or 29 per cent employ the left hand in one or bot ways.

About 20 cities now maintain bu reaus that supply infants wit mothers' milk. Purchased at approxi mately $2 a pint, it is pooled, pasteur ized, bottled and given free to th poor or sold at about $5 a pint t those who are able to pay for it.

In the past year the average price of domestic farm products increased about 15 per cent; money in circulation increased about 40 per cent, and the price index of 90 stock issues about 45 per cent. Business as a whole has increased only about 12 per cent.

The fingerprint camera is the only one that photographs skin impressions and other similar marks by being placed over them in contact with the object on whose surface they have been left, whether it is a door, a typewriter or a drinking glass. Hence, it is the only camera that must illuminate its subject, using for this purpose four miniature lamps that, with their batteries, are housed in the box.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

PENELOPE *says:* "My name means *industrious; a good wife,* and I find factory work no harder than housework. If you can run a sewing machine or vacuum cleaner, you should be able to learn to run a factory machine."

THADDEUS *says:* "My name means *praise* which I have for the women in factories. But women are needed just as much to replace men as bus drivers, hotel and store clerks, ticket takers, teachers and other jobs."

VERNA *says:* "My name means *youthful,* and that's how I feel since I took a job with a food company. Uncle Sam wants two million more women to replace men in essential civilian jobs."

WHAT'S IN A NAME ?

ETHYL *says:* "My name is the *trade mark* name of a fluid that is helping America's armies travel faster by truck, jeep and car. It is Ethyl fluid, which today oil companies put into all their high-octane fighting gasoline to prevent knock and to step up power.

"After the war my trade mark name and emblem will be your guide to better gasoline than you've ever had before . . . and to best performance from the automobiles of the future.

"Remember this when occasionally your service station may be unable to supply you from the pump marked 'Ethyl.' Remember, too, that Ethyl fluid is made only by the Ethyl Corporation."

ADRIAN *says:* "My name means *manly,* and there's nothing unmanly in wartime about letting your wife work. Mine works as a clerk, and at night when we come home I help her with the housework."

FREE BOOKLET TELLS WHAT YOUR NAME MEANS

The meanings and origins of over 900 masculine and feminine names are given in the fascinating illustrated booklet, "What's in a Name?" It's free—no obligation—just mail coupon.

ETHYL CORPORATION
Room 3507, Chrysler Building, New York, N.Y.
Please send me a free copy of "What's in a Name?"

*Name*_____
(PLEASE PRINT)

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

COPYRIGHT 1943, ETHYL CORPORATION

WING TALK

WIDE WORLD

Talk that would have warmed Damon Runyon's ticker more than somewhat went on between the intercoms of Airacobras during a rough battle with numerous parties of Zeros somewhere in the Pacific

THE American fighting man's incredible sense of humor has carried him through more rough passages than has his firepower. Take the case of the four heedless young Americans who recently threw themselves upon 37 Japanese planes. Roaring arrogantly through the fire of 12 dive bombers and 25 Zeros, they shot down four of the divers, bit deeply into two more and came home to laugh about it.

They were Captain Jerome R. "Harry the Horse" Sawyer, Jr., Chicago; First Lieutenant Wallace R. "Spanish John" McClendon, Jr., Houston; First Lieutenant Isaac L. "Dancing Dan" Lalonde, Defiance, Ohio; and First Lieutenant Arnold M. "Joe the Joker" Patterson, Hyde Park, Boston.

These jovial souls believe that Mr. Damon Runyon could run away and hide from the late William Shakespeare in any type of literary handicap, and they have assumed the labels of some of Mr. Runyon's more picturesque Broadway mugs. Going a carefree step further, the fighter pilots converse with one another in the very best Runyonese, and the crackle of machine-gun fire blends startlingly with the jargon allegedly heard in Mindy's herring foundry.

The following dialogue took place during the attack upon the cloud of Zeros and dive bombers. Relaxing behind the droning snouts of their P-39 Airacobras, the Runyon mob was horsing around the Russell Islands, when Captain Sawyer murmured into his interplane radio:

"HARRY the Horse calling Joe the Joker, Dancing Dan and Spanish John. I observe large numbers of obnoxious characters making our way and I have a feeling that they intend to do us harm."

"Spanish John to Harry the Horse," the voice of McClendon answered. "It is well known to one and all that these are 100-per-cent-wrong gees, and I suggest that we put a large blast on them with our ever-loving guns."

The Airacobras came down in close-meshed thunder, and all four sent cascades of 37-mm. fire into a bomber on a high side pass. This fellow went over in a gust of flame, and Captain Sawyer cut through a second with a sustained burst.

"Harry the Horse is a guy I would not care to have going around resenting me," declared Dancing Dan. "He becomes greatly annoyed without the slightest warning whatever."

"What with one thing and another, I must have cooled that bomb jockey off with the first effort," observed Joe the Joker. "For he went down like I know not what and seems to be no price at all."

The base Intelligence officer who was curling his ears about this conversation was definitely dismayed at this point. As for any Japanese listening in, it is no violation of confidence to say that his reason must have swayed on the old rocker.

"I AM not one to take an overwhelming interest in trifles," said Dancing Dan. "But numerous parties in Zeros are preparing to put the finger on us and it is by no means true that I wish any part of them."

"Harry the Horse speaking. It is apparent that these characters will go out of their way to slug us around more than somewhat, so I would suggest that we play the chill for them."

The chill was played with gaudy success, and the Zeros overshot the Airacobras by 700 yards. The tactic was so fashioned that in pulling away from the Jap fighters, the Runyon mob came up under the bombers again.

"Joe the Joker calling. This is an opportunity I see no percentage in passing up. We would be well advised to cop a sneak and put the bite on these citizens who appear to own loose scalps."

"Harry the Horse calling. Under such circumstances, I feel it is expressing indignation in a crude way, yet I am not averse to the nefarious scheme you suggest."

An enemy bomber took one full burst in the belly and sogged down, suffering from acute indigestion. His pal began to vomit smoke and to hoist around an island in twisted rolls.

"Spanish John calling Dancing Dan . . . Spanish John calling Dancing Dan. I have chased this character around this tropic paradise until I am tired more than somewhat. It will be appreciated by Spanish John if you went around the other way and scragged this person in the middle."

The person was duly scragged.

"Harry the Horse calling. Speaking of this and that, it is coming on to rain AA stuff on our own denomination. Suggest we terminate this transaction and go home rapidly indeed."

A push of right gees with moxie in the big way! ★★★

The flying fish with a steel lung

FIRST it flies. Then it swims. And anything it hits goes boom!

It's Uncle Sam's aerial torpedo. The kind our torpedo bombers are using these days to deal out grief to Axis ships.

Inside this "flying fish" is a steel lung, full of compressed air. When the torpedo is released, the compressed air drives it viciously toward its target.

A special kind of steel is needed to make the steel lung. It has to be thin and light to help reduce to a minimum the load the torpedo plane must carry. And it has to be very strong—to withstand air pressure of many hundreds of pounds per square inch.

The special steel for the lungs of aerial torpedoes is just one of the many developments that have emerged from United States Steel laboratories to help win the war.

You've read about some of the others: special steel springs for torpedoes and bombs; portable steel landing mats for bombers; new steels for aviation; tin plate, made with only a fraction of the precious tin once needed.

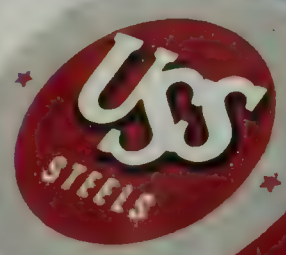
Will they benefit you after the war?

You can be sure they will. For then the new steels inspired by war will be ready to serve you in a thousand peacetime products . . . from lawn mowers to skyscrapers. You'll find that the U·S·S Label means more than ever on the goods you buy. And that no other material rivals steel in usefulness and long-range economy.

NEW STEELS FOR AMERICA

BUY WAR BONDS EVERY PAYDAY

The money you loan builds America's war strength. Yours again to spend in years to come . . . for new comforts, products of steel, things for better living.



AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY · AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY · BOYLE MANUFACTURING COMPANY · CARNEGIE-ILLINOIS STEEL CORPORATION · COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY · CYCLONE FENCE DIVISION · FEDERAL SHIPBUILDING & DRY DOCK COMPANY · NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY · OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY · TUBULAR ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION · UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY · UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY COMPANY · UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY · VIRGINIA BRIDGE COMPANY

UNITED STATES STEEL

There's No Escape!

Copyright 1943—Philco Corpora

RADAR, the fabulous radio device that *"sees through"* fog, clouds and darkness, that searches out enemy targets and warns against the approach of hostile forces, has given us a thrilling story of American ingenuity. Long before Hitler launched his war of nerves with ominous threats of secret weapons, the scientific branches of our Army, Navy and government were quietly developing this miracle of radio.

W. H. Crawford makes this contribution to the series being drawn for Philco by America's leading editorial cartoonists depicting the significance of America's productive might. While available, a full size reproduction of the original drawing will be sent, free, on request to Philco Corporation, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask for Cartoon No. 61C.

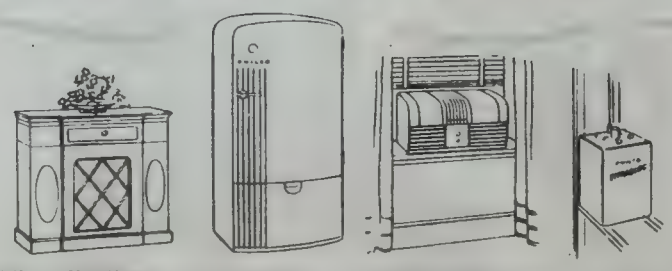
The time came when the radio industry of America was called upon to produce Radar quickly and in decisive quantities to turn the tide of Axis conquest. That's wh Philco, with the facilities of the worl largest radio manufacturer and with va research experience in the field of ultr high frequency radio waves, was able render its vital service to our fighting force

Today, Radar is one of Philco's most important war productic activities. Tomorrow, the scientific progress achieved in the Phil laboratories will appear as peacetime miracles of radio, televisio refrigeration, air conditioning and electronics for the homes an industries of America—under the famous Philco name.

PHILCO CORPORATION

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Hasten Victory . . Build for tomorrow . . Invest a part of your income in War Bonds.



Philco distributors and dealers are doing their utmost under wartime conditions to service your Philco Radio, Phonograph, Refrigerator, Air Conditioner, or Industrial Storage Battery.

LISTEN TO

"OUR SECRET WEAPON"

Hear Rex Stout expose Axis lies and propaganda. Every Friday evening, CBS stations.

COLLIER'S
H NATIONAL WEEKLY
CR AUGUST 28, 1943

not miss the opening of this ing tale of the cattle coun- of an avenger who sets out ill a man he has never seen

THE Wild Bunch

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

ILLUSTRATED BY WARNER BAUMGARDNER

OODNIGHT crossed the river at a ford whose bottom sands were scarcely covered by water and e noon camp under the shade of a ly willow. Heat was a burning pres- upon the gray and burnt-brown des- and heat rolled back from the ished earth to make a thin, unseen ulence all around him.

e lay belly-flat and drank on the up- am side of his horse; he let the horse t to graze while he built a smoke and tched out in the willow's spotty shade h his hat drawn over his eyes. Sud- ly the sun came around the willow burned against his skin and he sat ight and knew he had been asleep. He then, a limber man with gray eyes f hidden behind the drop of his lids. had a rider's looseness about him, and sun had scorched its layers of tan oothly over his face. All his features re solid and his shape was the flat and ularly heavy shape of a man who made living by horse and rope.

When he stepped to the saddle he turned t, as he had been doing for many days ll the way out of Oregon's high range. adown, he figured, ought to put him o Sherman City.

Once during the last week he had met ider and they had said six words apiece d departed on their separate ways. herwise travelers were to be seen only fragments of dust smoke in the great tance and ranch quarters were small- aped blurs, like ships hull-down on the rizon. There was such a ranch head- arters now before him, and there was so a pattern of dust on his right, signal one or more riders moving. He watched at dust for half an hour before he de- ded it was a single rider heading for the me ranch toward which he pointed.

HE SAT easy in the saddle for his own comfort and even-balanced to save e horse.

The rider south of him made a sweep rough the early afternoon and curved until he was directly ahead, two or three iles away. In another half-hour the man ad reached the ranch house toward which oodnight also pointed. He moved on, ever varying his pace. The middle-down n burned like an open flame on his back nd the horizons turned blue-yellow.

House and barn and yard came into iew, and when he got nearer he spotted wo men on the porch, face to face with n feet between them. The nearest man as chalked with alkali dust and his florid ace puffed with heat; therefore he was the ider who had just come off the desert. He as quite tall and had a heavy, high- ridged nose and sharp blue eyes which ow came around and fastened a coolly nhospitable glance on Goodnight. The ther man likewise turned his attention, nd for an instant Goodnight thought he oticed strain and the distant show of fear

She was skeptical of him. "Your story doesn't make much sense," she said. "You ride away from the road all day. Then you camp where everybody can see you"

on that one's face. Meanwhile, he waited for an invitation to dismount.

It was a considerable time in coming. The second man looked back at the tall rider and seemed to speculate upon him. Afterward he swung his glance to Goodnight again and said, "Get down, man, and come out of the sun."

Goodnight dismounted. He stood at the base of the porch and rolled himself a smoke and he thought: The small fellow is glad I'm here—I wonder why?

The tall one said with unconscious arrogance, "If you've got business here, get it done with and be on your way."

The man's words rang alien. They were too sharp and distinct, the tone too clear. A Western man had a looser and easier way of speaking. Goodnight said, "Your outfit?"

"Hardly," said the big-nosed man. "But does that matter?"

"Always like to get my walking papers from the boss," said Goodnight.

The big man smiled in a wintry, indifferent way. He didn't bother to answer. It was the other one who said, "Water's in the back of the house."

Goodnight nodded. He led his horse around the house to a big trough in the rear. He let the horse drink a little. Then he pulled the horse back and he, himself, drank the small trickle of water coming out of the pipe; then he gave the horse another short drink, and moved back to the porch.

He stopped at the porch steps, before the two men. He still had his cigarette and now took time to light it. He thought he saw relief once more break over the small man's cheeks.

"Now you can dust along," said the tall one.

The shorter man said, "Cut that out, Bill."

The big-nosed Bill showed an amused grin. "This man's no recruit for you, Harry. He's just another bum."

Goodnight dragged in the cigarette's strong sweet smoke and blew it out. He dropped the cigarette and ground it under his boot. He lifted his head on Bill, meeting the man's pushing glance. He said in the softest voice, "You talk too much."

Bill gave him a prolonged study. The remark seemed to interest him more than to anger him, and that was a reaction to which Goodnight was not accustomed. It quickened his attention, and he watched the tall man's face steadily for a sign of change.

Bill said in a half-interested manner, "Have I misjudged you, friend, or are you simply making a demonstration for the sake of your pride?"

"Put in your chips and find out," said Goodnight.

SUDDENLY the high-nosed Bill laughed. "That's typical," he said, turning to the smaller man. "An arrival, a word, a threat and a showdown. It never varies."

He left the porch and walked to his horse. He stepped to the saddle and laid his hands on the horn. He gave Goodnight a short smile. "Don't be proud. If I felt like fighting I should certainly fight you. But why should I spend that energy and take that risk on a man who means nothing to me and probably means less to himself?"

"Let me give you some advice," said Goodnight. "Don't make statements you have to crawl out of."

But it didn't touch the tall man. The tall man's smile simply pushed it aside. He lifted his reins and nodded at the smaller one on the porch. "He's no good for you as a recruit, Harry. None of these stray riders are. You'll hire him, but all he'll ever do is run for a hole when somebody strange comes up. I'll see you later."

By habit he set his horse into a run, through the blasting heat of this day, and kept up the run for a hundred yards or more.

Goodnight turned his glance back to the man on the porch. "What was his name again?"

"Bill—Boston Bill Royal."

"So," murmured Goodnight.

"Don't let the words fool you." The man on the porch rested back on his chair and let his arms hang loose across his thighs. He was small and dark and his shoulders had begun to fatten up. He looked harmless in the chair and Goodnight turned half away to study Boston Bill now in the distance. When he swung around again, the little man's eyes were open and watching him keenly.

"You want a job?"

"Riding or fighting?"

"Less of one thing and more o other."

"Where's Sherman City?"

"Over there," said the man, and a hand toward the Owlhorns. "My n Harry Ide. I owe you a favor."

"Maybe I missed something," Goodnight.

"He caught me alone," said Ide.

"Thanks for the drink," said night and stepped to his saddle.

"About that job—"

"Maybe I'll be back," said Goo and rode off.

BOSTON BILL had reached Harry ranch house half an hour before night arrived. He stepped quickly ground and got to the porch and with a shoulder against the wall. He "Harry," and waited. Somebody n from the back room slowly and across the front room. Boston Bill himself still and so caught Ide by su as the latter stepped through the doo saw him a little too late to put hims the alert. Therefore he stopped still ing Boston Bill. His face hardened waited and he held Bill's eyes with hi guarded glance.

"You see," said Bill, "I have yo the hip."

"So," said Harry Ide, very dry.

"This is just to show you that you always be surrounded and safe. Y got no gun. Very careless."

"That's right."

"It ought to occur to you," pointe Boston Bill, "that no man is ever safe

"It occurs to me now," said Ide.

(Continued on page 33)

Goodnight stopped at the steps and lit his cigarette. He thought he saw relief on the small man's face. "Now you can dust along," said the tall one

WHILE ROME BURNED

By Quentin Reynolds
DICTATED FROM AFRICA

'e 'em hell!" yelled the Cath- chaplin as the big bombers k off for Rome. They did— more. In a classic of prepa- on and precision that will be lied for many years to come, proved up an an all-American ory of air warfare. Collier's respondent, on the spot, gives the story behind the story

NO ONE around American headquarters here in North Africa fiddled while Rome burned for the nd time. No one was excited, elated riumphant. No one wanted to hurt ne, yet it had to be done. General Spaatz sat in his office in a white ding on the shore of the Mediter- ean. Now and then he looked at his ch. Members of his staff came and t, but no one said much more than e hundred planes over Rome now." neone, consulting the schedule, would "B-17s hitting San Lorenzo now." A le later, another would speak: "B-26s r Ciampino now."

he radio was an anticlimax around dquarters. For weeks, the bombing of me had been considered, and then eed upon. Then came two feverish eks of planning and briefing. Only ex- ienced crews were chosen. This would e to be the most accurate bombing ever omplished or Axis propaganda for e might have a legitimate weapon.

For two weeks the pilots and crews died the air maps of Rome made by lonel Elliott Roosevelt and his photo- onnaissance units. Even before they re told what their specific targets would they were made to memorize the sitions of the Vatican, St. Peter's and er places of great religious or his- rical significance. These were to be oided regardless of the cost. They rned the positions of workers' dis- cts and were warned not once but a zen times not to damage civilian areas.

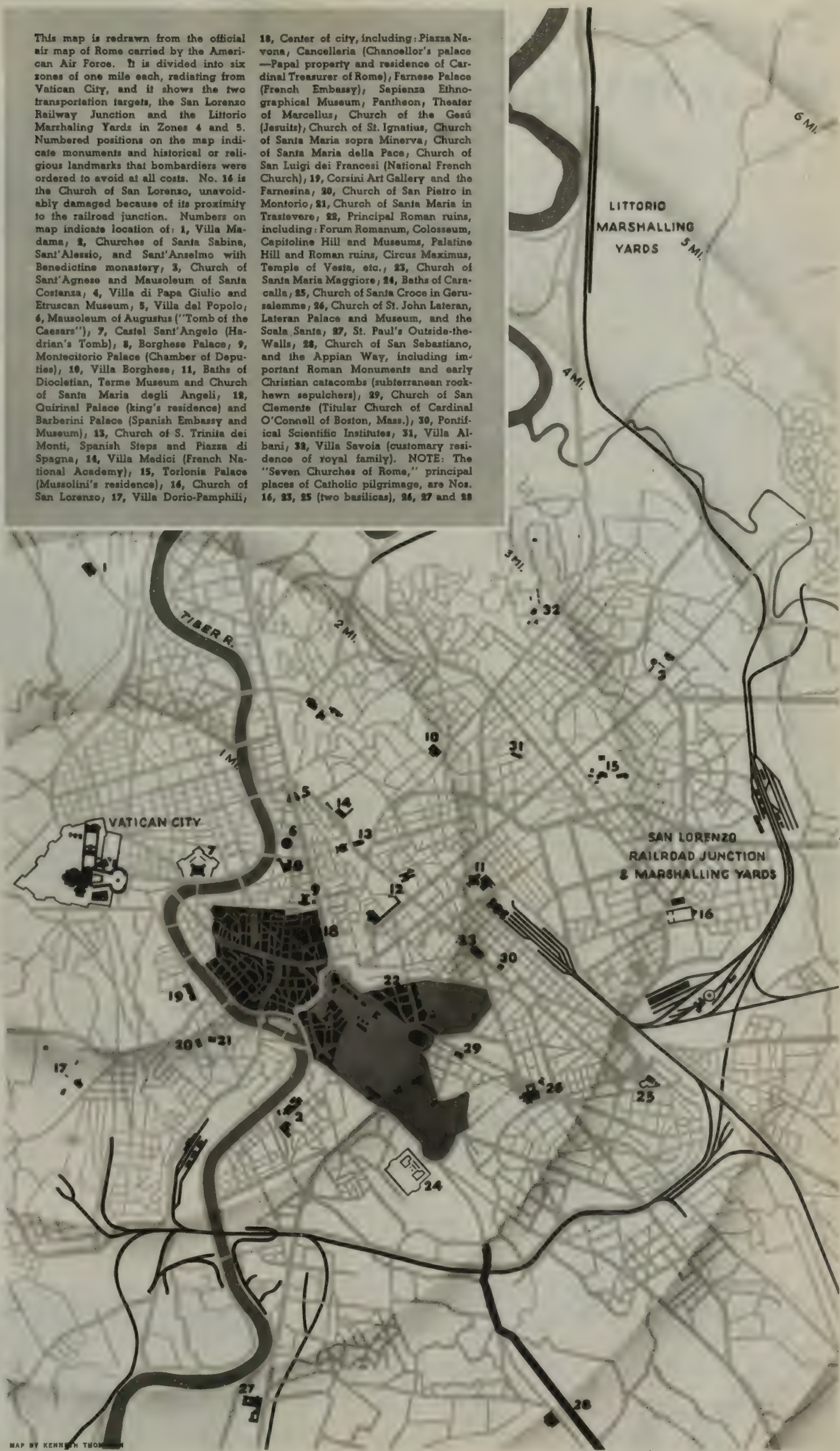
Military Targets Only

They were told to bring their bombs back they were unable to find the targets signed. If visibility prevented pin-prick mbing they were not to drop a single mb haphazardly. This was not to be raid on Rome but on the military ob- ctives which unfortunately were located Rome.

For two weeks General Spaatz and his aff studied pictures of the city. The erial photography of Colonel Roose- elt's group is, I believe, the best in the orld. When you looked at those photos rough a sort of lighted stereopticon that nlarged them, Rome held no secrets from ou. These pictures told General Spaatz

(Continued on page 66)

This map is redrawn from the official air map of Rome carried by the American Air Force. It is divided into six zones of one mile each, radiating from Vatican City, and it shows the two transportation targets, the San Lorenzo Railway Junction and the Littorio Marshaling Yards in Zones 4 and 5. Numbered positions on the map indicate monuments and historical or religious landmarks that bombardiers were ordered to avoid at all costs. No. 16 is the Church of San Lorenzo, unavoidably damaged because of its proximity to the railroad junction. Numbers on map indicate location of: 1, Villa Madama; 2, Churches of Santa Sabina, Sant'Alessio, and Sant'Anselmo with Benedictine monastery; 3, Church of Sant'Agnese and Mausoleum of Santa Costanza; 4, Villa di Papa Giulio and Etruscan Museum; 5, Villa del Popolo; 6, Mausoleum of Augustus ("Tomb of the Caesars"); 7, Castel Sant'Angelo (Hadrian's Tomb); 8, Borghese Palace; 9, Montecitorio Palace (Chamber of Deputies); 10, Villa Borghese; 11, Baths of Diocletian, Terme Museum and Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli; 12, Quirinal Palace (king's residence) and Barberini Palace (Spanish Embassy and Museum); 13, Church of S. Trinita dei Monti, Spanish Steps and Piazza di Spagna; 14, Villa Medici (French National Academy); 15, Torlonia Palace (Mussolini's residence); 16, Church of San Lorenzo; 17, Villa Dorio-Pamphili; 18, Center of city, including: Piazza Navona; Cancelleria (Chancellor's palace —Papal property and residence of Cardinal Treasurer of Rome); Farnese Palace (French Embassy); Sapienza Ethnographical Museum; Pantheon; Theater of Marcellus; Church of the Gesú (Jesuits); Church of St. Ignatius, Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva; Church of Santa Maria della Pace; Church of San Luigi dei Francesi (National French Church); 19, Corsini Art Gallery and the Farnesina; 20, Church of San Pietro in Montorio; 21, Church of Santa Maria in Trastevere; 22, Principal Roman ruins, including: Forum Romanum, Colosseum, Capitoline Hill and Museums, Palatine Hill and Roman ruins, Circus Maximus, Temple of Vesta, etc.; 23, Church of Santa Maria Maggiore; 24, Baths of Caracalla; 25, Church of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme; 26, Church of St. John Lateran, Lateran Palace and Museum, and the Scala Santa; 27, St. Paul's Outside-the-Walls; 28, Church of San Sebastiano, and the Appian Way, including important Roman Monuments and early Christian catacombs (subterranean rock-hewn sepulchers); 29, Church of San Clemente (Titular Church of Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, Mass.); 30, Pontifical Scientific Institutes; 31, Villa Albani; 32, Villa Savoia (customary residence of royal family). NOTE: The "Seven Churches of Rome," principal places of Catholic pilgrimage, are Nos. 16, 23, 25 (two basilicas), 26, 27 and 28



MAP BY KENNETH THOMPSON

They Didn't Know What Hit Them

By Henry F. Pringle

DRAWINGS BY JO KOTULA

This is the first complete story of a secret technique of the United States Air Forces, usually called skip bombing. Certain phases are still military secrets. The Japanese, for instance, who lost an entire convoy of 22 ships in the Bismarck Sea, are not quite sure even now what hit them and how it was done

IT WAS early fall of last year. The tight-lipped young men of the Army Air Forces were fighting a global war. They fought in the cold, gray Aleutian Islands off Alaska, among other places, and over the humid waters and islands of the South Pacific. Flying conditions could hardly have differed more widely. But the fliers had a common enemy, the Japanese, and they were using against him, for the first time, a new, secret and devastating method of aerial attack. Within six months this would clinch the Battle of the Bismarck Sea in which 22 Jap ships were sunk, 15,000 soldiers and an unknown number of sailors killed. Soon afterward it would sink German and Italian vessels in the Mediterranean. On land, the new technique would speed the Axis rout in North Africa, although the details of this later triumph must still remain a secret.

The Japanese never knew what hit them in the Bismarck Sea; in any event all were dead, and dead men send in no intelligence reports—not even to the sun-god in Tokyo. They certainly did not know that the debacle was the result of experiments at an Army Air Forces proving ground in Florida, of painstaking research by experts of the Ordnance Branch of the Army Service Forces and of combat testing in the Aleutians and the South Pacific. All that they knew was that planes—both bombers and fighters—roared in for a kill at insanely low altitudes. They twisted and turned as they came in on the target. They dropped no torpedoes, so they were not torpedo planes. Yet they dropped something with amazing precision, and it was powerful enough to send transports and warships to the bottom. What the American fliers did, it may now be told, was to use the technique which has been called skip bombing. The correct name for it is minimum altitude bombing.

Considerable inaccurate information has been circulated about skip bombing, since details of the Bismarck Sea battle began to leak out two or three months ago. Bombs dropped by an airplane flying fast at very low altitudes have always skipped —just like stones thrown across the millponds of our youth. Bombs from higher altitudes pointed downward, naturally, and were guided to the target by their fins. Nearer to the ground there was no time for this. The bombs maintained the line of flight. They skipped across the ground or water and back into the air. They usually missed the target.

About a year ago it dawned on some officers at the Florida proving ground that this disadvantage might be turned into an asset. The fliers were not thinking about sinking Axis ships. What they wanted to do was to work out some bombing method which would stop tanks. A tank is almost invisible from thousands of feet in the air and is virtually impossible to hit. But today's fast fighter planes are projectiles in themselves. It occurred to Brigadier General Grandison Gardner, proving ground commandant, that a plane might come in just above the ground at a very high speed, point itself at the tank and then drop a bomb. The bomb would continue to plunge forward and would, so General Gardner reasoned, hit the tank.

There were bugs in the notion, as he was due to learn. But when he tried it with dummy bombs he was able to hit a tank-sized target twenty-nine times out of thirty tries. One of the bugs was that the bomb sometimes skipped clean over the tank. Later, when the idea was expanded to attacking ships, the bomb not infrequently hit the water and bounced over the ship. It would be necessary, General Gardner knew, to stop this skipping or to guide it. A delayed fuse would also have to be developed, so that the explosion would not wreck the attacking plane when real, instead of dummy, bombs were used.

The public often regards the Army as a group of highly individualistic branches, each working alone and each striving for exclusive credit for winning the war. Too often—more than once is too often—this is true. The development of minimum altitude bombing, however, is a prize example of a number of branches working together. The actual pioneering went on at the wind-swept, sun-drenched stretches of the Florida proving ground.

New Method of Bombing

General Gardner and his men—in particular Colonel Sargent Huff of Ordnance —worked through June, July and August of 1942 on minimum altitude bombing to make possible the battles and victories in the South Pacific and the Mediterranean areas. Perfecting a delayed fuse for the bombs was easy enough—Colonel Huff had one ready in short order.

Keeping the bombs from skipping over the target—when dropped at 10, 25 or 50 feet at 300 miles per hour—was far more difficult. So was working out the method of sighting on the target. The details of this, too, cannot yet be disclosed. This much may be said: It is so simple that a pilot in a single-seater can hit a tank, a moving train or a ship and can correct his aim at the last second. Behind the method lay interminable calculations and experiments. About a year after work had started, the new method of bombing had proved its worth beyond question. To Colonel Huff, by order of the President of the United States, went in June a citation and the award of the Legion of Merit.

One day in Florida the "valuable tactical procedure" was about to be demonstrated to some ranking officers. General Gardner was fairly sure that he had licked the bugs. An ancient tank which was to be the target stood on one of the sand dunes. The pilot was receiving instructions. "Knock the track support off," General Gardner told him.

"If you don't mind, sir," the pilot said,

The skip-bombing technique is variable. If the target is an unarmed ship, as above, it is called a "soft" touch. When the pilot is within of it, he drops to 50 feet above the waves, comes in broadside and r

o that it will fall forward and downward and crash into the vessel at the water he plane climbs up and away and, by time mechanism, the projectile explodes conds later. An armored warship, as shown below, calls for other tactics. The plane comes in fast at 300 feet, and the bomb drops so that it lands in the water beside the target. It sinks toward the unarmored bottom of the warship and explodes four seconds later. This technique works very well. Ask Tojo. He knows

KENNETH W. THOMPSON

Soon—Direct-Current Power

THOMAS EDISON first sent electric power under New York City streets to light his incandescent lamps. But the heavy direct currents he was forced to use at low voltage required such enormous wires that three miles became his economic limit of transmission. Soon the alternating system, with its efficient transformers sending small high-voltage currents over long distances, drove Edison out of the power field. The "Wizard of Menlo Park" could not produce his direct current at high voltage to compete.

Tomorrow giant vacuum tubes promise to bring the Edison method back. Fifty years of struggle to surmount direct-current limitations have ended in the invention of the giant power tubes called "ignitrons," already used for smelting wartime quantities of aluminum. Adapted to electrical networks, these new electronic robots will convert cheaply generated alternating current to direct at very high pressure, pour it into long transmission lines, then change it back to low-voltage alternating current at the receiving ends for efficient distribution to millions of customers.

The advantage will come in eliminating the unavoidable waste in alternating-current transmission—the "charging currents" that never reach the consumer, and the complicated and expensive equipment needed to keep the service smooth and reliable. Direct-current lines sidestep most of this waste. A combination of both types of current by means of vacuum-tube converters will allow each to do its share most effectively.

In future, great water powers, now too remote, can be "piped" perhaps thousands of miles by direct current, bringing all-electric homes within reach of any family budget and making low-cost electricity the servant of all industry.

New Deal in Reading

Tomorrow illiteracy will decline to the vanishing point. Reading will become the cultural mainstay of all the earth. Newspapers, magazines and books will be produced in such vast quantities that nobody will dream of being without all three.

New publishing and distributing techniques will put printed material in the most remote home at trifling cost. Whole newspapers may be transmitted by television, while magazines will reach the corners of the world by air, translated into all civilized languages.

More important even than the world-wide dissemination of news and magazine material will be the opportunity for everyone to own and know the great literary works of the times. The average book will be printed in editions of hundreds of thousands, mass-produced to sell for as little as twenty-five cents. Wendell Willkie, who ought to know, believes that printings of twenty-five million copies will be nothing exceptional for a best seller.

Books-by-the-million will not be cheap pulp affairs in paper covers, but handsome permanent records printed and illustrated in color by newspaper methods. Half the world that cannot now afford a single book will be able to turn to them as relaxation for leisure hours. The smallest community library will be able to purchase every contemporary book of literary merit.

The implications of universal reading are tremendous, for it will bring to every nation an understanding of the problems and aspirations of every other people, educating the whole world to avoid the causes of war and depression.

Frozen Foods for the Future

A month's supply of fresh foods always at hand in your own kitchen in bewildering variety; menus that include ready-cooked specialties actually prepared by famous chefs in London, Rome or Paris—these are but two of the advantages that the new "deep-freezing" system will bring into every postwar home.

Before Pearl Harbor, deep-frozen foods were just getting their start with the distribution of specialties kept cold with dry ice. Tomorrow's great improvement will be a home refrigerator capable of storing large quantities of foodstuffs at temperatures below zero, providing space enough to supply a family of four for as long as two months.

Supporting these household units will be a world-wide system of food-preparing centers—including many famous restaurants—where meats, vegetables, salads, desserts, even bread and cake will be frozen, packaged and shipped to stores in every city and town.

Marketing will be done as infrequently as once a month or less. When you shop, you will make a day of it, stocking up your larder with a complete variety for many weeks in advance. Then there will be no tedious daily routine of buying for a few meals at a time.

Your future market will be a huge affair carrying everything you will need to feed your family and your guests in any season. You will never hesitate to buy far ahead, for the frozen foods will keep indefinitely without loss of freshness or flavor. ★★★

"I should like to go in through the door."

The general said that he could try. The observers withdrew to a safe place and soon the plane appeared, leveled off at 15 feet and lunged at the tank. It isn't too easy to see just what happens during minimum altitude bombing—the eye isn't fast enough. The results are easy to see, though. This time the bomb—a dummy filled with sand—hit and demolished the upper hinge of the tank door. The plane, rising quickly, turned around and returned for its second attack; the bomb hit the lower hinge and the big door dropped off the tank. The plane came in for a third time, to "go through the door" as the pilot had promised. He popped the projectile squarely in the opening while the visiting officers gaped in amazement. After that the pilot wheeled and flew at the target a final time.

The fourth bomb smashed the track support, as General Gardner had ordered. None of the four had touched the ground.

Any Size Bomb Will Do

Such is minimum altitude bombing. I shall try, without disclosing details which would be of vast value to the Axis, to explain the technique more fully. First, no special bombs are required. Size can vary from 250- to 500-pound bombs for tanks; 500 to 1,000 pounds for unarmored merchant vessels; and up to 1,000 and 2,000 pounders for battleships. Moreover, almost any type of plane will do except those that are heavy and slow.

Traditional air attacks are by altitude bombing. This is tremendously effective, but less so in an attack at sea than on land—even with our excellent bomb sights. It requires heavy expenditure of ammunition, and the plane is vulnerable at medium altitudes to destruction by antiaircraft shells. Torpedo planes, too, have done invaluable execution in this war. But a torpedo plane is relatively heavy and slow. If it flies too fast or too high, the torpedo will smash when it is dropped. The pilot must stay directly on the target for as much as 30 seconds, which gives antiaircraft batteries an excellent chance to bring him down. Moreover, everybody on the enemy ship knows what a torpedo plane is up to and it is often possible to maneuver out of the path of the missile.

The minimum altitude bomber is in no comparable danger from antiaircraft. Mortality, thus far, has been extremely low because the attacking plane can shift its course at will until three seconds before releasing the bomb. Moreover, the pilot is flying so low that larger antiaircraft guns, difficult to swing and depress, cannot hit him at the range involved. He varies his attack depending on the target. Assume this is a "soft" ship, unprotected by armor plate. The pilot levels off about 1,500 feet from the target and about 50 feet above the water. He is flying 300 miles per hour. At a calculated distance from the target he presses a button on his control stick and the bomb is released. The momentum of the plane continues the projectile's flight. In less than two seconds it will hit, and penetrate, the side of the ship. This is where the delayed fuse is vital. The bomb does not explode for four seconds; by then, the pilot is far beyond his target.

The pilot strives, and usually succeeds, in dropping the bomb so that it will not hit the water at all but will skim into the ship while in flight. But skipping, while undesirable, may still destroy the enemy—the bomb can bounce from the water into the ship, and in due course, explode. Misses occur when the bomb is dropped at too great a distance; then, the bomb is likely to skip clean over the vessel or scrape its deck, doing little damage.

The technique must be changed when the enemy vessel is heavily armored. Then, to use an Air Force phrase, "we have to drop a bomb from the air on the b of a battleship." The bomb is d about 300 feet, and hits the water feet short of the enemy, taking abo seconds instead of two to do so. The lations of Colonel Huff enable the p drop this larger, heavier bomb so will enter the water with some fo speed and will settle and be near t armored bottom of the ship at the t explosion.

General Gardner and his men we tain that they had something—new, and accurate—after tests had been pleted. For a time, though, they we able to sell minimum altitude bomb their superiors. It was known th British had tried some such metho had abandoned it. The Germans reported to have done the same. general and his men began an educa campaign. No flier, ordnance offi bomb expert had a chance of p through the proving ground withou ing a demonstration put on. All convinced. Among them was Majo liam Benn of the Army Air Forces dead, who was soon to leave for the Pacific, and the staff of Lieutenant eral George Kenney of the Fift Force. Major Benn agreed to test th technique in the combats in whi would, beyond much doubt, soon fin self.

This was in the fall of 1942. B long, reports of what he had accompl and how, came back in code. Ben tested minimum altitude bombing hulk off Port Moresby in New G Sometime later, in a Flying Fo equipped according to Colonel specifications, he was on patrol du Rabaul when he saw a Japanese fre in the harbor. He ran for it at mas height, pushed the button on his stic watched the ship blow up a few se later.

A cruiser was anchored in the bor, too, so Major Benn turned his ress and came in again. This tim dropped three bombs, all of which trated the cruiser and exploded. B time the antiaircraft was barking, was far out of reach. When reports double sinking reached General Ke he ordered that minimum altitude b ing was to be a standard tactic fo Fifth Air Force. This order was t important in the Bismarck Sea.

A convert made about the same was Colonel William O. Eareckson, of staff to Major General William O. ler of the Eleventh Air Force in Al Colonel Eareckson was patrolling Aleutians, also last fall, when he s Japanese ship. He dropped to just a the water, opened fire with his ma guns as he began the run on the ta bombed and sank the ship.

"Japs are the laziest people I ever s he was quoted as saying later. "Mo them were asleep on the deck."

Death to an Armada

In March, 1943, came Bismarck Se had been known that a large Japa convoy was beating its way down Rabaul along the coast of New Br toward Lae in New Guinea. Bad we favored the fleet. The American p could not penetrate the clouds until morning of March 1st. On that morn lone Liberator dropped under the ove and saw fourteen transports and wars He flashed word to United Nations h quarters in Australia. The storm, a cort of Zeros, and some destroyers n it impossible to attack the convoy of Monday and throughout Tues Wednesday, though, was clear. The voy, when attacked, numbered 22 ve having been augmented by eight new

The resulting demoralization indi

(Continued on page 59)

NEVER TRUST A SHY MAN

BY ELSIE TAYE

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

he human heart has no sense. omes a man you ought to ve and you don't; comes a ay deceiver, a canny Casaova, and you go BOOM!

JANICE did not want to make a date with Adair's brother. But she would. She knew that. Her roommate was mall and beautiful and gay, and her rength was as the strength of ten.

"I have to wire him tonight," said Adair, ying flat on her bed, her stuffed leopard lasped in her arms. She smiled with her rystal blue eyes at Janice. "He's going o drive some officers to a camp near here nd then come over."

"I know it," said Janice. She knew a reat deal about Brooke Collister and most f it she found uninteresting. She piled er books up and put the cap back on he good fountain pen that Philip had iven her. "You give me a tic. If Brooke as all these girls flagging him all the time, why does he want a date with me?"

"I wouldn't know." Adair sat up shakng back the thick dark cloud of her hair, nd smiled fondly at Janice. "Something said no doubt. And you're just what he eeds. You won't fall for him right away he way most girls do. Of course you will eventually, but you'll hold off long enough o give him a jolt."

"I can hardly wait." Janice was getting out of dungarees and into a sweater and skirt for dinner. "Brooke won't mind, will he, if I just go on being in love with Philip?"

"How do you know you're in love with Philip? Maybe it's just habit. Golly, you were only seventeen when you started going steady with him, and you've been going steady with him ever since—"

"Yes, but he doesn't care if I make dates when I'm at school—he says he doesn't care as long as they don't conflict with his—"

"Yeah," said Adair. "Big of him."

She adjusted the hard-point needle on a record and when the band of Captain Glenn Miller swung out she stood up.

"How about it?" asked Adair.

"Well," said Janice beginning to give in. "Look. Walk over to the mailroom with me, and if there's nothing in the afternoon mail from Philip I'll donate an evening to your wolf of a brother. But only because he's a soldier! This is the last week end in March, and Philip said he'd be up sometime in March, but he hasn't mentioned it lately."

GOING down the stairs of Shumway House, Adair said, "I hope he brings Steve Willets for me. I adore Steve."

Janice moaned. Adair adored every man she ever went out with. Adair grinned.

They got along perfectly together. They were best friends as well as roommates, which did not always happen. Janice paid no homage to Adair's beauty and money and the endless procession of men she adored, and this for some reason pleased Adair. Adair also adored Janice, who, she said, was as sensible as she was good-looking.

In Janice's box was a letter from her mother but none from Philip. She had some research work to do, and had been hoping for the kind of quiet untiring week end she and Philip always had. He came on Saturday and stayed at Mrs. Cardiff's boardinghouse. They went to the movies and had beer some place afterward and went to church together on Sunday morning and took long walks now that there was no gasoline for dates.

"Yipe," said Adair pressing thin fingers into Janice's arm to remind her of her promise. At the far end of the mailroom she wound up the gadget that called Western Union and Janice followed her, reading her mother's dry humorous account of the odd menus they had now on account of rationing. Her mother was cute. She folded the letter and with curiosity watched Adair counting the words as though it would have been a misdemeanor to go over ten. Adair also tore stamps off envelopes that had to be rewritten, and beat down the taxi drivers who were known to gyp the Holcroft College girls, but she would toss you a gold bracelet saying, "Keep it. It doesn't go with anything I have," and be genuinely hurt when you wouldn't.

Later, when they were getting ready for bed in the dormitory, with other girls wandering in and out of their room, and Adair sitting on the side of the bed in a trance over a Harry James record, and Janice trying to get this stuff about the industrialization of Japan, Barbara Norris put her head in the door and said, "Woodie's calling you, Janice."

Brooke lifted his mouth from hers and said, "I knew it would be like that. Did you?" "No," she whispered. "I didn't know anything about it"

The bored voice of Miss Dinwoodie, the house mother, could be heard coming up the stairs, "Jan-ice. Tel-e-phone."

ADAIR heard it through the closing bars of the trumpet. She turned her head and smiled at her roommate. "You promised," she said.

"I know I did," said Janice flatly, tying the sash of her housecoat tight around her. A small cold stone settled in the pit of her stomach as she went down the stairs. She knew what it was. Philip always called her around ten o'clock when he would be sure she was in the dorm.

"Hello, Jan," he said in his deep, unexcited voice. "I can go up there Saturday."

"Oh, *Philip*. I've got a date."

"You have?" Complete surprise.

"Gosh, Philip, I'm simply sunk. I waited till today to hear from you—but Adair's brother is coming from camp with another—"

"It's okay. Forget it."

"No, it's not okay. I wish—"

"Don't worry about it. I'll go up next week."

(Continued on page 46)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LAWRENCE

A SHIP IS BORN

BY JOSEF ISRAELS II

What actually happens when a ship is launched? Whence the custom of breaking a bottle of wine against the bow? Why does a woman always perform this ceremony? Here are the answers to these and many other questions which are asked every time a vessel slides down the ways

HE really important people at today's mounting tide of ship launchings are not the sponsors. They are tle group of tense men standing far w the launching platform and directly r the ship's towering bows. They ine the yard superintendent and a couple is assistants. With them is the man does the sweating, has stage fright y time the signal to launch is given. is the master shipwright.

hey call him the boss carpenter in most is. It is he who must clench his anxious while his brow grows clammy. If a less worker left a tiny steel bolt emded in the tons of grease on the ways, f someone erred in checking the reams blueprints when they were launching ship on paper, it is the boss carpenter might as well launch himself into the r and never come up. A country at cannot afford to lose ships before they This country is not losing any.

t some indefinable moment in her conction, a ship becomes a being and needs stening. Seamen, from Phoenician days he present, have said, "She'll have her k of wine at launching or she'll have od."

he able organizers of our 1943 Navy Merchant Marine respect this tenet ve all other sea lore. They know they not get a crew for an improperly chrised ship.

s far back as the history of ships goes, n has made a ceremony and a sacrifice launching. In ancient days, a human rifice provided the blood which wet the p before she touched water. Later, this elty was softened to the slaughter of a nb or an ox to bleed safe life into the sel. The old-time Turks reddened the ter with ox blood. The Vikings went ck to human blood for their ships' liban. They launched their galleys on rollers wn an inclined way to the water's edge. tween the rollers, they bound captive ves to be ground to a pulp by the ships' t-moving weight.

In the fifteenth century, launchings were s sanguine and more religious in charac-. To this day, devout French fishermen unch their boats with the celebration of e full Sacrament.

When England first embarked on the ilding of a great navy, the launching remony took place immediately after e ship floated. This precaution grew from e fact that there were many launching ishaps. Man was building the heaviest ssels he had ever constructed. He had one of the calculating arts of the present ay, but only his instinct, often faulty, ith which to judge the technicalities of unching.

When the ship floated, a king's lieutenit (the king himself if the ship was especially important) was seated on a throne on the poop. He sipped wine from a golden goblet, speaking the name of the new ship and praying that she would have good luck and divine protection. Then he spilled a little wine on the newly scoured deck, marking exactly the four points of the compass.

The ceremony ended with tossing the valuable goblet over the side into the water. There were always plenty of ambitious swimmers gathered to leap after this treasure. Retrieved, it was usually sold back to the shipwrights who had had to provide it for the king at their own expense.

The builders did not like this. They decided to cut expenses by arranging a net around the hull to catch the cup. The populace loudly protested the loss of their goblet-rescuing racket. The clamor reached the king. He, too, expressed displeasure at such economy. The shipbuilders were sore enough to terminate royal launching ceremonies until King Charles II came through with an order that henceforth the Crown would provide the goblet.

The naming of ships remained a masculine prerogative until the Prince of Wales, in the nineteenth century, broke precedent and flattered some lady friends with invitations to act as sponsors. In the United States, the first important launching with female sponsorship was that of U.S.S. Hartford in 1858. There were two lady sponsors, and a Navy lieutenant as co-sponsor—just in case. They used three bottles containing Connecticut River, Hartford Spring and sea water. But it's a safe bet that some shipbuilder who knew better found a chance to christen her with wine, lest she later drink blood.

A Convict's Chance for Freedom

In the early clipper ship days, launching techniques were not perfected as they are now. The supports holding the vessel from sliding down the tallowed ways would be reduced to a single dogshore of heavy timber. Because of the terrific weight on this member, its removal was extremely dangerous. For a time, a condemned convict was selected to chop this shore away. If he survived the lethal flying pieces, he had won his life.

Today, in wartime, even the launching platform and bunting are prefabricated. Sponsors are selected by the yard management, with rare exceptions when the Maritime Commission may suggest a suitable sponsor. The Navy, of course, chooses its own sponsors, either descendants of men for whom the ships are named or relatives of officials.

In earlier days, launching expense, including a jeweled gift for the sponsor, often cost the taxpayers as much as $5,000. Nowadays, most yards defray launching expenses themselves. The sponsor and a few of her family and friends get their transportation paid to the launching site. She is given orchids and a wrist watch or brooch costing about $250. She is guest of honor at a small dinner or cocktail party. After her return home, the sponsor receives a handsome album of photographs showing all her important moments from arrival to bottle swinging. She receives a wooden casket enclosing the shattered bottle in its patriotic wrapping, marked with a silver plate.

A launching officer is always designated at the shipyard from among the engineering staff. He sits in on every detail of planning and design of the ship from first conception to end of construction. He launches every ship on paper before a single keel plate is ever laid. He must know to the pound what the ship will weigh, how many feet she will draw at bow and stern when she first floats and how many tons of what grade of grease will be necessary to slip her down to the sea.

A ship way is a broad platform, usually of concrete, sloping at a carefully determined angle toward the water. Set into the concrete are two, three or four (depending on the ship's size) ground ways of massive twelve-by-twelve timbers, planed off on top to glassy smoothness.

While the ship is being built, its weight does not rest on these slippery ways. The bottom is supported by a forest of timber shores and cribs, planned to absorb each new strain as additions to the hull create it. A few hours before launching, the weight of the ship is shifted from these shores to a movable cradle supported on the ground ways. These will then have to bear weights as heavy as two tons to the square inch. The cradle is built around the hull, fitting it as closely as the paper on a wall. The cradle may add several thousand tons to the ship's heft. After launching, it will be slipped out from under the ship and used again.

The life of the cradle is very brief, but during that life, it is completely responsible for the ship's safety. It is really a curved and cupped structure of heavy timbers held together by bolts and steel cables. It transmits the weight of the whole ship to sliding ways which are fitted exactly over the heavily greased fixed ground ways.

At first, the cradle bears no weight but its own. Tons of heavy grease are carefully smeared between the slip way and the ground ways. These are smoothed down with a giant hot flatiron. Applying this grease is an art in itself. Each yard believes that its own greasing formula and launching tricks are best. In cold weather the grease may be softened with heat just before launching; in warm weather a layer of cracked ice will harden the grease. One Gulf Coast yard, where the ships are launched sideways because there is little sea room beyond the ways, has used tons of squashed overripe bananas in lieu of grease, with satisfactory results.

The momentum of a launched ship is gigantic. It needs plenty of room, but where the river or bay is narrow, various yards use their own methods of slowing the ships by snubbing with weights and cables or dragging hundreds of tons of giant anchor chains. When the Queen Mary was launched in Scotland, the River Clyde had to be widened to make room for her.

As work is completed within the hull, the launching gang proceeds with the complicated job of shifting thousands of tons of weight from the fixed shoring to the movable cradle and its sliding ways. First, the cradle is tightened up as far as possible by hand. Then wedges are driven into the structure by sledges and rams. The gangs work around and around the ship, tightening the wedges gradually, lifting a little at a time until finally the weight is entirely off the keelblocks and shores which have held her from the start of construction. These are then removed.

On Launching Day, there is a careful schedule to follow. For the launching of a ship due to take the water at noon, Bethlehem-Fairfield's schedule starts at 7 A.M. From 11:46 A.M. to 11:54 A.M., for instance, three sets of bilge cribs are to be removed. These drop the last ounce of ship onto the movable cradle. The cribs are complex cat's cradles of giant timbers sawed and greased so that a skillfully swung ram can collapse them with a blow although they have been holding hundreds of tons of dead weight for weeks. With the forest of shoring suddenly gone, the ship looks new and clean and simple. She seems poised for flight, held only in the cuplike support of the cradle.

Methods of Checking Momentum

Now all the ship's weight is on the greased inclined sliding ways. She would start sliding immediately without some holding device. These vary with the size of vessels. For freighters and such small fry, a steel plate is heavily bolted from the forward end of each sliding way to a fixed structure. At the moment of launching, twin acetylene burners eat through these plates, rarely getting more than halfway before the terrific weight visibly stretches the steel, then snaps it, and the ship rolls away. For bigger vessels, hydraulic rams press on giant triggers through holes cut in the ground ways. Tons of oil pressure hold two to six of these rigidly against the ship's weight. When the pressure is released, down she goes.

Sometimes all is cleared away and still she doesn't slide. When the Navy recently launched a new carrier she stuck for twenty minutes—from the suction of too heavily compressed grease, they said. Then a set of hydraulic rams kept in readiness at the head of the ways gave a mighty shove to start her going. Recently, a cruiser being launched at Newport News slid halfway to the water and stuck. Her sliding ways had gone awry. She jammed there for three days till they jacked her up and safely floated her.

Sponsoring techniques vary from amateur bungling to bottle-blasting enthusiasm. Mrs. Roosevelt was taken by surprise when the carrier Yorktown started moving seven minutes early, but she swung in time. The bottle is suspended from the forecastle so that a man aboard may shatter it if the sponsor fails. But to the men behind the scenes, no variation is conceivable. Theirs is a desperate responsibility. When the ship floats free, tense muscles relax and most boss carpenters are ready for a drink no matter how sure they were beforehand.

As with children, to give a ship life and birth, humans must suffer. There is that tiny instant when the great steel body moves, gathers speed and is incredibly gone. That moment is victory to shipbuilders. ★★★

he Liberty Ship Robert J. Collier, amed for the late publisher of Colier's, "moves, gathers speed and is ncredibly gone"—a victorious mohent for the shipbuilder and the limax of a difficult job. Inset, Mrs. Collier smashes the traditional ottle of champagne against the bow s the vessel slides into the sea at he Bethlehem-Fairfield Shipyards

FOUR BROTHERS

BY WALTER HAVIGHURST

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

From the beginning, as boys on a Minnesota farm, they were mates; it was right that they were still shipmates at the end

The wagon veered off the road. Neil had the reins but his face was white as paper. "Jump!" he said to his brothers. "Off the back end. Jump!"

The trudging figure grew in the road ahead. Mart must have heard the laboring car, but he didn't look around; he tramped on, hugging his bundle

SHE stood on the flag-draped platform, a slight, sturdy woman with a worn face and lighted eyes. Above her in the April sunlight flared the bow of battleship gray, with its bib of bunting billowed by the wind. The lieutenant commander bent down, talking against the blast of music.

"When they cut the ribbons, Madam, just swing the bottle, hard."

Madam—The lines twinkled about her eyes. It had been Mom and Marth all these years.

"You think you can break it?"

She lifted the ribboned bottle. It was round and medium heavy, like a full ear of corn. The lines gathered again. "I've shucked all day in the field," she said, "and never missed the bang board."

The lean face under the visored cap broke slowly. He had a good smile, when he used it. "Then I don't need to worry."

When the band stopped she heard the reporter's voice again. "They all joined up together, Mr. Breckenridge? They wanted to serve the same ship?"

"That's right," Clem said. He looked a little tired, through the pride and excitement in his face. A fringe of gray hair showed beneath his rumpled hat, and his shoulders sagged.

"Too bad," the reporter said. "If—"

"No," Clem said quickly. "They wanted it that way."

"I mean they wouldn't all—"

"They were always together," Clem said.

Martha Breckenridge looked up at the letters on the leaning bow. Behind her Clem was saying:

"Well, you see, there wasn't any oldest. Neil and Mart were twins."

"Twins," the reporter said happily pencil working. "I suppose you cou tell them apart."

Martha's mouth tightened. Cou tell Mart and Neil apart—

"We could tell them," Clem gently.

"Then the others were younger?"

"Earl and Ray," Clem said.

"Did they ever cause you any—"

The loud-speaker began to blare, Martha looked up where the bunting pled. FOUR BROTHERS the ra bright letters spelled. The lieute commander was reading their names

Neil Breckenridge, Seaman, first c.

Neil was the oldest, by half an h Doctor Johns had told her later. Re he was always the oldest, even with front teeth missing and the freckles his nose and the unruly hair, dark a crow's wing, falling across his foreh The others grew taller and broader time, but Neil still took charge.

On that snowy Sunday in Decem after sitting around the radio all af noon, they walked out silent to the ba Afterward, at supper, it was Neil said, "They will need sailors now. W going, Mom."

Back there when his front teeth w missing he led them through the gar rows, thinning cow beets on their ha and knees. "We can do it, Mom. can do it fine." He led them out to wheatfield to shock grain beside th father, when the bundles were big than the boys dragging them through stubble. He made their first fishing po out of willows that fringed the slou and on Sunday afternoons he to charge of their fishing, stationing th

(Continued on page 70)

Earl had a Christmas present from all the family. His eyes were starry when he saw it. "A Sportsman Repeater!" he said softly. "A Sportsman Repeater!"

With a grunting, serious face Ray would pull his short legs up the long rungs to the haymow. He was always trying to keep up with his brothers

DOCTORS AT SEA

By Rear Admiral Charles M. Oman

ne thing to treat seriously injured pa- in a large, well-equipped hospital in eful surroundings; it is something else at them in the crowded sick bay of a unning at full speed in the danger zone"

AKING as a doctor, and from an experience f more than forty years as a medical officer of e United States Navy, I believe that the progress in medicine and surgery since 1917 is quite as g as anything we have done in engineering and s valuable toward winning the war.

e have speeded up the treatment of casualties in hat would have seemed impossible during the first War. For instance, a dawn attack is made on an outpost. During the attack, a number of men unded. While the fighting is still going on, hos- orps men attached to the landing party seek out jured men and administer advanced first aid to where they lie. This advanced first aid starts with e of morphine to relieve pain; the man's wounds rinkled with a sulfa drug and covered with a spe- erile dressing to prevent infection; a booster dose itetanus serum is given and, if necessary, an intra- s injection of blood plasma to counteract shock. emorrhage is controlled, and fractured limbs are ed before the patient is moved. This is in obedi- o the Navy rule: "Splint 'em where they lie."

thoroughly has this field service been established, ear Admiral William Chambers (MC), U.S.N., re- d after an inspection trip through the South Pacific, fter the taking of Guadalcanal: "I discovered that ore than ten or twelve cases are known in which a d casualty had to apply his own dressing or sul- mide powder, which are carried in his first-aid t. Nearly always there is a hospital-corps man at to give first aid."

e great improvement in this field service is appar- the number of lives saved and in the lessening mplications in severe cases.

Full-dressed for Action

s a result of modern warfare, burns have become jor casualty. Of the hundreds of burn cases treated various naval engagements in the Pacific, practi- all were flash burns caused by the temporary, but se, heat from exploding bombs or torpedoes. It noticeable that those parts of the body surface h were covered by any kind of clothing, even the est skivvy shirt or cotton shorts, were not burned. observation has brought about the orders now in throughout our Navy that at battle stations, the shall be fully clothed. Many working in exposed ions wear flashproof clothing.

During the first World War, when I was command- officer of the naval hospital at Brest, we used to e every effort to operate on our surgical cases as as they were brought to us. Such operations had e performed within six hours after the injury, other- gangrene was practically certain to set in. Today, nilamide powder has extended this traditional den period" from six hours to three to four days.

This was conclusively proved during the raid on l Harbor. It would have been impossible for the lable doctors to treat all the wounded within the six hours after the injury. Liberal applications of nilamide powder, shaken on wounds out of salt kers, made it possible for our surgeons to wait un- he second or third day after the injury to operate many of the cases.

Of cases treated after the raid on Pearl Harbor, only had a temperature of over 99 degrees during his in the hospital. The discovery of the sulfa drugs the use of blood plasma are the two greatest ad- ces in war surgery since anesthesia and antisepsis e given to the world.

Shock is one of the gravest problems in military dicine. In the great majority of war injuries, it is the mary cause of death. We have found that the best d preventive is blood plasma. During the first World r, Doctor O. H. Robertson, an American surgeon ving with the British army, gave the first transfu- ns of preserved blood on the field of battle. This ex- iment, carried on under fire, has completely changed whole pattern of war surgery. The first transfusions re frequently followed by severe reactions or death the recipient, due to the fact (then unknown) that in- iduals have different types of blood. At the same e, many diseases such as syphilis and malaria were nsmitted by the transfusions. *(Continued on page 60)*

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

Wounded U. S. Marines lie in sick bay aboard a hospital ship after evacuation from Guadalcanal. Live-giving plasma is being administered to them

More medical magic is in the new spray gun for burns. It coats bad burns with a special healing wax. Comm. T. E. Reynolds (left) supervises

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

LADIES OF CONGRESS

BY AMY PORTER

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, when women were agitating for the right to vote, antisuffragettes painted a fearsome picture of what the country would be like under "petticoat rule." They needn't have been so nervous. Take Congress. There are only eight petticoat rulers in the whole place, and what chance have they among 523 men?

The eight women legislators are laboring against odds. They have to dress with care, knowing that what they wear will excite more comment than what they think.

They have always to keep a poker face, under penalty of being labeled "just like a woman"—illogical, hysterical, unable to face facts.

They have to smile when their male colleagues orate, "To the ladies, God bless 'em! They lend sweetness and light to our somber legislative halls."

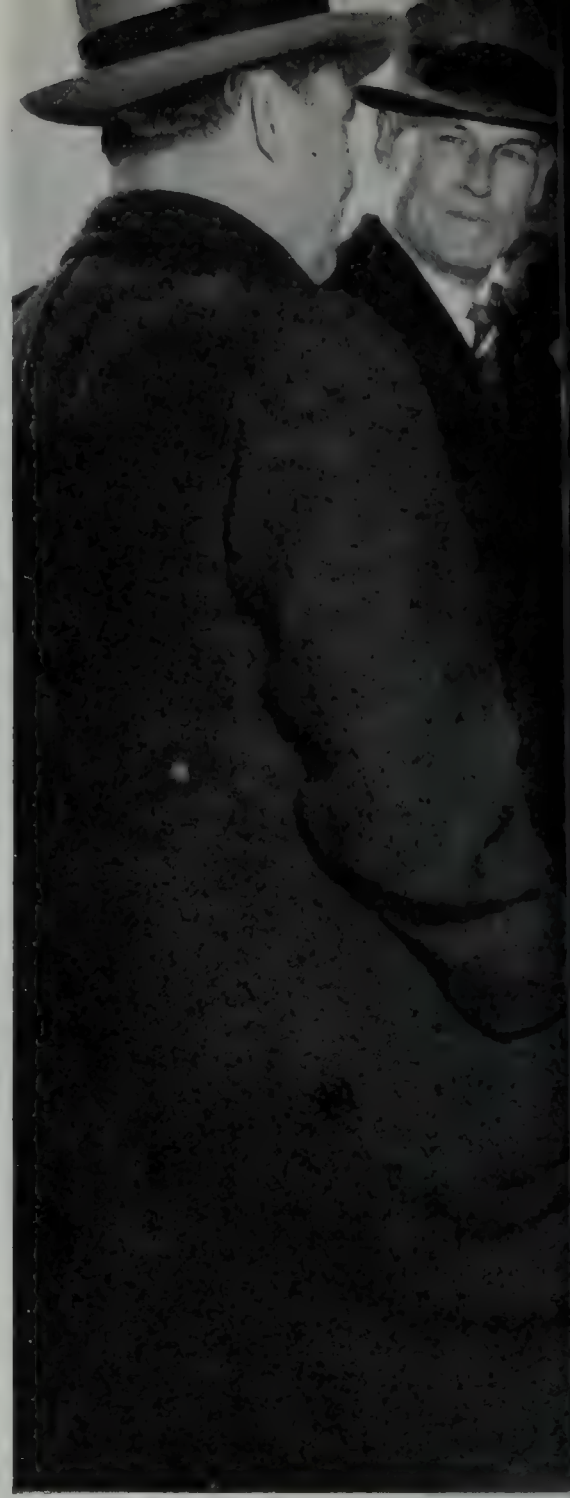
So exasperated was Mrs. Mary T. Norton, dean of congresswomen, at such pretty speeches, that she once cried out on the floor, "I'm no lady. I'm a congressman."

Congressmen are apt to sum up the ladies with, "They don't amount to much."

But if their womanly achievements fall short of the hopes of the early suffragettes, there are extenuating circumstances. Only two of the eight have been in office long enough to benefit by seniority—the beneficent influence that brings many mediocre males to prominence.

Four of the eight first came to office by way of marriage—by appointment or courtesy election to fill vacancies left by their husbands' deaths. The other four, elected in the regulation way, include the fair-haired newcomers, Winifred Stanley and Clare Boothe Luce. These two, untried as yet, but aggressive, young and independent, are regarded as the most promising women in politics.

"We won't see a dozen women in Congress in our time," Mrs. Mary T. Norton prophesies darkly, "because women won't vote for women." ★★★



Mrs. Margaret Chase Smith, below (R), Maine, the congressman's widow, is hard-working and well-liked. She gets good assignments on the Naval Affairs Committee, was the only woman ever to take a trip on a destroyer in wartime. Quiet, unassuming, she casts an occasional surprise vote as when she was the only Republican to oppose the bill to curb absenteeism

The lone woman senator, Mrs. Hattie W. Caraway (D), Arkansas, is conspicuously inconspicuous. Huey Long campaigned for her, had her discard bright clothes for widow's weeds honoring the late Senator Caraway. She comes to work by streetcar, often brings her lunch. Her favorite bill, unsuccessfully introduced time and again: A parachute for every airline passenger

Wise-cracking Jessie Sumner (R), Illinois her spinsterhood is due to man-scarcity aft last war, thinks lots of women could succ politics if they didn't prefer the A-1 career riage. A lawyer, she isn't baffled by tec problems in the Banking and Currency mittee, has offered to-the-point amendme the Commodity Credit bill and the Little ness bill. Fellow committeemen say tha like men, whose political philosophies sta she's unpredictable, often goes off at a ta

PHOTOGRAPHS BY INTERNATIONAL

ical newcomer Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce makes headlines with talk, s yet to prove her strength as a legislator. She failed to get the n Affairs post she wanted, and is now a somewhat chastened mem- the Military Affairs Committee, quietly listening to proceedings

Anyone can get elected to Congress if she really wants to, says Winifred C. Stanley (R), fresh- man congresswoman from New York. She hopes there'll be so many women in Congress some day that the press will describe the men's clothes and forget hers. Unlike Mrs. Luce, Miss Stanley has made no speeches. She was best-in-the-class at law school, a good debater

gh Mrs. Mary Teresa Norton (D), New Jersey, in- at Mayor Hague "never asked me to vote a meas- Congress," she has yet to cast a vote hostile to him. t her in office. She heads the ineffectual Labor ittee, has as little say on labor as Mme. Perkins

Mrs. Edith Nourse Rogers (R), Mass., elected in 1925 following the death of her congressman hus- band, stands out for her successful sponsorship of the bill creating the Wacs, and for her work in be- half of veterans. Constituents send her flowers daily

Public health nursing is the special interest of the wealthiest congresswoman, Mrs. Frances P. Bolton (R), Ohio, widow of the late congressman. She says the presence of women "is bringing about a better consideration of bills, especially welfare measures"

Fifteen Hours with WINSTON

BY CLARE SHERIDAN

DEARING

Casting Winston Churchill in bronze was a running battle between Churchill and his sculptress cousin for possession of a big, black cigar. Despite air raids, global strategy and tabby cats, the lady won

WINSTON CHURCHILL was one of my early sitters. I did a head of him in 1920. It was immature work. Winston too, perhaps, was immature.

I was tormented by the urge to do him again, to do him *now*. I had no illusions as to the difficulties. I have done public men before, obdurate public men. Gandhi, for instance, who would not pose but sat on the floor, spinning, which obliged me also to sit on the floor, it being necessary to be on a level with the model.

Lenin, too, said he had no time, but admitted me to his study and just went on reading. I did not ask more than that of Winston. And Lenin, I reminded him, had at that moment two wars on his hands, one in Poland and one in the Crimea. Moreover, he was still having to unravel the biggest revolution in history.

Winston put Lenin in the shade by reporting that *his* hands were full with global war.

A year passed; then I received my summons unexpectedly. It came in a curious, indirect way through the Minister of Information. *"Now* is the moment if you want to do him" was the gist of the message. The conditions were clear-cut. I could work in his bedroom as many mornings as I needed to from 9 to 12, hours varying according to his necessity. Because he works late into the night he gets up late, but he works in bed.

The marines inside the door at Downing Street took charge of my paraphernalia. One carried the turntable, two others carried the embryo clay head. A good-looking young woman, his private secretary, ushered us into his room. Winston was in bed and lowered a newspaper to survey the invasion. When I uncovered my potential block he exclaimed at its size; it was a quarter bigger than life. "Why not?" I asked. He agreed; in fact, he seemed rather to approve.

The light, however, was not good, and his bed was encumbered on either side by tables covered with papers. The Hogarthian figure in bed with cigar and spectacles smiled back at me, and then raised his newspaper full open and was lost to view. I stood helplessly staring and wondering—in the same way I had sta Lenin and wondered how it was ev ing to be done. But Lenin was on sorbed in a book; Winston was oblit by a newspaper! I looked at his sec who was sitting in a corner, penc pad in hand, ready to take dictation eyes twinkled with an appreciati the absurd. There was nothing to wait.

Suddenly down went the paper an my dear! my dear!" came a mutterec ogy. He removed the cigar and ga his concentrated attention for at twenty seconds. Then he turned papers and cigar, but not to the paper. I was able to see his face, seemed to get on slowly. Only wh telephoned did he remove his glasse was the more tantalizing because I see the possibilities of some fine mo if only he would give me a chance face is full of interesting lumps and with here and there a strong trace of where it is not utterly submerged.

His room was delightfully quie pleasant to work in. Lenin's room impressed me by this same atmosph quietude. Maybe it is a characteristi necessary condition for great thinke

Frustrated by a Cigar

But there was no calm in my while I worked. I was almost contin in a state of exasperation borderin nervous breakdown, brought abou tirely by a cigar. I could have mur that cigar! It deformed his mout threw the whole lower side of his fac of true. My concentrated efforts brought to a standstill whenever I rea that point.

At one stage he set down his docum removed his glasses and said, "Le see. Turn it around slowly." He the pressed appreciation of "its steady ress," but added, "You don't seem to worked on the mouth."

I almost exploded. He was penitent apologetic; he "would be good" b the end and give me a chance withou cigar. I looked forward to that mo but the hours went by, days became w and I could only guess at—or misre sent—the mouth.

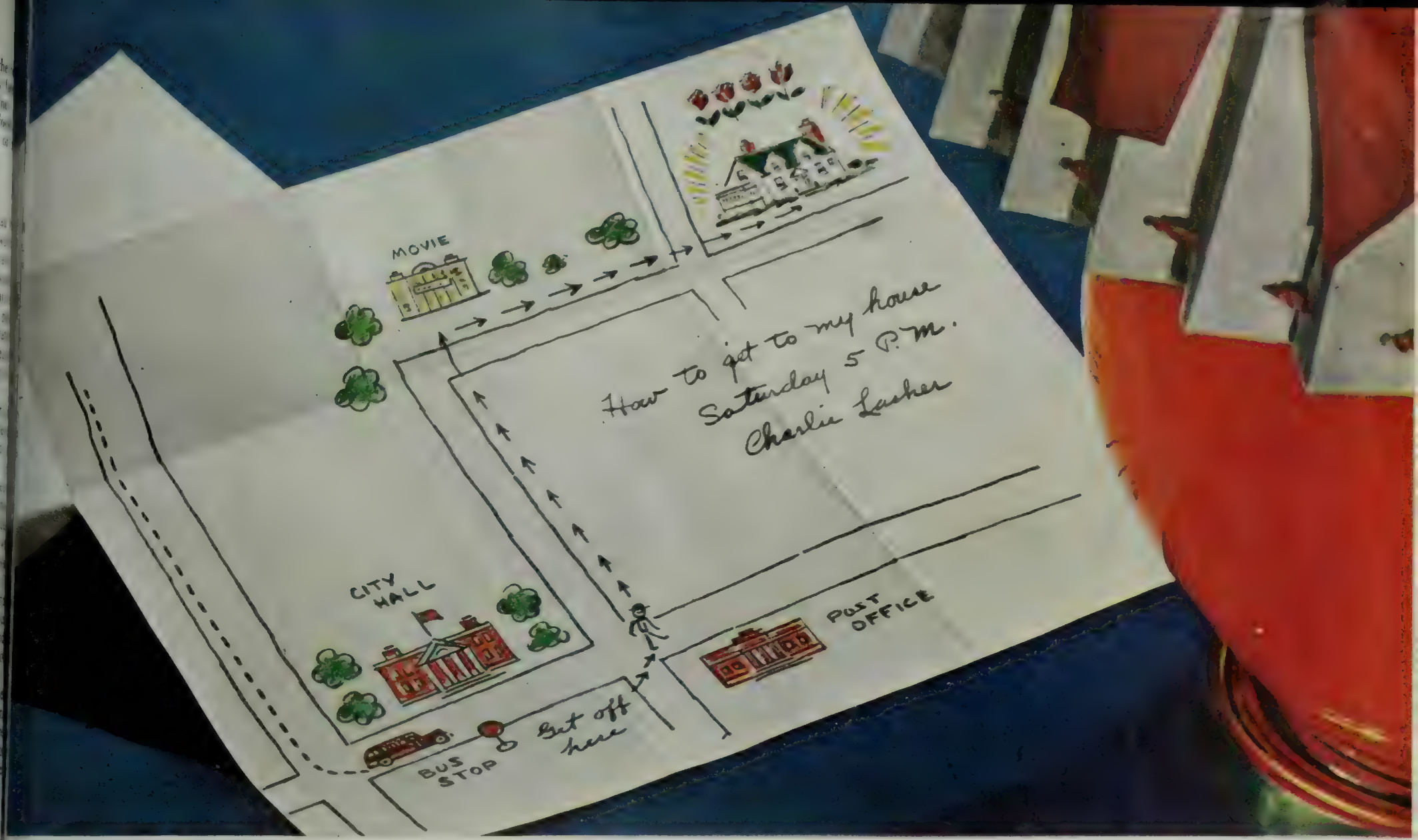
One morning I coincided luckily his breakfast. There he was, without or glasses. It mattered little to me tha munched a piece of toast. I did mor that short interval than I had in all rest of the time put together. He was lightfully relaxed and smiling, enjo the antics of his black Persian cat.

"A most delectable cat," he called and said she had a good brain, "n brain to be measured by ours, but a g brain of its kind." However small or significant a subject, Winston alw brings the full blast of his powerful telligence to bear upon it. The nature the cat was a matter of deep speculat to him. How he enjoyed her grace liveliness! At the risk of upsetting breakfast tray he waggled his feet ab beneath the bedclothes, and the cat, w a mystified and perturbed expression, tended a paw in a careful, tentative m ner to try to determine the nature of t upheaval.

Photographs of Winston reveal him g erally with his head thrust forward, characteristic attitude, but in bed lean back against the pillows he had to look I preferred this; it gave him a Ciceroni dynamism. So much so that he laughin

(Continued on page 68)

Miss Clare Sheridan and the new ston Churchill head. "His face of interesting lumps and lines. . has no illusions about his looks, is proud, and with reason, of his

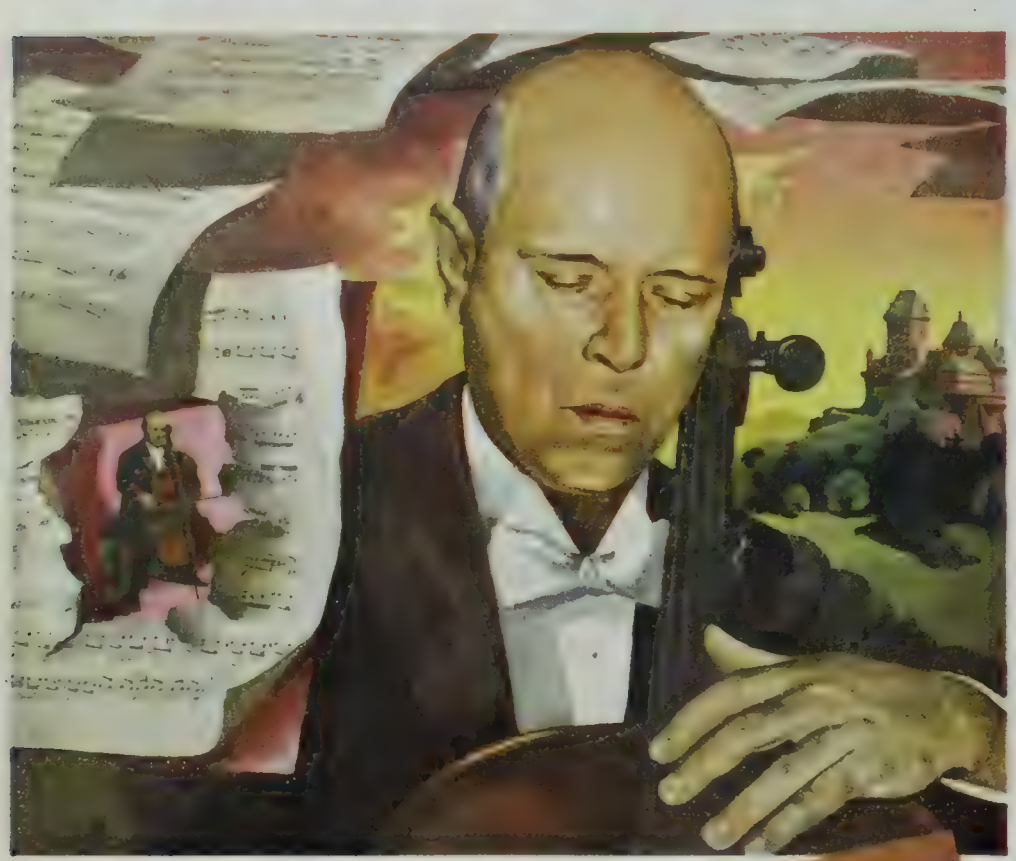


How to get to Charlie's House

Reason for getting to Charlie's House

HEAR THESE GREAT ARTISTS EXCLUSIVELY ON VICTOR RED SEAL RECORDS

Casals · Goossens · Novotná



A 'cello sings with lyric beauty

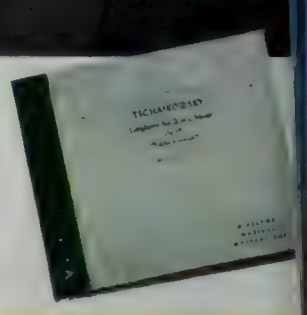
The warm, resonant tones of Pablo Casal's 'cello are heard in an unforgettable Victor recording of Dvořák's *Concerto for 'Cello and Orchestra.* With the Czech Symphony Orchestra, George Szell, Conductor.

Album DM-458—$5.50*

Goossens conducts a virile performance

Eugene Goossens conducts the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra in a brilliant reading of Tchaikovsky's *Second Symphony* (Little Russian)—a seldom-heard masterpiece of vitality and simple beauty.

Album DM-790—$4.50*



They cannot still Lidice's songs

With tender expressiveness, Jarmila Novotná, renowned Czech soprano, has recorded *The Songs of Lidice*—the quaint, simple folk melodies that were beloved in the martyred village. She is accompanied by Jan Masaryk, distinguished Czech statesman and pianist.

Album M-936—$3.50

Hear these notable Victor Red Seal Records

D'INDY'S SECOND SYMPHONY. San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux, Conductor. Album DM-943—$5.50

MONOTONOUSLY RINGS THE LITTLE BELL and THE RED SARAFAN (Russian Folk Songs). General Platoff Don Cossack Chorus, Nicholas Kostrukoff, Director. Record 11-8454—$1.00

OVERTURE from "The Marriage of Figaro" and SCHERZO from "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Pierre Luboshutz and Genia Nemenoff, Duo-Pianists. Record 11-8455—$1.00

SONG FEST. Includes Smiles; Till We Meet Again; My Wild Irish Rose; Sweet Adeline; There is a Tavern in the Town; Stein Song; Let Me Call You Sweetheart; and others. Boston "Pops" Orchestra, Arthur Fiedler, Conductor. Record 11-8453—$1.00

SO DEEP IS THE NIGHT (adapted from Chopin's "Tristesse") and MY PARADISE. Anne Ziegler, Soprano, and Webster Booth, Tenor, with Orchestra. Record 10-1049—75¢

*Also available in manual sequence

All prices are suggested list prices exclusive of excise tax.

To help us make new Victor Records, sell your old ones to your dealer.

BUY WAR BONDS EVERY PAY DAY

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ARE ON

VICTOR *Red Seal Records*

ENTAL ORDER CAPTURED FROM
GERMAN INFANTRY REGIMENT

"When large numbers of persons have to be dealt with, they are to be distributed for shooting among your various units...Bodies are to be buried in sufficiently deep graves. Burning of bodies is to cease. Placing of flowers on graves by the populace is to be prevented. In order to avoid unnecessary contact with bodies, persons are to be led directly to the edges of graves. In cases of mass executions, it is allowable to cause hostages to kneel with their faces toward graves

Shooting of large nu

DIG THE GRAVE DEEP

BY FRANK GERVASI

RADIOED FROM CAIRO

the seething Balkans the zis strive, with diabolical esight, to extinguish even will to vengeance through planned butchery of hu- n beings unparalleled in all world's history. Here, in masterpiece of war report- g, are the appalling facts

HEY had a song in Greece. They called it *Karoido Mussolini*, which, roughly, means Mussolini the own. It was a song of derision, and its rds drove Italians mad with shame, for y accurately assessed the Italian lack fighting qualities. The Greeks sang it in tory in the mountains of Albania and defeat in concentration camps or as y stood before the execution walls. d long before the ignominious downfall of Mussolini, Germans in their cups were singing it to their Italian brothers in arms.

You might say it was a small thing. But it wasn't. To obtain its full impact, imagine American Army officers sitting in a corner of a barroom drunkenly shouting to a group of Britons in the opposite corner a song of hate and ridicule about Churchill and England. The ribald song was not the only indication of disintegration of the "Axis of Steel." There's much more evidence so eloquent that it opens up the possibility of the collapse of the Germans in Greece and Yugoslavia, the southeastern outer bastions of Fortress Europe.

And this isn't typewriter strategy.

This assessment of what the immediate future holds for the enemy in Italy and for the occupied countries of the Balkans is based not on the opinions of fellow newspapermen but on information submitted by competent persons who have access to a mass of information that reaches them from across the Mediterranean as regularly as if by normal mail service. It's a mosaic picture built of many tiles collected since the war began. On the whole, it's an encouraging picture, but it's heavily stained with blood.

Men write pacts and draw arbitrary frontiers with pens, but they draft history with blood. Much history will be made in the Mediterranean in the next weeks and months.

Harvest of Death

But not even the Mediterranean with its eons-old intimacy with death, has ever known in any single phase of its religious, political and imperial wars such bloodshed as it will know now. The Axis has sown death in the Balkans, and death it will reap.

The necessity for invading and liberating the Balkans became increasingly apparent through May and June. Reports reaching Middle East Headquarters from Yugoslavia and Greece showed that the mass murder of hostages in those countries had increased in direct proportion to the growing Allied success in the Mediterranean. By mid-July it was obvious that Europe had to be invaded as much to prevent the annihilation of the populations of Yugoslavia and Greece as for the immediate military objective of defeating Germany.

By that time, half a million Greeks had died of starvation and the diseases of malnutrition, and tens of thousands had been shot by executioners. In Yugoslavia, predominantly rocky and untillable, starvation was also rampant, but more appalling were the totals of hostages shot by the Nazis. It is reasonably certain that at least 16,225 were executed in May and June.

It was clear to Allied commanders here that the Axis had embarked on a program of systematically depopulating the Balkans of all actual and potential leaders. Those who were shot weren't criminals, beggars or the sick or dying. They weren't usually even mere peasants, but skilled

(Continued on page 62)

THE PHANTOM BUTLER

BY ISABEL SCOTT RORICK

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Mrs. Cugat not only keeps up with the Joneses—she gets way out in front of them. And Mr. Cugat, happily, escapes with his life

BY NO stretch of the imagination could Anna, the Cugat's cook, ever be referred to as "a jewel"—being casual, ungifted and impervious to suggestion—but there was one thing Mrs. Cugat could say for her, she was *loyal*. Mrs. Cugat had been saying this for Anna for about five years and, it would seem, had reason to believe it. The blow, consequently, when it fell, was stunning. Without preamble, and right in the middle of lunch, one day, Anna announced that she was going to work in a defense plant! Mrs. Cugat, shaken, tendered a rash and unpremeditated raise, but the gesture was only pathetic. Anna would condescend, however, to stay a few days until Mrs. Cugat found somebody to take her place.

Anxiously, Mrs. Cugat called the Employment Bureau. The Employment Bureau laughed—but said they would take her name.

Touchingly, Anna proceeded to devote her last days to unparalleled service. Unbidden, she washed woodwork, cleaned the icebox and polished silver. She even darned up all of Mr. Cugat's socks and swept out the garage—disputed territory. By the end of the week, her every shortcoming forgotten and wearing gardenias, she departed in a taxi to be forever honored and forever mourned.

Mrs. Cugat, somewhat spent by the parting, closed the front gate, waved once more at the retreating cab and went back into the house. It seemed empty but strangely peaceful. An inexplicable feeling of lightheartedness assailed her. Going to the piano, she dashed off a spirited rendition of *To a Wild Rose* with the loud pedal down. Then she jumped up and, humming, wandered out to the kitchen. The kitchen, sunny and neat, smiled at her, suddenly her own. Recklessly, she got out sugar, butter, chocolate, cream—and made a big pan of fudge, leaving the dishes piled in the sink. Then she went upstairs and whimsically took a bath in the guest-room bathroom. Anna's presence in the house had never seemed particularly repressive; it was strange that her departure should engender such a feeling of school being out. Mr. Cugat came home and, merry and unchaperoned, they got into bathrobes, made a cocktail and cooked crabmeat in the chafing dish.

This holiday mood lasted just about twenty-four hours. By the end of a week Mrs. Cugat had beseechingly called three more agencies and they were taking their meals at The Corner Toasty.

It wasn't that she didn't like cooking and housework—she really loved them—but where was the time? Her days were filled with countless outside activi of which, in these times, had to ta cedence over the demands of dome Arriving home, late in the afternoo one of these, she could do no mo throw open the windows and get dustcloth, when there would be M gat, home from the office, and hur a bear. The Corner Toasty seem practical solution if, perhaps, a litt ited as to menu.

It was a happy day, therefore, wh as they had arrived at about the luxe cheeseburger they could st one of the agencies phoned to say, b that they had an experienced cook able—very high type—excellent ences—only the best homes—if Cugat would care to interview her.

Mrs. Cugat joyfully grabbed he and hopped in the car. At the oute of the agency's office, however, sh denly encountered panic. She had interviewed anyone before—someon must have engaged Anna—her m probably. Why, for heaven's sake, l she memorized a little list of per questions? Hands moist, she went i advanced timidly to the desk.

"Name?" snapped the silver-h black crepe receptionist with a cu glance, pencil poised over a pad of f Mrs. Cugat gave it meekly.

"Any previous experience?"

"What?" said Mrs. Cugat.

"Where have you worked before, plained the Black Crepe distinctly, s ing great patience.

"Oh, I don't want a job—" Mrs. C stammered, abashed. "I just came t terview a cook. You called me this n ing. Remember?"

The Black Crepe got very pink glared huffily at Mrs. Cugat's bare l polo coat and socks. "I beg your don!" she exclaimed in tones imp that so-called ladies who went ar looking like part-time nurse maids served anything they got. "Just follow please!" Unhappily, Mrs. Cugat follo her upper lip beaded with sweat.

AT THE far end of a long aisle stopped before a composed and tronly individual with diamond ear and a sealskin coat. "This is Mrs. Cu Mrs. Vanderventer," said the Black C briefly and switched away. Mrs. Van venter, evidently an old hand at in views, at once took things graciousl hand. Gratefully Mrs. Cugat answ her questions and strove, in spite of pearances, to give an impression of l ing come from one of the very best ho too. Finally, after considerable delib tion, during which Mrs. Cugat looke her hands, scarcely daring to brea Mrs. Vanderventer consented to co Mrs. Cugat drove home singing.

"Darling, she sounds perfectly mar ous," she burbled joyfully to Mr. Cu that evening. "So *intelligent!*"

"Will Mrs. Vanderbilt do anything *sides* cook?" inquired Mr. Cugat, c practical.

Mrs. Cugat hesitated. "Well," she s optimistically, "she's accustomed to large staff, of course, but she says s perfectly willing to make concessio Mr. Cugat looked a little skeptical

(Continued on page 42)

From the loft overhead there came an impatient whine. "Rats, yo' s'pose?" Vanilla ventured. "Probably," said Mrs. Cugat and ignored the eggs

Flying Tiger Cubs - 1934

THIS true incident was told to us by a civilian evacuated from China. Outside of Rangoon, he had met a gallant little band of Flying Tiger pilots—daring fighters who, with patched-up planes and facing odds of twenty to one, battled the fast Jap Zeros and Mitsubishis to keep open China's life line, the Burma Road.

"How do you boys happen to be here?" he asked two of the younger looking pilots.

"I guess we're here because of the Thompson Trophy Race," replied one. "When we were kids back in Ohio, we would hitch-hike to the National Air Races. We never missed a Thompson Trophy Race. That's when we made up our minds to be fliers—and here we are."

★ ★ ★ ★

For years some had asked, "What good purpose is served by these National Air Races—aren't they just Roman holidays?"

The answer is today being written by American fighters and bombers in the skies over all fighting fronts. If our planes fly farther, faster, higher, or maneuver better, it is because of advantages in design or power conceived and developed by America's aviation industry. The National Air Races were the proving ground for many innovations in engine and wing. The rivalries of American and foreign planes in distance races, speed contests, and in aerobatics provided incentive.

More than that—the annual National Air Races as a public institution did much to make our country air-minded and served as inspiration to the young generation which now mans our fighting planes and bombers.

The Thompson Trophy Race is "postponed for the duration". But today we sponsor an even bigger race—a race by men and women in all Thompson plants to produce millions of essential parts for hundreds of thousands of planes and tanks and trucks. This production race, as in the Thompson Trophy Race, is a race against time—and the men and women at Thompson machines and assembly tables are constantly breaking yesterday's records.

The THOMPSON TROPHY
World's Premier Closed-Course Air Race Award

Thompson Products, Inc.

THOMPSON AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS CO.

Manufacturers of Automotive and Aircraft Parts

General Offices: Cleveland. Plants in Ohio, Michigan, California, and Ontario, Canada

Beating Production Schedules on Vital Parts for Planes, Tanks, Submarines, PT Boats, Torpedoes, Jeeps, Half-Tracks, Tractors and Trucks

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

INTERNATIO

Despite laughter at his experiments with cotton, D. Howard Doane persevered. Result—a superior product that may revolutionize America's cotton future

NEW CROWN FOR KING COTTON

BY J. D. RATCLIFF

D. Howard Doane didn't want to build a better mousetrap. He wanted to grow better, stronger, finer cotton. He did it—with the help of a kid who didn't know a boll from a weevil

THIS isn't a story of high-powered, double-barreled science. The researcher involved isn't a man in white, working in a beautifully equipped laboratory. He is a drawly-voiced youngster in a windbreaker, working in a corner of a Mississippi barn. But the lucky puttering of this stringy young man may make history.

His research with cotton promises stronger textiles, tires less prone to blowouts, and cotton stockings sheer as silk. It may make us independent of imports of long-staple cottons from Egypt and it may give America a chance to strengthen her waning position in the world cotton market.

The idea which launched the work was born in St. Louis. It evolved from the mental meanderings of an astute agriculturist, D. Howard Doane. Doane has spent 25 of his 60 years as a professional farm manager. His company runs farms which total 350,000 acres, and they are scattered through eighteen states. A large part of this activity is in the Cotton Belt.

Doane fretted. Cotton was a headache. The trouble with cotton, Doane decided, was that it had received so little scientific attention. Such attention as it had received was aimed in two directions: increasing yield, producing longer staples.

Longer staples, everyone thought, meant greater strength. Then a Department of Agriculture scientist named Webb did a striking piece of work. He took long-staple Egyptian cotton and snipped off individual fibers to the length of Georgia cotton. Then he spun his fibers into yarn. If scientific thinking was correct, this yarn should be only as strong as yarn made of Georgia cotton. Actually, it turned out 50 per cent stronger!

At first, Webb didn't know what to make of this senseless fact. But it was apparent that length of fiber wasn't the sole measure of strength. Possibly—this was a guess—fiber fineness had something to do with it. Perhaps fine, silky fibers wrapped themselves into a tighter, stronger bundle.

Doane couldn't get this work of Webb's out of his mind. Strength was what most people wanted in cotton—and this meant cotton from the Nile Valley, or the British West Indies. Of course, such extra-long-staple cotton could be grown in the United States. But it didn't produce enough pounds per acre to provide the average small farmer with grits, meal, fatback and molasses for his family.

Maybe it would be possible to get an extra strong, short-staple cotton which would produce abundantly.

Doane headed for Mississippi State College. This was May, 1936. He laid his problem before the dean of agriculture.

"Have you got a boy," he asked, "who graduates next month and wants a job? One," he added, "who doesn't know anything about cotton?"

The dean had several. John W. Oakley was among them.

Inexperienced Man Wanted

Oakley came from the hill country of eastern Mississippi—the hill country that looks down with hungry eyes on the fabulously rich delta. He was one of a family of twelve. He got through college by doing chores, working in the college creamery and teaching botany. A job at $100 a month looked good.

"But I don't know a thing about cotton," he said.

"You're the man I want, then," said Doane.

He explained. A man who knew about cotton and about plant breeding would say that the things Doane intended to do couldn't be done.

Doane showed his young protégé over the 7,000-acre Robertshaw plantation at Heathman, Mississippi. As they walked through the fields, Doane talked. The trouble with cotton, he said, was that plantation owners and mill men never discussed mutual problems. A mill man would buy from a broker—and nev get the same cotton two years runnir Yet every mill had very special requir ments. The tire manufacturer want strength. The manufacturer of ter towels wanted fluffiness. The canvas-sh man wanted ruggedness. And what he Doane—wanted was to produce special cottons with the characteristics desired b mill men.

Oakley, shy and quiet, asked how h proposed to do this.

"I don't," said Doane. "That is you job."

He outlined the project. There wer 3,000 acres planted to cotton on Rober shaw. Oakley was to go through this co ton and tag any plant that had an unusual characteristics—anything that wa different.

"How about some scientific instru ments?" Oakley asked.

"You won't have any," said Doane "Just use your eyes and hands. Look a the cotton. Feel it. Pinch it. Run th fibers between your fingers. Remember you aren't looking for quality—wouldn' know it if you saw it. You are looking fo something *different*."

Even if it did sound slightly squirrelly there was good sound science behinc Doane's idea. His reasoning ran something like this: A cotton-breeding program (mating plants with desirable characteristics in the hope that their progeny would also carry them) would take years. Getting the desired characteristics "fixed" in the

Men Who Plan beyond Tomorrow Like the Lightness of Seagram's V.O.

A seashore hotel of Tomorrow! One hundred miles from your office . . . thirty minutes by air. Your helicopter lands on the roof . . . a scooter glides you down for a dip before you dine. You dance or play the evening away . . . and then to your room, whose all-glass outside wall brings you starlight by night . . . the sun's rays by day. It's being developed *now* by Men Who Plan Beyond Tomorrow!

★ ★ ★

DO YOU REMEMBER when Pittsburgh won the Rose Bowl football game from Washington? When the U.S. took the Davis Cup in the International Tennis Match? When Seabiscuit tied with War Admiral as "the horse of the year"? All these things happened six years ago . . . when the distinguished whiskies in Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN were blended for gracious flavor and laid away to mellow. Ever since that memorable year, these rare whiskies have been treasured for *Tomorrow* . . . so the V.O. of today will always be so smooth, so satisfying, so definitely preferred!

Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY • A BLEND OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

Six Years Old — 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS — Saturday Night — NBC Network

new plant would require additional years. But wasn't it possible that nature had already done the job? That somewhere in the fields there were plants, the result of crosses made by insect fertilization?

Oakley started through the fields in June, 1936. Quite honest, he admitted frankly that he knew far less about cotton than the most inept sharecropper. But he had eyes that could see—the sharp, searching eyes of a promising young scientist. Under the scorching Mississippi sun, he worked his way through the fields, a sheaf of paper streamers stuck through his belt. When he saw a plant he liked, he marked it.

By cotton-picking time, there were 1,400 marked plants. Oakley went to the plantation store and got 1,400 brown candy bags. The bolls from each plant were harvested separately. Then he started the job of finding what—if anything—he had.

That winter, Oakley worked his way through his paper bags. On a small gin—almost a toy—he stripped the lint from the seed. With a pocket comb, he combed out the fibers and measured them with a ruler. It was evident that he didn't have any selections with particularly long staple—the old measure of cotton goodness. Still, some of his selections did seem silky.

This went on all winter. By the time planting season came around, he had narrowed his 1,400 samples down to 200 that looked especially promising. He planted these in 112-foot rows. Thus, the process of eliminating the bad and saving the good began.

Meanwhile, exciting things were happening at the University of Tennessee—exciting for the cotton world, that is. K. L. Hertel, a physicist, had decided to find out things about cotton that had never been known before.

Oh, to be sure, random facts were available. Scientists had found that a pound of cotton contained something like 90 million fibers and a lot of other things. But the cotton grader looked at a sample and ran it through his fingers. Then he would give his verdict as to staple length and color. Mill owners made purchases on this basis.

This was altogether too haphazard for a scientist like Doctor Hertel. He wanted *exact* methods of evaluating cotton. He set out to build delicate, marvelously clever machines to do the job.

When Oakley heard about Hertel's work, he sent a sample of his cotton. The report came back. Tensile strength was 78,000 pounds per square inch; 70,000 would have been an acceptable figure.

Wanted—a Superior Cotton

The next figures dealt with coefficient of variability. This is a mouthful of words with a simple meaning. Each boll contains fibers ranging in length from one sixteenth of an inch up to 1½ inches or more. The shorter lengths are valueless to mill men; they contribute no strength to cloth. The textile trades want fibers as uniform as possible. A coefficient of variability of zero is the perfect cotton; but mill men find 30 to 35 per cent acceptable. Oakley's cotton registered 26 here.

In fineness—the ratio of length to area of fiber—Oakley's cotton chalked up an index figure of 4.3 where 5.5 would have been acceptable. To sum up: Oakley's cotton was superior. He was on the right track.

Tire makers, always on the search for better cottons, heard of the work. Delegations of their scientists started arriving on the chugging little Diesel train that ran into Heathman. They rambled through Oakley's progeny rows of cotton and visited his "laboratory"—a euphemism for the corner of a barn where he worked. Used to glistening apparatus, they were incredulous when they saw Oakley's tools: a pocket comb, a rule, a tiny gin, pap and pencils.

One of the larger companies took sar ples of the cotton to its own laboratori It spun the cotton into cord and made into tires. The tire was subjected to f tigue tests—where it is run for days ov steel rollers which simulate a bumpy roa The tire was 61 per cent better than tho made of the usual tire-company cotto On blowout tests, it registered a 17-pe cent superiority.

The figures were impressive. The ti men were enthusiastic. When could th get this cotton, get it in quantity, th asked. It would take a little time, sa Oakley. For one thing, he had better co ton on the way, than the one they ha tested. For another thing, it would tak a little time to produce enough seed t plant a large acreage.

Each year the cotton grew fine stronger, more uniform. Some sampl outperformed the superb Egyptian co ton. Strength rose past 100,000 pound per square inch—stronger than low-grad steel! Finally, enough seed was availabl for large plantings. Doane went to own ers of thirty neighboring plantation Would they be willing, he asked, to plan this cotton under very special conditions

Direct Control from Seed to User

For one thing, he wanted all seed bac and he was willing to pay 10 per cent pre mium. Only by controlling seed could h control the quality of cotton produced Furthermore, he wanted to handle market ing of the crop—selling it directly to user instead of passing it through the hands o brokers. A large rubber company hac agreed to pay a bonus of $10 a bale.

Neighbors came along—enough to plan several thousand acres. Since they were collecting a premium, most of them woul have been satisfied with a smaller yiel than usual. Actually, in most cases, the Robertshaw seeds produced *more* cotton per acre! That first year, enough cotton was shipped to make 300,000 tires.

Last year, there were 9,000 acres of Robertshaw cotton, and this year the figure will be still larger. This sounds impressive for a starter. But it is only a starter. Tire companies do not want cotton available only in five- and ten-thousand-bale lots; nor do big mill owners. They buy their cotton by the hundred-thousand-bale lots. Another thing is hampering development at the moment: Mill owners, pressed for big war production, can't shut down to experiment with new cottons.

So the big field of development will come after the war. Doane and Oakley have a superior cotton, one which ranks with the best in the world. If they can exercise rigid control of it and can produce it in tremendous quantities, they will have launched an agricultural revolution.

It is difficult to find a group that will not benefit. For the farmer it means much better prices—an important consideration in a South which spends a large part of its time on the financial rocks. And it should mean wider world markets.

Likewise, the consumer will collect his bonus—in the form of stronger threads, which mean longer wear for sheets, towels, clothes.

"It is the most revolutionary thing that has ever happened to cotton." This is the opinion of Will Garrard, head of the country's oldest and largest co-operative—the Staple Cotton Co-operative Association. He should know. In 20 years, $232,000,000 worth of cotton has passed through his hands.

The work that Oakley has launched has great implications. He has developed a *method* for producing better cotton. Oakley is in the Army—a lieutenant in the South Pacific—but others are carrying on.

THE END

The Wild Bunch

Continued from page 12

"Then," said Boston Bill, "it should ther occur to you that a bargain is bet- than a burial."

Harry Ide slowly reached up with a hd and scratched the end of his nose. held Boston Bill's complete attention. dnly he turned and walked ten feet ay and turned back to face Bill again. Bill said, "Why did you do that?"

Harry Ide shrugged his shoulders. He d, "What's this bargain or burial busi- ss?"

"You're doing no good fighting me. u may get killed at it. In any event, u're getting poorer at it."

"You're a bright lad," said Harry Ide. hat's the idea you're bringin' me so dly?"

"Why should we fight at all?"

Harry Ide gave out his dry answer: "I e to keep my beef. I guess I always will ht to keep it."

"I can raid you any time I please. I ve done so. Fighting does you no good."

"Show me somethin' better," said Ide. e had been standing. Now he sat down, ll making his motions slow.

"Why'd you do that?" asked Boston Bill, ain curious.

"I was tired of standin'," said Ide.

"No," said Bill, "you did it for another son. You figure it would be harder for e to shoot a man sitting down."

"Wouldn't it?"

"No," said Boston Bill. "But I'm not nking of that right now. Listen to me. l leave you alone. I'll never come near ur range, if you'll stay out of my way."

"You're hurtin' a lot of my friends. I'll ck with them."

"Never mind your friends. Here's an- her idea: You want a chunk of the hills r summer grass. Go ahead and take it. st tell me when and where you intend to ove in and I'll stay out of your road."

"You are offerin' to sell out your friends I sell out mine," said Harry Ide. "Now hy?"

"Your friends expect you to hunt me wn and get rid of me. My friends ex- ct me to dispose of you. That's silly, n't it? We can both do better."

"I see," said Ide. "You're wantin' more fety than you got?"

"Exactly," said Bill.

"I will think of it," said Ide.

"Do so," said Bill. "It is always better be reasonable. It is also much more rofitable." He turned to meet Good- ight as the latter crossed the yard.

THE afternoon was gone when, riding east, Goodnight rounded a bend and ame upon Sherman City.

The town sat upon a bench, facing the esert but facing the hills as well—a dou- le row of buildings on either side of the ad and other buildings scattered through e water-blue dusk. Beyond these build- gs the road met a canyon and vanished to the swift rise of the Owlhorns, the adows of which lay hard upon the town. plank bridge carried him over a creek. He rode beside single-story houses quatted side by side, their lights bloom- ng through open doorways, through vindows coated with dust. Half down he street another road cut out of the hills o form an intersection. On the four cor- ers thus formed sat a hotel, a store, and wo saloons diagonally facing one an- ther. One was The Trail; the other's aded sign said: Texican. Beyond the Texi- an was a stable into which he rode.

A man drifted out of the stable's rear darkness and looked closely at him, and said, "Third stall back." Goodnight gave his horse a drink at the street trough, re- moved his gear and hung it up. He stood a moment in the stall, his hand lying on the sweat-gummed back of the horse, and afterward walked to the street. Here he paused, rolling a cigarette.

Across the street, men moved idly in and out of the hotel, bound to and from sup- per, and men strolled by him, each and all of them giving him a quick glance as they passed; it was a noticeable thing. Three men came from the second saloon diago- nally over the four-cornered heart of the town—from The Trail—and moved to- gether toward the hotel. One of them was Boston Bill. Boston Bill saw him and Bos- ton Bill's face showed a small grin as he went on into the hotel with his two part- ners.

One more man moved out of the up- per darkness of the town, his body alter- nately clear and dull as he passed through the lamplight beams shining from the houses. He was a tall one with sharp edges to his shoulders and a hard-brimmed hat sitting aft on his head. He passed Good- night within arm's reach. He murmured, "Eat your supper and meet me back be- yond the bridge."

GOODNIGHT tarried until the other man had swung into the Texican, then he crossed the dust to the hotel and signed the register and climbed a set of squeaking stairs to an upper room. He took off his shirt, filled the washbowl from the pitcher and washed.

He shook the dust from his shirt and put it on and he up-ended the water pitcher and drank all he could hold, unable to slake the thirst in him; he was, he thought, like a board that had laid out in the sun too long, brittle and warped. He passed the open door of another bedroom, inside which six men sat packed around a poker table, and saw Boston Bill there. He cruised down the stairs and found a place in the dining room and ordered his meal; he sat back with all his muscles loose, fully enjoying the laziness and the luxury that followed a long day's ride.

He ate his meal when it came and after- ward he remained at the table, a strange thing for him, and built himself a cigarette.

A woman came into the dining room at the moment he rose to leave; she paused at the door and looked around her. She was still young, with black hair and a roundness to her upper body, with a filled- out completeness that sang over the room at Goodnight and lifted all his male inter- ests. Her lips lay together, almost wilful, and her eyes were cool and her manner in- different.

She had found a table when he went by. She was behind him, but the thought of her stopped him at the doorway and he swung to look at her, and he saw that her glance had risen to him. She didn't look away; she caught his glance and held it, as direct as he had been, as though she challenged him to break that composure on her face, or as though, weary of indif- ference, she wanted to be lifted from it.

He reached the corner of the Texican. He went into the saloon and bought a drink, and stood with an elbow hooked to the bar, watching the crowd drift in; pres- ently he left the saloon and walked idly past the lighted houses on into the dark- ness at the foot of the street. There was the sagged image of a shed before him. He paused here and he turned as though to go back. Niles Brand's voice came out of the shed's shadows.

"Been waiting a week for you."

"Any news?"

"Ain't picked up any trail of him yet."

"I'm guessin' he's here somewhere. These Owlhorns seem to be where they all hide.". . .

Goodnight made a slow swing to search the roundabout shadows. The nearest

THIS IS KNOWN BY

Medical Authorities

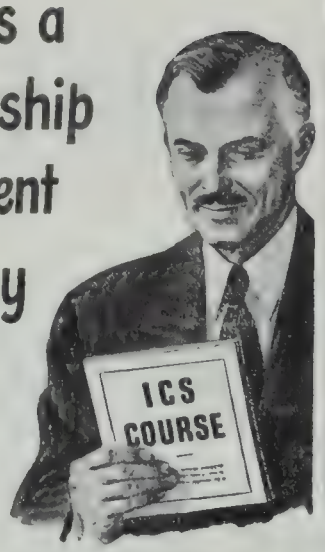
about PHILIP MORRIS

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, *EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION* OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER *CLEARED UP COMPLETELY*, OR *DEFINITELY IMPROVED!*

Facts reported in medical journals on clinical tests made by distinguished doctors . . . *Proving this finer cigarette is less irritant!*

Finer flavor... less irritant... America's FINEST Cigarette!

"This is a partnership agreement with my son"



"ENROLLING for a course with International Correspondence Schools, I'm making two pledges to that boy in the Service.

"One is that I'm stepping up my own 'fire power' on the industrial front—producing as only a *trained* man can.

"The other is that I'll be helping him win *after* the war. My son and the other boys coming home to jobs in the world of thousands of new industrial developments are going to need the help and counsel of *trained* men who know that world. I'm going to be one of them!"

• **You *believe we are going to win this war.* You *know that Victory will usher in an era of tremendous industrial expansion. Prepare for the Victory World of Tomorrow while you help win the war* now. *The coupon will bring you full information on I. C. S.* training. *Mail it* today!**

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

BOX 4102-C, SCRANTON, PENNA.

Explain fully about your course marked X:

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

☐ Air Brake ☐ Marine Engines
☐ Air Conditioning ☐ Mechanical Drafting
☐ Airplane Drafting ☐ Mechanical Engineering
☐ Architectural Drafting ☐ Navigation ☐ Plastics
☐ Architecture ☐ Boilermaking ☐ Patternmaking ☐ Plumbing
☐ Auto Technician ☐ Aviation ☐ Public Works Engineering
☐ Blueprint Reading ☐ Radio Operating
☐ Bridge Engineering ☐ Radio Servicing
☐ Building Estimating ☐ R. R. Engineering
☐ Chemistry ☐ Coal Mining ☐ R. R. Section Foreman
☐ Civil Engineering ☐ R. R. Signalman
☐ Concrete Engineering ☐ Refrigeration
☐ Contracting and Building ☐ Sheet Metal Work
☐ Cotton Manufacturing ☐ Ship Drafting ☐ Shipfitting
☐ Diesel Engines ☐ Shop Practice
☐ Electrical Drafting ☐ Steam Electric
☐ Electrical Engineering ☐ Steam Engines
☐ Electrician ☐ Structural Drafting
☐ Foundryman ☐ Heating ☐ Structural Engineering
☐ Heat Treatment of Metals ☐ Surveying and Mapping
☐ Highway Engineering ☐ Telegraphy ☐ Telephony
☐ House Planning ☐ Textile Designing
☐ Industrial Metallurgy ☐ Toolmaking ☐ Tool Design
☐ Locomotive Engineer ☐ Welding, Electric and Gas
☐ Machinist ☐ Inspector ☐ Woolen Manufacturing

BUSINESS COURSES

☐ Advertising ☐ Foremanship
☐ Bookkeeping ☐ Good English
☐ Business Management ☐ High School ☐ Illustrating
☐ Cartooning ☐ Civil Service ☐ Show Card and Sign Lettering
☐ C. P. Accounting ☐ Railway Postal Clerk
☐ College Preparatory ☐ Salesmanship ☐ Secretarial
☐ Commercial ☐ Spanish
☐ Cost Accounting ☐ Traffic Management
☐ First Year College

HOME ECONOMICS COURSES

☐ Advanced Dressmaking ☐ Professional Dressmaking and Designing
☐ Foods and Cookery ☐ Tea Room and Cafeteria Management, Catering
☐ Home Dressmaking

Name.....*Age*.....
Address.....
City.....*State*.....
Present Position.....

Canadian residents send coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada. British residents send coupon to I. C. S., 71 Kingsway, London, W. C. 2, England.

house was two hundred feet away, showing no light. Farther toward the center of town a couple of men stood momentarily on a corner and then walked into The Trail, leaving the street empty. Goodnight stepped behind the shed, coming close by Niles Brand.

"How long you been here, Niles?"

"Three days, just layin' around, watchin' men come and go. Keepin' my ears open."

"He's around here somewhere," repeated Goodnight. "A man will only run so far Then he stops runnin', like a stampeded steer with no more steam to run on. These Owlhorns have got a reputation for shelterin' wild ones. He's probably here."

"If he didn't stop somewhere else before he got here."

"I raised a smell of him back on the other edge of this desert. He had put up at a line camp, nursing a bad leg. Man described him—young and gray at the edges of his hair. He pulled out after two days, headed east across the desert."

"That sounds like him," said Niles

"If he started over the desert," pointed out Goodnight, "he wouldn't stop until he got to the next set of mountains. That's here."

"These hills," said Niles, "are two hundred miles long and fifty miles deep. How you goin' to cover all that?"

"Pretty soon he'll get awful tired of living alone. Then he'll come into town for a bust. We'll stick around and wait."

Niles said, "This is a curious town, Frank. Everybody walkin' around watchin' for somebody else to make a fa.:e move. Never saw anything like it."

"Why?"

"The big outfits in the desert summer-graze their beef up in the hills. Last few years smaller outfits have started in the hills, cutting in on the range the desert bunch used to have Been some battles on that. Then these hills are full of crooks hidin' out, and they been nibblin' away at the desert stuff, drivin' it into the timber and sellin' it to the hill people As I get it there's a fellow named Boston Bill who's got a dozen wild ones together They're in the business. Talk seems to be that this Bill delivers the desert beef to a hill ranch run by a man named Hugh Overton There's a lot of these small hill ranches and they all stick tight, figurin' the desert crowd to be legal game."

"WE'LL just stay around here and wait," said Goodnight. "If we have to meet to talk, make it here at night."

"I been offered a job," said Niles. "Chambermaid in the stable."

"Take it," said Goodnight. "That gives you a reason for staying here."

Niles groaned. "Me doin' that! What'll you do?"

"I'll find something "

"Be careful who you mix with," said Niles. "Awful easy to get with the wrong crowd."

"All we want is a man," said Goodnight.

"If I ever get a decent bead on him I'll shoot him—and that's the end of it."

"No," said Goodnight, soft and final. "Not that easy for him, Niles." He stepped aside from the shed and gave the street a careful study. A sudden shout came from the heart of town and two or three riders appeared, lifting the deep dust around them; they halted at the saloon on the far corner. Goodnight stepped forward moving idly back toward the hotel. He passed two dark houses and he passed a third with a light shining out of an open door; he looked through the doorway and saw a woman inside, her back turned to him. Her dress was brown, edged with some kind of metal thread that struck up a sharp shining; and then he remembered the girl who had been in the hotel's dining room. It was the same dress, the same girl.

Beyond her house stood the back side of the hotel, with a narrow alley between. A man sat on a box in the alley's mouth, an old man with white whiskers short-cropped and a narrow goatee. Goodnight went by him, but a sharp warning struck through him and he turned back to face the old man. He watched the old fellow and wondered how much the latter had seen.

The old man's head came up. He had a sly humor on his face, a bright and beady wisdom in his eyes. He said, "You know why I sit here in the alley? There's always more wind comin' down an alley on a hot night. That's why I sit here."

"Good place to see a lot," said Goodnight

"I see a lot and I know a lot," said the old one. "I know more'n I ever tell. If I told what I knew I wouldn't be an old man. I'd be a dead one. I guess I'm the only one in town that ain't lined up."

"Lined up how?"

"Lined up," said the old one with a touch of impatience. "On one side or the other side. I'm so old nobody cares where I am. But if they knew how much I knew, they'd care. So I keep still. You ain't lined up, either?"

His leg stopped teetering and he bent forward and waited for the answer.

"No," said Goodnight, "I'm not lined up," and moved away He reached the hotel and put his back to its corner and rolled a smoke to demonstrate his idleness The Trail saloon was before him. The other saloon, the Texican, stood over the dust to his right, before which the newly arrived riders now stood. He lighted the smoke, his interest lifting little by little, prompted by things which he could feel but could not see; and he noticed a man ride out of the hills on a huge bay horse—a little man with a pock-marked face and a set of elbows flopping up and down to the horse's gait. The little man reached the hotel and dropped off, and then he looked around him in all four directions and his glance stopped longest on the men posted in front of the Texican. They were watching him with an equal interest and after he vanished through the hotel's doorway they disappeared into the Texican. In a few moments they returned with three others and all of them stood in a close group; then the group broke and the various men spread into the shadows, one man remaining in front of the saloon.

Goodnight had about finished his smoke. He dropped it and ground it out, hearing quick steps behind him. The girl who had been in the hotel's rest[illegible] passed him and looked at him, anc[illegible] on. He crossed the dust to The Trai[illegible] ing the effect of her nearness and l[illegible] around as he shoved the saloon's do[illegible] fore him; she had reached the fron[illegible] store and she had stopped, her glar[illegible] him.

He stepped into The Trail. He [illegible] one finger and laid his elbows on th[illegible] The barkeep gave him a head-on g[illegible] "You drank your last drink at the [illegible] can, didn't you?"

"That's right."

"Bob," said the barkeep, calling [illegible] the room. "He drank his last drink [illegible] Texican."

FOUR other men were in this [illegible] One of them stood at a small wi[illegible] and looked out toward the Texicar [illegible] other three stood by, silent and atte[illegible] The man at the window turned a [illegible] solid of shoulder and wearing a b[illegible] sharp mustache. He came forward [illegible] other three immediately following [illegible] He got directly in front of Goodr[illegible] who had made a turn-about from the [illegible] Suspicion lay in the room. Tension [illegible] the men tight.

Bob said, "Don't you know enou[illegible] keep in your own back yard?"

"Who's yard is this?"

One of the others said, "He rode [illegible] town before supper."

"Maybe you're strange," said [illegible] "Where you from?"

"That's my business, Bob."

"Is it?" said Bob, very soft. "[illegible] maybe." He searched Goodnight wi[illegible] glance that believed nothing. "If yo[illegible] come over from the Texican to pu[illegible] stunt—" He stopped and he gave that [illegible] some thought. He walked to the door [illegible] slightly opened it, looking toward the T[illegible] can. He came back. "You go back t[illegible] and say we'll meet anything they start [illegible]

"You go tell them," said Goodni[illegible] He had this Bob in front of him, with [illegible] three others on his flank; they boxed [illegible] in and he saw the growing thought of [illegible] tion in Bob's eyes. He made a qua[illegible] turn toward the others and he noticed [illegible] instant hardening of Bob's face. "B[illegible] he said, "back up—"

A man outside yelled, long and full, [illegible] immediately afterward a gun shouted. [illegible] dropped his hand toward his gun [illegible] made half a pull before Goodnight's ri[illegible] hand came off the bar with the whi[illegible] bottle standing there. He aimed it hi[illegible]

"I'm waiting for a bus. . . . What does it look like I'm doing?"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

FIRE-POWER makes the Kill!

AIR-POWER, land-power, sea-power, man-power—the "fighting four" of modern war—all depend on *Fire-Power!*

Planes, tanks, ships, trucks carry Fire-Power to the scene of battle. Man-power brings it to bear on the target. Then Fire-Power "does the business." The impact of steel and high-explosive on the target, such as the destructive blast of explosive shell from automatic aircraft cannon of the type that brought down this Nazi bomber, that's what causes the destruction of the enemy. Fire-Power teamed with man-power delivers the knock-out blow. Our wartime assignment at Oldsmobile is to help in keeping our fighting men supplied with superior Fire-Power—as much as they want and need to win.

Your War Bond dollars buy the Fire-Power that brings Victory closer.

ACME PHOTO

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

FIRE-POWER IS OUR BUSINESS

Oldsmobile has been specializing in the volume production of Fire-Power since before "Pearl Harbor." High-explosive and armor-piercing shell, for example, have been pouring from the Oldsmobile lines, in great quantities, for almost two and a half years. Automatic aircraft cannon—guns of the type that made those gaping holes in the wrecked Nazi plane above—have been turned out by the tens of thousands. And long-range, high-velocity cannon for tanks have also been in production for over a year—have seen action on battle fronts all over the world.

KEEP 'EM FIRING

On Duty

Willard Batteries are on duty—both on the battle front and the home front—furnishing power to essential vehicles of many kinds. If the battery in *your* car or truck is serving well, keep it. But let your Willard dealer check it regularly—he can help you get maximum battery service. And when you need a *new* battery, be sure to get a Willard. It has the power to carry on.

"SAFETY-FILL" BATTERIES

Willard

have the power to carry on!

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY • CLEVELAND, LOS ANGELES, DALLAS, TORONTO

grazing it across the top of Bob's skull. Bob's knees buckled and he dropped on his hands. Goodnight jumped past him, to face the others.

But the others were rushing for the street, no longer thinking of him. He gave a quick look to Bob who rested on his hands and knees and tried to shake the fog out of his head. He reached down and seized Bob's gun lying near the bar; he bent and hooked an arm under Bob and hauled him to his feet. Sense came swiftly back to Bob. He batted down Goodnight's arm and stepped away. "Hell with you."

"If you want a fight there's one on the street. Let's both go look at it." He returned Bob's gun muzzle-first and ran for the door, Bob behind him. He pushed through and stopped on the edge of the walk so abruptly that Bob ran into him and pushed him aside. Then Bob's voice barked over the dust at a man—the pock-marked man who had recently arrived in town—now slowly backing away from the Texican and away from a little group of men standing hard by the Texican. "Get back here, Slab." Bob ran past Goodnight, reached Slab and took stand with him, backing away as Slab backed away.

THE old ways of violence, never changing, never different, slowly worked through this town and this little stretch of time. The group now forming at the Texican had been patiently building a trap for Slab and now were about to spring it. He saw two other men deep down the north end of the street sitting asaddle, as though waiting a signal; he discovered Niles Brand posted at the hotel corner, looking on at all of this with his half-smiling interest, and he saw the girl come out of the store which adjoined the hotel. She walked forward to the hotel corner, glanced quickly at the men, face-to-face, over the dust, and deliberately cut between them on her way to the diagonal corner.

Bob and Slab had retreated very slowly, one reluctant pace at a time, until they were within twenty feet of The Trail. There had been three others waiting here, but now out of one dark corner and another of this town, more men had come to place themselves in support of Bob and Slab until there were half a dozen waiting. A voice, anonymous and unlocated, yelled, "Hep," and suddenly the two horsemen far down the street shot forward on the dead run, headed for the intersection.

Goodnight shouldered through the men grouped together and ran for the girl who still was in the street. The pair of horsemen rushed forward. Bob's voice cut cold and confident through the night: "Run us down and you'll never live!" The sound of those two riders was dull and heavy and seemed to grow out of all proportion, and then Goodnight lifted his glance beyond the girl, to the black end of the cross street, and saw a line of men spill out of the timbered canyon into town. He thought: Somebody laid this trap—and somebody's going to get fooled.

He reached the girl and seized her arm and hurried her on across the dust to the far walk. He pushed her against the wall of a building and held her there, feeling the even strike of her heart against his arm. She looked up at him and her lips drew back from her teeth in a smile. "Ah," she murmured, "nothing will happen to me. But it is nice to have your concern."

The group from the hill rushed full into the heart of the town. He heard Bob crying, now lost somewhere in the rush of horses. A great figure of a man, blackly whiskered, led this bunch and his voice was a hammer blow against iron: "Knock them down—knock them down!" The quick, lean report of a rifle followed on his words and one rider gave a great cry and rolled like a drunk on the leather. Lifting his eyes, Goodnight saw a man in the window of the hotel's corner second-story room, both elbows on the window sill, his face hidden as he snuggled aga the rifle stock and took aim.

The big, bearded one shouted pointed and fired at the window. A h backed full into Goodnight and lashed with its feet and broke a board beside and swung again, pinning the girl aga the wall. Goodnight reached up, cau the rider at the elbow and hauled from the saddle.

The firing burst up with a sultry lence. The unhorsed rider strugg around and struck out with a fist, cat ing Goodnight in the throat. Goodni hooked a punch straight up from his into the man's chin and drove him aw in a spinning turn. He drew his gun th expecting more of a fight, but the m never turned back; he ran and duck through the confusion, trying to rea his horse. Goodnight heard Niles Bran voice somewhere near. He turned a discovered his partner working a zigz way across from the Texican. Ni reached him, softly growling, "There is—with this new bunch!"

"Get away from me," said Goodnig "You fool—get away!" He had his back the girl, sheltering her body with his ov as the horses reared around upon the wa and moved at him. He saw a thin, straig face move through the crush, a you face, stretched thin by the heat and t lust of the fight. A rim of gray ha showed below his hat and he was grinnin and in a moment disappeared in the sha ows. The big man with the rough blac whiskers was calling them all out and t bunch ran back toward the head of t street and faded back into the canyon.

Dust was a silver screen through whic he saw the turned shape of a man on t ground. Men, many men, came out o the town's black spots, walking toward t Texican. Bob was gone, and the pock marked Slab, and all those who had sta tioned themselves by The Trail. He sa Harry Ide step from the hotel and h guessed it had been Ide who fired fro the second-story room of the hotel. Th hill crowd had set a trap, but the deser bunch had known of it and had set one o their own. He thought: A hell of a lot o shootin' for no results, and rememberec he had the girl behind him. He turned t her.

She watched him with the same expression he had noted in the dining room —direct and speculative, barely showing interest, barely giving him hope.

He said, "Who was the big fellow with the whiskers?"

"Hugh Overman."

"That his crew?"

"They all came out of the hills," she said.

HARRY IDE had gone into the Texican, the crowd drifting with him. Niles Brand stood over in the stable's archway, smoking a cigarette.

"I'll walk back with you," said Goodnight.

She gave him a studying glance and for a moment some answer was balanced in her mind; then she shrugged her shoulders and turned with him, walking over the dust toward her house beyond the hotel. Goodnight threw a glance at Niles; he made a small motion with his hand.

She saw that. She said. "You'll have to be more careful—you and your friend. This town has nothing but ears and eyes. You are being watched now."

"Kind of an uneasy town."

"This town," she murmured, and shook her head. She kept in step with him, across the dust and down the street. The old man, he noticed, still sat in the alleyway. The girl gave him a swift look and a sharp word: "Go somewhere else, Gabe."

Gabe murmured, "Yes'm," and faded back. When she reached the small porch of her house she stopped and faced him.

He came near her, looking down at her

ney lay closed but without pressure, he centers. She had to lift her head t his eyes, and suddenly her eyes eavy and the veiled expression broke saw want come to her. He put his at her hips and swayed her against d kissed her full and heavy on the d stepped back.

eyes turned blacker and the self-ence grew oddly bitter. "You did easily, didn't you?" she murmured. was the power of hatred in her and it burn against him now, shocking d shaming him. He came to her not touching her but so near to her e caught the fragrance of her hair. uess I've been alone too long. When you in the dining room you were ongest thing in this town."

turned to go and was stopped by uick soft murmur of her voice: t is your name?"

ank Goodnight."

o you know mine? Have you asked me?"

o."

came near him, whispering in his Rosalia Lind. Will I see you again?" es."

stepped back and he saw her self-surance return. She had gone beyond ride and she was annoyed at herself. more careful than you have been," old him. "The men in The Trail are ll people. The Texican is only for from the desert. You went to both s."

ou saw me?"

e watched him, her face shadowed oft. "I have watched you," she mur-d and turned into her house.

e looked both ways on the street and nothing to warn him; and moved n the street idly to the shed. He paused making up a smoke. He heard Niles bling at him from the blackness be-the shed: "You're doin' mighty well ourself as a pure stranger. You know she is?"

oodnight said, "Who you talkin' ut?"

The girl. That girl walkin' through this n like a dyin' man's vision of Paradise. s Rosalia Lind."

So she said."

You see that hotel just the other side he saloon? That's hers. You see the e next to it? That's hers. She had a er who started this town. I guess he ned the town. He's dead, and it is all s. Her dad came from Kentucky. There e some other Kentucky men that came n him—and these people hang to-her awful tight. If she lifted her finger men would show up from nowhere l cut your throat. The boys from the ert know that and so do the riders m the hills. They step around her tty soft and easy."

"All right," said Goodnight. "You al-st tipped over the cart, comin' to talk me on the street."

"There he was. One bullet would have ded all this wandering around."

"I'll find him. The one with the sharp e—smiling?"

"That's the man. But try to get him out those hills. He's smart. He's got him-f in with Overman. It's the same as a dyguard."

Goodnight drew his cigarette down to bright butt and flicked it to the dust. tick around here, Niles. I'm going up those hills."

"Doin' what?"

"Don't know yet. I'll catch him off first ase. Sooner or later. You stay here un-l I shout."

He turned back. He walked to the cor-er of the Texican and rounded the cor-er and came upon Harry Ide standing here.

Ide grinned at him. "Well," he said, you see what the town's like."

"That's right," answered Goodnight.

"Stayin' around," said Harry Ide, "or coming back to my place?"

"I'll be ridin' around," said Goodnight.

"Go ahead and ride," said Harry Ide. "But you see how it goes. A man can't stay in the middle."

"This Overman dug a hole for you," commented Goodnight.

"So he did," said Ide. "And we saw him dig it."

He kept his smile as he talked. It was a hard smile, it had weight and threat. He looked about him, scanning the night for its treachery, and gave Goodnight a short nod and crossed the street, going into the darkness beyond the hotel.

Goodnight moved into the stable; he paid his bill and saddled the horse. He rode out and gave the horse a drink and afterward started toward the hills, but within a dozen feet he turned squarely about and rode back, turning the saloon's corner. He stopped in front of Rosalia's house and got down, and saw her on the porch. He went to the porch steps and halted.

She watched him and she waited for him to speak. Her breasts lifted softly and softly fell to her breathing. He came up the steps to her and he had the impulse to seize her, and fought it back with difficulty.

She said in a small, murmuring tone, "Why are you here?"

"You can pull a man against his wishes," he said. "You know that?"

"Is it against your wishes?" she asked him. He saw her draw together and harden her spirit against him.

He said, "Turn around."

She held herself still. She whispered, "What interests you?" But he didn't answer and in a moment she swung until her face was in the light. He looked at her eyes, at the glow which seemed to lie below the dark coloring. It came out of her from deep places. It wasn't just the lamplight shining; it was part of her spirit. He said, "A man can ride a long way on the memory of that."

Her answer came at him swiftly: "How far are you riding?"

"I don't know."

He returned to his horse and stepped to the saddle. He heard her say, "You can't escape anything by riding. It rides with you."

"I will see you again," he said and went on. At the corner of the Texican Boston Bill Royal stepped from the dark side of the store opposite and looked up at him, now not amused or indifferent.

"You scatter yourself in too many places, my friend," he said.

Goodnight said curtly, "You had better judge your own actions," and rode straight for the canyon's mouth leading into the Owlhorns. A mile from town he felt the weariness of his horse grow greater and he pulled into the timber, made cold camp and fell asleep.

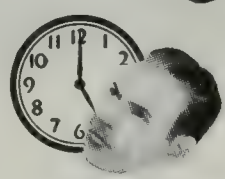
BOSTON BILL listened to the sound of Goodnight's horse rattle against the stony underfooting of the road and entirely die in the timber above town. Afterward he circled The Trail and walked back toward the saloon. When he passed the edge of the adjoining building Harry Ide's voice struck him from the rear:

"Just a minute, Bill."

Bill stopped, one foot in advance of the other. He waited, not turning and not drawing his feet together until Ide spoke again: "Step back here. I want to talk to you."

Bill turned about and faded into the space between the two buildings. He reappeared ten minutes later and paused to look around him. He had not been seen, he thought, and he pulled his shoulders together and crossed over and moved down the inside wall of the hotel, thereby coming into the rear of Rosalia's house. He

IT'S GOOD STRATEGY TO AVOID '5 o'clock Shadow'



1. The First Rule in the Battle

...for feminine favor is this: be face-neat *all* the time. You can lead with your chin only when it's clean and smooth, free from "5 o'clock Shadow".

2. How to Make a Successful Sortie...

Start off with a Gem shave. You see, Gem's the super-keen blade that whisks off whiskers so clean and close that your chin stays smooth far into the night!

3. Steel that's Thicker, Tougher!

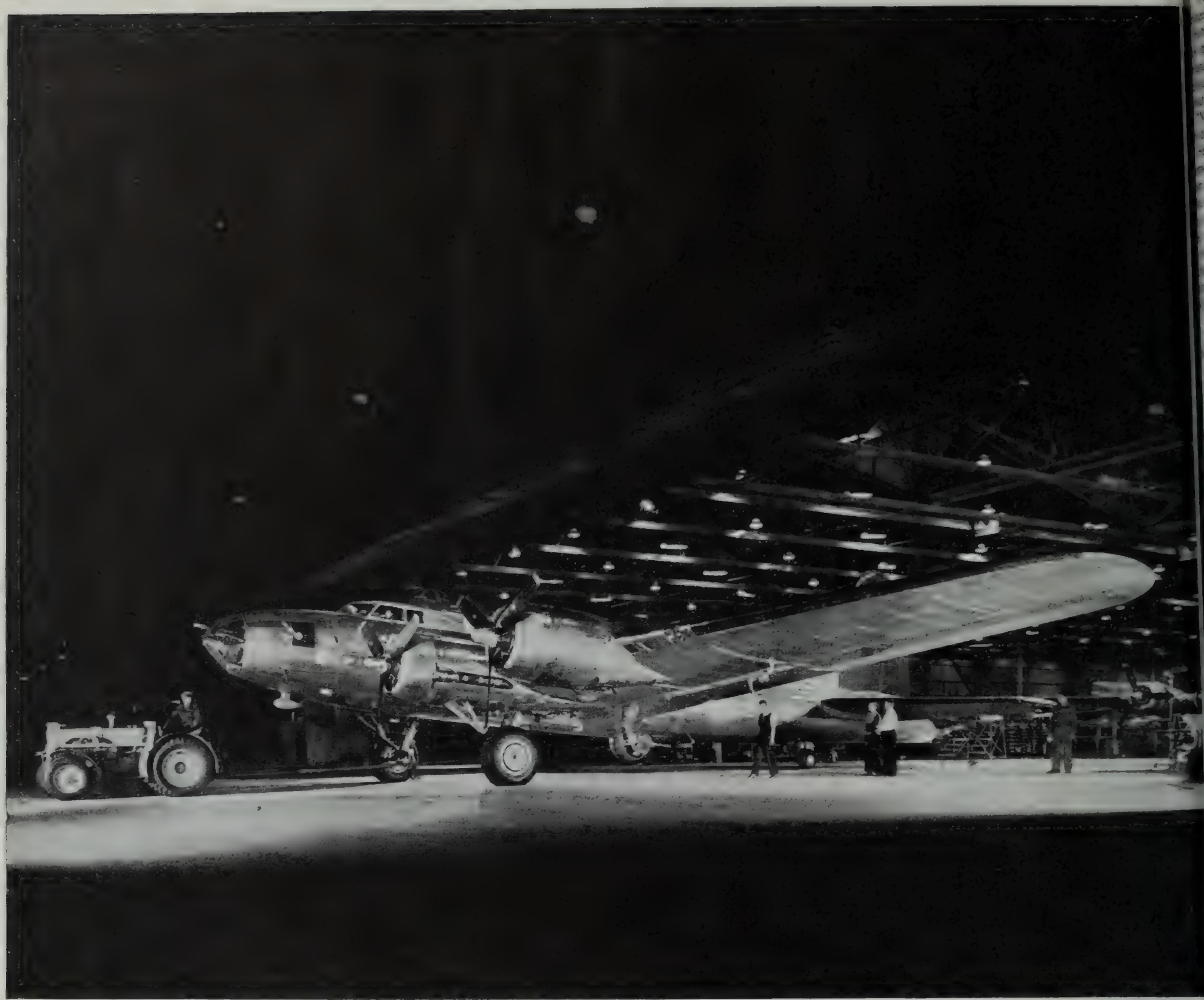
Sturdy Gem is stropped to a deep wedge-edge. No flimsy steel can stand up to such a stropping or take such a keen, *long-lasting* edge!

4. Take Care of Your Razor!

It must last you for the duration. Don't drop it; don't knock it against hard surfaces; don't lose it. Dry it carefully after each shave.

GEM

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.



Buy War Bonds and Stam

Another Fortress Is Hatched

A mammoth door is raised. Without fanfare, another Boeing Fortress is rolled out — ready to fly!

Looming huge and mysterious in the half-twilight, destined in a few hours to fly across continents and oceans to some distant battlefront, the Fortress beneath its trim lines sheathes interior structures and installations that are both durable and complex.

Despite the many difficulties entailed in the building of so complicated a weapon, Boeing is able to hatch out Flying Fortresses* in constantly accelerating volume, because it has reduced even the most involved procedures to simple, accurate operations which can be quickly learned by men or women without previous mechanical experience.

This means manufacturing planning of the highest order. Each part, each function, each assembly (and they total thousands) had to be arranged and tooled. Boeing, for example, developed more than 100,000 *special* tools to do the job.

One result is that Boeing's output is the greatest of any aircraft manufacturer — per man, per machine, per unit of floor space. Today, Boeing is building Flying Fortresses at a rate *eight times greater* than the month before Pearl Harbor.

Further, the results of Boeing's planning are, i turn, helping other companies to speed up America aircraft production. For, under the BDV agre ment, Boeing has made its plans and specificatior available to both Douglas and Vega which also ar building Boeing Flying Fortresses — whole-hearte teamwork toward a common goal.

Once peace is won, you can look to Boeing' research, design, engineering and manufacturin genius to bring you many a new and interestin product . . . with the sure knowledge that if it' "Built by Boeing" it's bound to be good.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**

*THE TERMS "FLYING FORTRESS" AND "STRATOLINER" ARE REGISTERED BOEING TRADE-MARKS

nocked on her back door and let himself n. She was in the front room; her face hanged when she saw him.

He had sharp eyes and a quick mind. He aw the change and thought he knew its neaning. He said irritably, "Better be areful of strangers. You know nothing bout that man."

"Next time," she said, "wait until I open he door before you come in."

He came to her, smiling; he lifted his rms to her. She stood fast, commanding im by the stern expression on her face She brought him all the way down from is careless confidence; she made him so- er and restless and unsure. He turned rritable again: "I can't keep up with your hanges. You're warm, you're cold. One ime you're charming. Now you freeze me with dislike."

"I never change," she said.

"When I first met you," he recalled, "you were charming. You liked me."

"Perhaps I saw something in you."

"Why have you changed?"

"Perhaps I see something else."

He flushed. His pride was injured. "Now you see something in a new man. But you will see something else in him. Let him alone."

"Who are you to say that?"

"Rosalia," he said, "I want you."

She said, spare and dry, "Pull out, Bill. If you don't know it, Harry Ide's in town Better watch him."

"I have known that for an hour."

"Have you?" she commented, and looked closely at him. He met her glance until he was warned by the things she might be seeing and turned sharp on his heels and left by the rear door.

SHE was thinking: He gave himself away. I did not know he would betray his people. She thought of it, but not for long. A sweet, sharp feeling ran through her. She stood still, letting all of it warm her and trouble her—and remembered the power of Goodnight's arms. He had come back to look again upon her, and she knew why he had come back. He had been uncertain of her. He still was. She thought, "I should not have let him kiss me."

She moved to the porch and she stood in the shadows, feeling the first coolness of night come. "How else could I have acted? If a thing happens, it happens. I hope he comes back."

AT DAYLIGHT Goodnight saddled and returned to the road, traveling steadily higher until he reached a creek boiling violently down the breast of the mountain. He crossed a gravel ford and left the road, not intending again to use it this day. Deep in the pines he made up a short fire, cooked bacon and coffee and shaved; and resumed his journey.

He traveled without haste, and frequently stopped to let the horse take a blow. In the beginning he had felt a great wild anger; but that kind of an anger could not sustain itself and had hardened into a fixed and patient purpose.

The immediate desire to destroy Theo McSween in one swift stroke seemed now, after these weeks of chase, less than enough. All the days of thinking about it and all the nights of remembering his sister—whom McSween had betrayed and destroyed—made it necessary that McSween should face his crime, should suffer from the image of it, should have it as a weight on him that grew greater and greater until it carried him down in one long slow fall, he knowing his ruin as it came to him—foreseeing it and suffering with it to the bitterest end.

He had never seen McSween until on the previous night, when Niles Brand had pointed him out in the group of horsemen. Born and raised in the Oregon high desert, Goodnight had frequently drifted from home. Returning from his last wandering, the story had started and had ended. This McSween, also a drifter, had come into the country, had made his gallant display, and had ridden away with Goodnight's sister. Goodnight's parents had objected to the man and so, the oldest tale in the book, his sister had run away to make a marriage. There never had been a marriage insofar as Goodnight could discover; following the trail to Nevada he had found his sister listed in the cemetery under her own name.

He had located the doctor in the case. The doctor had said, "Looked to me like both of them had just kicked around without money, sleepin' any place and eatin' any place. Your sister was run-down and pneumonia did the rest. The man pulled out." Then the doctor looked thoughtfully at Goodnight as he added, "In fact, he left her before she died. You could tell she had been a fine and pretty girl."

It was that last phrase which even now turned its knife point in Goodnight's heart Niles, being a home-town boy, had seen the man. Now Niles had identified him and Niles' part was over. The rest of it was his own burden. . . .

Sunset found him beside a creek and here he stopped, put his horse on picket in a small flat of grass, and made his meal. He built the fire larger than his needs, drew his blankets beyond the reach of the light and watched the world plunge into darkness.

When he heard the run of a horse far down the grade he turned in his blankets and threw a handful of pine stems on the fire, lifting the blaze.

He listened to the horse come on as he had listened to the like sound on many another night in many another place, interest and caution rising together. He lay flat on his back, his head against the saddle and his feet to the fire. Sound and rider came quickly around a bend of the road, reached abreast, and stopped. He saw the rider's shape bend in the saddle. A woman's voice came easy at him. "Hello," she said and followed her call into the firelight

She sat still on the sidesaddle, her arms folded on the horn. She wore a yellow shirt and a long dark riding skirt and her hat sat back on hair the color of dark honey. When she looked directly at him he saw the lovely turning of her throat. She was on guard; not so much afraid of him as alert to his presence and skeptical of him. She said so at once. "Your story doesn't make much sense. You ride away from the road all day, as though you were on the run. Then you camp where everybody can see you. Then you build a fire big as a house, and sleep back in the shadows."

HE SAT up. "How do you know I kept off the road?"

"Bob Carruth followed you for a while."

"Nothing better to do with his time?"

"You didn't think you could ride this far into the Owlhorns without notice, did you?"

"Why not?"

She said, "You must be green." She looked quickly around, as though wondering if he were alone. "This is no place to camp You'd get a bullet in that fire before another hour. You're running, I suppose."

"No," he said, "just riding."

She listened to his voice, she weighed it. At last she spoke from the shadows. "Saddle up and come to the ranch. You'll have no luck here."

"What ranch?"

"Sun Ranch. Were you the man in town last night that hit Bob Carruth with a bottle?"

"He was a little suspicious."

"He had a right to be. You visited the other saloon."

He chuckled. "He had his rights. I had mine. So we're even."

Downgrade was the heavy murmur of horses moving fast. The girl said impatiently, "Saddle up and kick out the fire."

(To be continued next week)

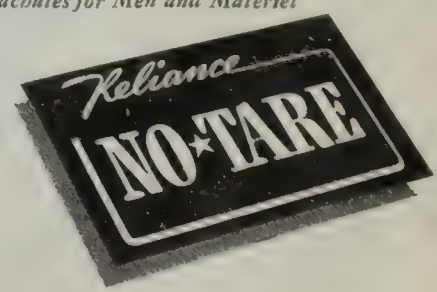
BUTCH by SGT. LARRY REYNOLDS

"Two hours I bin waitin' to ransack that bureau. You oughta be done dressin' now, lady"

Extra Wear in Every Pair!

These days, it's doubly important to look for added service in the goods you buy! Reliance Patented No-Tare Shorts are exclusively designed to give you longer wear. The amazing fly design *won't rip or tear!* Millions all over America, rely on Reliance No-Tare Fly Shorts for soft, comfortable, dependable wear. Sold by Reliance dealers everywhere.

RELIANCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
212 W. Monroe, Chicago • 200 Fifth Ave., New York
MAKERS OF Big Yank Work Clothing • Aywon Shirts • Universal Pajamas • Kay Whitney and Happy Home Frocks • Ensenada Shirts and Slacks Parachutes for Men and Matériel



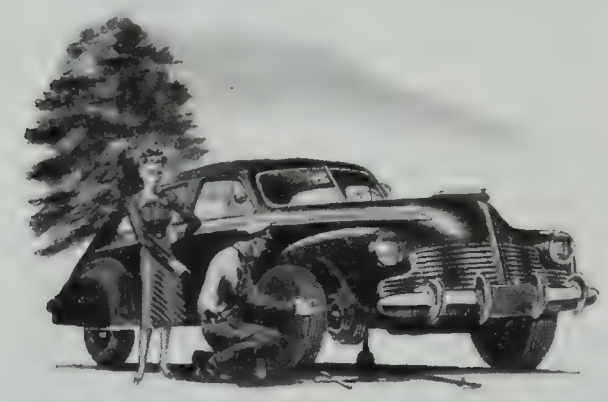
It's got SOMETHIN O O

SYNTHETI RE

TODAY's biggest news for American motorists is that Goodyear is again building passenger car tires for civilian use — and has been for some time.

Yes, they're synthetic rubber tires, built — as all other such tires must be today—from GRS synthetic rubber produced in government plants.

But in the GOODYEAR SYNTHETIC RUBBER TIRE you get something no other wartime tire can give you — a plus that insures greater value for your money.



You get a tire bettered by the manufacturing skill and ability that have made Goodyears the world's first-choice tires for more than a quarter-century.

You get a tire solidly advantaged by Goodyear's long experience in handling synthetic rubber, a knowledge that dates back beyond the granting of our first synthetic patents in 1927.

You get a product that is a direct descendant of America's first all-synthetic rubber tire, produced by Goodyear in 1937.

And you get one that benefits from Goodyear's work in building for the Army the first tires made entirely from synthetic rubber produced in the new government plants.

Beyond this, you get a tire tressed with the tough resilien Goodyear's famed Supertwist (carcass and a safe, quick-stopp non-skid Goodyear tread.

Add it all up, and you'll see wise buyers will continue to ch the tire that bears the greatest n in rubber — *because it is the synthetic rubber tire that can built of materials now available*

But remember — the tire situatio still extremely critical—there will not be enough synthetic tires to go around for a long time to come. Continued tire conservation by ALL *car owners is more than essential — it's a patriotic duty!*

Supertwist—T M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company.

GOOD

THE GREATES

o other

IRE can give you!

THE BEST IS YET TO COME

The present GOODYEAR SYNTHETIC RUBBER TIRE is the best that can be made, in light of current knowledge. But major facilities of the new million-dollar Goodyear Research Laboratory are being devoted today to further improving the quality of synthetic rubber, and methods of building it into tires. Work now under way gives promise that — good as Goodyear Synthetic Rubber tires are today — they will become progressively better as time goes on.

w Goodyear
i Laboratory

The NEW
GOODYEAR
SYNTHETIC
RUBBER TIRE
for essential civilian cars
(Sale restricted for the present to class "B" and "C" drivers)

YEAR

ME IN RUBBER

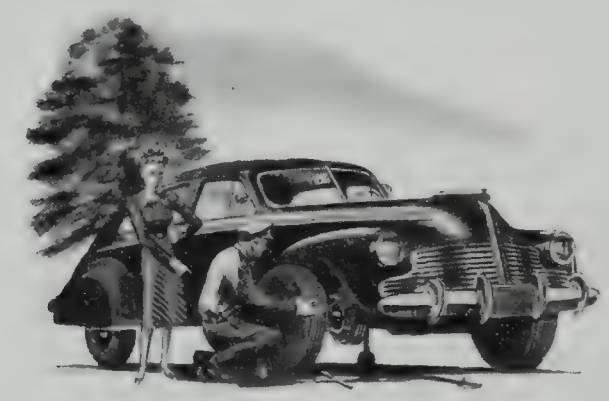
It's got SOMETHIN

SYNTHETI

TODAY'S biggest news for American motorists is that Goodyear is again building passenger car tires for civilian use — and has been for some time.

Yes, they're synthetic rubber tires, built — as all other such tires must be today—from GRS synthetic rubber produced in government plants.

But in the GOODYEAR SYNTHETIC RUBBER TIRE you get something no other wartime tire can give you — a plus that insures greater value for your money.



You get a tire bettered by the manufacturing skill and ability that have made Goodyears the world's first-choice tires for more than a quarter-century.

You get a tire solidly advantaged by Goodyear's long experience in handling synthetic rubber, a knowledge that dates back beyond the granting of our first synthetic patents in 1927.

You get a product that is a direct descendant of America's first all-synthetic rubber tire, produced by Goodyear in 1937.

And you get one that benefits from Goodyear's work in building for the Army the first tires made entirely from synthetic rubber produced in the new government plants.

Beyond this, you get a tir tressed with the tough resilie Goodyear's famed Supertwis carcass and a safe, quick-sto non-skid Goodyear tread.

Add it all up, and you'll se wise buyers will continue to the tire that bears the greatest in rubber — *because it is th synthetic rubber tire that c built of materials now availab*

But remember — the tire situa still extremely critical—there will not be enough synthetic tires to go around for a long time to come. Continued tire conservation by ALL *car owners is more than essential — it's a patriotic duty!*

Supertwist—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company.

GOOD

THE GREATE

o other

IRE can give you!

THE BEST IS YET TO COME

The present GOODYEAR SYNTHETIC RUBBER TIRE is the best that can be made, in light of current knowledge. But major facilities of the new million-dollar Goodyear Research Laboratory are being devoted today to further improving the quality of synthetic rubber, and methods of building it into tires. Work now under way gives promise that — good as Goodyear Synthetic Rubber tires are today — they will become progressively better as time goes on.

New Goodyear Research Laboratory

The NEW
GOODYEAR
SYNTHETIC
RUBBER TIRE
for essential civilian cars
(Sale restricted for the present to class "B" and "C" drivers)

YEAR

AME IN RUBBER

"How does your garden grow, Grady?"

GRADY: Okay, Jockey!—if my back holds up. Boy—remember when you could buy as much of any brand of beans, peas or tomatoes you wanted?

JOCKEY: It's hard to get almost every well-known, trade-marked article because the government naturally has first call on all raw materials and products. For instance, Jockey Underwear—of which I'm the trade-mark—is in greater demand than ever before. But we can't come *close* to supplying enough of them.

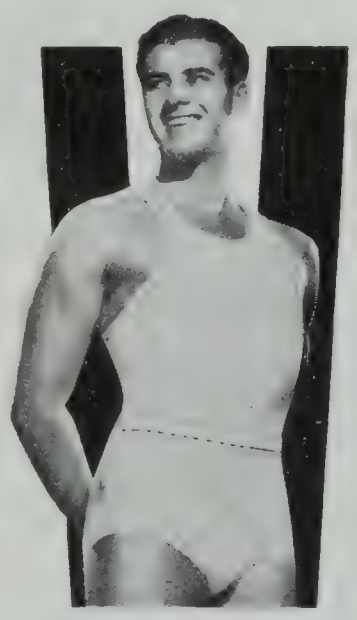
GRADY: Don't I know? Haven't I hunted everywhere for Jockey?

JOCKEY: So have many civilians. Like all popular brands it's worth shopping for. Do you buy *everything* by trade-mark?

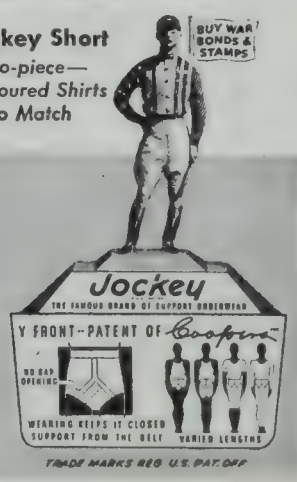
GRADY: Yes, I guess I do. It's the surest way of getting your money's worth. How can I tell the flavor by the size of a tomato even though now I'm quite a gardener—I buy trade-marked products that I know and trust—and my system hasn't been proved wrong yet!

JOCKEY: It never will, Grady. Trade-marks like me are assurance that manufacturers will spare no expense to retain your good will. They use all their designing skill plus commodity research to be sure that any forced change still wins your approval as the best that can be made with available raw materials. That's why it pays to shop for trade-marked products!

GRADY: Right, Jockey! Every imitation I ever accepted only made me want the original more.



Jockey Short
› Two-piece—Contoured Shirts to Match



Jockey Underwear
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Cooper's INC.
KENOSHA / WISCONSIN
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by Speede Knitting Mills, Pty. Ltd., Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; in New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S 1

The Phantom Butler

Continued from page 28

this but only said time would tell and they departed for a farewell meal at The Toasty.

Time told. But it revealed, unfortunately, that Mrs. Vanderbilt, as she was to be forever afterward called, regarded anything in the least resembling manual labor in the light of a big concession. Her culinary exertions seldom extended beyond the point of "just opening a can of tuna," good-naturedly "fixing a nice egg" or warming a little impromptu soup, and Mrs. Cugat was beginning, desperately, to wonder if it wouldn't be simpler if they just gave the whole idea up and all three ate at The Toasty, when, providentially, the Vanderbilt son-in-law called one morning in a large Buick and removed her, bag and baggage. He said she was needed at home. What for, Mrs. Cugat couldn't imagine—unless for a fourth at bridge

AFTER that there was a long, bleak period during which nothing happened at all. One Monday morning, however, when Mrs. Cugat made her routine call to the Black Crepe at the Employment Bureau, that lady, instead of her usual laconic "nothing yet" said airily, "I don't suppose, Mrs. Cugat, that *you'd* be interested in an excellent, elderly English couple? I was just about to call Mrs. Howard V. Sturm, the Third (no doubt you've heard of her?) but, of course, if you'd care to interview them first—"

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Cugat in matching tones, spurred by a variety of instincts, nearly all regrettable, "I'll be right down."

She hung up the phone. Evie Sturm! That girl had all the luck in the world—all the money too, of course, which had something to do with it—but it was certainly maddening.

Getting into a hat and gloves, this time, to go down to the Employment Bureau, Mrs. Cugat thought wistfully of how long she had aspired to a couple like this. It saddened her to realize how far she still was from actually having them. The very least an excellent English couple would ask would be three times what she could afford, and why she had ever made the appointment was beyond her.

The couple turned out to be everything anybody had ever dreamed up; they were modest, courteous, old-school, had accents like Noel Coward and were named Partridge. Agonized Mrs. Cugat implored the Black Crepe not to call Mrs. Sturm until she had conferred with her husband, and hastened over to the bank.

"Have you lost your mind?" inquired Mr. Cugat calmly, after listening to her story. "We have just exactly half the income we had last year and twice the taxes. There's a war on, you know."

"Of course, I know," she exclaimed. "I'm not an idiot. But I'd like to know how the Sturms manage to sail along without cutting down on anything! Their taxes must be terrific. How do they pay them? Isn't their income cut, too?"

Mr. Cugat looked disgusted. "The Sturms!" he exclaimed. "Evie and Howie have been living 'way over their heads for years and everybody knows it. They're probably using their principal for taxes—they've been using it for everything else!"

"It seems to work out pretty well," said Mrs. Cugat wistfully.

"That's what you think," he said with a short laugh. "Run along now, child, I'm busy." Forlornly, she went home and called the Employment Bureau.

The Employment Bureau was not surprised—the Black Crepe somehow managing to imply that she'd known all along that Mrs. Cugat was just showing off. She said she had, in fact, already called Mr Howard V. Sturm, the Third (no doul you've heard of her?) and Mrs. Sturr had said to send the Partridges right ove in case Mrs. Cugat should decide that sh was not willing to pay what they askec Simmering, Mrs. Cugat hung up.

The phone had no sooner left her hand however, when it rang again. "You cu me off so abruptly, Mrs. Cugat," the Blacl Crepe said in icy tones, "that you gave m no opportunity to tell you that I have a very nice type colored woman here, whc has just registered. Have you any objec tions to colored?"

"I guess not," said Mrs. Cugat listlessly There was a pause.

"Well, do you care to interview her?"

"No," said Mrs. Cugat. "Just send her over."

"Very well," snapped the Black Crepe and hung up

Mrs. Cugat sighed. A nice type colored woman—after contemplation of the Partridges! In her present mood she felt that she'd almost rather go on eating at The Toasty.

Twenty minutes later a taxi drew up at the door. Mrs. Cugat glanced apathetically out the window. The biggest, blackest colored woman she'd ever seen in her life got out. She was dressed in a flowered print wrapper, a small mink cape and a gray fedora. She paid the driver, waved him a gay farewell and disappeared around the corner of the house. Tight-lipped, Mrs. Cugat went down and opened the door.

"Ma name's Vanilla," announced this grotesque figure in dulcet tones. "Wheyuh shell ah res' ma thin's?"

MR. CUGAT, coming in that evening, paused in the front hall, dropped his brief case and sniffed alertly. Rich, warm fragrances hung on the air; a cheery clatter interspersed with song came from the kitchen. Bright-eyed, Mrs. Cugat skimmed down the stairs. "Cross your fingers," she implored him, "This is too good to last, I'm afraid!" They sat down to fried chicken, sweet potatoes, corn pone, peas in cream and deep-dished apple pie.

"I'm afraid you're right," said Mr. Cugat reverently. "What have we ever done to deserve it?"

Overnight, life became again serene. Vanilla, in spite of current shortages and the intricacies of rationing, went right on producing this kind of thing. She was one of those sorceresses who can concoct a tasty entrée out of a pig's gizzard and a few beet tops, but Mrs. Cugat wondered if she wasn't getting around the butcher She could get around almost anybody; it was her voice, which was like milk and honey.

She had a few little peculiarities, to be sure, but then, no one is perfect. One was that she never took off either the gray fedora or the mink cape, even to serve dinner. "Ah gits so cole in this climate," she apologized. And another was that she had no last name. Also, on the day after her arrival, a small black man in a large green suit moved into a corner of the kitchen. "Tha's Junior," she explained him.

Junior, it appeared, had no last name either. Who he was remained a mystery—Vanilla parried inquiry deftly—but one afternoon Mrs. Cugat, visiting the third floor in search of moth balls, happened to glance into Vanilla's room as she went by and spied his hat on the dresser. She tiptoed in. His shoes were under the bed.

"Vanilla," she said unhappily, putting her head into the kitchen, "come to the library. I must talk to you." Shadow darkened the sun of Vanilla's black face

and she put down the egg beater gently.

"Yessum"

Mrs. Cugat closed the library door carefully behind them and cleared her throat. "Vanilla," she said and turned a deep crimson, "is Junior—staying here?"

Vanilla hung her head.

Mrs. Cugat examined her nails. "Are you—married?" she asked primly.

"Well," gulped Vanilla apologetically, "yessum."

Mrs. Cugat sighed relievedly. "What's the matter, can't he find work?" Vanilla was silent, her face suddenly so old that Mrs. Cugat, looking at it, felt her heart turn to butter. "Perhaps if I tell Mr. Cugat," she suggested consolingly, "he'll find something for him—"

"Yessum."

That night Vanilla surpassed even herself. But in spite of cocoanut cream pie, the news about Junior turned Mr. Cugat's heart to granite.

"Just a no-account lazy coon," he declared indignantly, "living off his wife!" Adding with horrid skepticism, "If she *is* his wife! He certainly can*not* stay here! The sooner she's rid of him the better!" But he did consent to write a note to somebody he thought might give Junior a job. Mrs. Cugat gave the note to Vanilla, Vanilla thanked her and Junior vanished.

A NIGHT or two later, however, home from a movie, they opened the front door and encountered a sound—a sort of rumbling gargle, deep within the bowels of the house. Startled, they paused to listen, while it rose and fell, chuckled and died, began again. "That damned hot water heater!" exclaimed Mr. Cugat disgustedly after a moment. "Remind me, in the morning, to send someone out to look at it again." Putting away his hat, he stretched and started upstairs.

Mrs. Cugat hesitated. Then she tiptoed to the kitchen, crossed to the cellar door and opened it noiselessly. A hideous soughing sound came out of the dark. That was no hot-water heater, that was a man trying to gargle with his throat cut. Her scalp prickled and she caught her breath but, as she listened, she became aware of a certain familiar rhythm, a rise and fall that was, all at once, reassuring. She reached out and snapped on the light. The gargling, with a strangled snort, ceased abruptly. There was a thick, breathless silence. Peering down into the bright glare her eyes lit on Junior's hat—this time reposing on the ironing board. Shakily, she turned out the light again and went slowly upstairs.

"Remind me about that heater," murmured Mr. Cugat, already in bed.

"Yes," she said thoughtfully.

She made no mention of the hot-water heater at breakfast, however, but bade Mr. Cugat farewell and went back to the dining room to fix Vanilla with a resolute eye. Vanilla rolled two muffins off the plate she was carrying onto the floor, exclaimed, "Lordy gub! Look whut ah done," and disappeared under the table.

"There were some very funny noises in the cellar last night," Mrs. Cugat went on inexorably to the broad expanse of upturned behind. Vanilla emerged.

"Whut yo' s'pose they was?" she inquired forlornly.

"Maybe you'd better look and see."

"Yessum."

For the next three nights, after Mr. Cugat slept, Mrs. Cugat went down to listen at the cellar door but all was quiet; Junior had evidently found other quarters. She had, however, an obscure feeling that he was still around. And then, one afternoon, arriving home unexpectedly, she walked into the kitchen and nearly stepped on him. He was on the floor feeding a live mouse to the cat. "Hello, Junior," she gasped foolishly. "Nice to see you again!" Junior beamed. "Where's Vanilla?" she asked, trying to avert her eyes. Junior silently pointed, with the mouse, to the pantry door.

That night, rather unexpectedly, she encountered Vanilla in the garage. Vanilla was carrying a plate of fried eggs; from the loft overhead, there came an impatient whine.

"Rats, yo' s'pose?" Vanilla ventured unhappily.

"Probably," said Mrs. Cugat and ignored the eggs.

Junior, from there on, began to fit rather happily into the domestic scheme. He remained discreetly invisible, but there were occasional pleasant evidences of him. Mrs. Cugat went out one morning to find the car waxed, came home one afternoon to discover the garden weeded, another day the screens were put up and the porch swing hung. It was very nice—almost as good as having a couple—if you didn't object, of course, to one of them being a phantom.

Mr. Cugat, though, she knew would never put up with any such irregular arrangement as having a couple—one a phantom—however well it seemed to work out. Mr. Cugat, if she told him about Junior, would undoubtedly send him packing and they would, of course, lose Vanilla. Over which he would be

"Of course, I don't suppose we really ought to be traveling for pleasure at all!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

"With you around, I should think your boss would go blind?"

GIRL: *Oh, stop it! I'm not such a dazzling beauty!*

P. A. I don't mean *you!* I mean that carbon copy you're making—anybody'd go blind trying to read *that!*

GIRL: *The boss does grumble about 'em. But what can I do?*

P. A. You can use *me*—I'm Roytype's Park Avenue Carbon Paper! I'm made by the Royal Typewriter Company—and one sheet of Park Avenue can be used up to 60 times, cleanly and clearly! Look—these test copies prove it . . .

This is the first copy made with a fresh sheet of Roytype Park Avenue Carbon Paper. See how sharp, clear, and distinct it is. You'll find succeeding copies will also be clean, crisp, and easy to read.

Laboratory test No. 36502, issued July 13, 1943, by United States Testing Co., Inc.

Now, look at this 60th copy -- made by the same girl, on the same typewriter, with the same sheet of Roytype Park Avenue Carbon Paper ... used 59 times before! See how legible this 60th copy is!

GIRL: *Amazing! What makes it possible?*

P. A. It's because Park Avenue—like every carbon paper in Roytype's complete line—is *deep-inked.* And notice Roytype's extension edge . . . it lets you reverse the sheet, top to bottom, so that all areas of the paper can be used.

GIRL: *You win! How do I get a box of Roytype?*

P. A. Just pick up your phone and call your local Royal Typewriter Representative or Roytype dealer.

Complete line of carbon papers

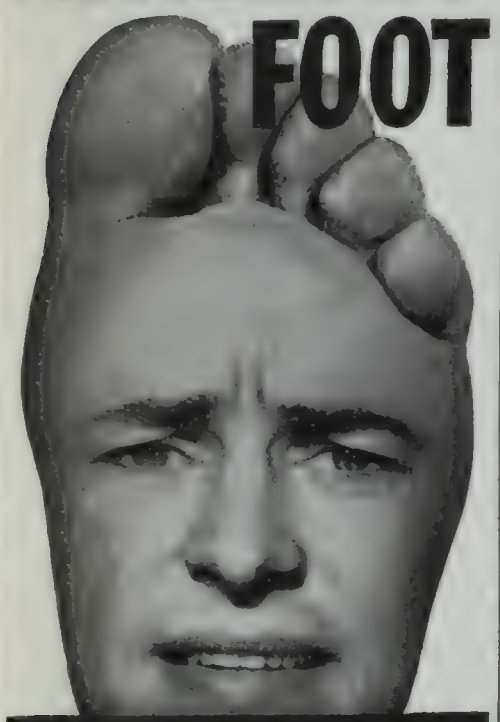
THERE ARE MANY different carbon papers in the Roytype* line. One of these will exactly fit your needs. Your local Representative will gladly show you the whole price range of Roytype carbon papers and help you choose the weight, finish, and quality best suited to your requirements.

ROYTYPE
Carbon Papers and Ribbons made by the
ROYAL
TYPEWRITER COMPANY
*Trade-Mark Registered U. S. Pat. Off.

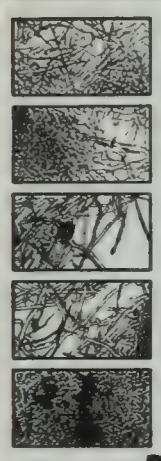
***P. S.* to secretaries:** In wartime, make certain you'll continue to produce sharp, crisp-looking letters and clear copies. Use the Roytype Backing Sheet. (There's one in every box of Roytype Carbon Paper.) It gives you a smooth, even typing surface, even though your typewriter's rubber roller may be pitted and uneven.

Copr. 1943, Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.

WHEN YOU FIGHT
ATHLETE'S FOOT



FIGHT TO KILL
ALL 5 FUNGI
OR EFFORT MAY BE WASTED



Five fungi may cause Athlete's Foot. Any one alone —or all of them.

•

Fungi are hardy, persistent.

•

SORETONE KILLS ALL 5 FUNGI ON CONTACT.

•

Soretone contains powerful 4-Beta-Ethyl-Hexyl-Phenol—*not in any other Athlete's Foot preparation.*

DON'T UNDERESTIMATE ATHLETE'S FOOT

This malady is stubborn. Don't trifle—fight to kill. Soretone helps relieve that maddening burn and itch, while it attacks the cause. Soretone cleans and dries the skin. Dissolves perspiration deposits — on which fungi feed. Promotes healing of broken tissues. *And McKesson makes it.*

MONEY BACK —If Soretone doesn't bring satisfaction.

SORETONE

POWERFUL HELP —TONIGHT

Spread toes apart. Pour Soretone full strength. Let dry. Repeat in morning.

Avoid reinfection. Spray or wipe shoes with Soretone. Boil socks 20 minutes.

McKesson gives a big bottle for $1—so use liberally.

If not relieved promptly, see your doctor.

FIGHT TO KILL ALL 5 FUNGI

philosophical; sleek and well-fed again, he had already forgotten all about cheeseburgers. So she put off telling him—for a while, anyway—and decided to just go on pretending that she didn't know anything about Junior either. They might go on comfortably like this for quite a long time.

Vanilla's cooking, meanwhile, seemed to grow better and better. Mrs. Cugat, on having lunch one day at Evie Sturm's with the Greek Relief Sewing Circle, was elated to discover that Mrs. Partridge, late in the employ of Lady Mary Hastings, couldn't hope to touch it. Partridge himself, though, was everything anyone could ask —grave, deft and elegant. The Sewing Circle were sickeningly impressed. "You *lucky thing!*" they gushed. "And to think that *marvelous* cook goes with him!"

This was too much for Mrs. Cugat. It was foolhardy, she knew—all honor among friends having, seemingly, ceased to exist when it came to a good cook—but she couldn't resist it; she heard herself insisting that next week the Sewing Circle come to lunch at *her* house. The Sewing Circle were delighted—particularly as next week their guiding star and patroness, the Princess Mittopoulis was due for a visit and they had hoped to have something special to offer! They all accepted with alacrity.

The Princess Mittopoulis was a little more than Mrs. Cugat had bargained for, but she had every faith in Vanilla. Vanilla was enthusiastic—she loved company. Due to her somewhat informal appearance, however, which persisted in spite of new uniforms, Mrs. Cugat decided she'd better get Nellie Detweiler in to serve. She had only one serious fault—an aged and ailing mother, prone to sinking spells.

AT ONE O'CLOCK on the day of the luncheon, however, the living room ahum with conversation and the princess well into her second glass of sherry, Nellie had yet to put in an appearance. At one-fifteen, she phoned to say that Mamma was dying. Mrs. Cugat flew to the kitchen. Vanilla, gray fedora pinned on firmly, was straining cream of watercress into cups.

"Now, now," she crooned soothingly, when she'd heard the news, "don' yo' fuss. Git back an' see to the cump'ny wile ah considuh."

Mrs. Cugat ran upstairs, three steps at a time, and collected one of the new uniforms and the tiny organdie cap and apron laid out for Nellie Detweiler. What this combination would look like on Vanilla hardly bore thinking about but it was too late to figure anything else out! When she got back to the kitchen, however, Vanilla had her head in the oven tending a pan of cheese puffs and gave them only a fleeting glance. "Ah'm 'fraid yo' soup'll git cole," was all she said. Mrs. Cugat hurried back to the living room to open another bottle of sherry.

The Sewing Circle were toying a bit listlessly with their glasses when she, at last heard the dining-room doors open. She looked up with a sigh of relief. There in the hall, in a roomy tuxedo, with a pink rose on the lapel, and a napkin over his arm, stood Junior. He flashed them a broad and gold-filled grin and announced, "Luncheon is now bein' suhv'd in the dinin' room!"

The Sewing Circle, after a dazzled moment, rose. Speechless, Mrs. Cugat led the way to the table. Junior swept back her chair, flipped the seat off with his napkin and bent low. "Mistuh Cugit's," he hissed in her ear, pointing to the tuxedo. Mrs. Cugat waved a weak hand at the Sewing Circle. "Sit anywhere," she gulped, sinking down. Junior, recognizing royalty when he saw it, hastened to assist the princess. "Will this location be sattusfact'ry?" he inquired solicitously, choosing a pleasant sunny chair halfway down the table. The princess accepted it graciously.

"Oh, but—" protested Mrs. Cugat, belatedly pulling herself together.

"Now," said Junior genially, "which of you ladies wants the seafood cocktail and which wants soup?"

"Junior," she managed, "just bring everybody some of each," but the order was unfortunately worded. After some delay, during which heated protestations could be heard from the pantry, he reappeared with a loaded tray of shrimp cocktail and watercress soup, professionally stacked one atop the other, and proceeded to deal them out briskly with exhortation, admonition and encouragement. "Jes try this!" "*Easy* now!" and "Comin' up!"

"Where'd you find Junior?" whispered Evie Sturm, eyes alight, "on the New York Central?"

That was it, of course! It was unmistakable—that rapid, sinuous walk—that high balanced tray.

"Mo buttuh, ennybuddy?" he inquired, popping out and in again with a large bowl of butter pats floating amid ice cubes. The doorbell rang and he paused. Then, surprisingly, somewhat in the manner of a movie gangster, he tiptoed quickly over to the window, flattened his back against the wall and peeked cautiously out over his shoulder. The bell rang again. Putting the butter down on the mantel, he vanished through the swing door.

The Sewing Circle, politely ignoring all this, sipped their soup and exclaimed in delight. The princess threw up her hands and rolled her eyes to heaven. But Mrs. Cugat wasn't listening. "Perhaps I'd better go and see—" she murmured nervously as the bell continued irately and Junior failed to reappear.

AS SHE rose to her feet, the pantry door swung wide and admitted Vanilla, bearing the next course. She was, except for her face, just as Mrs. Cugat had last seen her—gray fedora, mink cape and all —but her face was streaming with tears. All mannerly pretense on the part of the Sewing Circle was here abandoned. They watched Vanilla while she removed their plates, in wide-eyed awe. In spite of the undammed flow of tears and the grotesque clothes, her dignity was monumental.

Whoever was at the front door started to pound. Vanilla never even raised her eyes. Four solemn-looking men suddenly passed around the side of the house, close to the dining-room windows, the last one pausing to lean forward and peer in. He then gave an exultant shout and hastened after the rest. Mrs. Cugat turned to see two policemen in the front hall. Vanilla went right on passing Eggs Encore.

"What is it? What do you want?" cried Mrs. Cugat finally galvanized to action and hastening into the hall.

"We got a search warrant here, lady," said a gruff voice as the hall filled with men, filing in from the kitchen. "We have a tip this morning that there's an escaped convict from Atlanta hiding in the neighborhood."

The Sewing Circle crowded through the dining-room door. *"The Gestapo?"* breathed the princess.

THEY found him on the top shelf of the linen closet. Mrs. Cugat and the Sewing Circle, noses pressed to the front windows, watched them lead him away, wistful and rumpled and still wearing Mr. Cugat's new tuxedo. Mrs. Cugat, nevertheless, felt a lump rise in her throat. He looked so little and black surrounded by all those big, ruddy Irishmen. Whatever he'd done, it seemed a shame. Poor Vanilla. She left the Sewing Circle chattering like birds and slipped off to the kitchen. Vanilla was seated at the kitchen table amid the ruins of a soufflé, her face convulsed.

"Vanilla," purred Mrs. Cugat consolingly, "tell me about it!"

Vanilla turned up swimming eyes. "Dem 'tho'ities," she gulped, "don' seem lak dey evuh give up! Dey came got him agin!"

"I know," said Mrs. Cugat gently. "But, tell me, what did Junior do?"

Vanilla wiped her eyes and fought for control. "A long time ago," she explained simply, "he killed a lady."

Mrs. Cugat opened her mouth, forgot about it and left it that way. Finally, however, she found a word. *"Wh-why?"*

Vanilla, with the relief of sharing her grief, calmed. "Well," she said, wiping her eyes, "dey ain' no nicer boy'n Junior ennywheyuh 'na worl', but seems lak he tuk an instants dislak to dis lady firs'time he see her and soon it got so bad sompin' come ovuh him and he hadda kill huh—"

"He had es-escaped fr-from Atlanta?" chattered Mrs. Cugat.

"Yessum," said Vanilla with some pride. "Secun' time now. 'T'ain' hard. Junior's a trusty do'n theyuh."

Mrs. Cugat couldn't seem to think of anything to say. She blinked stupidly. Vanilla blew her nose. "Well, 'tain' no good t'mourn, I s'pose," she sighed philosophically, "we'll have t'git along bes' we can— She rose and shook out her apron, apparantly done with grief. "Mebbe it jus' as well," she said, thoughtfully, looking out the window, "Ah wuz gettin' jes a lil' worrit about him ag'in—" Mrs. Cugat's eyes widened. "Seems lak he'd tuk an instants dislak to Mustuh Cugit," she explained sadly.

THE END

RADIONICS*

"the impossible we do immediately the miraculous takes a little longer"

ARMY SERVICE FORCES—

The Army is . . . men . . . trained men . . . equipped and maintained. On the home front . . . in factories and on farms . . . civilians produce the armament and food and supplies. The bridge between civilians who furnish and soldiers who use . . . is . . . the Army Service Forces. Wherever the soldier is . . . whatever he does . . . the Army Service Forces are charged with seeing that he lacks no essential thing. To fulfill the task outlined in the twenty-one words above . . . literally . . . the "impossible" and the "miraculous" become daily routine with the Army Service Forces.

"AYE, AYE, SIR"

In old English, "Aye" meant "yes."

It means far more in the Navy.

"Aye, Aye, Sir," means that the order is understood and will be obeyed.

The Navy has given Zenith many "orders" since this war began.

Our prompt "Aye, Aye, Sir," has, we believe, been justified by the "intelligence and initiative" (as the Navy says) with which these orders have been executed.

—in days of civilian radio, Zenith was proud of its long series of "firsts"—improvements which made radio history and established leadership in the industry.

—today our viewpoint has changed—materially.

—engaged exclusively in war production, the things we have been called upon to do—the tasks we have succeeded in accomplishing, make past improvements in civilian radio literally look like "child's play."

—the work of our engineers in radionics has made the "impossible" possible and accomplished the "miraculous."

*—mark that word "RADIONICS" (with its subdivisions—Electronics, Radar and Radio)—it has brought into reality and being, devices which only a year or so ago came in the "impossible" and "miraculous" categories.

—today Zenith works in the science of radionics for our armed forces alone.

—in that bright "tomorrow" when peace returns—

—we can only say—the post-war radios that Zenith will produce will contain many interesting new developments.

—that statement is based upon experience which we can not now reveal—but you may take our word that it is a fact.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO

BETTER THAN CASH

U. S. War Savings Stamps and Bonds

ZENITH

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

LONG DISTANCE RADIO

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—

WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

An Old Boston Tradition...

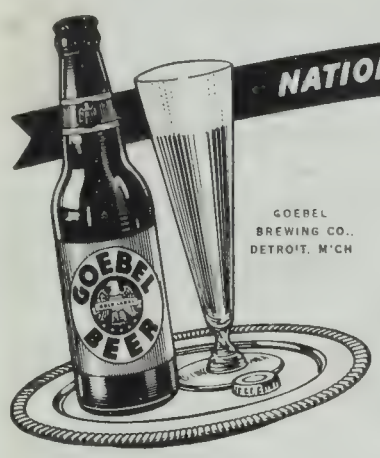
Down-East Lobster Stew at Ye Old Oyster House

DOWN-EAST
LOBSTER STEW
as prepared by Ye Old Oyster House
(Serves Two)

Cut one-half pound of lobster meat in fairly small pieces. Melt three ounces of butter and thoroughly saute meat in butter to bring out flavor. When lobster is well sauted, add one-half pint of cream and one-half pint of milk. Heat and serve.

Ye Old Oyster House (Union Oyster House) is at 41 Union Street, Boston

NATIONALLY FAMOUS FOR GOOD TASTE



The Union Oyster House, established in 1826, is one place you would naturally go to get a recipe for Lobster Stew at its very best. But you need not search for a recipe for another famous good taste. It is at hand when you order Goebel Beer . . . the good taste that won national popularity in a few years. Wouldn't you like to try that good taste? Order Goebel Beer now.

GOEBEL BEER
RIGHT FROM THE CYPRESS CASKS OF GOEBEL

Adventures of *Stopper* the Brakeblok Pup

"Now, how on earth do they reline your brakes?"

Stopper says – "Safe stopping is a matter of smooth, efficient brakes. Trucks and passenger cars get that type of brake operation with American Brakeblok Brake Lining."

AMERICAN BRAKEBLOK DIVISION
Detroit 9, Mich.
AMERICAN BRAKE SHOE COMPANY

Never Trust a Shy Man

Continued from page 17

That was something, to have him say promptly he'd come the next week. But it was not okay. His goodby was curt.

Janice went slowly upstairs, holding her pink quilted housecoat with both hands. Adair was in bed, the victrola going, her Spanish book on her knees. She smiled her crystal blue smile at Janice.

"Is he sore?"

"No."

"But you are, aren't you?"

"Oh, it's all right," said Janice, resigned. She got her toothbrush and towels and went down the wide old-fashioned hall to the bathroom.

WHY, he's *nice*, said Janice to herself coming down the stairs behind Adair to meet the two men in elegant Army pinks. Not cocky or anything. Adair threw her arms around her brother and they hugged each other. Then she said, "Hello, darling," to Steve. Steve thought it was wonderful to be called darling by Adair, and could only give Janice a quick cheerful nod before he turned back to Adair. Janice, having said hello to Steve, smiled more warmly at Adair's brother than she had intended to because it was only his silver bars that were arrogant.

"Hello, Janice," he said just as though this wasn't the first time he had ever laid eyes on her. "Blonde," he said, "with gray eyes. I've been looking for you," and gave her an anxious glance to see if this was all right to say.

He was shy, of all things, and smiled at Janice with eyes as blue as Adair's, eyes that begged you to like him no matter what you had heard. He held his visored hat in his hand and his hair was short and crisp and black. Janice had the feeling that she ought to pat his olive drab arm and tell him it was all right, they'd be friends.

But on the way out to Dalrymple's Terrace Gardens, in Brooke's long green roadster, she remembered that girls always fell for him.

"I suppose," she said kindly, "that a little thing like a war doesn't keep *you* from getting all the gas and tires you want."

He gave her a brief look, not smiling. "Why, yes," he said when he had passed a truck, "it does. You see, I had to drive some men up from New Jersey to a camp near here, and the powers told me to go ahead and use my car while I was on leave." He slowed up for a stop light and smiled at her. "Okay?"

In his nice shy way he had cut her down. She liked it. She liked Brooke. Shy, but nobody was going to step on him.

And dancing at Dal's, the high spot for Holcroft girls because it was expensive and the food was good and not many of their dates could afford to bring them here, he said, "What's this Adair tells me about you going steady? It's not the same as being engaged is it?"

"Well, no," said Janice thinking that dancing was really something when you both knew how.

"I'm glad. Does it go on long?"

She laughed. "I don't know." And then blinked. She had not thought of it that way before. She really did not know.

"I see. Now where I come from we don't have these elegant preliminaries. We're crude. We jump right into an engagement."

The smile she gave him was slightly sour. "You don't have to make fun of me."

"Yes, I do. Somebody should. You're damn' superior, you know!"

"Me!" She almost missed a step.

Nobody had ever called her superior before. The Greggs had their own place in the small town where she lived, her father was postmaster, she had won a scholarship (which her father said wa only a drop in the bucket), but she ha always thought, like almost everybod else, that she had an inferiority. It wa better, anyway, than being superior. A the rest of the gay evening, while the laughed and sang softly at their table, an danced, she had to show Brooke that sh was not superior. So that Adair bega looking at her with raised eyebrows, a Brooke, and back again at Janice.

At half past eleven they left in order t be back at the dorm by twelve. Whe they were getting into the car Adair an Steve had to run back in to find a com pact she had left on the table. Janice an Brooke sat in the dark parking lot.

It was too bad she had to withdraw fron the arm he put so shyly around her. I didn't seem right to say no to a soldier and he was only Adair's brother. But o course she had to withdraw.

"Sorry," he said in a disappointed voice.

"So am I," said Janice laughing. "Now if I were one of your other girls—"

"I like it this way." There was something sincere in the way he said it. It might be all right if he put his arm around her again, just for a minute—but the door opened. Adair came running out on a shaft of light with Steve behind her. They climbed nimbly into the back seat.

"You two had time enough for your necking?" asked Adair.

"No," said Brooke and switched on the lights.

Driving along the highway in the cool March air, Janice held her hair with one hand and continued to look at him in indignant silence.

"What's the matter?" he asked after minutes.

"You! Saying we hadn't had enough time—as though we'd had *some!*"

"Well, if they'd only given us a little longer—"

"How nice for you," she said sweetly. "To realize all you need is time."

He smiled around at her but she did not smile back. She was beginning to get it. This shyness of his—very appealing. And a good act. Some girls probably didn't see through it at all. She put her head on the back of the seat and let the wind blow in her face and thought hard about Philip, whom she loved. He'd be here next week, and maybe this time they would be engaged, really formally engaged, not just an "understanding" because they had gone steady for over two years now and Philip would be going into the Army any day.

"We'll have fun tomorrow," said Brooke comfortably.

"Will we?" laughed Janice sitting up. She felt fine now that she had been thinking about Philip. "What'll we do?"

"You decide." Brooke smiled at her and this time she smiled back at him, her hand, so to speak, in Philip's. They were charming, the Collisters. It was broadening to go away to school and meet all kinds of people, and have gay frivolous times once in a while so that you appreciated solid people like your own Philip Armstrong.

JANICE was conscientious the next day about being a good sport. She would not spoil it for the other three. Brooke and Steve were very funny about the oval pictures and china pin trays in Mrs. Cardiff's bedrooms, and about their own life in camp.

Adair and Janice made the two men go to the sophomore dining room with them for dinner, where the twelve other girls at the long table fell at once for Brooke and were nice to Steve, until they saw the piled-up plates of chicken the waitress brought the two soldiers. Then they all screamed. It was all right, they

cried, for the best food of all to go to Army mess halls, but when they came here and took what was left from under the knives and forks of civilians it was too much. It was noisy and gay in the dining room, and Brooke and Steve enjoyed themselves enormously. Philip wouldn't believe it, thought Janice, if he could see how silly she could be.

The four of them walked back to Mrs. Cardiff's boardinghouse, where they got into the car and drove to the village to the one movie there was. Adair and Steve hopped out and Brooke gazed at the marquee. "Nuts," he said. "I've seen this picture. Do you want to see this picture?" he asked Janice.

"Well—those two do. I suppose so. It's too bad that you—"

Brooke was getting out. "Whatever you want," he said smiling. "I just thought you might like to drive around."

Janice drew her foot back in. It might be a good idea. The day was lovely, the sun warm on their faces, the air sharp with the last of the melting snow. Brooke was certainly the kind who had to hold your hand in a movie.

ADAIR saw what went on and came back. She leaned over the door and whispered to Janice, "It's the sweetest thing to watch—you and Brooke."

"What do you mean?" asked Janice, affronted because she knew what Adair meant.

Adair winked at her—with Janice eyeing her grimly—and went into the movie with Steve Brooke drove out toward Dal's. "Is this all right?" he asked. "We could have a beer and a couple of dances."

She'd like that, Janice murmured.

Over their beer Brooke told her about being stuck in the adjutant's office, and about his C.O. promising to do something about it, but obviously stalling.

Janice said, "Philip isn't in yet—but he will be."

Lighting cigarettes for both of them, Brooke said gravely, "All right. You can talk about Philip if you want to."

"He's a farmer," said Janice, and waited. But Brooke looked as though it was all right to be a farmer, so Janice was nice about it and explained that up to now he had been deferred on that account. But he had been reclassified and he'd put in a new manager at the farm, and it looked as though he'd be in uniform soon.

Brooke nodded. "I was afraid he was on of these worthy penniless young men," he said. Which didn't make sense.

"Oh, no," said Janice. "Adair calls him the landed gentry."

Brooke laughed and said, "I wish Adair could make up her mind that it would be Steve for her. They don't come any better than Steve. And he's been in love with her since he and I were in college together."

"Can you imagine Adair making up her mind to adore just one man?"

"Yes." Brooke's face had that sudden unexpected gravity. "I can—very easily. When she's sure, there'll be only one for her the rest of her life. But she's taking her time so she *will* be sure," he smiled straight into Janice's eyes, "the way I did."

"Well," said Janice. She put her cigarette out. She reached behind her for her coat. "It's such a marvelous day and it's kind of warm in here and maybe we'd better go—"

Brooke stood up at once and helped her on with her coat. He said there must be some spots around here to look at on a spring day, and Janice said well, if he took the first left turn they'd be on the road that led to Holcroft Falls and that was worth seeing. They drove through Holcroft Park and up along the glen where he parked in the graveled open space.

"Very nice," said Brooke, not looking at the tiny new green buds on the trees, nor at the bare grandeur of the gorge. He was looking and smiling his slow shy smile at Janice. "But who would think *you'd* bring me here?"

"Isn't it beautiful?" she cried, waving her arm around. "People come from all over the state to see Holcroft Falls."

"What people?" asked Brooke, his blue eyes dancing.

"Well, not today maybe," she said in unexplainable agitation. "But when it's warmer. And when they could drive, of course."

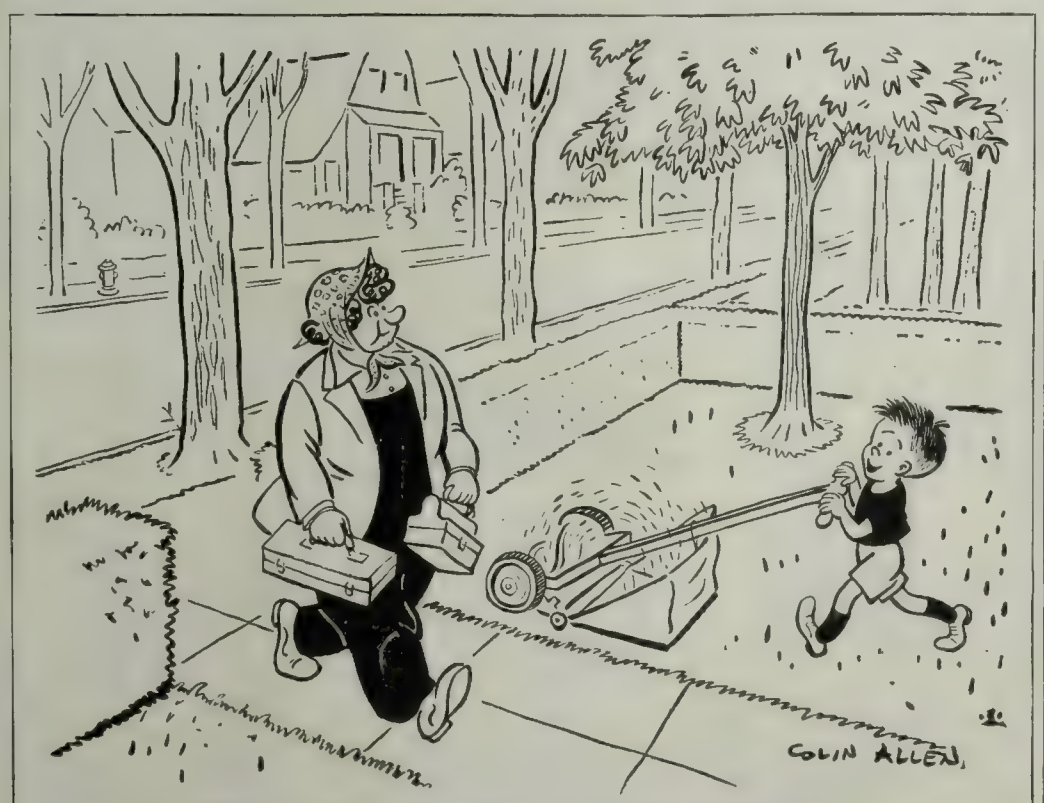
"I think it's cute of you," Brooke had taken off his hat and was throwing it in the back seat, "to bring me way out here where we can be by ourselves."

"But I," she began. His arm was around her and he was going to kiss her and she was not going to stop him. She thought wildly, but Philip won't like this at all. And then she didn't think about anything. She couldn't. Nothing like this had ever happened to her before. Her pulses were drumming in a rhythm that was honey-sweet and numbing, and the falls had moved closer and thundered in her ears.

After a week, or a day, or a minute, Brooke lifted his mouth from hers. He smiled at her. "I knew it would be like that, darling. Did you?"

She shook her head. Slowly she smiled at him and whispered, "No. I didn't know anything about it."

He laughed, a deep satisfied note, and



COLLIER'S "Well, Mother, what did you learn in school today?" COLIN ALLEN

How my *Kid Brother Helped Me Land Jim!*

Tootsie Rolls Co. also makes these other fine food products

TOOTSIE FUDGE
TOOTSIE POPS
TOOTSIE TEMPTEES
TOOTSIE CARAMELS
TOOTSIE V-M*

* Vitamin-Mineral fortifier that makes milk taste like Tootsie Rolls.

ANY YOUNGSTER CAN TELL YOU THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART—SERVE TOOTSIE ROLLS!

● Kids know their candy! And more smart grown-ups every day are rediscovering this childhood favorite—chewy chocolaty—*downright delicious TOOTSIE ROLLS!*

Men love Tootsie Rolls! Women love Tootsie Rolls. U. S. soldiers eat them by the millions. Try a Tootsie Roll today. See how completely satisfying they taste . . . like Mother's cakes, Grandma's cookies you ate in childhood days!

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

★ *Still only 1¢ and 5¢*

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

DON'T SAY SWEATERS

say

Tish-u-Knit

heavy-bodied wools and blends

Designed by LEON

CLASSICS

IN A CLASS BY THEMSELVES

Do things for you and give duration service.

At better stores, about $3.50 and up.

Write for FREE fashion book.

TISH-U-KNIT SWEATERS
1372 Broadway, N. Y. C.
In Canada: 303 St. Paul St. W., Montreal

ACCOUNTANT

BECOME AN EXPERT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $2,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A.'s. Placement counsel and help. Write for free book "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 840-H, Chicago
A Correspondence Institution

FREE! for Septic Tank Owners
Enjoy quick, easy, thorough toilet sanitation with Sani-Flush. Tests by scientific authorities prove that Sani-Flush, used as directed on the can, is safe in septic tanks. Read their interesting report. IT'S FREE! Write The Hygienic Products Co., Dept. 136, Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

FOR MEN WHO REALLY KNOW PIPES

Royalton

The Pipe that Becomes Part of a Man's Life . . .

Pipes are like friends. Some are merely casual. Only a rare few can win you completely, become worthy of your constant preference . . Royalton, you will discover, is just that kind of pipe.

Wherever Better Pipes are Sold

Royalton Silver Crown Choice Grains $5

© 1943, Henry, Leonard & Thomas, Inc., Ozone Pk., N. Y.

held her close, his head down against her. She could think now. She knew what this was. She had learned about it in biology. It was that physical attraction that was so unexplainable. It wasn't supposed to mean anything. It was odd that she had first felt this way with Brooke Collister, when it was Philip she loved. . . .

After a long time she looked at her wrist watch. "We'd better go. They'll be waiting for us."

"All right, darling. Look. I have to go home tonight—the family's expecting me, and there are two or three dates I'll have to do something about—"

"Of course," said Janice. She had known he would have to go home and that he would have two or three dates. Oh, she had known he would have two or three dates.

"But I'll be back next week end," he said.

"No. I'm sorry. Philip's coming next week."

Brooke reached for his hat. He put it on, pulling the peak down.

"I see." And after a moment, "I have to be at camp the following Sunday."

"I know it. But you'll have lots more than two or three dates when you are home, won't you? You'll have a wonderful time."

He thought about this, his hand on the switch, and then he started the car. They were almost silent as they drove back. Adair and Steve were waiting for them outside the movie, window-shopping hilariously among hats on display, and when the car drove up Adair skipped over. She leaned on the door, approving of them for a moment, and then her face grew stern.

"What is this? The first quarrel?" she asked.

"Of course not." Janice laughed gaily. "Tell her, Brooke, that we haven't quarreled."

"The lady says we haven't quarreled," said Brooke.

"Well, what goes on then?" asked Adair, as she and Steve climbed into the back seat. "You both look as though you'd lost your ration cards or something."

When they arrived at the door of Shumway House, Janice was out of the car even before Adair and Steve could make one of their quick exits.

JANICE hardly thought about Brooke the next week. She had a lot of work to do. Final exams would be rearing their ugly heads soon. There was a French novel she was only half through, a research paper on history to write, and it wasn't any of her business how many dates Brooke had. He'd have dates every night of course, New York dates, night clubs and the theater and officers' dances. Everybody would be looking at him in his Army pinks, and he'd be looking at the girl he was with, and everybody would think he was shy, the way he smiled. . . .

"No," she said crossly to Adair several times, "we didn't have a fight. I'm mad about your brother. He's super, he's a wow, he's absolutely the last word in uniforms. *Now* will you let me study?"

And Adair, with a sleek little smile, would let her study.

If Philip were not coming Saturday, said Adair plaintively in between times, Janice could go home with her for the week end. They'd have a whirl, there'd be all kinds of parties for Brooke—

"But I *want* Philip to come," said Janice. "You don't seem to realize I *want* to see him."

"He could come the next week," said Adair with a kind of gentleness.

"Now don't start that! You can't get me to tell Philip not to come, so don't try. As it is, I'll probably have to spend the whole time he's here getting him back to normal."

"I don't see any fun in that," said Adair. "I bet Philip has a lousy disposition."

"He has not. He's sensitive, that's all. And you think the only thing in the world is having fun—"

"Well, if you don't have fun with a person—"

"I have fun with Philip," said Janice and knew that wasn't quite the right word. But it was what she liked best, being with him. She had been so pleased and proud when Philip asked her to go steady with him, and they would be engaged soon. She hardly thought about Brooke Collister at all.

On Wednesday camellias came for Janice. Adair said "Yipe" and hugged herself. "I knew you'd rate camellias," she cried, "gardenias are for run-of-the-mill girls and orchids are second best. Brooke hardly ever sends camellias. It means you're elected."

"Elected to what?" asked Janice, lifting the pink waxy blossoms out of their box. She held them close to her face. To smell them, of course. Brooke was sweet. He couldn't help it if he was a lightweight and had to try to get every girl to fall for him—

"To A-1," said Adair laughing.

Oh, yes. *A-1 in the class for kissing. And there are only a few of us.* She put the camellias down.

"Find a glass or something to put them in, will you?" she said. "I've got this outline to finish."

"But you didn't even read the card!" cried Adair.

"Oh, I read it," said Janice coldly and sat down at her desk. Adair needn't have this stricken look in her eyes. The way the Collisters slung the word love around . . . they loved everybody . . . they adored everybody . . . and she would *not* be seeing him soon.

JANICE looked tenderly at Philip's wide-shouldered back. He was standing against the window in the hall and Janice, coming down the stairs, wished for a minute he could appear here at Holcroft in his knee-high boots, his ten-gallon hat, his shirt open at the throat. He wore good suits but he was, well, romantic-looking in the clothes he wore on the farm.

He wheeled and came toward her. Woodie, at her table by the windo turned away in boredom. She had se hundreds of girls kiss hundreds of me

"You look tired," said Philip to Ja ice, after their brief affectionate kiss. "I glad you're studying hard, but you don want to overdo it, you know."

"No, I won't." She felt a little fla That was because she had been braced f resentment. But he had forgotten abo last week end, or he was being fair, t way he always was when he had time think about a thing.

THEY walked down the street towar town and he said, "It's only five-thirt Still, I think it would be better if we ha our dinner first and then went to movie."

"All right," said Janice. "There's good movie here, for once."

The farm was going to be okay, he tol her. He had worried about it, but he ha got hold of a "land army" group throug the State Agricultural Department. Th men were slow but willing. They woul make out all right. Especially since Han and Mrs. Phelps, the couple who lived i the tenant house, would stay on to ru things.

Then after the war he'd take charg again, things would be booming and Philip took her arm and smiled at her there'd be plans for him and Janice to make, after the war.

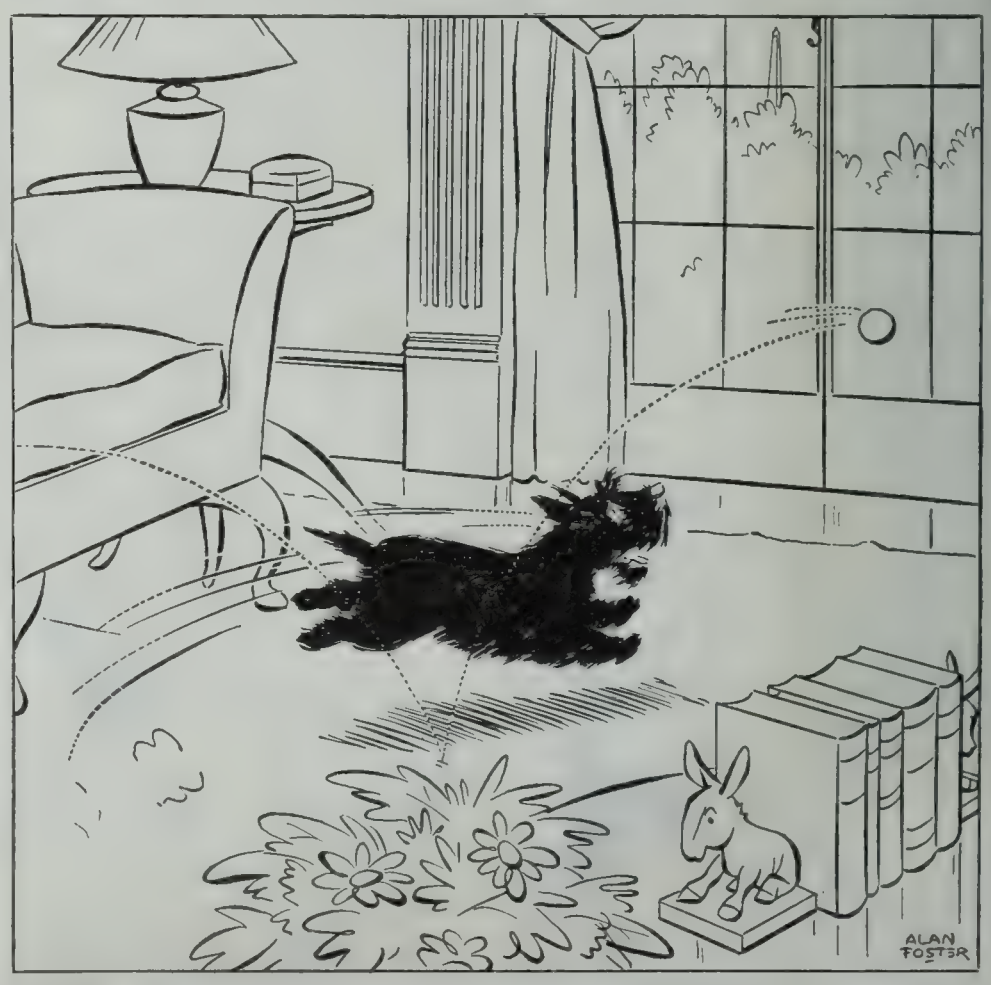
She kept step with him, the pavement feeling fine under her loafers, which had been inside galoshes all winter, her coat over her shoulders, her hair blowing out the way it did when it had just been washed. She ought to say something about that, about their plans after the war, but Philip had said it all.

"Don't worry, Jan." He squeezed her arm. "I'll be all right. You're to keep the home fires burning, and be as cheerful as you can while I'm gone, and study hard."

"Oh, yes," said Janice. "I will."

She was very happy. Very. Expensive places like Dalrymple's, and that charm and gaiety the Collisters gave out with, and fun, were all right once in a while, but this was what she liked best, being with

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE by ALAN FOSTER

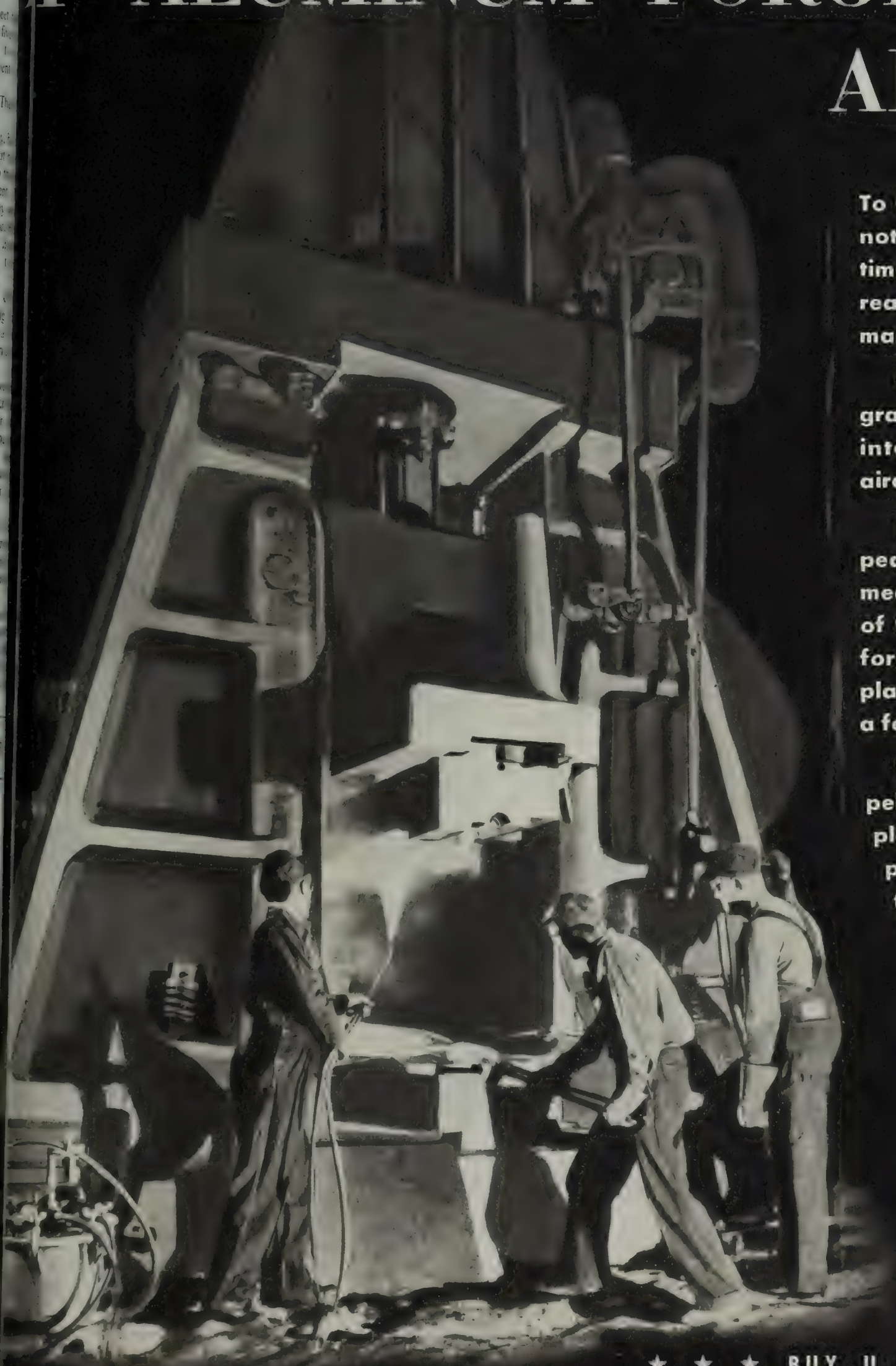


"Sometimes I'm required to chase a rubber ball until I'm black in the face"

COLLIER'S

ith Only One Exception

ORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER F ALUMINUM FORGINGS FOR AIRPLANES



To Chevrolet, "conversion" has meant not only a complete swing from peacetime to war production, but also far-reaching changes in this company's manufacturing system.

One important part of this program has been Chevrolet's swift entry into the manufacture of aluminum aircraft forgings.

Totally unknown in this field in peacetime, Chevrolet has, in a period measurable in months, become one of the largest producers of aluminum forgings in the world, with three plants already in operation and with a fourth plant now under construction.

Today, Chevrolet is forging propeller blades for bomber and cargo planes . . . making propeller pistons, propeller hubs, landing gear trunnions, crankcase sections and small parts for the Pratt & Whitney aircraft engines it is volume-producing in its own plants. . . . And Chevrolet is also supplying aluminum forgings for virtually every aircraft producer in America.

Chevrolet hammer men working beside a 35,000-lb. hammer in one of the aluminum forge plants operated by Chevrolet.

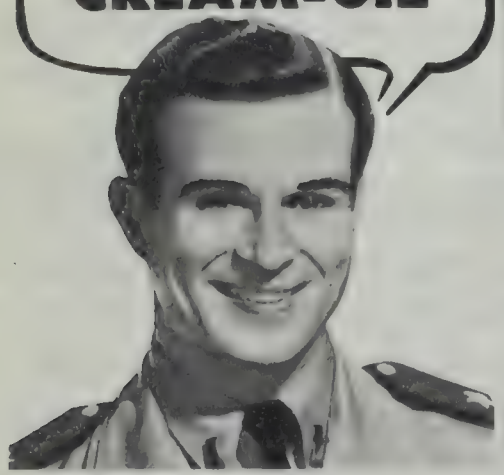
★ ★ ★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

HEVROLET DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE "FINGERNAIL TEST?"

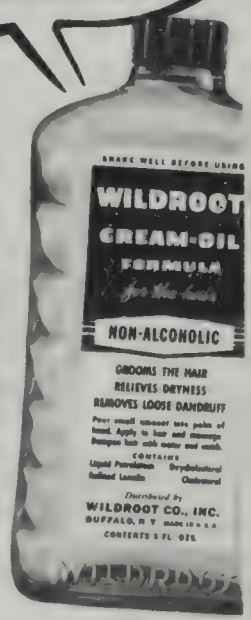
1. Scratch your head and see! If you find signs of dryness or loose, ugly dandruff, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil-Formula. Grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Two sizes, 60¢ and $1.00.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL



2. Keeps your hair well combed all day long, and without a trace of that greasy look! And grooming without grease means no more stained hatbands, no greasy pillow slips! Your hair looks good and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS REFINED LANOLIN!



3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it closely resembles the oil of the human skin. Wildroot Cream-Oil is also homogenized for uniformity. No wonder 76 of every 100 users in a nation-wide test prefer it to the preparations they had been using. Get a bottle today at your druggists.

NEW!
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL
NON-ALCOHOLIC FORMULA

Philip, having their own quiet good time, talking about the war and the farm.

It was the next day, when they were having sandwiches and beer at Spike's, just before Philip had to leave to take the train, that everything blew up in her face.

He was glad, Philip was saying, that she hadn't got any crazy ideas in her head about joining the Wacs or the Waves. He wanted her to finish college. "My guess," he said, "is that this thing will last about two years more, and then you'll be through, have your degree." He smiled with his honest dark eyes. "I'd hate to see you get to be a bookworm, Jan, so go ahead and make a date once in a while. Of course, if you were the kind that let men get fresh with you, kiss you—"

His voice died away. Janice, who had not blushed in years, took a quick drink of water, but the blood swept up to her forehead, burned her cheeks and her ears. Philip sat there staring at her.

"What are you looking like that for?" he demanded after an eternity in which her face got hotter and hotter, and drinks of water did not help.

"Why you—you—" he didn't say it. He stared at her. "So. You are that kind. I didn't ask you about this Collister—I didn't want to hear about him and his money and his uniform and that giddy sister of his. Do you know anything about the Collisters? Well, I do. They've got millions. And a line, no doubt, he'd have, a slick sweet-talking line that you'd fall for! Maybe you think *he'll* ask you to marry him. Ha, ha. Well—he won't. He won't ask a pretty nobody from a hick town to marry him. And," Philip leaned across the table, "neither will I—if that's what you're turning out to be. Why, do you think I want what's left after other men have pawed you—"

"Shut up," said Janice. She seized her bag and her coat and stood up. Philip shut up his voice but not his mouth. "You don't have to ask me to marry you," said Janice, "not now, nor any time in the future when you get good and ready."

She went out of Spike's and walked quickly up the street toward the college. She didn't have any right to be as mad as this. Through her rage she saw that. She deserved all the things Philip had said. But he should not have said them. . . .

SHE heard his footsteps pounding along behind her. "I'll walk back with you," he said icily.

"You don't have to." Her voice should have been humble, she meant it to be humble, but it came out indignant.

"Yes, I do. It's dark," he said with nasty emphasis.

She was madder than ever. She ought to explain to him that it was just that once—quick, while there was time, before Philip went away.

"What did you mean," he demanded as they walked fast, "about me asking you in the future when I got good and ready?"

"Nothing," said Janice.

"Of course it has to be the future—I mean, would have been. Going steady is a serious thing. But I don't believe in war marriages. And I don't believe in long engagements."

"Oh," said Janice softly, her low heels clicking, "*you* don't believe in war marriages. *You* don't believe in long engagements."

"No, I don't."

Walking fast this way they got back to Shumway House in no time at all. Here Philip took hold of her arm.

"I won't come in," he said. "I want you to think this thing over and when you come to your senses you can write to me. I don't know how I'll feel by that time."

Janice stood sideways, not looking at him. There was something he was waiting for her to say. He didn't go away. He stood there, waiting.

"All right," she said. "Goodby, Philip."

"Well—goodby, Janice."

She walked past him into the house, saying "hi" to the girls in the hall, "hi" to Miss Dinwoodie, and went upstairs. She was glad Adair was not back yet. This was all Adair's fault. She had to have her own way about everything and she didn't care whose life was ruined. In a minute, Janice knew, her heart would begin to break. She had lost Philip. But right now she was stunned. She couldn't feel anything. That was why she fell into a sound sleep as soon as she was in bed, so stupefied by what had happened that she slid at once into unconsciousness.

ADAIR must have come in quietly the night before. Janice made a face at her serenely breathing roommate as she herself got ready for an eight o'clock. Their classes were not on the same schedule today and that was good. She didn't want to see Adair. At dinnertime Janice went to the drugstore on the campus and had sandwiches and milk. She avoided all her friends because she didn't want anybody

"It's his teeth, Doc. They're bothering everybody!"

COLLIER'S JAMES TREMBATH

around when she began to come out of this stunned condition. It would be terrible.

There was the usual seven o'clock noise from the smoking room when she got back to the house. Janice went straight to her room. Her philosophy open at the same page it had been an hour before, she looked up as Adair whirled into the room.

"He's downstairs," cried Adair. "He's waiting for you."

Janice said "Who?" and leaned over to pick up a piece of paper from the floor because her face wouldn't stay the way it should. She didn't need to hear Adair's "Brooke, of course, dummy. I had a message for you but I couldn't find you all day."

"Now wait," said Janice, and put on lipstick with hands that trembled from too much studying. Adair was combing her hair for her.

"Pull up your socks," said Adair.

"But we can't go out with him tonight," said Janice pulling up her socks.

"He'll have you back by ten."

"Me? Aren't you coming, too—"

Adair pushed her out the door.

He met her at the foot of the stairs, his visored cap in his hand, his hair black and crisp, his silver bars gleaming. At last she had to look at his face. He was smiling in that shy way that made every girl fall for him.

"I came as soon as I could," he said.

"Hello," said Janice.

Miss Dinwoodie clicked her teeth. could have sworn, for a second, that ice Gregg was going to kiss this man,

"Be back by ten," said Miss Dinwoo but not sharply. No woman was abl speak sharply to Brooke Collister.

They murmured something and wal out. They got into the long green car

"Are you going to marry Philip?" as Brooke.

"No." Her heart leaped up, not do She had said the heartbreaking word nothing happened. Nothing sad.

Down the street they drove and t the turn Janice knew they would t They were going to the falls. She di care. She was a hussy. She was just other girl to Brooke Collister. He wo never ask her to marry him. He just to be sure that she was free for him fo little while. She didn't care. He was h beside her and she had thought she never going to see him again. She happier than she had ever been in her l She didn't care about anything.

It was twilight and he parked where had parked before. In the dusk she turn to him, her heart thumping. But he getting out. He went around and open the door on her side.

"Come on," he said. "You wanted to see your falls last Sunday and I didn I have this feeling I have to do everythi you want."

"Oh," said Janice and got out.

THEY went over to the railing a stood there with the mist blowing their faces. A half moon tipped its he and waited to see what they would d

"Damn' fine piece of scenery," sa Brooke. "Why aren't you going to mar Philip?"

At her silence he turned. She was blus ing again. Brooke was blushing, too, h face darkening in the moonlight. The stood there looking at each other a blushing.

"I was afraid there might be some re son he couldn't help, like being poor—"

"Oh, no," said Janice.

"Will you marry me?"

"Yes," said Janice.

"I wanted to ask you last Sunday bu you had to talk about Philip—you we rude—"

"You talked about all your dates, so—

"But they're girls I've known all my lif —I've always had dates with them. I ha to see them and tell them there wouldn be any more dates—"

"I thought—the way you kissed me— right away—I mean like that—"

"You didn't do so bad yourself."

"But it just happened that way wit me!"

"And it just happened that way with me too, darling."

"You mean, never before like that?"

"Never before like that. Will you marr me tomorrow?"

"Yes." She wrung her hands. "I don' know how to tell Mother and Dad."

"We'll call them up. Do you want to finish college?"

"Well—I thought I did. But I'm afraid Dad won't feel like paying out all this money if we—"

"Dad won't have to. He'll probably be glad to be rid of you. I'll be paying your bills, darling."

"Oh, no!"

"Oh, yes. Husbands always pay the bills."

"Husbands! Oh, darling!" Her eyes were quicksilver in the moonlight. "I'll be terribly expensive to you, here at school and everything."

"I suppose so. There are dozens of things we ought to talk about but you keep looking as though you wanted me to kiss you. Let's get back in the car."

They hurried and got back in the car.

THE END

'Wartime Guide to Grand Central Terminal

EP FROM the busy heart of New York o the cathedral-like beauty of Grand ntral Terminal . . . and watch the smooth w of wartime America on the move.

Beneath this high, blue-vaulted ceiling w pass some 54,000,000 travelers a year. ys on their way to war . . . watched to the ain gates by bravely smiling parents. orkers journeying to strange new war bs in faraway cities. Business leaders eeding to win new war production battles.

Together they form part of the greatest ilitary and civilian traffic that America's ilroads have ever carried. A tremendous sk, vital to Victory, and rich in promise r the future.

Out of this experience will be born the ner rail transport of tomorrow . . . when rand Central Terminal will echo to the otsteps and laughter of a free, victorious eople bound on swift errands of peace.

❶ 14,800 QUESTIONS AN HOUR

uring a busy wartime hour, Terminal information men answer 14,800 questions. To save holding up ticket lines, get information *in advance* at his booth or by telephone.

❷ GRAND CENTRAL SERVICE FLAG

his flag honors 21,314 New York Central employees. Thousands of other Central workers ave sons and daughters in uniform . . . an added drive behind this railroad's war effort.

❸ TICKET OFFICE 90% BUSIER

New York Central has added extra windows and personnel to meet the war rush. Even so, war-wise travelers prefer to buy tickets during quieter mid-morning and early evening hours.

❹ SERVICE MEN'S LOUNGE

Busiest on weekends when thousands travel on furlough. To give them room on weekend trains, plan trips you *must* make for *mid-week*.

❺ 54,000,000 PASSENGERS A YEAR

A record number of essential wartime passengers now flows through Grand Central train gates. Fighters, workers, Government and industrial leaders . . . bound on vital errands along the "Warpath of the United Nations."

❻ BAGGAGE CHECKING COUNTER

Some 150,000 pieces of baggage a month are now checked through Grand Central. People have learned to travel light, checking larger luggage, carrying only *one small grip* on crowded trains.

❼ TROOPS ON THE MOVE

Today, half the nation's Pullmans and 30% of its coaches are needed to move 2,000,000 troops per month. One more reason railroads can't always provide the accommodations you want.

❽ THE COMMUTER'S STATION

Grand Central Terminal's Lower Level is principally the commuter's station. Now in war time it is busier than ever because thousands of former automobile travelers must be carried by train.

❾ MAIN WAITING ROOM

Here someone (perhaps a soldier on furlough) may have to wait over for a later train if *you* fail to cancel an unwanted reservation. These days, cancel reservations the *minute* your plans change.

FREE GUIDE TO GRAND CENTRAL

Packed with stories, pictures and a large fascinating detailed cutaway view that takes you behind the scenes of this great Terminal in war time. Write Passenger Dept., Room 1261G, 466 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y.

New York Central

ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS — ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

CORNER OF *Heaven*

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

COPYRIGHT, 1943, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

The Story Thus Far:

FOLLOWING the death of her aged grandfather, with whom she has lived since the death of her parents, Griselle Mountjoy leaves her home state of Maryland and, going to the Coast, becomes a student at the University of California. She does this at the suggestion of her grandfather's best friend: eighty-year-old General Cruickshank.

The general lives in Berkeley. He has a niece—Mitzi Armitage, who, once divorced, has married David Armitage, a lieutenant in the Navy. He has a nephew—Sam Cruickshank, an unsuccessful physician. Sam and his wife, Mollie, run a boardinghouse for girls in Berkeley. Griselle (an unusually timid girl who knows nothing of life) takes a room with them, helps "Aunt Mollie" with various small chores.

David Armitage sails for duty overseas. Mitzi joins the general. Griselle meets her, is impressed by her beauty and fascinating personality. . . . In Maryland, Griselle had met a man from California: Captain Alan McIntyre, of the U. S. Medical Corps. Given no encouragement, she had fallen in love with him. Now, in Berkeley, she meets him again. *And she still loves him.*

One day, Alan goes to Alameda to call on his mother and his brother—"Steve," a cripple who is trying to study medicine. He takes Griselle with him. Griselle pays little attention to Mrs. McIntyre and Steve; she watches Alan, who seems to be worried, suffering from strain.

A short time later, she learns what is wrong with the man she loves—hopelessly. Mitzi, in need of a confidant, tells her that she—David Armitage's wife of only a few months—has fallen in love with Alan! Griselle is shocked; *and* she is jealous. In a weak moment, when Mitzi asks her if she is interested in any man, Griselle says that she is in love with "John Arnold" (she knows no one by that name); John, she says, lives in Vermont.

Alan, too, confesses to her. He tells her that Mitzi attracts him strongly—too strongly. He tells her that he does not wish to become involved in an affair with David Armitage's wife—or any man's wife. Then he surprises Griselle—he asks her if she will consider marrying him! Griselle does not give him a direct answer; she is noncommittal. But as they part, Alan says, "Will you think about it, Griselle? Will you marry me before I go away?" Griselle summons all the courage she has. "My answer is ready now," she says quietly. "It is 'yes.' "

IV

ALAN had told Griselle that he would write at once to Mitzi. When next they saw each other he told her that there had been nothing new in the letter.

"We had talked it all over, that day I came for you," he said. "We went up the hill and sat on the grass and talked. After all, there was nothing to say. She is David Armitage's wife. I knew—I've known all along that it was—it was that way, that it had to end. I don't think I ever dreamed that it was going to be different. It was all like being in a kind of whirl—a fever. It's—it's over," he finished simply.

"You didn't tell Mitzi in that letter that we might be getting our marriage license today?"

"Oh, no. I didn't mention you at all. Didn't you say—" His smile was anxious. "Didn't we decide it would be better for you to be gone before the news came out?"

"We did. But I thought you might have forgotten. Yes, I don't want all the talk—all the questions at Aunt Mollie's," Griselle said with a little laugh and shudder. "What did you say?"

"That I was very grateful to her, and hoped we would always be friends and that I was going away and was bitterly sorry if—I don't know just how I worded it," Alan stammered, embarrassed; "that I was sorry if I'd caused her any—bother," he explained ineloquently.

"It seems to me, since she is another man's wife, that's all you *could* say," Griselle approved after a thoughtful moment.

"You give me a great deal, Griselle," Alan said humbly. "I'm going to s my whole life making it up to you."

"I never think of anyone else as husband, so it's no sacrifice to *me*," selle told him decidedly; "if I can m you happy I'll take care of my end of

His big hand was under her elbow street crossing; she looked up to catch smile. They went up the wide steps of City Hall.

"One more service wedding," she s "One more girl marrying a handsome dier. Oh, Alan! Everything's closed," selle broke off to exclaim in dismay. course—Decoration Day! Aren't we ots! I sort of thought when I saw all flags it was for the 'Rice Bowls of Ch celebration tomorrow. Oh, dear, we h to wait!"

"We can come tomorrow. But then have to wait three days. Darn it, I h I have three days before we leave," A observed, staring in disappointment at closed doors that ringed the central h

"Three days! Why?" A certain flatn was in her voice. It wasn't all going to carried with a glorious rush, then?

"California law. Well, no help for I'll have to hope that I can get away morrow." They came out together i the cool, windy street. "Where'll lunch?" Alan asked.

She had forgotten lunch. But all the f was not over just because they had to w until tomorrow; lunch would be fun. Al was so splendid in his captain's unifo that just to walk with him was thrillir Griselle's heart sang; she could harc keep her feet on the ground.

"Oh, lunch. Yes; I'm starving," she sa

"It's almost one o'clock. How are y going to like eating most of your mea opposite me?" Alan asked, when they h decided upon a famous restaurant f over on Van Ness Avenue and were seat at a corner table.

Only her shining eyes answered him; I saw the color rise in her cheeks.

"When I get my orders we'll be able plan better," he said. "We'll know the where I'm to be. If we haven't three da we'll get a special license. There must t special licenses."

"Fun!" she said, a little breathless at th prospect.

"D'you know, Griselle, it's awfully nic being with you," Alan said, "going aroun the city, shopping and talking. It feels s right. And it's going to make my mothe happy, too," he added.

"You think so?"

"I know it. She liked you so much. An Steve did too. He's talked of you a doze times since. And that reminds me," Ala said, "could we possibly stop in and se them for a minute on the way home?"

"Did she see the house, Alan?"

"Well, that's what I don't know. Sh was to have seen it this morning. I wan to know what she thinks of it."

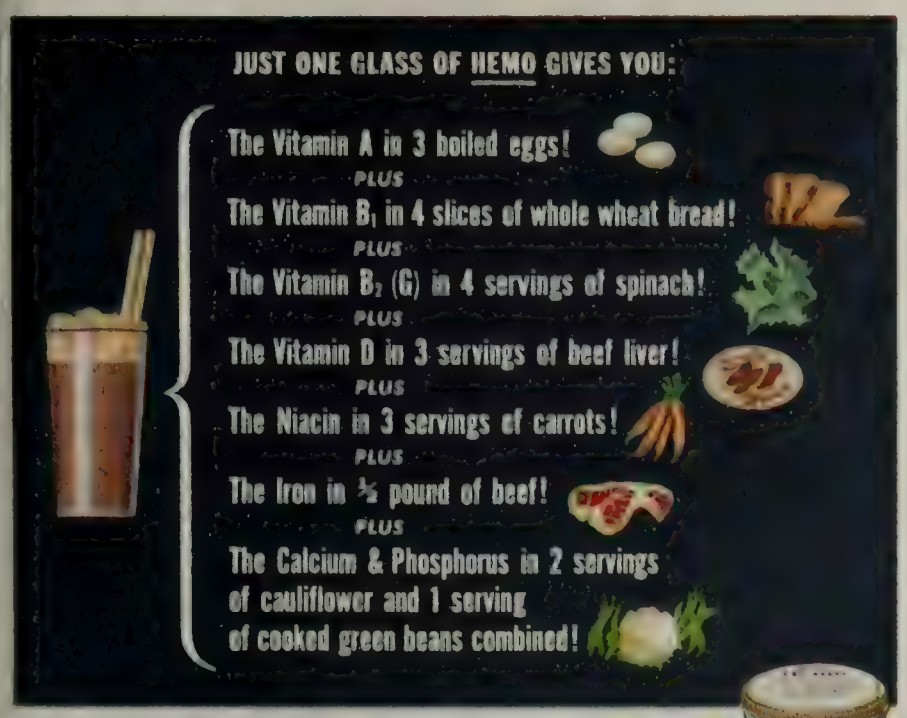
THEY got back into the car and drove along together. Just a man and a woman in an entirely unremarkable car going across the high bridge over the bay, looking down at the blue water ruffled by the afternoon wind and veiled by long streamers of the incoming fog. But when the man was Alan, Griselle thought, and the woman herself, what a miracle it was!

They talked comfortably on the way. Griselle told him something of her lonely childhood that yet was so occupied and so happy a childhood in the house of her scientific grandfather; of the weaving and spinning and soapmaking and dairy work that she had taken as much for granted as other youngsters might take doll houses or mechanical toys. Alan's story was less strange; a story of a hard-working father who had died young, leaving the mother to struggle with the care of two growing boys.

"And did Steve's accident come in there, Alan?"

"How are you going to like eating most of your meals opposite me?" Alan asked. Only Griselle's shining eyes answered him

Get your Hemo every Day—Drink your Vitamins and like 'em!



Borden's Hemo

IF IT'S BORDEN'S, IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

"Go like a motor again, Daddy, *please!*" begged little Beulah.

"I won't go any place, until I get something to drink besides this lake," balked Elmer, the bull.

"If that's the way you feel—how about another glass of HEMO?" asked Elsie. "It's wonderful for you! In fact, HEMO's wonderful for everybody—especially in these days of food shortages and rationing. You know, Government authorities say that 3 out of 4 Americans may not get enough vitamins with their meals. Now, a glass of HEMO every day—"

"Every day in every way, it's HEMO, HEMO, HEMO!" panted Elmer. "Sometimes I think you're slap-happy about—"

"You mean *happy*," corrected Elsie, "and I *am* happy every time I think that JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO (mixed in milk) gives a person half his daily needs of Iron, Calcium, and Phosphorus; and Vitamins A, B_1, B_2(G), D, and Niacin! . . . We purposely omit Vitamin C. Folks get it readily if they drink tomato or fruit juice."

"I hope you didn't omit to pack a lunch," hinted Elmer. "I'm hungry! When do we eat?"

"Just push us one more little mile, dear," answered Elsie. "Then we'll have sandwiches and another big thermos of delicious, icy-cool HEMO. *There's* a lunch to put pep into any stroke!"

▶ Make a habit of stopping at your favorite fountain for refreshing, icy-cool HEMO. Have it made up in any flavor you prefer. Tastes *more delicious* than the grandest malted milk!... For making HEMO at home, get the full-pound jar—enough for 24 drinks—at drug or grocery stores *for only 59¢.* © Borden Co.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

"No; not until he was about sixteen. He was a big husky fellow then, not as tall as I am, but broader—powerful, you know. My mother had great confidence in him; we all did."

"I think one feels that power now, Alan."

"Did you?" He was pleased. "Mother was taking him in to Oakland to the dentist one afternoon," he went on. "She's blamed herself for it so many times! She had to have an impacted tooth out, and I was away in medical school. She said to Steve that she thought she wouldn't mind it if he came along and held her hand, and she said, 'We'll have ice cream and go to a movie afterward.' Of course that was enough for Steve."

"He was about sixteen, you said?"

"Just about. They took a bus—it was a slippery sort of day, had been raining and freezing on top of the rain—and there was a bad collision between the bus and a van. I was called out from a class, raced to the emergency ward; they were both there. At first Mother seemed the worst hurt, but she cured up in no time; she'd sprained her back badly and cracked a transverse process— Know what that is?"

"No."

"Well, it's one of the flanges of the spine. She had a lot of pain; she was lame. But meanwhile they were taking X-rays of Steve, and that was all bad. The thigh was fractured, too high up to operate. They kept the poor kid in the hospital for months, trying one thing and another. No use. Pressure won't work, and they don't dare cut."

"Suffering, Alan?" Her mobile, earnest young face was all sympathy.

"Oh, yes; and weariness, and of course a sort of—well, despair. No football, no tennis, no long hikes into the King River Canyon with the other boys. And then gradually books and puzzles and the radio —oh, I've seen him push them all aside and put that black head of his down and cry sometimes," Alan said, looking ahead steadily, speaking as if the words hurt him, "but gradually he pulled himself together. Now he's going to be a research man—a laboratory man, and after the war we're going to need a lot of them!"

THEY were silent for a while.

"Alan," Griselle said suddenly, as they were reaching the neighborhood of his mother's house, "there's something I want to say to you. Even when we have our license, we can't be married for three days. I want you to think this over in those three days. If you change your mind, if you feel differently, why there's nothing that need make you feel yourself bound. And if we *do* get married," Griselle pursued as he gave her no other answer except a surprised sidewise glance, "I want you to promise me never to pretend to be fonder of me, to like me better, than you really do. Not until the war's over, and we've had time really to know each other—to find out how we feel. If you're still thinking of Mitzi—if you're unhappy—"

"You needn't waste time saying things like that," he put in, as she floundered. "You and I'll work it out together. We'll always be honest with each other. That's why I know it will work. You and I aren't carried away by any emotion that won't last. It's a sane, right marriage, and I've felt happier in these last few days than I have for a long time."

Nothing more was said until they were climbing the narrow inside stairway to the little Alameda apartment.

During the call, Griselle's high spirits ebbed. She had forgotten how stuffy was the little upstairs front parlor with its blinds lowered against the afternoon sun. Steve was alone, studying; he looked tousled and weary-eyed as he pushed his books aside and smiled a welcome.

"Say, I'm glad to see you people!" he said cheerfully.

Somehow the sight of him made Griselle's heart heavy. She did not like the atmosphere of this room even for fifteen minutes. He could not get away from it day or night.

"We're interrupting you?" she said apologetically.

"Oh, Lord, no. Alan here is just in time to clear up something for me— No hurry," Steve said, as Alan glanced at his papers. "But before you go. What are you two doing?"

"Well, I'll tell you," Alan said smiling. "We thought we'd go up to the City Hall and file due notice of intention to wed after the requisite three days' delay. Griselle and I—"

"No!" Steve interrupted in his deep, resonant voice. His eyes were excited and pleased. "Well, good for you, old boy!" he said. "What'd you have to use to make her willing to marry you? Hashish?" He stretched out a thin, hard hand and Griselle put hers into his strong grip.

"Something like that," Alan said with an answering grin that made the brothers

"That's what I like about this job—we see all the games free!"

COLLIER'S FRANK BEAVEN

for a moment, look much alike. "But we couldn't get our license," he pursued. "Today's a holiday. Decoration Day."

"It's going to be as quick as that?" Steve exclaimed. "Married right away, eh? Mom will be pleased," he added. "Ever since you were here she's been talking about Miss Mountjoy."

"Where is Mom?" Alan asked. "Isn't this one of her free days?"

"Gone to inspect the Berkeley house." Steve was looking from one to the other with a broad smile, and Griselle felt her cheeks redden as she smiled back. After a while the brothers became absorbed in some problem presented by Stephen's textbooks and then she could relax, looking about the dreadful little room, wondering what it would mean for a powerful man to be imprisoned here through all the lovely spring and summer days.

"Thanks, Al," Stephen said presently. "This wasn't much fun for you, Griselle, was it?" he asked. "But I'd reached a stone wall. All clear now."

"He's wonderful," Griselle said when they were in the car again, "but he makes me want to cry. He'd have been such a big, strong sort of man; he'd have loved walking and swimming and working so!"

"It's up to him to prove that he can be a big man anyway," Alan observed thoughtfully.

"Drop me here, Alan, and I'll take the car," the girl said presently. "Otherwise you'll be late getting back to Treasure Island. Didn't you say you're on some special job from four to eight? Please do; I'd rather you did! If you take me to Aunt Mollie's gate there'll be girls all around, and they're buzzing enough about us now. I don't want anyone to know until it's all over, until we're married."

"I'll telephone you tomorrow," he said.

"I'm wondering," she mused, "if Mitzi will suspect."

"Not from anything I wrote her. We had decided not to see each other again. I only confirmed it."

"Goodby until tomorrow, then."

"Goodby, Griselle."

AFTERWARD she wondered whether, if she had known how long that parting was to be, she might have done anything differently. What more could she have done to hold him? What had she left unsaid?

She watched him drive away into the gathering fog before she boarded the trolley car and was rattled off to the sunny heights of the college town.

In the morning, with her breakfast, she had the letter.

A letter from Alan. Griselle had handled most of the preparations for breakfast herself; it was simple enough. Two of the five girls who had nine-o'clocks liked boiled eggs; Torchy liked hers poached with bacon; Griselle liked bacon alone. The big pot was full of coffee, and everyone buttered her own toast. That was all there was to it. And here was the mail; letters to scatter about here and there up and down the table for everyone, and one for Griselle Mountjoy. From Alan.

She read it, and the room circled about her and she felt cold. Deathly cold. But she must not show anything. She must sit here with her right hand holding her fork and her left holding the letter, and show nothing. A violent sensation of nausea beset her; it passed and she still sat.

"Tell Aunt Mollie I'll bring home those rolls at eleven," Torchy said, departing.

Griselle could make no sound, but Torchy noticed nothing. After all, this was the last week before finals. The other girls finished their breakfasts and went away too; Griselle sat still.

She stared into space, and felt her heart beating regular and hard—thump, thump, thump. Her spine felt cold, her mouth dry.

After a while it occurred to her that she did not want to see anyone. Get away. She must get away. She went out into the street; the letter jammed in her sweater pocket. The June morning was still; it dripped softly with fog. Fog rolled through the gardens and wound itself about the trees. She walked toward the hills; after a while she sat on a low brick wall, and took the letter out of her pocket and read it again.

"Dear Griselle," Alan had written, "This is a hard letter for me to write; I will make it brief. I planned to come to Berkeley to see you today, but we have our orders now, and I may not see you for a long time. You must forgive me for a stupid and serious mistake, and forget me. The generous help you offered me, the hope I had that there was happiness for us both ahead, are useless. I would have failed you; I would have hurt you sooner or later, as I am failing and hurting you now. I have written this letter many times; I can only hope that it tells you what it must tell you: that it is no use! There is to be no happiness for me anywhere. Thank you, and God bless you always.

"ALAN."

"He couldn't write me that!" Griselle said aloud. "Why, we went only yesterday to get our marriage license! Oh, no!"

She walked up some steep blocks, loo down vaguely at the top of the fog, cre ing and billowing softly below her. head ached and she felt tired and col

Well, she must keep walking. She wo walk herself weary, go home and w hard, write her theme for tomorrow for the next day, too; keep going. S denly, starting downhill toward the un lating fogs, she knew that she was going see Mitzi.

Her heart began to beat fast again. W was making her feel this way? Oh, letter. Alan's letter. He had said—but would not think of what he had sa Enough time to think about that.

She reached the garden of old Gene Cruickshank's house; the old man w asleep in his wicker chair with his glas still on his nose, and his newspaper da gling from an inert hand. Griselle we quietly past him and into the house. S went upstairs to Mitzi's room; Mitzi mig be asleep.

Mitzi, however, was awake, and seat at her dressing table staring at herself wi haggard, sunken eyes. She saw Grisel through the mirror without recognizi her, and spoke in an impatient, wea voice.

"Come in, whoever you are! Come and talk to me before I lose my mind! O it's you!" she went on, turning and e tending both hands to Griselle with a fo lorn, appealing gesture. "I've wanted much to see you! I've been crying all da He's gone. Did you know that? Alan gone."

Griselle, as pale as Mitzi was, with th same circles about her eyes, came into th dim room. Shades were drawn at the wir dow; light filtered in only in bars and line between the shadows.

"I don't know what time it is. I've bee half crazy all day," said Mitzi. "He le this morning—or maybe in the middle o the night. All I know is that he's gone!

"And, Griselle," she went on passion ately, turning back to her mirror an planting her elbows on the dressing table "he won't come back. I know it! I know it when I feel this way."

GRISELLE, who had sunk into a bi chair with a high back, clamped he fingers on the chintz-covered arms and sa watching her hostess without speaking.

Mitzi pushed her beautifully curled shining hair away from her temples with both palms, stared at herself drearily fo a moment, then covered her face with he hands and burst into tears.

Let her cry, Griselle thought angrily and scornfully; she has a husband, and she isn't content. Let her cry.

Aloud she presently said, in a rather hoarse voice and with a dry throat, "How did you know?"

"He told me," Mitzi answered instantly, glad to talk. "I'll tell you what happened, and see if you blame me—see if you blame me! You see, Alan and I had agreed not to see each other. I told you that. Well, that was some days ago. I thought he'd telephone or come, but he didn't. I waited —I was afraid to leave the house—no message at all. I was horribly afraid that he'd been moved, and I didn't know what to do. Day before yesterday—that was the day before Decoration Day—I tried to get him on the telephone. They said he was in the city, so I only left a message to call me that night. Well, he didn't. And all yesterday—no word. So about five o'clock I sent him a telegram. Was that terrible?

"I couldn't help it," Mitzi went on, squared about on the dressing-table bench to face Griselle. "I was desperate. I said, 'Must see you, Palace Hotel seven o'clock, important.' It made him furious, and I knew it would, but I couldn't help it."

"Furious or not, he came, didn't he?" Griselle said drily.

"Yes; but you see I signed it 'Mother.' He's wonderful about his mother," Mitzi

THESE KODACOLOR SNAPSHOTS bring to pass the dream of generations—full-color prints, made from color negatives in an ordinary roll-film camera . . . Although Eastman Kodak's new Kodacolor process is photography's most important news in years, war production comes first, and full production of Kodacolor Film for the public must wait. Use the small amount now available to give your man in the Service a delightful surprise—an occasional snapshot from home in FULL COLOR. No new equipment needed—ask your Kodak dealer about Kodacolor.

Kodak research has made Color Photography a part of everyone's life

Back in 1928, Kodak brought out a film for making home movies in full color. It was merely a start, in the light of what has been done since, but it was the first of its kind, and it brought joy and satisfaction to a great many people.

In 1935, Kodak was able to introduce full-color Kodachrome Film for home movies—and it "had everything." Projected on the screen, it showed, in radiant color, the faces and episodes which make up "family history". . . At the present time, Kodachrome Film is shooting records of actual combat for the Army, Navy, and Air Force—for military study, and for training.

In 1936, Kodachrome "still pictures," shot with a Kodak Bantam or 35-mm. camera, and projected on a screen, were a new joy to tens of thousands.

In 1938, the introduction of Kodachrome sheet film led to full-color photographs as illustrations in magazines and newspapers. By showing attractive foods and new things in home decoration, color photography was a guide to better living. With pictures of remote, colorful countries, it brought home the world "as is."

In 1941, color photography moved closer to the familiar black-and-white snapshot—Minicolor prints from miniature Kodachrome Film were made available by Kodak . . . and for professionals, Kotavachrome prints made from Kodachrome Film in larger sizes. Projection on a screen was no longer the only means of enjoyment . . . But full-color prints on paper were still to come.

Last year, 1942, the cycle was complete. Kodacolor Film, usable in ordinary cameras and processed by Kodak, yields Kodacolor prints on paper. The methods of making full-color photography as universal as black-and-white are now fully known.

• • •

Now, Kodak Color Films are "in the service"—better to watch our enemies from the air, and penetrate their camouflage . . . to record our troops and ships and planes in action . . . and to train our men . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Serving human progress through Photography

The ancients thought that their Sun God a was responsible when they enjoyed health vigor. They made many sacrifices which hoped would keep him in good hun

Apollo got the Glory
... the Vitamins did the work

Fortunately, we do not have to depend upon the whims of an Apollo for safeguards for our health. Science has demonstrated over and over again that sensible living and proper nutrition are the first steps toward a robust body and an alert mind.

The entire nation looks eagerly for news about Science's continuous studies of vitamins. One fact that has been determined is that the B Complex vitamins are the least plentiful in the foods that come to your table. Physicians say that your body is quick to feel a B Vitamins deficiency, but unharmed if you get more than enough.

* * *

The home of Budweiser is one of the world's biggest sources of B Complex vitamins. They are contained in brewer's yeast, which we supply to leading pharmaceutical manufacturers. From them, our armed forces and our civilian population obtain millions of B Complex vitamin units to supplement the daily diet when necessary. The perfection of this vitamin-rich yeast is one more result of laboratory and research work that has helped to produce the world's most popular beer.

In addition to supplying the armed forces with glider parts, gun turret parts and foodstuffs, Anheuser-Busch produces materials which go into the manufacture of: Rubber • Aluminum • Munitions • Medicines • Hospital Diets • Baby Foods Bread and other Bakery products • Vitamin-fortified cattle feeds • Batteries • Paper • Soap and textiles to name a few.

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG U S. PAT OFF.

© 1943

A N H E U S E R - B U S C H • • • S A I N T L O U I S

sai and stopped short, her eyes interro-
gating the other woman. "That's why he
cam. Was that an awful thing to do?"
' see," Griselle managed to say non-
co mittally.

When he got there, I was there," Mitzi
co inued. "He came in looking so wor-
rie—he looked awful—and I know that
I'm responsible. Oh, believe me, it's told
on im too, this separation! He looked so
tir!! I went up to him, and—well, I don't
kn w what we said then; we simply clung
to ther. And he kept saying, 'You! But
I ought it was my mother,' and things
lil that. I know he was angry at first.
H looked around and said, 'But where *is*
M her?' as if he couldn't quite get it out
of is head that she was there, and I had
to eep telling him that I had fooled him.
A then we had supper," Mitzi went on,
"ad at first he was restless and nervous
ar kept saying that we had no right—
poor Alan! As if these things went by
ri t! And finally, finally he quieted down,
an we talked things over, and we sat
th e—talking—making up—" Mitzi fal-
te d, her voice thickened, and again she
w in tears.

And now he's gone," Griselle stated
rater than asked. Her heart was an
ea hquake. She could not hear her own
voice.

He had leave only until nine. I told
Ga," Mitzi said, "that there was no use
ting it. We love each other. Why
ould I keep up a bluff with David? Why
uldn't we be honest? So I'm going to
te David; I'm going to throw myself
on his generosity. Why should any man
want a wife whose whole heart and soul
long to somebody else?"

And you think, trying a third time,
t you know what makes for a happy
rriage?" Griselle asked.

MITZI looked hurt; raised her head
proudly and turned her back. "Noth-
else matters but love," she said.

'What you're saying is that nothing else
tters but passion," Griselle amended it;
ut I don't agree with you. Weren't you
er in love this way before?"

'Not with David, certainly," Mitzi re-
ned promptly. "I thought I was with
f White—kid stuff. I was nineteen. I
n't suppose I knew what it was all
out, but I was in love with the idea of
ing in love. But not with David. I told
m so. I told him that he would have to
ke me love him."

"That kind of love doesn't last," Griselle
ted, after a moment. It sounded stupid,
e a child trying to be annoying.

"You don't know whether it does or
t," Mitzi said pointedly. "You've never
en married."

"I've loved a man; I *do* love a man,"
riselle answered; "but if it's somewhat
at way it isn't *all* that way. It's respect
d congeniality and liking—liking as well
loving. It's being willing to be poor
ith him, and away from the world with
m. You wouldn't give up David Armi-
ge's money for fifty Alan McIntyres!"

"I wouldn't have to. If I divorced David
would have a very handsome settle-
ent," Mitzi said. "I'm not mercenary,
nd I didn't marry him for his money, if
ou mean that. I could have married men
vice as rich! But I'm not a fool. I was
ery unfortunate in my first marriage—
at could happen to the finest woman
the world. My second marriage was
ensible—and happy, too, and I shall al-
ays like David Armitage—love him, if
ou want to put it that way. But what I
eel for Alan is what comes to you only
nce in a lifetime. I began it in fun; I
new I was playing with fire. Women
on't play with men like Alan. Well, I
urned my fingers, and I'm not ashamed.
He wouldn't let me talk divorce last night;
e kept shutting me off. 'All right,' I said,
have it your own way. But there *is* such
thing as divorce,' I said, 'and I will first
get free, and then come to you with open
arms.' "

"So that's the arrangement?" Griselle
asked.

"Only as far as I'm concerned. He said
—the very last thing, when we were out in
the street, 'I'll not have anything to do
with it. I can't, I can't have anything to
do with it.' Poor fellow!" Mitzi diverged to
say pityingly, "He has been doing his best
to break with me. I made him admit that
it was useless. 'You love me with every
fiber of your being,' I said to him, and he
put his head in his hands and said, 'God
help me, it's true!' "

"And while he told you that," Griselle,
suddenly very pale, said quietly, "did he
tell you that he had asked me to marry
him?"

"Did he—*what?*" Mitzi asked, turning
about on the bench.

"Did he tell you that he asked me to
marry him, feeling for you as he does,
and that, knowing how he felt about you,
I said yes?" Griselle pursued.

"No," Mitzi said slowly, "he didn't.
You're lying."

"No, I'm not lying, and you know it.
We were to get a license yesterday. We
went up to the City Hall to get it."

"Really," Mitzi commented. She tried
for a scornful tone, but her own color was
failing now. "And why didn't you, if I
may ask?"

"It was a holiday. The bureau was
closed. Decoration Day."

"How interesting! Alan asked you to
marry him! It seems to me he carried
his good resolutions pretty far," Mitzi
drawled, "not only not to have an affair
with me but to block the way by marry-
ing you. And you would have married
him, would you?"

"I love him," Griselle answered simply.
"I've loved him since I first saw him."

"And what of your young man in Wash-
ington?"

"There never was any young man in
Washington. It's always been Alan. You
just imagined the young man in Washing-
ton."

Mitzi sat meditating this for a full min-
ute of silence; her brows knitted and her
underlip caught in her teeth. Presently
she said very gently, "Did Alan McIntyre
really ask you to marry him?"

"Really."

"How soon?"

"Immediately."

Mitzi's eyes narrowed. "Did you think
that, under the circumstances, you could
make him happy, Griselle?"

"I knew I could," Griselle said steadily.

"Well, he promised to write me," Mitzi
said, "so I can keep you informed of how
he feels."

Griselle spoke levelly; there was even
the hint of a smile on her usually sober
young face.

"And when he comes back, he'll come
back to me," she said.

FOR a moment Mitzi looked at her in
silence. Then she laughed briefly.

"What makes you say that?" she asked.

"I don't know," Griselle answered, her
face burning. "I just think that he will."

"You think Alan McIntyre, when he
comes back from overseas," Mitzi sum-
marized it, speaking in a quizzical tone
and studying Griselle with narrowed eyes,
"will come straight to you? Why?"

"Because I think he—he likes me," Gri-
selle persisted, stammering a little, but
sturdily keeping to her point; "and be-
cause I think he thinks of you as David
Armitage's wife."

"And so I am David's wife," Mitzi con-
ceded. "But there is such a thing as di-
vorce," she submitted.

"And another thing. Lieutenants, junior grade, are not addressed as 'Junior'!"

COLLIER'S FRED BALK

"But that would seem a very terrible
thing to him. Knowing Lieutenant Armi-
tage—knowing that he may be in the thick
of the fighting—" Griselle began, and
stopped.

"Then our loving each other wouldn't
count at all?" Mitzi said, speaking mildly,
as if half amused at the other woman's
persistence.

"That kind of loving doesn't last," Gri-
selle stated flatly.

"It doesn't?"

"No. He wouldn't be happy and you
wouldn't be happy." Griselle was miser-
ably unhappy herself; the conversation
was excruciating to her. She would not
have supposed that she ever could be be-
trayed into such a talk; crossing swords
with Mitzi on the subject of Alan McIn-
tyre. But she was in deep now; she could
not stop.

Mitzi left the dressing table and walked
over to a long sofa chair heaped with
pillows. She flung herself down here,
clenched one beautiful little hand to glance
at the shining cardinal fingernails and
laughed.

"Honestly, Griselle," she protested laz-
ily, "you do say the crackedest things!
There's no such thing as a man and a
woman loving each other? Is that it?"

"No; I didn't say that. I think you and
Alan have a terrible—a terrible crush on
each other now," Griselle said steadily.

"And I think that when he gets away and
thinks it all over and remembers that you
are another man's wife, he'll feel differ-
ently."

"And that'll make him turn to you, be-
cause you're so good and pure and not
married to anyone?"

"It might." Griselle's throat was dry
and her cheeks blazing; she looked bravely
at Mitzi.

"You wish it might," Mitzi said after
a moment's consideration. "You haven't
made much secret of the way you feel for
him, I must say!"

"No; I haven't made much secret of it.
He's the only man I ever cared about,
that way," Griselle admitted, speaking as
if more to herself than to Mitzi.

"Well," Mitzi said, suddenly in angry
tears, "we'll see. I know that we talked
together last night of never being parted.
He said that it was no use to try to keep
apart. And I said that I would write David
the truth. Oh, I've got lots of faults!"
Mitzi said, wiping her eyes and blowing
her nose with a wisp of scented handker-
chief. "But I can't lie. I have to say what
I'm thinking. I told Jeff White that. When
I wanted to leave him I came right out
with the truth."

Griselle looked at her for a while in
silence, and Mitzi touched her small nose
with her handkerchief again and gave
Griselle an aggrieved glance.

"Did you think you were in love
with your first husband—with Jefferson
White?" Griselle presently asked, in a
speculative, thoughtful tone.

"No; I was in love with love!" Mitzi
said sharply. "I was only nineteen. He
was a football player. We all went to the
big game. I was crazy."

"A girl of nineteen doesn't have to be
quite a fool," Griselle, who was only one
year past that age, said reasonably.

"Well, I was," Mitzi stated flatly.

"But then Lieutenant Armitage, how
about him?" Griselle pursued.

MITZI was lonely; she had no woman
confidante near and she was aching
to talk.

"David Armitage was perfectly cracked
about me," she said. "It was love at first
sight. I'd been in England; I just got back
in time to go down to Kit Babcock's on
Long Island for the tennis. He was there.
We sat next to each other all afternoon;
then we went to Kit's and went out for a
row, then he asked himself to dinner at
Kit's and we danced afterward, and sat
out on the terrace and talked until three
o'clock.

"It was that kind of an affair," Mitzi
went on, dramatizing the memory. "I was
fooling, of course, but Dave wasn't. I'd
been married, and I'd—I'd known this per-
fectly marvelous man in England. I was
just getting over that. Three days later,
David asked me to marry him; I told him
I liked him tremendously but that I wasn't
in love with him, and he said that just lik-
ing him was enough.

"But it was never," she explained as
Griselle sat silent, studying her with
thoughtful eyes, "it was never like Alan.
The moment that big, adorable, stammer-
ing, masterful man walked into my life—"
Mitzi began, and was silent, looking into
space, half smiling. "No, there'll never be
anyone like Alan," she added softly.

Neither woman spoke for a moment.
"You surely wouldn't want him, Griselle,"
Mitzi presently began again, "knowing
how he feels about me?"

"I'm like that," Griselle answered.

"How old are you?"

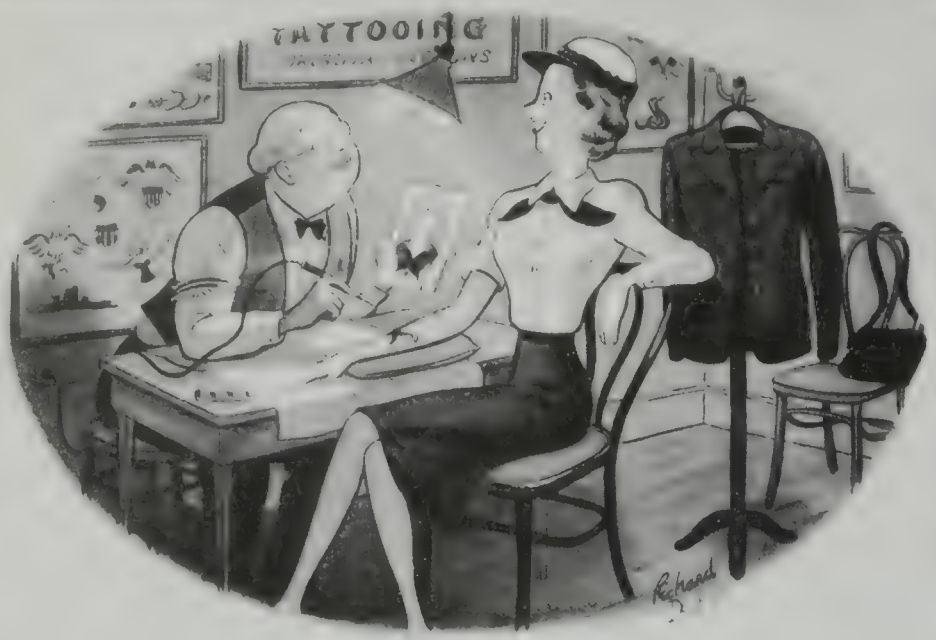
"Twenty."

"And how many beaus have you had?"

"None."

"And you met Alan—how?"

"At the Tavern, in Maryland. My
grandfather had died, and I was staying
with Mrs. Lawrence until things were
cleared up. She was short of help be-



"Put a pipe in his mouth . . .
he *smokes Sir Walter Raleigh!"*

PICTURE YOURSELF with a perfect pipe . . . one that's cleaned regularly and loaded with a mild and fragrant blend like Sir Walter Raleigh. Choice Kentucky burleys, blended for *extra* mildness, give this mixture an aroma all its own—mellow and fragrant right down to the last puff. Try *"the quality pipe tobacco of America."*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
PIPE TOBACCO

Smokes as sweet as it smells

UNION MADE

"Mon, I'm tellin' ye!"

Those connoisseurs who savour the excellence of a fine Scotch whisky use three short words to explain their preference for Teacher's . . .

"It's the flavour"

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

cause of the war, and I was waiting on the table. He came there with some people named Barker."

"And you just saw him that once?"

"No. My aunt burned her hand that night in the kitchen. (She isn't my aunt, Mrs. Lawrence, but I call her 'Aunt Mabel.') Alan took care of it that night, and came back to dress it a few days later. Then there was a blizzard and he had to stay two nights."

"And it was then that the mischief started?" Mitzi asked.

"There was no mischief," Griselle answered coldly. "I don't know what you mean."

"Well, I don't mean *that*," Mitzi said with a laugh. "But you wouldn't—after that little experience with a man, and hardly knowing any other men—you certainly wouldn't want to marry anyone who was in love with somebody else? You're young—you'll have lots of affairs. You make me laugh, sitting there looking so tragic," Mitzi broke off to say in a not unfriendly tone. "You'll have forgotten all this long before Alan comes back."

"And you," Griselle countered, "you certainly wouldn't have the heart to write to a man like David Armitage that you want a divorce, that you're in love with Alan McIntyre?"

"I would write him the truth," Mitzi said simply; "it wouldn't be fair not to. I don't suppose," she added, "that Alan is going to write to you?"

"He didn't say he would."

"WELL, I'll tell you what he writes me and keep you informed," Mitzi offered. But suddenly her half-impatient, half-sneering tone changed, dropped to one of coaxing and kindliness. "Why, Griselle," she said, "can't you see you're being rather silly about this? I don't want to be mean. But here's a man who is madly in love, so much in love that he can't think of anything else! When he's with me, he's perfectly wretched; he said so. And yet when he isn't with me, every letter, every telephone message, makes him think 'Mitzi!' Every woman he sees reminds him of me. Every hour of his life he's dying to come to me, or to find something to send me, something he can write a note about.

"He's come over here," she went on, "he's come over here nights, just to walk around this block, looking at our windows, hoping that something would bring me out into the garden so that he could have one word before he took that long trip back. My dear child, you're only twenty; you don't know anything about it. And you come here telling me that he won't always feel this way, that he'll come back from overseas all ready to fall in love with you!"

"After all," Griselle answered, "he asked me to marry him."

"And he never had liked me at all?" Mitzi suggested sweetly.

"No; I didn't say that."

"Oh, he had liked me a little, then?"

"He had liked you so much he was ashamed of it, he was afraid of it. He didn't—didn't want to like you."

"I see. So what he had to offer you was much less than love?" Mitzi asked, still pleasant. But Griselle answered seriously.

"Yes; it was. I suppose it was."

"Well, now, I'll tell you," Mitzi said briskly; "we're not talking sense, and there's no use going on this way. When Alan comes back—which he will in about six months probably—I'll be free, and he'll feel very differently. I'll meet him at the dock—I promised to—and I'll show him my hand," Mitzi finished on a dreaming, ecstatic note, "without its wedding ring."

"But he hasn't asked you to marry him," Griselle reminded her.

"No; because of his sense of honor. Because he feels that I still belong to another man. Because he was so shocked Mitzi said, undisturbed, "to find that he fallen in love with me at all. You're n going to try to hold him to any promise t marry you?" she demanded.

"No; and I told him so, over and over, Griselle said quickly and proudly. "Wh do you think—what do you think— D you think I haven't any pride?"

"You know how he did it," Mitzi sai "He knew you liked him. He was a worked up over how he felt about m and knowing that he shouldn't—at least, she added thoughtfully, "according to h ideas he shouldn't. So he thought: Here the safe way out. Marry and go awa and forget her! But he couldn't do it.

"But you trapped him—you wired hi that his mother wanted to see him. Yo signed her name to the telegram," Grisell said. "Otherwise he'd still be engaged t me. You trapped him."

"I know I did," Mitzi admitted, un ashamed, and smiling to herself as if he thoughts were pleasant. "Griselle," sh presently went on, after a silence in which both women were wrapped in their ow thoughts, "if I were you, I'd hate me, an I don't want you to. Can't you see tha I'm a fool who has made two silly marriages, and that now I've met the man wh can bring out the best in me, make a rea woman of me, a woman who loves her husband and home and children? Don't grudge me the first real happiness I've ever known. You're only a kid; you've lots of time ahead. I'm nearly ten years older than you are. You're jealous of the way Alan feels for me. I don't blame you! But don't feel that I'm trying to hurt you. I'm reaching out for the most wonderful thing in the world—love.

"And don't cry about it," she said, as Griselle, in a desperate effort to hold back the tears suddenly straightened her back against her chair, set her lips, and looked up with brimming eyes at the ceiling. "If you can get him away from me, good luck to you! If he comes back crazier than ever about me, why, you'll just have to take it! And now," Mitzi finished, jumping up, "let's go down and get something to eat. It's nearly two o'clock. Uncle Andrew doesn't have breakfast until eleven, so he skips lunch. There's always food."

They went down to a spotless, shaded pantry, where a cold ham, with two pink slices resting against the bone, buttered muffins, artichokes and a bowl of cherries were arranged on a tray under a tea cloth. Mitzi and Griselle leaned against the white-tiled sink and made themselves sandwiches, and drank icy draughts of creamy milk.

GRISELLE in her heart was coldly leaving Mitzi, walking home with no company but her own unhappy thoughts But actually she was held by a powerful fascination; reluctant admiration, jealousy, fear. Mitzi would be the only person in whom she felt an interest now. She must see her, talk with her, hear what she had to say. She might actively dislike and despise Mitzi the moment they were separated, but until she saw Mitzi again, her heart could know no peace.

And she presently appreciated that Mitzi to a certain extent felt the same way. She was not jealous and she was not fearful, but Griselle, by the power of the feeling they shared for Alan, had become for her the essential confidante; the one person to whom she could pour out her feelings knowing that they would meet a sympathetic—an almost painfully sympathetic—response.

So Mitzi kissed Griselle goodby when she had to go, and said winningly, "Don't hate me. It isn't my fault!"

And Griselle laughed ruefully and answered in a not unfriendly voice, as she turned away, "Oh, I know it isn't! I know it isn't!"

(To be continued next week)

They Didn't Know What Hit Them

Continued from page 16

t.t the Japanese expected a routine, if s.f, altitude bombing. They received p.nty of that. But the United Nations p.nes kept roaring in at water level—or s it seemed. Decks were raked with ma-cine-gun fire. Casualties were heavy and .tiaircraft batteries were silenced. Worst . all, unseen projectiles were blowing .e sun-god's ships to smithereens with ysterious explosions. In panic, the Jap ips circled and turned. The planes kept ming back—with the same machine-gun afing, the same sudden explosions.

By Wednesday night only five ships were ll afloat. These were sunk on Thurs-y. The final count was 12 transports d 10 warships. This was an attack in hich every known form of bombing was ed; by B-17s and B-25s from 5,000 to 000 feet, by P-38s, P-39s and P-40s, by ustralian Beauforts, Bostons and Beau-ghters at mast height. All of them did eir part in the terrible execution, but e new technique had added enormously the complete victory. Minimum alti-de bombing had demonstrated its worth eyond any question.

Soon it was being used everywhere. A utiously worded citation accompanying Distinguished Flying Cross award to rigadier General William E. Lynd, also st March, disclosed that he had sunk vo Japanese ships near Wewak, New uinea, on a single bombing run. The tation said that he had destroyed a trans-ort and a tanker "at extremely low alti-ude" and had escaped unhit. This, too, lthough the citation did not say it, was inimum altitude bombing.

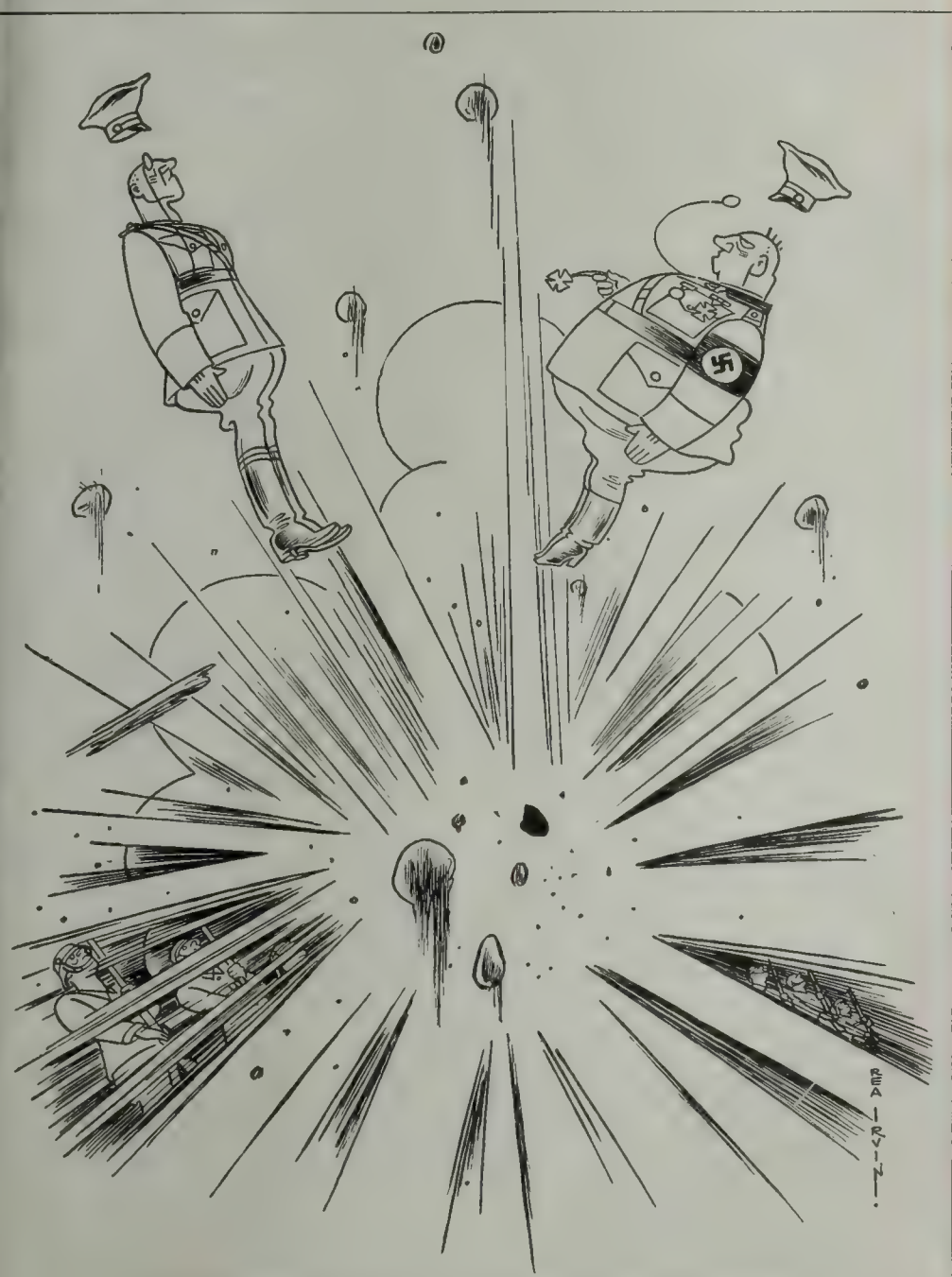
Ultimately the story of what it did in the Mediterranean will also be told. It can be said that bombers, usually in squadrons of six accompanied by P-38 fighters, sank thousands of tons of Axis shipping there at minimum altitudes. The final proof came after the African resistance had collapsed, when the Allied push had progressed to the aerial assault on Pantelleria. Lieutenant Colonel Ernest C. Young, of Stillwater, Oklahoma, was flying a P-38 Lightning over the island at from 300 to 400 miles an hour. He dropped one bomb, from ten feet, about 50 feet in front of a gun emplacement and scored a direct hit. Soon afterward, still scraping the ground, he saw the opening of an underground hangar. The colonel, according to the official report, was seen "popping one squarely into the underground hangar as blithely and skillfully as a youngster skips pebbles across a pond."

Possibly skip bombing is a better, if less exact, name after all. Whatever it is called, the new method is now being taught to key men of the Air Force at the School of Applied Tactics at Orlando, Florida.

United Nations pilots all over the world are being shown how to use it. One of these, a young R.A.F. pilot, was particularly delighted when he learned that the device whereby he drops his bombs so accurately interferes in no way with the use of his guns.

"One second I'm a blooming bomber," he said, "and the next I'm a blooming fighter again."

THE END



COLLIER'S "Anyhow, Herr Captain, you get medal posthumously, yet" REA IRVIN

Year 'Round

Your Car's Cooling System Needs Protection

Your car's cooling system must outlast the war. Leaks, rust, and scale are neglected enemies that cause damage . . . often contribute to freeze-ups . . . and are even more serious in the long run.

Have your serviceman check your cooling system regularly . . . year 'round . . . *and especially before installing anti-freeze.*

CSC Complete Cooling System Service removes rust and scale and stops leaks before installing anti-freeze in the fall . . . and after draining anti-freeze in the spring. This service also includes protection against rust and corrosion all the year 'round.

Ask your serviceman about CSC service.

REMOVE SCALE AND GREASE—WITH CLEANER OR QUICK FLUSH

REPAIR LEAKS—WITH STOP-LEAK

IN SUMMER ANTI-RUST . . . IN WINTER ANTI-FREEZE

CSC

YEAR 'ROUND COOLING SYSTEM SERVICE

COMMERCIAL SOLVENTS *Corporation*

Doctors at Sea

Continued from page 21

At the beginning of the present war, blood banks—meaning whole blood prevented from clotting by a solution of sodium citrate—were much in evidence. Experience has taught us, however, that much valuable blood was lost by improper preparation, infection, and rapid deterioration, one to three weeks being the limit of safety.

The recent rapid advances in processing whole blood to get rid of the cells have provided blood substitutes—plasma, dried plasma, serum albumen—which have made transfusion—or infusion—safer and more practical.

Today, transfusions of plasma given to all seriously wounded patients as soon after injury as possible are doing more to cut down the mortality from shock than any other single factor. Liquid plasma, ready for immediate use, is a "must" in every naval hospital. Every ship carries a large supply of dry blood plasma. Every hospital-corps man at battle stations carries a first-aid kit which contains morphine, to be administered to all gravely injured, and a supply of blood plasma and sterile needles for prompt intravenous therapy.

One of the modern inventions of war medicine is a container filled with plasma and a vial of distilled water, with equipment and explicit directions for injecting it. These containers are attached to parachutes. They can be dropped from planes to rafts floating on the sea and to groups of men in remote, inaccessible spots in the mountains. Experiments in the use of bovine albumin are now engaging research workers.

The Story of U.S.S. Pecos

During an engagement at sea, even with the best modern medical supplies, much depends on the steadiness and resourcefulness of the ship's medical officers. Take, for just one of many similar stories, what happened aboard the Fleet tanker U.S.S. Pecos, in the battlefield of the South Pacific.

As Lieutenant Joseph L. Yon (MC), U.S.N., the medical officer of the Pecos, told it to me: "During the evacuation of Java, we got orders to meet two American destroyers at sea and take off 450 survivors of the U.S.S. Langley, which had been torpedoed and sunk off the south coast of Java. We had some job making that transfer. The Japs spotted us, and three of their planes started to drop bombs on us and the destroyers. Fortunately, a rain squall came up and, under cover of the clouds, we got away—but without the men. It was nearly twenty-four hours later that we met the two destroyers again, in the dark, and managed to take on the Langley's crew."

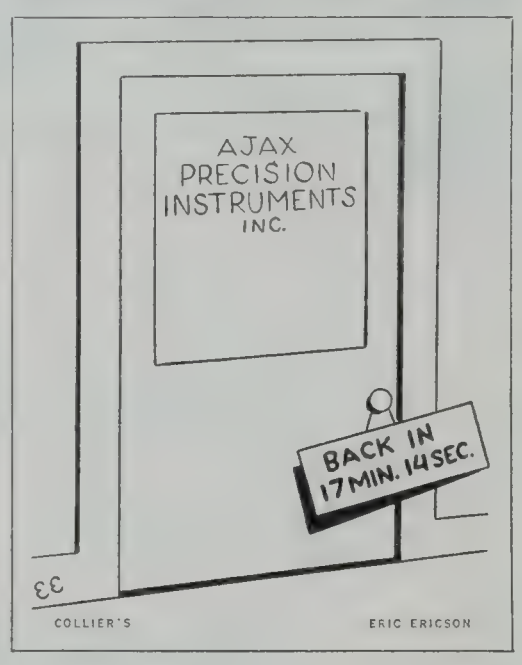
Doctor Yon found himself with 450 men, some hurt, some burned—all suffering from the effects of shipwreck, exposure and shock. Doctor Yon set to work to sort the cases and to assign his five hospital-corps men to various jobs, helping him treat those who required immediate attention.

It is one thing to treat seriously injured patients in a large, well-equipped hospital ashore in peaceful surroundings. It is something else again to treat them in a crowded sick bay aboard a ship running at full speed in a danger zone, when you know that the enemy may strike again at any moment, in which case the patients may have to be put over the side on rafts or merely in life jackets.

"Just before noon," Doctor Yon said, "our siren warned all below decks that the enemy had returned. Less than a minute later, the first bomb hit the ship. Bombs hit the tanker five times, not counting six near misses. One of the hits broke the operating table loose and sent it crashing into the bulkhead. The deck was covered with scattered surgical instruments. Tile from the operating room began to chip and fly about."

Under these conditions, it was impossible for Doctor Yon to work at the operating table. He laid his patient on the deck and he and the chief pharmacist's mate, who assisted him, knelt beside the patient. The chief held the patient steady while the doctor worked.

Yon said: "When I heard our machine guns begin to rattle, I knew the plane was coming close and we had about thirty seconds before we'd get another hit or a near miss. I would count ten and then drop alongside the patient, the chief on one side and I on the other. We would wait for the



ship to jump. As soon as she stopped shuddering, we would get back on our knees and start to work on the patient again until the next bomb was due. Often this was less than a minute.

"After four hours, the order came to abandon ship. We got the injured men up on deck and life jackets on them. Sailors pulled the kapok-filled mattresses from the officers' berths, and the most severely injured men were lashed to these and lowered over the side. A well man went with every injured one, to look out for him. The most impressive thing about the whole business was the men's willingness to help one another. You never had to tell a man to do something for one of the injured, and there was no thought of each man for himself. Every member of the crew seemed to feel a personal responsibility for the others."

It was more than five hours after the Pecos sank that one of the American destroyers returned and picked up the survivors. She came up as close to the men in the water as she could. Rope cargo nets were lowered over her side for men to cling to and climb up.

Too Tired to Move

"It wasn't until I got hold of the net that I knew how tired I was," said Doctor Yon. "I couldn't pull myself up the side of the destroyer. All I could do was hang onto the net. A lot of the men were in the same state. The fellows had to throw ropes over to us and yank us on board. Most of us had nothing on but our life jackets and shorts. The crew of the destroyer looked at us sadly. They had fitted out the fellows from the Langley two days before, and now a lot of those were back, plus what were left of the crew of the Pecos, naked again. But they dug deep into their lockers and found some kind of a garment for every one of us.

"When I got aboard the destroyer, there being no medical officer aboard (there is now a medical officer aboard every destroyer), the chief pharmacist's mate had all his medical gear laid out in the officers' wardroom, and he and I went to work taking care of the injured. It was about one o'clock next morning when they were all treated and placed in bunks."

A new type of casualty produced by modern warfare is immersion-blast injury, inflicted on men in the water by explosions which may occur fifty to a hundred feet from them. For instance, when a destroyer goes down at sea, she goes fast. The depth charges she carries will explode when they reach a certain depth. That is, if there hasn't been time to neutralize them. When this occurs, terrible things happen to the men swimming about in the water near their torpedoed ship.

There were a great many of these casualties at Dunkirk, and we suffered a number at the Battle of Midway. They have also occurred in many shipwrecks. At the time of the explosion, the man usually experiences a lack of sensation in his legs. He may have the feeling that they have become much too short for his body. Sometimes, he believes that he has been hit at the base of the spine. Later—from ten minutes to three quarters of an hour—he begins to suffer intense abdominal pain and he may bring up bloody vomitus.

Blastproof Life Jackets

In one instance, a man was climbing aboard a raft when a blast went off about 100 feet distant. The man astride the raft was unhurt; another man in the water beside him was killed instantly. We now are supplying our men with life jackets made of kapok or some other buoyant material, and long enough to protect the anterior chest and the entire abdomen.

One of the constant problems before the medical department of the Navy and the Army is the evacuation of wounded from the scene of fighting. Today we have air ambulances and a well-established evacuation service by air. We have also a fleet of big, four-engined flying boats, which makes it possible to fly wounded out of the area on the same day their injuries are inflicted.

Another machine in our evacuation service is the "alligator" ambulance or "swamp buggy." These gas-driven amphibian tanks were originally designed for rescue and relief work in the storm-stricken areas of Florida. They will go through mud, water and sand, and are useful in transporting supplies from ship to a location on shore, as they will clamber over reefs. We are using them to transport wounded from islands which have no landing fields for planes, to ships and hospital ships standing offshore.

One of these "alligators" carries nine Stokes litters. Each litter is seven feet long and two feet wide. When the litters are in place, held by canvas straps, there is a twenty-inch air space between the tiers and room to give the medical officer access to each patient.

Today the Navy has adopted the mail-order principle in supplying hospital equipment to the many outposts in this global war. Our Medical Department has assembled vast stores of medical supplies at key ports. These are crated and packed ready for immediate shipment by sea or air to any part of the globe.

At the National Naval Medical Center at Bethesda, Maryland, of which I was the first commanding officer, we are training medical officers and laboratory technicians to work on all the tropical dis[illegible] which are a grave problem in this [illegible] We keep on hand, boxed ready for [illegible] ment by air, all the equipment for se[illegible] up laboratories for the study of va[illegible] rare diseases.

One morning a radiogram was rec[illegible] at the Navy's Bureau of Medicine [illegible] Surgery in Washington, stating that t[illegible] was an outbreak of a certain typ[illegible] fever, which might be one of the [illegible] tropical diseases, on an island in the S[illegible] Pacific.

That afternoon a plane carrying [illegible] eral medical officers, who had been [illegible] cially trained in tropical diseases, [illegible] laboratory technicians with all the p[illegible] phernalia for setting up a research lab[illegible] tory, left Washington in response. In t[illegible] days, the laboratory was set up, and [illegible] quiry into the disease was begun.

New Hope for War Casualties

This is the sort of miracle which is [illegible] ing on every day all over the globe wh[illegible] ever American forces are engaged. [illegible] have been warned that we may expe[illegible] much higher rate of mortality in the pr[illegible] ent war than we suffered in the cont[illegible] of twenty-five years ago. But at the sa[illegible] time we are seeing a tremendous impro[illegible] ment in the care of war casualties. Th[illegible] who survive their injuries to reach hosp[illegible] care have a better chance of recovery th[illegible] the patients had in 1917-1918.

Besides the efforts of the medical st[illegible] everything is being done to teach the m[illegible] to care for themselves when expert help [illegible] not available. How to treat "immersi[illegible] foot" (an extremely painful condition f[illegible] quently developed by shipwrecked sailo[illegible] and how to guard against it is told in t[illegible] first-aid instructions printed on wat[illegible] proof paper, packed in every rubber r[illegible] which is part of the lifesaving equipme[illegible] of our Navy planes.

The instructions give advice on the pr[illegible] vention of sun and wind burn. The m[illegible] are told they should "dunk" themselv[illegible] over the side of the raft, fully clothed. Th[illegible] is to help against dehydration, which [illegible] the chief difficulty shipwrecked men ha[illegible] to face, especially in intense heat.

Contained in the special first-aid i[illegible] structions are directions how to rub e[illegible] posed parts of the body with the oily pa[illegible] of raw fish, also directions to get their fe[illegible] out of the water collected in the botto[illegible] of the raft by swaying back and stickin[illegible] their feet out into the sun to dry. Whi[illegible] so elevated, the circulation needs to b[illegible] kept up by vigorous rubbing.

Recently, the Navy issued a booklet en[illegible] titled Dunking Sense for men in the Flyin[illegible] Corps. It tells cleverly—even amusingly [illegible] for so grim a subject—how to surviv[illegible] shipwreck and how to make use of th[illegible] amazing amount of equipment in the thre[illegible] pockets of the rubber raft, including first [illegible] aid supplies, fishing kit, emergency ra[illegible] tions, tools, patching materials, signals [illegible] jointed oars, cans of emergency water, [illegible] nonsinkable knife. These instructions als[illegible] advise which fish are edible and which are [illegible] not, and how to extract fish juice for food [illegible] and drink. Fish juice is not unpalatable [illegible] and tastes a little like raw oysters and [illegible] clams.

Every discovery of importance in the field of medicine and hygiene is immediately reported to our Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, and if approved, is published in the Fleet Letter which goes to every medical officer in the service.

In this way, our doctors and surgeons now working in far-distant posts get word of every new approved method of treatment of sick and wounded.

THE END

THE SKY IS NO LIMIT

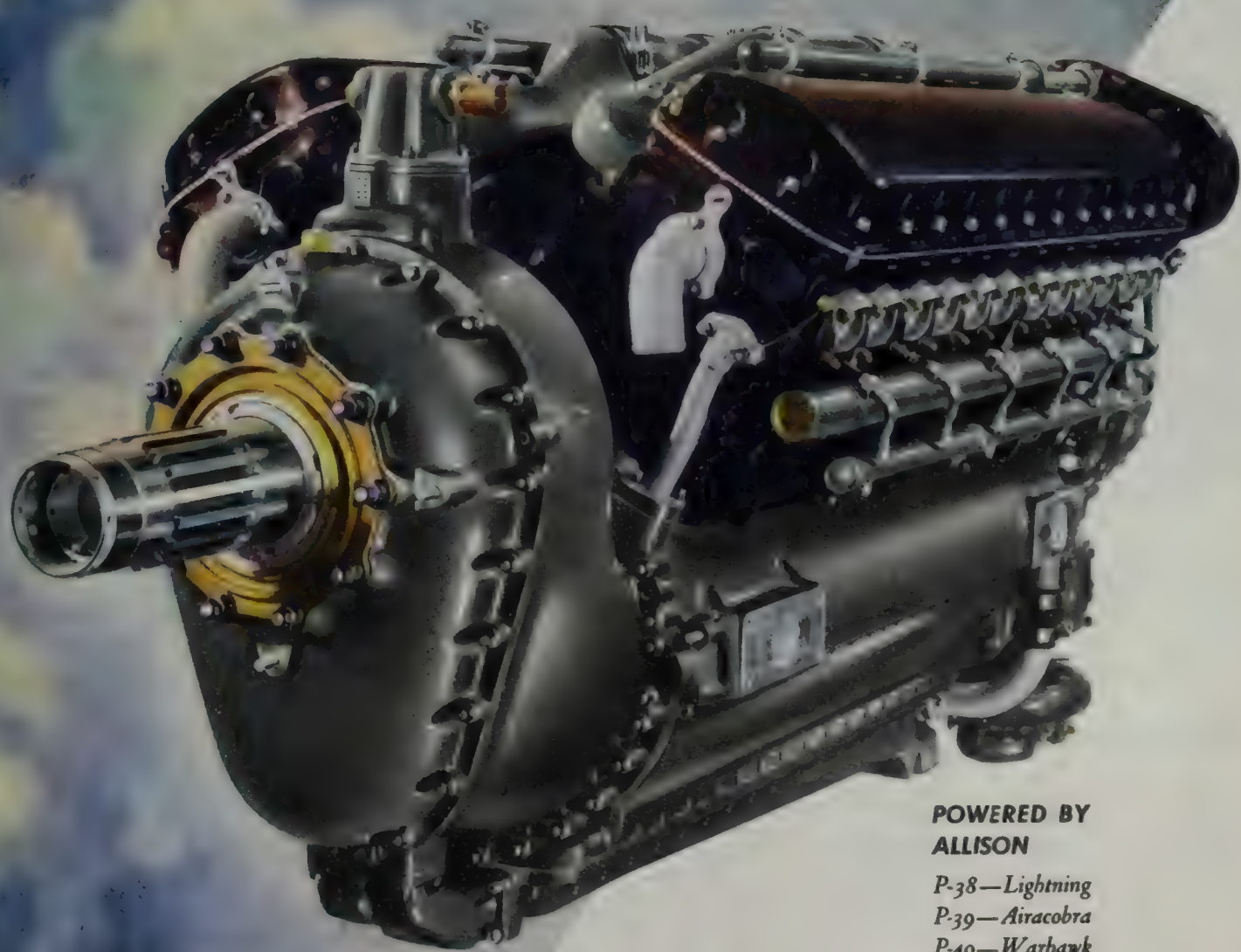
'here is only one way for any builder of an airplane engine to approach his jb, and that is to make each part as fine as he is able to make it.

Iut in achieving this goal, Allison started with two special dvantages.

)ne was the opportunity of drawing upon all General Motors' know-how" in the perfection of manufacturing techniques.

'he other was a privilege which had been ours for nany years—the privilege of concentrating on ssignments calling for high skill and precision n working with metals.

'erhaps we are aiming high, but with wo such advantages it is natural our aspiration should be to seek to build ever finer air-craft engines.



POWERED BY ALLISON

P-38—Lightning
P-39—Airacobra
P-40—Warhawk
P-51 — Mustang

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

A fighting man can't baby his billfold!

A STITCHLESS BUXTON is guaranteed to last as long as the leather itself

—or a new one FREE!

IF the Marine Corps supplied service men with billfolds—you can bet they'd choose a billfold just as rugged as the rest of their equipment.

It should be built to withstand rain, sweat, heat and humidity of the tropics . . . cold and wet of winter . . . and day-after-day hard usage.

So choose good leather—but more important—buy a billfold *without stitches*. Thread rots fast in heat and wet.

• • •

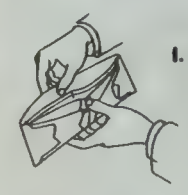
Finest billfold for a fighting man—or any active man—is a stitchless Buxton. Buxton's *patented* ONE-PIECE interlocking construction depends on neither stitches nor glue to hold together. A *stitchless* Buxton is guaranteed to last as long as the leather itself!

***9 out of 10 service men** want billfolds. That's shown by an impartial poll made for department stores—not by Buxton.*

You'll find Buxtons on sale at better department, leather goods or accessory stores. Buxton, Inc., 4349 Orleans St., Springfield, Mass., or Dept. M, 47 West 34th St., New York 1, N. Y.

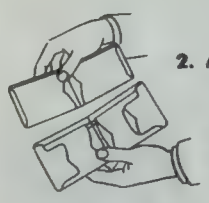
Buxton "3-Way" *Stitchless* model in Pin Morocco (above), $7.50. In Levant Goat (right), $3.50.

Three billfolds for price of one!



1. A REGULAR 'POCKET FILE'

3 full-length compartments, 8 smaller ones. Plenty of room for a man who "lives" in his billfold.



2. A SECOND FOLD!

Lift it out. It's a complete, streamlined billfold to tuck away in an inside pocket . . . or leave in hotel safe.

3. A SECRET POCKET!

A third billfold! Simply reverse inner fold. It becomes a hidden pocket—a swell hideout for large bills or personal papers, snapshots, etc.

Buxton "3-Way"

Dig the Grave Deep

Continued from page 27

workers, teachers, doctors, lawyers, former politicians and engineers. Most were from the former middle or upper classes. The Nazis projected into the Balkans their design for racial annihilation. If successful—and it can succeed if liberation of the Balkans is delayed—Germany can still win the war even in defeat. After the war, the Germans would be the dominant race in Central, Eastern and Southeastern Europe, and would be in a position one day to launch again their trans-Balkan drive to Bagdad, this time, perhaps, without committing the consummate folly of attacking Russia en route.

The shooting of hostages is a recognized regimental duty of German troops. Methods to be used are clearly set down in regimental orders, and they exceed in unmitigated horror accounts of the Bloody Assizes or the Spanish Inquisition. Copies of orders were captured from the 125th German Infantry Regiment by the British Eighth Army during the rout of Rommel. They are summarized here:

"When large numbers of persons have to be dealt with, they are to be distributed for shooting among your various units . . . Bodies are to be buried in sufficiently deep graves. Burning of bodies is to cease. Placing of flowers on graves by the populace is to be prevented. In order to avoid unnecessary contact with bodies, persons are to be led directly to the edges of graves. In cases of mass executions, it is allowable to cause hostages to kneel with their faces toward graves. Shooting of large numbers is to be carried out in groups of from five to eight . . . Those to be shot must have their legs tied."

The regulations specify that an officer shall discharge a final shot into each body "with regulation pistol." They admonish the Reichswehr to "aim for the heart and head," and stipulate that articles of clothing of deceased shall not be given to the local population but are to be handed "in exchange for a receipt" to proper military authorities.

Scrupulously, the men in the field gray of the Reichswehr followed this procedure when they shot 550 at Krusevac; executed 250 on the fairgrounds at Zemun, near Belgrade; murdered 2,000 in Belgrade itself between June 10th and June 20th (on the pretext that the hostages were Communists, although only seven were); shot 100 men and seven women, three of them with three-year-old children, at Kraljevo; and killed at the same place thirty boys aged about fourteen years each by order of local Gestapo chief Josef Eckert. Every day, 50 to 75 hostages are shot at the concentration camp at Zemun, where approximately 4,000 men and women from Bosnia, Herzegovina and Montenegro are herded.

Mass Murder Versus Sabotage

In eastern Serbia, what the Nazis considered an insufficient crop of corn resulted in the arrest of fifty hostages from each of the several villages concerned. But the villagers continue to hoard grain and to carry it into the mountains to feed the guerrillas and patriots. The hostages will probably be executed. But executions haven't retarded sabotage. The other day, patriots demolished a railway bridge on the Stalatch-Chachak Line. Seventy hostages were shot.

The depopulation of Yugoslavia isn't an undertaking left strictly to the German army. Its methods, if anything, are more humane than those on which Hitler counts most to accomplish his diabolically farseeing end. With the fall of Yugoslavia in April, 1941, Hitler created the Croat State, put it under Quisling Ante Pavelitch, and set into motion the destructive forces of classic Balkan min hatreds. Croats, Ustachis and Slov were set against the unconquerable S who withdrew to the mountains to tinue resistance against Nazis and ians.

Some of the stories which dribble d to Cairo via the underground mail r strain credibility. One is that in streets of Zagreb dried Serbian eyel are sold as charms against the evil But more than two years of Nazi-indu civil war hasn't broken the will of Yugoslav people. Pavelitch lives in stant fear of assassination. Tuska Park, where he lives, is protected by l mines. He travels in an armored a mobile.

If only a small fraction of the rep of atrocities committed by Nazis Italians in Yugoslavia in the name of der are true, the horror there exce many times that of anything in histo

Wholesale Depopulation

What has happened in Yugoslavia comparable only to the decimation Spain in the recent civil war. Spain, w a population of 22,000,000 lost appro mately 2,000,000 of its manhood. Yug slavia with a population of only 16,000,0 has lost at least 1,200,000 Serbs alor These figures are from official Yugosl sources. Making proper discount for t propagandistic urges of the persons co cerned, estimates are still appalling.

In Yugoslavia and Greece, matters ha reached a point where delay in relievi the situation might prove disastrous any hope of reconstruction of Euro after the war.

Since the spring of 1941 the unco quered peoples of the Balkans have live in hope of liberation—hope largely unfu filled until the United States entered th war. With victories in North Africa an the subsequent invasion of Sicily, the resistance to the Nazis increased. They'r now at a psychological peak. Their act of sabotage, undertaken at greater risk than ever before, have multiplied. Bu after three relatively hopeless years— their cattle and grain, olives, wine, goat and cheese pillaged by the enemy—they'r close now to mass starvation. They migh survive as a resistant force for anothe winter, but it's unlikely they could b raised to the same high point of rebellio they've attained. They want Churchill' promise of revenge on their enemies "be fore autumn leaves fall" to be fulfilled

Annihilation of the Greeks as a race is the asserted aim of Herr Altenburg, Civil High Commissioner for Greece. He said so, flatly, to Archbishop Damaskinos of the Greek Orthodox Church when the latter called on Altenburg to protest the fatal torture by Bulgarian terrorists of the Bishop of Dráma. Bulgars, ancient enemies of Greeks, are being used by the Germans as hired killers. They chopped the bishop's fingers off. The bishop died of blood poisoning. When the archbishop protested, Herr Altenburg told him calmly, "We want to be done with Greeks."

What is probably a conservative estimate of the number of Greeks murdered since April 23, 1941, was given to me by Emanuel Tsouderos, the calm, ascetic, 60-year-old prime minister of the Greek government-in-exile. Tsouderos placed the total at 200,000. Only 60,000 casualties were suffered by the Greeks in seven months of fighting against the Germans and Italians. Added to war casualties are nearly 500,000 who have died of starvation and disease. The Greeks with a population of approximately 8,000,000

ve nus lost roughly one ninth to one th of their people. Those murdered re isal for mounting acts of sabotage re adults, represented the best man-od of the nation.

A ertain Madame Marthe Logothe-po os, German wife of a Quisling min-er appears to be the Gestapo's finger n in Greece. Hitler has established r luxurious Eschyle Palace in Corfu, re Kaiser Wilhelm liked to pass his mers. She is tall, blond and steely-eo and was described to me by Greek ls who know her as "a distinguished d horoughly unscrupulous wench." A of German Field Marshal von defender of the Balkans, Madame hetopoulos chooses hostages who with their lives for important pieces eek sabotage.

t January, when a bomb exploded in is Arsenal neir Peiraeus, Marthe ied a list of twenty-five leading citi-e all of whom were shot. At the time, roclamation pasted by Germans on alls of Greek cities said that there-100 Greeks would be shot for every an killed. The proclamation was d by General Spidel, German mili-governor of Greece.

del has undoubtedly kept his word, his did not deer the Greeks recently dynamiting both ends of the rail-tunnel north of Lamía as a train d with 1,600 Nazi troops was passing gh. The fact that some sixty Greek ers and soldiers were unaccountably n to be riding on the train didn't er to the patriots. They trapped the in the tunnel and went in and shot machine-gunned all but 300 of the nans. At least half of the Greeks rd the train were either killed or nded.

azi nihilist policy in Greece is identi-with that practiced in Yugoslavia, choslovakia and Poland. The concen-on camp at Trikkala is comparable, n all reports, to Dachau as an exam-of hell on earth. Like Dachau, it is vded with doctors, professors, former uties, political leaders, priests, mem-s of the intelligentsia—precisely those ple who, if they survive the war, ld help reconstruct their country. The r victims are allowed to die on three atoes a day—the common ration at camp. The young are shot. When d Archbishop Damaskinos offered self and a number of priests and bish-to be shot in place of hostages that e held for the Salamis explosion, Gen-l Spidel's answer was, "We are not erested in old men."

Pogrom in Salonika

Religious persecution is, of course, rou-e. Six hundred Orthodox priests were ecuted for refusing to participate in the i-Semitic campaign. Salonika had one the biggest Jewish populations in any lkan city—80,000. Tsouderos doubts ether there are more than five per cent t alive or outside of concentration pens.

But the German and Italian overlords the Balkans are beginning now to feel e cumulative effects of their brutality. hile they were winning, their task of lding power by terror and murder was latively easy.

Within each conquered or occupied untry from the Danube's Iron Gate to e Black Sea, to Sofia, Salonika and An-ra, there were frightened people who ought it wiser to submit than to resist. ow cabinets fall and rise and fall again Bulgaria. There's unrest in Rumania, d in Turkey the people and the govern-ent know (if they didn't know it before) at Axis hopes of true victory are fading ke stars that fall out of the wide desert y. In Sofia, German officers have taken drinking heavily.

And there has been much quarreling among thieves. Germans, ever disdainful of Italians, know now that it was disastrous to oppose their own natural instincts in placing any faith or responsibility upon Italians. Germans hated Italians before—and of this I have personal knowledge acquired in years of reporting on the Axis in Rome and Berlin. Germans see in Italians now the cause of the miscarriage of their plans for world conquest.

With the increase in the shooting of hostages in conquered countries there has been a perceptible droop in German morale. Escaped Greeks and Yugoslavs describe this process almost unbelievingly. They say the Germans are beginning to realize that defeat is inevitable, that it is now merely a matter of "when."

Of the two, however, the Italians are more terrified of what's to happen to them in Greece than the Germans. The Italians are more keenly aware of the hardships they've brought to the agrarian Greeks, who even in good years had difficulty in obtaining crops from their rocky, exhausted soil. They hope that, as civilians, escape may be easier when the necessity arises.

Grimness of the Future

A Greek keeper of a hotel at a seaside resort near Salonika recently arrived in Cairo and told the story of how an Italian officer sadly told him one night how depressed he was about the grimness of the future. This was immediately after Sicily had been invaded. The Greek hotel man said he was sorry for the Italian, who seemed a decent fellow even through his Black Shirt uniform. He said he offered to take care of his enemy when Italy was defeated. The Italian replied, "Yes, I know just how you'll take care of me—you'll slice me up in thin little slices just like a sausage." And he sliced an imaginary frankfurter with an imaginary but eloquent knife.

In the early days of the Italian occupation the Italians, who took over banks, business firms and administrative posts of all kinds in Greece, brought their families with them. After the rout of Rommel, Rome ordered all nonmilitary Italians and their families to return to Italy. And several Italian divisions were recalled from the Balkans for the defense of the homeland. Italy, at least, saw blood on the moon.

The Germans, however, increased their forces in the Balkans as much to keep order as to meet the threat of Allied invasion. There were thirty-three Axis divisions in the Balkans a year ago. There are now forty-three in Greece, predominantly German.

Until the tide of victory turned, the Germans could ignore that they were hated. But the ghosts of murdered millions of noncombatant Czechs, Poles, Serbs, Greeks, and Cretans are rising.

Their allied avengers will soon be poised to spring at Germany's exposed Balkan flank. On the east the Russians are pressing westward. Frenchmen in North Africa, several hundred thousand strong, look across the Mediterranean with longing to free their kinsmen with weapons made in Britain and the United States.

Within the eastern crescent of the Mediterranean, there is gathered tremendous power ready to hook like a scythe point into the valley of the Vardar River and up into the valley of the Danube, into the very vitals of Germany. However strong the enemy may feel himself to be in the north, in the south and east he's bleeding. In the southeast, the long arm he reached toward Bagdad lies exposed, clutching in its hands a time bomb. And he doesn't know when it will explode, or when the arm might be amputated.

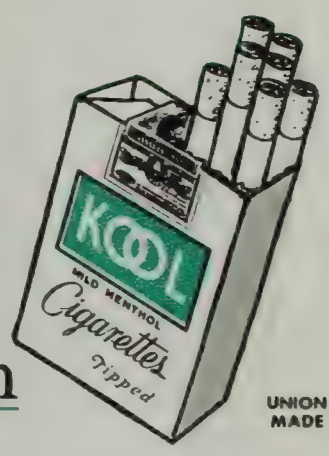
THE END

Remember the last time you had a cold?

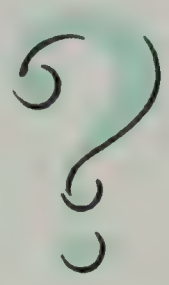
Your throat was as raw as a side of beef...

and "ordinary" cigarettes felt hot and harsh

So you switched to KOOLS. If you found them fresh and soothing then



UNION MADE



Wouldn't you be smart to smoke them all the time?

Start today! Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS *for good!*

My earphones bark again. "Let down! Let down!" Freddie is shouting. As I hear his last words there is a flash and an explosion

The Time Freddie Talked

By Edmond S. Fish

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

FREDDIE was a queer duck. On first meeting him, you'd swear he was dumb. It seemed the best he could do was a grunt. But he wasn't dumb. He just never believed in using ten words where none would do. He was a master of the unspoken word.

I had him at my house one New Year's Day. Everyone in the room was babbling, but not Freddie. My three-year-old passed a dish of peanuts. Freddie didn't even see her as she stood in front of him. She waited, then called out. He looked at her but made no reply. She came over to me and in one of those accidental silences that always hits festive groups, burst out, "The man can't talk, Daddy!"

The ordinary guy feels some kind of obligation to make conversation when thrown into company. Not Freddie. Perfectly amiable about it, he was. He just didn't have any objection to silence.

Not me. I've got to talk out. When I do something, when I think of something, when someone tells me something, I'm the original guy who's gonna bust if he doesn't unload it.

So when the Army accepted me I ran into Freddie's office to tell him all about it. While I talked, Freddie was running through some papers from his top drawer, and he kept on as I described how glad I was that I was going to get into the fight.

"Me, too," said Freddie, and then I could see he was cleaning out his desk, getting ready to leave.

Because we were in the airline business, they put us in the Air Forces. Prontoquick they sent us to school and in a couple of months we were on a flat, barren South Sea island, not beautiful by ten thousand miles. We were building an airport on this treeless, hill-less, holeless hunk of leftover. When night fell we'd all sit around chewing the fat, all but Freddie. He'd just sit and listen. But there was one time he *did* talk; and that's what I want to tell you about. There's no one else who could do it, except those guys who're talking to the angels now, and a half-dozen squint-eyed devils who're probably telling it to their Top Man down below.

Here's the situation the night I'm talking about. We've got the airport all finished, down to the blue and yellow runway lights; and the one thing missing is a battery of AA guns.

There's only one tall thing on the island and that's the control tower, a temporary, makeshift thing of rough planks and boards sticking up in the air about forty feet. This night Freddie and I are on duty in the tower. We can see all over. Bright moonlight glistens on the surf breaking on the shoreline of our little paradise. The Pacific sure looks pacific. Nobody would know a war is on. We've just dispatched all our big planes to Shangri-La for new supplies, and only a half dozen men are in the barracks. Three fast fighters are sitting on the ground.

I'm on the detection earphones about midnight when I pick up some aircraft. It's too early for our own transports. I call Freddie. He says yes. We rouse the fighter crews. They're off and climbing in no time flat. But while they are on the way upstairs, the Japs get busy—and blooey goes our ammunition, wham goes our barracks, and our runways get roughed up a little. Don't think those Japrats are good with their eggs. They're just lucky with a few. Most of 'em fall in the water and you'd think it was World's Fair again on Long Island.

BY THIS time we can see there are seven big Jap bombers, and our fighters are up there shooting at them. Pretty soon there are two Jap bombers because we've seen three splash in the water and two explode in sunbursts in the sky. We lose a fighter, but the crew chutes down. The Japs turn away, and Freddie tells our boys not to try our damaged runways but to hop for—huh, I almost named it. Smoke covers our little island like ground fog, and while Freddie mans the tower I go out for a look around, lugging my walkie-talkie so I can keep in touch.

The barracks is a goner, and I think to myself it's a good thing most of the boys are out of it. While I'm charring my G. I. shoes in the ashes, I catch Freddie on the tower wave length. He's giving wind velocity, direction and altimeter setting to an incoming plane. Frantically setting my talkie, I call him:

"For Pete's sake, Freddie, don't ask that guy in; we haven't got any ships up!"

My wordless friend doesn't bother to answer me, so I whip the dial for aircraft and pick up a thin, high-pitched voice. It's speaking English, but I don't like the tone. He's asking where to come in.

"Freddie, Freddie!" I shriek into my mike. "That's one of the Japs! Don't call him in! Don't!"

No answer.

There's about two hundred feet of smoke blanketing the island and the moon is out of sight, so of course I can't see any plane, but by this time I can hear him. He's big all right, a four-engined job. Must be one of the dogs that tossed some stuff at us, coming back after he'd seen our fighters streaking away. Maybe he's low on gas and has to come down. Maybe he figures we're all in Kingdom Come and he can grab our little Paradise all by himself and be a hero for Hiro. Whatever it is, he's a flier, so he double-checks. He fakes a radio call to see if we're alive and stupid. He finds one of us is both alive and stupid, as well as neighborly, fraternal and ever-lovin', so out rolls the welcome mat. Why is Freddie such a dope? I ask myself.

Stumbling over the chopped-up ground, half-choked by the fumes of the explosives, I run for the tower. I'm a half-mile away when some of the runway lights flash on. Their powerful beams cut up straight through the clouds of smoke. I pray the Jap can't see 'em. I run diagonally across the landing field and suddenly it dawns on me the runway lights aren't right. They cut across the runways. They're not the lights bounding a single runway. I call Freddie again: "Japs, Freddie—Japanese plane!"

My smart friend gives me the customary silence. I hear the roar of the four-engined plane. Its exhaust pipes are sputtering as the pilot eases back on his throttles. He's coming in all right. And he is coming in right behind me. I can see the runway lights pointing the way I'm going. And the way I'm going is straight for the tower to coax a word of my pal Freddie.

Cool as a cucumber, Freddie is tal all the time. I can hear him, except e other minute when I cut in to call

"Come right in," he says. "I've got on my location finder. You can't see ground, but I know right where you and you're coming along fine. Easy n Straighten out and as soon as you see runway lights, mush down! Mush w you pick up the lights."

"Freddie, you fool! He's a Jap—a ese!" I scream.

THERE is a roar and a whistle over head. I fall down to duck and I em my gun at him. Might as well h whistled. Suddenly I feel a tickle on back of my neck. Then my hair curls I wake up to the lights. They are all mi up. Freddie had turned 'em on wro The parallel lights would lead the plane *across*, not along, the runwa Good old Freddie, smart old Fred That way there'd be a good chance of plane cracking up.

My earphones bark again. "Let do Let down!" Freddie is shouting. "I see you now! Let down and fly straight Let down faster or you'll oversho Down, down, I say!"

As I hear his last words, there is a fl and an explosion. What had been a b beautiful airplane is flaming, smash wreckage. What had been our ramshac control tower is a shambles.

I fall on my stomach again, and I gu I am a little sick when the explanati strikes me. There was only one obsta on the whole island big enough to sma the enemy plane, and Freddie had talk the plane right into it.

No, Freddie didn't die. Miraculou hurled off the top of the tower, he w plenty smashed up, but he was thro clear of the flaming wreckage. After got out of the hospital they gave him t DSC. A handsome two-star general ga it to him one night in the USO hall do Melbourne way. Then he called on Fre die to make a little speech.

I had to laugh.

Peace-time homes...

SOMEDAY—soon, we hope—this war will be over . . . the boys will be coming home *victorious!*

Then all the resources and production skills now devoted to equipping men *for fighting* will be turned to equipping men *for living!*

And new peace-time homes will head the list.

Here at General Electric we know what great electrical advances are being made . . . and we catch a glimpse of what the new electric age will mean to homes all over America—when peace comes.

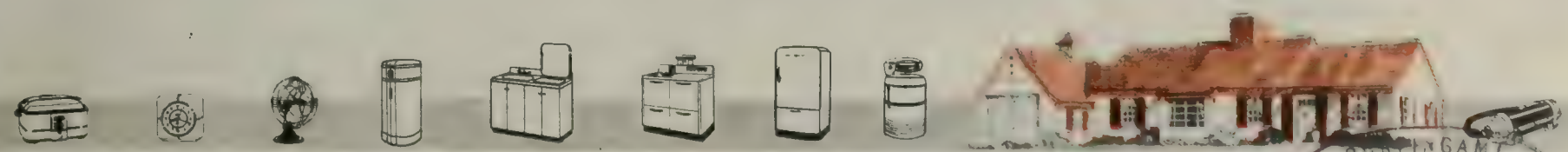
Electric servants will be as common to the cottage as to the mansion. They will preserve your food; cook the meals; wash the dishes; dispose of garbage; clean the house; do the laundry; air condition and heat the home; open and close doors; provide proper lighting . . . and do all these things better at less cost.

Then you will realize what a wonderful investment your War Bonds, that helped win the Victory, really are. Don't have too few! For every Bond you buy will help win the war sooner . . . and take you a step nearer a better, happier new home tomorrow.

General Electric Co., Appliance and Merchandise Dept., Bridgeport, Conn.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

G-E Consumers Institute is dedicated to the service of America's homes. Today it is devoted to research on wartime problems such as:
Nutrition • Food Preparation • Food Preservation • Appliance Care • Appliance Repair • Laundering • Home Heating and Air Conditioning.
Booklets are available through your G-E Appliance Dealer, or from G-E Consumers Institute, Dept. COL 8-3, Bridgeport, Conn.

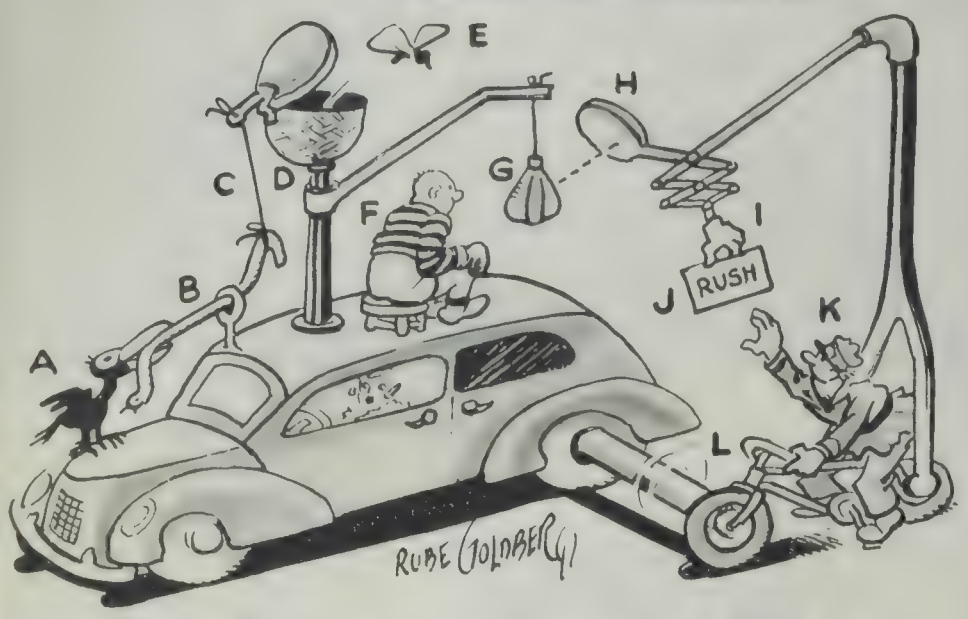


Listen to the News on "The World Today" every week day on CBS, 6:45 P.M.—E.W.T. On Sunday listen to the "Hour of Charm" on NBC, 10 P.M.—E.W.T.

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

"BE STINGY WITH GAS!"

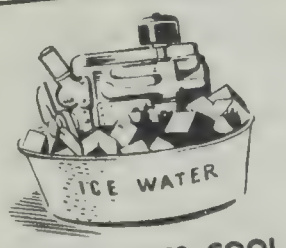
RUBE GOLDBERG



EARLY BIRD (A) CATCHES WORM (B), PULLING STRING (C), WHICH OPENS BASKET (D) AND RELEASES MOTH (E)—MOTH EATS UP PRIZE FIGHTER'S SWEATER (F)—FIGHTER, FEELING COLD, PUNCHES BAG (G), WHICH HITS PADDLE (H), CAUSING HAND (I) TO GIVE RUSH TELEGRAM (J) TO MESSENGER BOY (K), WHO STARTS PEDALING ON BICYCLE, MOVING CAR WITH ROD (L)—WHILE WAITING FOR CAR TO START, DROP IN AT THE BANK AND BUY AN EXTRA WAR BOND.

Of course, an easier way to SAVE GAS IS to sound your Z for

PENNZOIL



KEEP ENGINES COOL

Your dashboard temperature gauge doesn't show how hot your engine is! As your car ages, scale and rust insulate the water passages—keep dangerous heat *inside* your engine so that vital parts literally "burn up"!

To help keep your car alive for the duration, have the cooling system cleaned twice a year.

* * *

For 16 pages of interesting facts and pictures on the wartime care of your car, write for a free copy of the booklet, "How To Keep Your Car Alive". Address Dept. AC, The Pennzoil Co., Oil City, Pa.

OIL IS AMMUNITION—USE IT WISELY!

WHAT! MOTOR OIL SAVE GAS? YOU BET—IF IT'S PENNZOIL!

This specially refined Pennsylvania oil resists the sludge, varnish and gum that put a gas-wasting drag on your engine.

In a clean motor, valves and piston rings can move freely to seal in all the power from each explosion. There's less wear on bearings, less danger of vital parts breaking. You get more miles from every precious gallon of gasoline and the life of your car is prolonged.

Next time you need oil, remember how PennZoil Motor Oil saves both gasoline and your car—and *sound your Z!*

SOUND YOUR Z

100% Pure Pennsylvania

PENNZOIL

Safe Lubrication

*Registered trade-mark

Member Pron. Grade Crude Oil Ass'n. Permit No. 2

PENNZOIL GIVES YOUR ENGINE AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY

While Rome Burned

Continued from page 13

and Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, with whom Spaatz works, a significant story. The campaign in Sicily had begun. Those pictures told General Spaatz that our men in Sicily were in danger.

First, there were two "marshaling yards" in Rome. We civilians would call them freight yards, with sidings. Freight cars loaded with military equipment were constantly being brought to these yards to be made up into trains that were hurried to bases where this equipment—guns, ammunition, bombs—could be used to kill the Americans, British and Canadians on Sicily. These yards were as much military objectives as would be Fort Knox or the War Department building in Washington if the positions were reversed.

Other targets which had to be destroyed were the two airdromes at a point on the outskirts of Rome known as Ciampino. Fighter-bombers based there were harrying our men in Sicily and bombing ships headed for Sicily from North Africa. And so Rome had to be bombed.

The Day Was Perfect

The day of the bombing was the kind of day only the Mediterranean can produce. There was no haze, which meant our boys could fly high over Rome and still locate their targets. And so off they went, every plane American-made, every pilot, bombardier, navigator and wireless operator American-trained. Most of these boys had been brought up in the belief that Rome was a holy city. But they had seen the photographs and knew they did not lie. They forgot that this was Rome, home of the representatives on earth of the Prince of Peace. If there was any sacrilege it had been committed by Mussolini and the German High Command when they made an arsenal of a city never intended to be dedicated to war.

Rome was bombed on Monday, July 19th. On the morning of Sunday, July 18th, most of the men who were to go on the raid attended church services. They knew where they were to go the next day, so did the priests who conducted the services. Many of these Army chaplains had been educated in Rome. They venerated the old city and yet, during Mass, without exception they offered special prayers for the safe return of the boys and prayers for the success of their mission. On the morning of the raid the chaplains had given, in case the lads needed it, a friendly pat on the shoulder or perhaps spiritual consolation in the form of confession. When a raid is finished the boys laugh and tell you it was a cinch, but it's different during that long hour before take-off. They know they may not all come back, and even though you have never been to church in your life it's nice to have a priest or a minister around during that last hour. I know, because I was there.

All of us here at advanced air headquarters have been chuckling over the last words shouted to the crew of a B-26 as it taxied away for the take-off to Rome. They were shouted by one of the Catholic chaplains. He knew these boys well; had lived with them, eaten with them, played cards with them and, when they suffered as they do suffer before take-off, he suffered with them. The pilot stuck his head out of the cockpit to wave a friendly goodby to the padre. "Give them hell over there!" the priest shouted fervently. His words reached the crew even over the noise of the motors. These chaplains of ours do not allow their calling to interfere with their honest Americanism and hatred of our enemies.

Then the bombers were off and now North Africa seemed silenced with ... pectancy. There was no breeze and t... Mediterranean, incredible in its chang... blues and greens, quietly lapped the wh... sands of the shore. It is hard to wait f... men to return from a bombing missio... especially from such a one as this, whe... terrific opposition was expected. It w... hard for Spaatz and his staff to w... there in their white house by the se... They sat there envying their colleagu... who were out across the sea.

I went to a near-by airdrome to me... the boys when they returned. This w... an airdrome where the B-26s were base... It was tensely quiet there, and now th... the sun was high it was unbearably ho... The heat arose from the sand in shim... mering waves and then a breeze ros... It was a sirocco which only intensified t... blistering heat and filled your lungs wi... sand. The commanding officer and h... staff sat in a tent. They dripped wi... sweat and nervousness. Occasionally the... drank water from the little bag whic... hung by the side of the tent, but eve... the rubber lining of the bag was no proc... against the sun, and the water, sickenin... with its taste of chlorine, was warm an... brackish.

It seemed an eternity, waiting there... and then suddenly where there hadn't bee... even a cloud in the sky there was ... squadron of P-38s. They dived and the... climbed and rolled their wings in ecstasy... They were in no known formation. Thei... work was done, and we sensed from... watching their antics that it had been wel... done. Behind them in formation came... the B-26s. They circled twice and then... one by one, swooped down to land a... that terrific landing speed of theirs. I... takes a lot of pilot to handle a B-26, but... still it is a lovely airplane that Glenn... Martin gave our Air Force—an aircraft... that has proved itself one of the greatest... of medium bombers.

A Good Job—Well Done

The first crew to land hopped out of its aircraft, got into a waiting jeep and came to our hot tent. Colonel Stanford Gregory, gray-haired veteran of the Philippines fighting, threw off his Mae West and smiled contentedly. He had been flight commander of this group. His pilot, slim young Captain Jack Simms, a veteran of the raid on Tokyo, smiled too as he made his report. Their target had been one of the airports of Ciampino; they had dropped their bombs smack on the target, they said. When they left the target they had a chance to look around.

"The Vatican? Yes. We saw it and we saw St. Peter's and St. John Lateran," Colonel Gregory laughed. "Not a bomb fell within four miles of the Vatican. We saw the marshaling yards that the Fortresses hit. They were on fire, but there wasn't a sign of smoke outside the yards. The heavies didn't waste an egg."

Jack Simms smiled agreement. So did big Captain Jack Perrin, the bombardier. The weeks of planning and briefing had been well worth while. They had hit what they had been told to hit and nothing else. I hurried to another airdrome. The heavies were coming in here now—Liberators and Fortresses. The crew tumbled out of the big aircraft, laughing happily. The anticipated heavy opposition hadn't materialized. The flak had been bad, but they had seen only seven enemy fighters over Rome and these had refused to give battle. I talked to a dozen of the boys. Second Lieutenant Anthony Mastropalo of Pennsylvania was grinning broadly. He was a bombardier on one of the Fortresses that had slapped the

renzo yards silly. Incidentally, he was rn in Sicily and is a devout Catholic. "Feel bad about bombing Rome?" I ked him.

He said, in surprise, "Of course not. consider Rome as much a military tar- t as any other place we've been kicking ound. But, look at our target map."

The target maps carried by all crew embers were enlarged aerial views of ome. The targets were marked clearly d circles drawn around Vatican City d St. Peter's, St. John Lateran and the n Paolo Basilica. In large capital let- rs was printed, "Must on no account be amaged."

Visions of a night in May came to ind: I saw a dozen churches in flames London that night, but perhaps the uftwaffe doesn't have the same type of rget maps our lads carry.

Back at General Spaatz's headquarters e pictures were coming in. First there ere the pictures taken by the bombers s they dropped their eggs. There were ozens of pictures taken of each target, nd in no case could you see a burst (the ose-petal cluster young pilot Mussolini nce said looked so beautiful) outside the arget area. Then Colonel Roosevelt valked in with his pictures, taken by igh-flying photo-reconnaissance planes wo hours after the bombing. The smoke ad cleared and the damage done could e ascertained and weighed up by Spaatz nd his staff. These pictures were amaz- ngly clear even without the aid of the nagnifying stereopticon glass. Roosevelt ad done a great job here from the begin- ing, but this was his masterpiece.

Late that night the reports were all in. We had lost five aircraft out of the more than 500 that had participated in the raid. The bombers had completely destroyed the targets assigned to them. For some time, no more material of war would flow through the Littorio yards from industrial Italy to Naples and the southwest coast. No war materials would be sent to the San Lorenzo yards to be loaded on freight cars and transported to the south. It would be many weeks before the two airdromes at Ciampino would be serviceable again, and the Italian Macchi 202s and the Junkers 88s destroyed on those airdromes by our bombers would never again be used to shoot down American pilots in American planes nor would they ever again do any ground strafing of American troops.

I am writing this at headquarters twelve hours after the raid. By now we know that it was an unqualified success. The world knows that, too, for nine correspondents accompanied our bombers and their opinion is unanimous. But there is a story behind the raid and there is a significance to it that might not be so well known.

Night Versus Day Bombing

When General Spaatz arrived in London a little over a year ago he held a press conference. The unassuming, slightly built Spaatz talked quietly, but nevertheless he threw a bomb into the press conference. At that time we had very few pilots or aircraft in Britain beyond those sent under Lend-Lease. But American planes and pilots were on their way and we asked Spaatz what their job would be. "Daylight bombing," he snapped. "Pin-prick bombing. That's what their job will be."

We gasped at that. During the autumn of 1941 we had seen the Luftwaffe send as many as 500 aircraft over Britain in daylight. We remembered the havoc wrought by the Spitfires and the Hurricanes. We remembered that unforgettable September 15th when 186 Nazi planes were destroyed in daylight. Never again did the Luftwaffe attempt daylight bombing on anything but a very small scale.

We called the general's attention to these significant facts.

"Our Fortresses and our Liberators can take care of themselves," he said. "A time will come when we will bomb by day, and the R.A.F. with its heavy Wellingtons and Lancasters can bomb the same targets by night."

This was a completely revolutionary theory to us. We hurried to the Air Ministry to get the opinion of the R.A.F. chiefs. They shook dubious heads. "It will be suicide," they told us. "You can't send heavy bombers over enemy territory in daylight unless you give them the kind of fighter protection we just can't afford to give. Even then the losses would be out of proportion to the results obtained." We knew that Spaatz and Air Chief Marshal Harris, head of the R.A.F. Bomber Command, did not see eye to eye on the subject. Harris was a great believer in night bombing.

But, back home, General Arnold felt as Spaatz did. So did pilots like Jimmy Doolittle and the others who ran our heavies. They stated they hated to drop bombs on targets they couldn't see. They had plenty of guns on their Liberators and their Fortresses, and they knew how to take care of themselves.

Bombers Without Fighters

Finally, Spaatz began his daylight operations. He bombed France almost daily and his casualties were few. Of course, in those days the Fortresses were given a very heavy cover of Spitfires. Spaatz insisted that the day would come when his bombers could dispense with fighter protection. You could only have fighter protection on short-range raids anyhow, and the big heavies were designed for long-range bombing. The Rome raid proved finally and conclusively that Spaatz was right all along. It is true that about 200 fighters went along with the B-25s and B-26s. Medium bombers do need protection, but the Liberators and the Fortresses went off proudly alone and they returned as proudly alone. Their casualties were too slight to consider. They were sighted by enemy fighters all right, but in every case the enemy fighters veered off.

This is the first time in the history of air warfare that a very large force of big bombers ever went over enemy territory unescorted in daylight. Our Air Force heads had proved their point. The significance of this cannot be overestimated. The result of the raid may change a great many preconceived ideas about daylight bombing. It may mean the beginning of an era in which fighter planes will not be considered a threat to bombers flying in large force. It may mean that even now engineers and designers are bending over drawing boards planning bigger and better armored Fortresses and Liberators—planes which ultimately will be immune from everything except from flak but planes which may have a high enough ceiling to take them out of range of flak.

The raid also proved, as no other raid has done, the immense value of our bomb sight and the value of those long months spent in training our bombardiers and pilots in its use. This was the perfectly planned, perfectly executed raid. It's one they'll be studying in the classrooms of military academies fifty years from now. However, today in this part of North Africa its significance is more localized. We know that because of the damage done yesterday by our bombers men will sleep tonight in Sicily; men who otherwise might have spent the night hiding from the dive bombers which were destroyed at Ciampino—dive bombers using ammunition which twelve hours ago lay in freight cars on the siding at San Lorenzo. Because of that we rejoice.

THE END

It's up to you Food is a crisis your hands can solve Grow what you can. Can what you grow. Pick it at the peak and ca it right. Plant late crops. Store root crops. Cook carefully. Waste noth ing. As a friend long familiar in the American home, Canada Dry says let's squeeze every ounce of fight we can from the soil our boys ar defending with their lives.

Please don't blame your dealer for temporary shortages of Canada Dry Ginger Ale. Wartime restrictions limit the supply. Just keep asking for it. There's no substitute for "the Champagne of Ginger Ales." (Please return all beverage bottles promptly. They are needed.)

GARDEN V FOR VICTORY

CANADA DRY "THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES"

It's Not on the Blink—Just Give it a Drink!

Your fountain pen can give a camel "spades" when it comes to mileage per drink! But unless you fill it *properly* you may find it useful for mumbly-peg only!

There's no trick to proper filling—but it will certainly pay you to learn the *right* way, because . . .

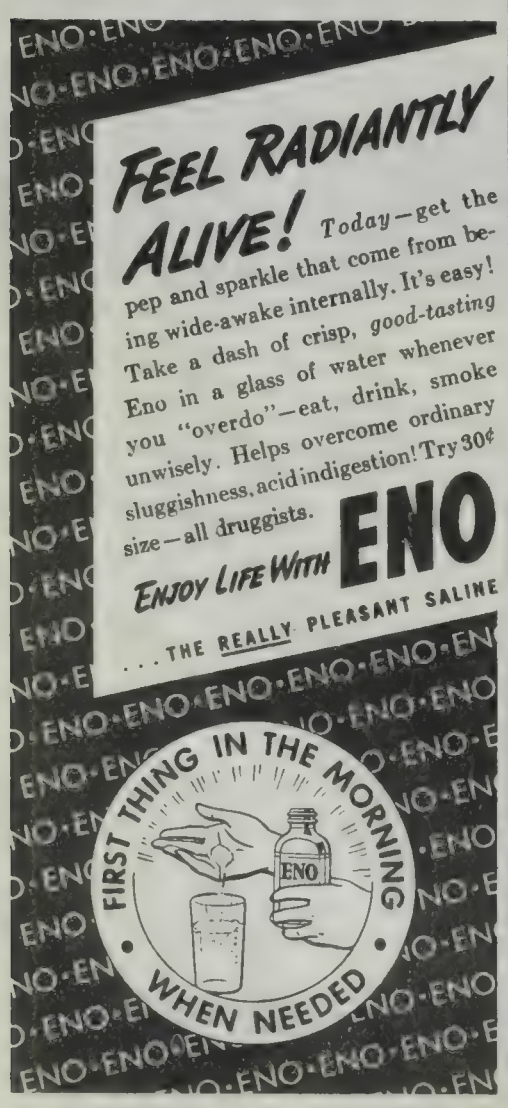
ONLY ONE PERSON IN 5,000 KNOWS HOW TO FILL ANY FOUNTAIN PEN PROPERLY!

An Inkograph Pencil Pointed Pen gives perfect satisfaction and maximum service for years, equal to what you would expect from the highest priced fountain pen —*provided you fill it properly.*

If you haven't received our instruction sheet from your dealer, explaining the correct filling and care of an Inkograph, *send us a three cent stamped and self-addressed envelope*, and we'll mail you one.

DeLuxe Model **INK-O-GRAPH $2**

Inkograph Co., Inc., 204 Hudson St. N. Y. C.



Fifteen Hours with Winston

Continued from page 24

admonished me: "Forget Mussolini! Remember you are doing the servant of the House of Commons." Then he added with a chuckle, "And the agent of the War Cabinet."

The only similarity to Mussolini is in the great neck and jowl, which I certainly was not out to minimize. The sculptural value of that jowl was not lost on Winston; he had no desire that I should minimize it. He has no vanity, no illusions about his looks, but he is proud, and with reason, of his brow. He explained that his head is divided in half: the lower part contains his features, the upper half is entirely brain pan.

During those days I listened to one-sided telephone conversations with people whose names are perpetually being flashed across the world. I marveled at the dexterity with which he managed to say all he wanted to say without roping me into secrets. A French general once said to me, "You look as if you didn't hear or were not interested, but you store it all up."

Well, I was certainly storing up all there was to store. My judgment of Winston was confirmed, chiefly by those telephone conversations. I reacted as one reacts to good music, good acting, or a masterpiece of art. The man mentally is such a giant that all those around him appear pygmies. This mental superiority makes it very difficult for him because he simply cannot endure fools. He may at times appear intolerant of criticism, but actually he is not intolerant of intelligent criticism. He is only maddened by inferior critics. And how few there are of his own caliber!

Having reached the limit of what I could achieve in his room, at the end of two weeks I announced my decision to remove the bust. He was preoccupied that morning and nervous. He couldn't stand the sound of hammering below. He rehearsed some speech, but inaudibly. I could catch only a few of the more strongly emphasized words. At eleven, he had to be at the House of Commons, and this cut the morning short. I had a hunch that the Darlan affair was causing atmospherics.

He said I could take the bust away if I would bring it back again after the week end. "I'm interested in the head," he said. "I think it's a fine piece of work and I want it to be a success."

Moving the head was not easy, for by this time it had grown very big and heavy. The army, however, came to my assistance.

A date for the final sitting having been agreed on, Winston sent a camouflaged army car to fetch me.

In a Sculptogenic Mood

During those last two hours or so, I worked frenziedly. He kept his promise to be good and not smoke his cigar. He was in a very good mood, reading a book which seemed to amuse him. He didn't attempt to work; he just enjoyed himself. It was good to see. His book was entitled Twenty-one Days in India; it had been recommended to him when he went to India as a subaltern in 1892. I think he was giving it to someone who was just leaving for India, and was rereading it before sending it. At first he chuckled merrily to himself, and then began to read it aloud. And how well he reads!

"Now listen to this—" and his eyes twinkled mischievously. He then read out a long diatribe against British rule. The author described Indian riches and Indian miseries, the potential wealth of the land and the starvation conditions of the peasantry. The very stuff that Gandhi had told me about.

I asked him, "Why are you so hard on India?"

He answered, "I am not hard on India; you don't know anything about it." But he was not picking a quarrel; he was smiling indulgently.

He then proceeded to make a little speech in defense of the British in India. He said that during the past century and a half while all Europe, most of America, and China had been convulsed by wars, India had known peace. It was we who had preserved peace for her. He proceeded (a little less convincingly, I thought) to assert that the prosperity we had brought them was their problem. Their population had increased by several million and there wasn't enough for the surplus.

When I told him I had only one desire left in my life and that was to visit India, he was thoughtful for a moment.

"You want to go to India, do you?" he said with a chuckle. "Well, it's in such a state that I really don't think you could do any harm if you did go!"

Suddenly he remembered there was to be a Cabinet meeting at noon. With a dramatic gesture, he threw back the bedclothes and leaped out of bed. "I shall be late!" He shuffled into his slippers and his dressing gown with the silver dragons.

I had done all I set out to do. I had concentrated for two and a half hours on that recalcitrant mouth and I was satisfied.

I began to clear up. His valet said I need not hurry. Then from the next room emerged his wife, Clementine. She wanted to view the completed work and examined it long and carefully. By the time the men came to carry it out, Winston issued from the bathroom, his bath towel draped around him, exclaiming, "I shall be late, I shall be late!"

The sequel is perhaps not devoid of color. Hypnotized by the importance of my dear cousin, I determined that his head must be the most successful and most carefully modeled of all my heads. I must finish him in peace and quiet in my studio. But owing to the war, I had transferred my studio to the country. It so happened that a lull on the southeast coast was broken during the ensuing days by "tip and run" raids so persistent that we were kept night and day in a state of animated apprehension. At no time do I enjoy the excitement of aerial bombardment, and the ad anxiety over Winston, *not yet cast*, t me with nervousness. If anything pened to that plasticine model, all work would have been in vain. I kn could never do him again; the effort been too devastating.

It was with immense relief that I fi summoned Mr. Smith, *the* Mr. Smith, great Mr. Smith whose family has t exclusively concerned with plaster-m ing the works of all the sculptors for t and even four generations. One of Smith brothers arrived with his sack plaster and his bag of tools. He would work in the house or even in the gar He must be free, he said, to make finest white mess that was beyond the durance of woman to clean up. So brought the head on its stand out in fr of the house and set to work.

Warfare Over Sussex

Mr. Smith is not particularly young he has no pretensions to heroism. doesn't like the war and wishes it wo stop. For his edification, the day he sp casting the head of Winston Churchill in the open was perhaps the most activ aerial that Sussex has experienced si the Battle of Britain. Enemy planes ca over in flocks like crows and were n by ours. There ensued a game of aer rounders. They circled at immense spe each popping guns at the other. Th dived and hedge-hopped, they roared fu ously, they spat derisively.

We watched them, spellbound, hea beating fast. Mr. Smith debated agon ingly whether he should take cover (th is, skip behind the trunk of a large o tree) or stick to his plaster, while eve passing moment planes made circl above him.

"If only they knew!" I couldn't help e claiming. "If only they knew!"

Mr. Smith was glad to go. He'd had a he wanted of "a day in the country."

"In London," he said reassuringl "we've got our balloons and our barrage

But whatever happens now, Winston in bronze. He is safe; he can take it!

THE END

"That's Detective Morey and his wife—out for their evening stroll"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTO

...So the helmet went A.W.O.L.

One of these Paramarines was just a wee bit careless in fastening his helmet before he jumped. See for yourself what happened.

That free-flying helmet isn't going to be a bit of use to the fighting man whose head it was meant to protect. And in actual combat the loss would be very serious.

Pictures Teach Important Lessons

Of course, the man who lost the helmet will forever remember to make sure his headgear is on to stay. But thanks to the alertness of a Navy photographer, the graphic picture will ram the lesson home to thousands of other Paramarines.

Before they are ready for the grim realities of battle, Paramarines must be letter-perfect in their jobs. One way—an important way—in which they learn is through photographs of themselves in training.

Are the men bunching up too close at the door of the plane—or not close enough? Are their arms in the proper position? Are they "steering" their 'chutes properly? The pictures tell the story—and teach the lesson.

They Risk Their Lives

Wherever the Armed Forces go, there go the Service photographers, too. Their moving pictures and "still" shots help improve training and tactics. Their reconnaissance photos help spot the enemy, enable Intelligence to gather facts.

Some of them work on land. Some ride in torpedo, observation, or bomber planes. Some work on fighting ships.

They may not get many decorations, but what a terrific job they're doing! Ask the Navy!

• • •

***PLEASE READ THIS*—Nearly 80% of all the Agfa Ansco products made today go to the armed forces and war industries. And Agfa Ansco supplies a greater percentage of its film direct to the government than does any other photographic manufacturer. So, if you find temporary shortages of your favorite Agfa Ansco Film, remember where it's going—and what it's doing. We're sure you'll understand.**

AGFA ANSCO BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK

KEEP YOUR EYE ON ANSCO—FIRST WITH THE FINEST

SIGNED, SEALED

AND

Delicious

THE signature of the man who signed it, the government stamp which seals it and the delicious flavor in it are all unchanged. But the supply of Old Taylor is now limited to stocks laid by before war began. We are trying to distribute these stocks to provide a continuous if limited supply for the war period. If you find your licensed dealer temporarily sold out, ask for Old Taylor again when he's had a chance to receive more.

This whiskey is 4 years old

The Old Taylor Distillery Co. is engaged in the production of alcohol for war purposes.

National Distillers Products Corp., N.Y.

Four Brothers

Continued from page 20

on the strawstack where they pulled imaginary bullheads and crappies out of the dusty barnyard.

In Custer County, Minnesota, there wasn't any fishing till you got to the county's edge at Medicine Falls, eleven miles away. So they had mostly dry fishing, from the strawstack. But Neil made it exciting. "Look out, Mom! You're walking right over the falls. Now you're in the deep pool where the big trout is hiding."

She kept right on, with the egg basket over her arm. "I'll just step across on the rocks. See, I didn't even get a foot wet."

There weren't many holidays on a Custer County farm, but when twins have a birthday there must be something special. On the day Neil and Mart were fourteen, they loaded lunch and fishing poles into the spring wagon and they all went to Medicine Falls—all but Martha. The bass were biting, and Clem turned them in the frying pan till they were brown as butternuts. It was a fine day.

THE September sun was slanting over the prairie as they clattered home. Three of them were crowded on the wagon seat, with little Ray swaying behind them. Clem sat alone with his knees over the swinging tailboard, already thinking about the corn to cut, the wheat field to get seeded and the pasture fence waiting to be repaired. From the wagon seat Mart and Earl were still fishing, dangling their lines over the red grass at the roadside, catching the biggest ones. They were almost home. From the kitchen Martha heard the wagon rattling in the still evening air.

"There's the big trout," Earl said. "I've hooked him!"

Mart reached for the pole, to have a share in landing Old Wary. In a minute they were fighting for it. The line dipped and swirled at the roadside, and then the pole bent double. The barbed hook was in the horse's belly.

The lurch left Clem sitting in the road, with the wagon a crashing blur of dust behind him. It veered off the road and swayed across the prairie. Neil had the reins but his face was white as paper.

"Jump!" he said to his brothers. "Off the back end. Jump!"

They made the ground, one after the other. They rolled over and got up with white and staring faces. Mart held a broken stick of willow in his hand. He stared at it blankly.

Neil's voice came back. "Whoa, Dolly! Whoa!" The wagon rocked over a ridge of ground.

When the oil tanks took fire and the ship rolled over, a survivor of that midnight in the Solomons had written, *the four brothers found each other at the rail. "Jump!" Neil said. "Jump!" They tumbled over. They floundered in the lurid sea. Then Neil went back to the twisted fire door that would cut off the magazine.*

Now, in the red light of sunset, on his fourteenth birthday, he was a thin, tense figure crouched on the swaying wagon seat. When the singletree gave way the wagon rose up on two wheels. "Whoa, Dolly! Whoa!" His high voice was lost in a crash of sound. Then Dolly's hoofbeats dwindled in the prairie silence.

They found him crumpled and still, with a red patch spreading among the dry September grass.

While Ray raced to the house to tell his mother, Clem took the endgate from the overturned wagon. On that cramped bed they carried Neil home.

"Put him in here," Martha said, leading them to the downstairs bedroom. She pulled his clothing off, gently and firmly. She folded a towel beneath his shou "Go outside, boys. See if the doctor sight."

Her voice was quiet, but when looked up again her eyes were hau "It's stopped bleeding, Clem."

Twilight was fading in the win Clem struck a match and turned u lampwick.

"The doctor's not here, Mom." boys were back again, framed in the way like three staring animals.

"Look down the road for him," Ma said. "Watch for his headlights."

Clem followed them out, his shou sagging.

Alone, Martha bent over the bed. put her ear to Neil's open mouth, st ing to hear. What she heard was so so faint, so tired, like a run-down cloc the verge of silence.

She took his slack hand and chafed wrist. She whispered, over and o "Hold on, Neil. A little longer. Hold Hold on." Outside, a pair of headl swept the darkness.

Doctor Johns peered through his gla and put his black bag on a chair. mouth twitched and tightened while bent over the bed. With a quick moven he thrust a needle into Neil's limp a and his thumb pressed slowly. Then bent over the torn shoulder.

While he was taking the stitches N eyes opened in his still face.

"Steady, son," the doctor said. "Stead

The boy's teeth caught the curl of lower lip and a thin red line ran do Martha bent over him. His eyes clo again.

At last the doctor straightened up. took a long breath.

"What, Doctor?"

The lamplight played on his glasses a he twitched the side of his mouth. He to Neil's wrist in his fingers and held watchcase open. Outside there was loose, slow rattle of trailing harness a the pad of horse's hoofs.

The doctor snapped his watch togeth "Wonderful thing about a boy," he sa "If it'd been you, Clem, or me—" mouth quirked again, making a sucki sound. He turned to Martha. "He'll weak for a while. Give him something h to drink when he'll take it. I'll stop by the morning."

WHEN the doctor had gone th heard the cattle bawling from t barn. "Why—I forgot all about t chores," Clem said. "Come on, boys."

He also forgot that night to wind t clock. It ran down after striking two. The there was nothing to mark the hours Martha Breckenridge sat in the lamplig watching a white, still face. At last t lamp began to pale. A gray light grew the window and in the barnyard a roost crowed with a shrill and startling voice.

Neil drew a deep breath. His legs stirre under the covers, and his dark eyes openec They stared for a moment and then cam to rest. "Mom," he whispered.

She brushed the hair from his forehead "Don't fidget, son. Lie still."

"Thirsty, Mom."

"Of course you are. Hungry too, guess. I've got some milk soup for you Right on the stove."

In the dim dining room Clem wa hunched over the table. He looked u silently.

"Clem, you said you'd go to bed."

"How is he?"

"Hungry," she said.

The boys heard their voices and cam running down the stairs. They stood in the door while Neil swallowed big spoonfuls of soup, and the daylight brightened in the

indow. When Neil looked around, his es were clear.

"You catch Dolly, Dad?"

Clem's face lit up like sunrise. "She's the barn, Neil. She came home by herlf, just before dark."

"The wagon?"

"Well, the wagon got banged up some."

Neil looked gravely at his brothers. Nobody got hurt," he said in a wonderg voice.

Martha scolded over him. "You, weak s water, with a dozen stitches in your houlder. What more do you want for a irthday present?" She turned to the doorvay. "Now you boys get outside. Neil as to have some quiet."

Clem herded them together. "Chores, oys."

The sun was green and gold over the ornfield. It was full daybreak.

Neil called, "Don't forget to feed my ig."

THE ribbons were blowing from the microphone where the lieutenant commander stood.

Martin Breckenridge, Seaman, first class.

All their lives Neil and Mart had been ogether. All their lives. On a Minnesota arm, a mile from any neighbor, brothers hared all things together, like shipmates.

Mart had a pig, too, a sturdy young hoat to fatten while Neil lay at the winlow getting his strength back slowly. When the 4-H Club had its judging at Charles City it was Neil's pig that won the ibbon.

Mart was bitterly disappointed. He had set his heart on winning, and he couldn't give up easily. He was a stubborn, determined boy, with a will grown strong in childhood and not yet governed by maturity. All the way home he was silent.

"It's really your ribbon," Neil said. "You took care of him when I couldn't. You fattened him."

Mart stared at the road ahead.

"You take the ribbon. It's more yours than mine."

Mart shook his head.

"Why not, Mart?"

"Because my pig didn't win it. But next year I'll get it. Next year—"

Neil grinned. "I'm going to have a pig next year, too. Better than yours."

NEXT year was the year no one in western Minnesota will ever forget. Drought from April till October, and the fields burned brown as stubble by the end of June. Week after week the sun blazed down. The earth cracked open between the shriveled corn rows, and sparks from the railroad sent fires through the seared wheat that had never come to harvest. The deep wells ran dry; for miles across the prairie, farmers hauled water to their gaunt herds.

When the dust storms covered the barnyard with an alien red silt, they knew men were facing desperation out on the parched plains of the West. "We're lucky," Clem said grimly. "At least our farm isn't blowing away."

Then he signed a second mortgage, and sold his lean cattle, and told the boys they could not fatten their pigs that fall.

Mart took it hard. "Blackie is the best pig I ever had. Look how he's growing. He'll win a ribbon sure, Dad."

"We haven't got the feed," Clem said.

"The corncrib is half full."

"We have to save it for the winter. What's there and in the granary will have to carry us through."

"But, Dad, it's only four weeks till the fair."

"We haven't got the feed," Clem repeated sharply. "That's all."

Mart went out to the pig lot. He cleaned Blackie thoroughly, rubbing his coat with an old scrub brush till it shone like plumage. Blackie was a big sound solid shoat with an insatiable appetite. He raised his pale square nose and peered up with his beady eyes, his ears bristling expectantly. Mart took a wizened turnip from his pocket and Blackie gulped it down. Mart brushed the blue-black coat again and his face was heavy.

On a bright October Sunday, Clem backed the old car out of the barn for a visit to the Butterfields', a mile up the road. Mart preferred to stay at home, though he had walked home with Sally Butterfield every day since school had begun.

Martha eyed him shrewdly. "Nobody's going to tease you about Sally Butterfield."

"I've got some homework," he said, sitting down at the dining table with his history book. So they drove off without him, raising a slow yellow cloud that powdered the dry weeds at the roadside.

When they came back, with the long shadows across the barnyard, Clem walked straight to the hog lot. He looked at Mart's Blackie, lying in a dusty corner of the run while the other pigs grunted hungrily along the empty feed trough. Then he went to the corncrib. As he turned back to the house, two firm lines bracketed his mouth.

"Martin," he said.

Mart looked up from his history book.

"Come with me."

Clem led the way to the barn. He went into the harness room. When Mart was there he closed the door.

"I told you we couldn't spare the corn to fatten your pig."

Mart's eyes raised stubbornly and then fell to the straw-strewn floor.

"These are hard times," Clem said quietly. "Times when we have to work things out together, not behind each other's back." He took a harness strap from the wall. "Take off your jacket."

Mart was nearly as tall as his father, and his shoulders were as broad. A slow flush crept up his face and his eyes began to blaze.

"Take off your jacket," Clem repeated.

Mart's eyes fell. Slowly he pulled it off.

"Turn around."

Clem strapped him deliberately, thoroughly. There was no sound but the whir and lash of the leather and the breath grunting through Clem's teeth. At last he hung the strap on the wall.

"Go to the house," he said. "Go upstairs and don't come down till you're a son I won't be ashamed of."

Mart straightened up. His jaw was clamped so that a ridge of muscle showed in his cheek and his fists were clenched at his side. He walked silently across the barnyard.

Supper was an uneasy meal, with Mart's empty place among them, and the stern lines growing into tired lines in Clem's face. Finally little Ray asked, "Where's Mart?"

"Upstairs," Clem said.

"What's he doing?" Earl asked.

"He's thinking. And he won't come down till he's through."

MART didn't come down that evening. When the boys were gone to bed Martha looked uncertainly up the stairs. "I'd better take supper to him."

Clem shook his head. "It won't hurt him to be hungry."

"But he's not a child, Clem. He's almost a man."

"I want him to be," Clem said.

There were no stars that night, and a fresh west wind was blowing. Before daybreak the rain began, a steady autumn rain drumming deeply over the dry earth. In a gray morning light Clem stared at the kitchen door. "Must have forgot to lock up," he said.

The boys came noisily down the stairs. "Where's Mart? Where's Mart?"

Clem looked back at the unbolted

ORDER YOUR SEASON'S COAL NEEDS...NOW!

If you are fortunate enough to burn coal, the least you can do is to order your season's coal needs *now*—and gladly accept partial deliveries whenever your dealer can make them. Remember, he is doing his best to provide for your family's welfare despite handicaps of limited manpower, equipment, gasoline and tires.

COMBUSTIONEER OWNERS

If you own a Combustioneer, be grateful enough to take care of it. Let your distributor inspect and service it so that you may enjoy the full benefit of its money-making efficiency and the carefree comfort of Automatic Coal Firing.

VICTORY WORK BY COMBUSTIONEER

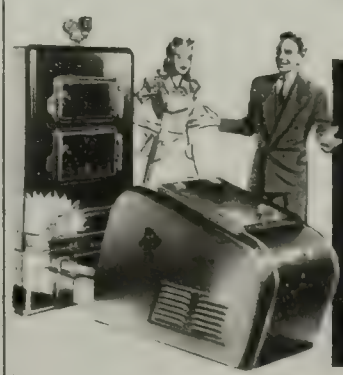
Until Victory—Combustioneer's entire manufacturing facilities are dedicated exclusively to the precision-production of gun turrets, propeller hubs and other products for American warplanes.

Combustioneer — A PRODUCT OF

THE STEEL PRODUCTS ENGINEERING COMPANY

Designers, Engineers and Manufacturers of Precision Products Equipment

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO



Combustioneer

AUTOMATIC COAL STOKER

FOR HOMES, APARTMENTS AND FACTORIES

Keep Making It Hot for the Axis—Buy and Keep War Bonds and Stamps

THE Guilty

JOSEF TERBOVEN

IV

JOSEF TERBOVEN has a "success story" more spectacular than any ever written of Horatio Alger. The son of a German saloonkeeper, serving as bar boy when he should have gone to school, is today the Reichskommissar of Norway, despotic ruler of three million people. At twenty a poolroom bum, kicked out of every job for drinking and incompetence, he is now one of the richest men in all Europe.

All because he saw Hitler as a rising star when others thought him a clown. As early as 1925 he was Number One Nazi in Essen, the head of a gang of young thugs that looted Jews and collected tribute from small shops under threat of wreckage. In 1933, as a member of the Reichstag and Over President of the Rhineland, he was extorting millions where once he had blackmailed for small change. A shrewd fellow, this Josef Terboven. Instead of hogging it all, he shared his plunder. Hermann Goering, for example, was given Fritz Thyssen's great steel works as a dinner favor.

His transfer to Norway in 1940, made necessary by Quisling's flop as a Fuehrer, must have been a blow, but with his gift of adaptability, the Reichskommissar found ways to make provincial life endurable. In the country home of the crown prince near Oslo, Terboven holds high wassail every night, surrounded by carefully selected strumpets from every European center. It is also the case that the stubborn Norse furnish better sport than the Jews and fat industrialists of the Rhineland. It is not unusual for men and women to suffer torture for days and weeks before dying or going crazy, and there are authenticated cases where sturdy youngsters actually outraced police dogs to the Swedish frontier.

Not that the Reichskommissar started with the rough stuff. Far from it. At first it was the velvet glove rather than the iron hand. Just a few gentle preliminary measures such as a curfew law that locked Norwegians in their homes at 7 o'clock, cutting off telephones and lights, the execution of a few "intellectuals" by way of warning, and the confiscation of all foodstuffs followed by rationing t starvation level. As an added touch, he had mans sit in the public squares and eat choc spread thick with butter.

Unfortunately, the stupid Norwegians persist sabotage. The Reichskommissar was forced to "disciplinary measures." Thousands were se the Reich as slave labor, thousands put be barbed wire in concentration camps, and other t sands herded into torture chambers. Setting the oath of secrecy for ministers, doctors and yers, Terboven and his men paid particular atte to these classes as most likely to possess inform about the "underground." Running red-hot under fingernails was a favorite method.

The Norwegian embassy in Washington kee fairly accurate record of Terboven's crimes, hop of the day when he will be called to account them. The list, regrettably, is so long that only tain illustrative incidents can be cited. When mines at Fosdalen were blown up, the male inh tants were shot one at a time, loud-speakers bla out the details as though reporting a ball ga After the killing of a German soldier in Telev eighteen hostages were executed, the rest of population sent to concentration camps, and the lage burned to the last house. When 300 yo Norsemen went to England with the raiders bombed the Lofoten Islands, their families killed or imprisoned, and their homes razed to ground.

As a result of the refusal of Norway's teacher use Nazi books in the schools, one thousand arrested. Forced to crawl on their bellies thro ice and snow, day after day, half of them died. rest were taken to Trondheim and packed be decks, without food, water or toilets, in an old h tied up at the dock. Even the Nazi governor graphed a protest but Terboven answered coldly the fools had "missed their chance." Taken labor camp up near the Arctic circle, nothing since been heard of the shipment.

Josef Terboven. Remember him! ★

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

kitchen door. "Getting a start on the chores, I expect. Mart's a real worker."

There was a deep, pleased light in his eyes as he pulled on his old canvas mackinaw and went to the barn. The horses tossed their heads above the empty mangers. The calves bawled hungrily from their pen. The light went out of Clem's face.

In the house Martha was waiting. "His bank is empty and his clothes are gone, and two loaves of bread from the pantry. Where would he go, Clem?"

He looked at her bleakly. "To town, maybe." He took the car keys from the nail. "At the feed mill or the stock pens, one or the other."

It was a slow, troubled trip he made, over the slippery road where the deep summer dust had turned to mud. He turned off Main Street in Charles City and drove up to the stock pens beside a spur of railroad. He found a railroadman and asked a question.

THEN he drove on to the mill. The mill shed was silent except for a steady drip from the roof, making a dirty paste on the flour-dusted floor. When he drove away, his shoulders were hunched over the wheel.

Martha met him in the barnyard. He shook his head silently. They splashed through the mud together. In the kitchen he sat down to the breakfast she had kept.

"I've been thinking," Martha said. "He wouldn't take two loaves of bread to Charles City. He's gone West. He even took those ranch pictures with him."

Clem stirred rapid circles in his coffee.

"Out the Mound road we'll find him—headed straight for Fargo. I hope he didn't get a ride."

"There's nobody traveling a dirt road a day like this."

Martha turned the damper in the stove and tied a scarf around her head. She had a lunch pail ready. "He'll be hungry."

The old car labored through the mud, and the rain streamed down. At Carlson's Corner, Clem pulled up and went into the store. He came out briskly.

"He's been here?"

"Yes. Early this morning. He stopped to buy some cheese."

The rain came harder as the lonely, drought-bare fields moved by, and the chill increased. Soon there were big soft flakes of snow whitening the sodden ground. They strained their eyes. There was only the empty lane of mud between the slowly whitening fields.

At last Clem pointed. A single trudging figure grew in the road ahead. The motor droned, the tires sucked through the mud. Mart must have heard the laboring car, but he didn't look around.

Clem leaned out of the car. "Mart!" he called. "Mart!"

The boy tramped on, hugging the bundle at his side.

Clem pulled up beside him. "How about a lift, son?"

Mart lowered his head a little more and kept on walking. He was splashed with mud to the knees. His clothes were dark with rain, and the wet clinging snow had whitened his shoulders. Water dripped from the shapeless peak of his cap.

As Martha saw him he was a child again—stubborn little Mart with his fists clenched on a plaything he wouldn't give up, determined little Mart red and grim and grunting as he tried to push a calf through the pasture gate.

Clem got out of the car. He splashed through the mud and fell in step with him. "Long way from home," Clem said. "Must be all of twenty miles. Think you'd be tired."

For a few steps they were silent, father and son plodding on together.

"The boys missed you first thing this morning. Didn't want to go to school without you."

The bundle slipped in Mart's hand. He tried to hitch it up, and his heavy feet stumbled. He fell forward in the mud. Clem lifted him like a child. He cradled him in his arms and Mart did not struggle. He carried him back to the car.

Martha held the door open. "Back here," she said. "There's a blanket to wrap him in."

WHILE Clem got turned around, seesawing across the slippery road, she wiped the mud from Mart's hands and dried his rain-streaked face.

"Seemed like you were gone clear to Dakota," she said. "But we'd keep right on—farther than that to find you."

Mart stared stubbornly across the fields.

"Here, I brought your lunch pail and your vacuum bottle. Only there's hot tea in it this time, with some peppermint like you had when you got grippe last winter." She laid out a sandwich of white chicken meat and uncapped the vacuum bottle. A faint wreath rose as she poured the tea.

"After twenty miles in this weather, you must be starved. With your appetite."

Mart's jaw jutted out.

"You must have left home in the dark of night—going off without goodby to anybody. Dad couldn't get the boys to school till he promised you'd be there when they got home."

A choking sob shook Mart's shoulders. The sudden tears streamed down his face. He threw his arms around her.

"Mom!" he cried, "Oh, Mom!" . . .

The gray steel bow was like a sounding board, sending the lieutenant commander's voice back to the color-draped platform: *Earl Breckenridge, Gunner's Mate, second class.*

Earl must have liked those big tilted rifles in the cruiser's turrets. Weedy, lan loose-jointed Earl, with the buck te showing in his good-natured grin—all life he had dreamed of guns.

Martha had always supposed th would be girls, with dress patterns spr on the floor and playhouses showing of lace at the windows. But as it tur out, Sunday afternoon meant four b lying on their stomachs with Mart's co pictures and Earl's gun pictures spre around them.

There wasn't a mail-order catalo left without the gun section shredd Lever-action rifles, slide-action rifles, peating shotguns, automatic shotgu shotguns with a polychoke, with hea action and recoil springs, with an graved breech and a sandblasted ceiver—they were tacked up on the w over Earl's bed, they were crammed in drawer in the big battered bureau, and usually had a favorite in his pocket th he could hide behind his history bo in school. At evening, he made o dream orders, four or five or six guns a time, weighing the models long in his mi before he put his selection down, filling the serial numbers with his careful, tilte left-handed printing.

Along with those imaginary guns, E owned an actual twenty-two rifle, thir hand when he bought it from Emil B terfield. With that old, worn piece would sit for hours on the barnyard fenc picking off rats that scurried under t corncrib. One windy afternoon thr crows, high as the blurred blades of t windmill, veered over. Earl's gray ey lifted.

"Which one?" he said.

Neil looked up. "You can't get a bi on the wing with a—"

"Which one?" Earl demanded.

"The last one."

The barrel swung up, followed the fligh

No. 1 on the Hit Parade

"WORDS AND MUSIC" BY DOUGLAS EMPLOYES

Dedicated to the Flight Crews and Ground Personnel of the United Nations

THE "Hit Parade of the Centuries" is on the march down the sky-road of retribution that stems from this nation's aircraft production lines. With the mounting fury of our offensive, each bomb that hits its Axis mark is one more note in the dirge to be finally titled, "Unconditional Surrender."

Leading the nation in quantity, quality and types of warplanes produced are more than 150,000 loyal men and women of Douglas. In six mammoth plants, strategically located from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Coast, their craftsmanship and devotion to duty back up the skill and daring of the men who fly Douglas-built airplanes on every front.

United Nations fighters and Douglas workers make up a Victory Chorus in whose score are heard the roar of dive bombers and attack bombers; the thunder of great four-engine long range precision bombers; the drone of cargo and transport aircraft that are day and night "carrying the Ax to the Axis."

No pretty tune for our enemies, but an inspiration of hope and assurance of liberation for the world!

SANTA MONICA

Here at Douglas headquarters, tens of thousands of diligent men and women are working around the clock turning out record numbers of A-20 "Havoc" Attack Bombers and C-54 "Skymaster" Combat Transports. The "Havoc" has been termed the most vicious, versatile plane of the war. The "Skymaster" is the world's largest transport in volume production.

EL SEGUNDO

The men and women of Douglas at El Segundo are proud Army-Navy "E" Award winners for outstanding production of SBD and A-24 "Dauntless" Dive Bombers —the planes that have borne the brunt of the fight in the Pacific. Among Allied manufacturers, Douglas is the largest dive bomber producer and has turned out more planes of this type than all other American manufacturers combined.

LONG BEACH

Here in one of the world's largest, most modern aircraft plants, production lines are humming, turning out famed C-47 "Skytrains," C-53 "Skytroopers" and B-17 "Fortresses." In addition to producing fabulous quantities of the two transport types, Douglas Long Beach workers have produced "Fortresses" far ahead of schedule.

TULSA

Douglas is the only manufacturer of both types of American four-engine bombers. At Tulsa the production of B-24 "Liberator" bombers is swelling as a rising tide. In addition, the proud Oklahomans who man Douglas production lines are contributing their full share of deadly A-24 "Dauntless" Dive Bombers.

OKLAHOMA CITY

The men and women of Douglas lead the nation in building vitally needed cargo and troop transport airplanes. Devoted to the exclusive production of C-47 "Skytrains" and C-53 "Skytroopers," Douglas Oklahoma City aircraftsmen take pride in producing the planes that are keeping our lifelines open throughout the globe.

CHICAGO

Located at the future "crossroads of the world" is the largest factory devoted exclusively to production of transport aircraft. Here huge four-engine C-54 "Skymaster" Combat Transports were being assembled before completion of the plant. Now getting into full swing, Douglas at Chicago will be turning out the world's largest standard transport at a yearly rate exceeding all transports in world airline use before Pearl Harbor.

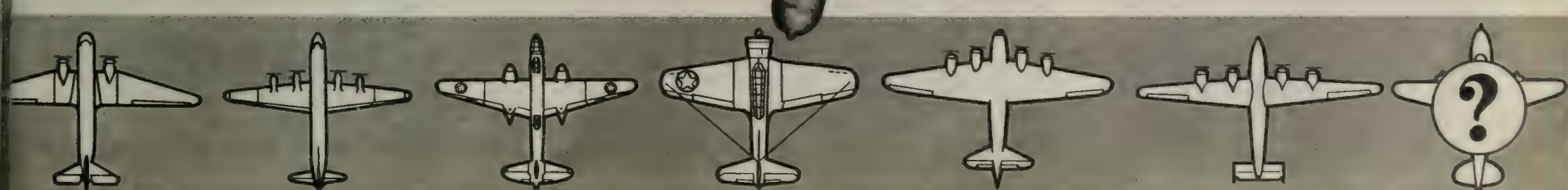
Douglas

AIRCRAFT COMPANY

SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA

LONG BEACH, CALIF. ★ EL SEGUNDO, CALIF.
CHICAGO ★ TULSA, OKLA. ★ OKLAHOMA CITY

MEMBER, AIRCRAFT WAR PRODUCTION COUNCIL, INC.



C-47 "Skytrain" Cargo Carrier
C-53 "Skytrooper" Troop Plane

C-54 "Skymaster" Combat Transport. Largest in production.

DB-7 "Boston" and A-20 "Havoc" Attack Bomber, Night Fighter.

A-24 and SBD "Dauntless" land and carrier based Dive Bomber.

B-17F "Flying Fortress" high altitude long range Bomber.

B-24 "Liberator" high altitude long range Bomber.

WOULDN'T HITLER, HIROHITO & COMPANY LIKE TO KNOW?

THE NEW COACH . . . *On the Home Front*

An important war job for the wives and mothers of America

UNTIL NOW, no American mother, as she tucked her little boy into his crib, has had to face the frightening thought that some day he would *have* to be a soldier. *Our* mothers have been spared that fear.

But today our women are sisters to the mothers in militarized foreign lands. War has come upon us. The sons, brothers and husbands of millions of American women are now, or soon will be, fighting soldiers of America—*fighters for freedom.*

And the men of other millions of our women are busy, or soon *will* be busy, producing the materials of war for our fighting men.

Now, with America determined to *fight to the death* for the things we hold dear, we cannot neglect these *human machines* upon which we depend for victory.

America's fighters must be *made* and *kept* physically fit for a winning fight against enemies who have lived and trained for war since childhood.

And this is where the patriotic women of America—women made of just as sturdy stuff as any women in the world, can do another important job for victory, and for postwar progress.

We need a Coach in every home where a boy is approaching military age. A coach, with a mother's love, to inspire this youth. To keep him playing our rugged American sports, which develop the *strength*, the *skills* and *agilities* that will assure him a better chance to win—and to come home from the war with a sound mind in a sound body.

The boy who can run a little swifter—who can leap into a fox hole or trench a fraction of a second quicker—whose hands and feet and brain work a split-second faster—will be a more competent and resourceful fighter because of that greater agility. In America's competitive sports—on our sandlots and on our school, college and university playfields, he can get this priceless training. See that he gets it.

We need a Coach in every home where there are *war-workers* and *civilian workers* on the Home Front. A Coach with a mother's deep interest—a wife's love—to keep these indispensable men exercising—playing their golf, tennis, badminton, softball, volley ball; doing their calisthenics, taking walks, gardening, etc. They, too, must be kept strong for the job ahead of us during the war and *after* the war.

We need a Coach in every home where there are growing daughters—a Mother-Coach. She must see that they develop the health and vitality—through regular exercise—that America's women must have to meet the problems of the war and the postwar age.

This is extra war work that the patriotic women of America are being asked to assume—a new job for them, but a job *they* will love because it's for the *ones* they love.

On *our* part, and we speak for the whole Sporting Goods Industry, we shall continue to voice the importance of America's competitive sports to the physical fitness of our fighters, workers and people. And we shall continue to supply all the sports equipment *that available materials permit.*

Will you accept the job of Coach in your home? Will you help keep your potential fighting men, your daughters, your war workers, your civilians, physically fit for this great fight for Freedom and for a good postwar world?

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., *and* Wilson Athletic Goods Mfg. Co., Inc.
Chicago, New York and other leading cities.

Wilson
SPORTS EQUIPMENT

IT'S WILSON TODAY IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT

instant, and then the thin little re-
unded. Two crows banked off in
ight and the third dropped in a
ss mass. Earl crossed the cattle
d picked it up. It was shot through
ad.

Our gun crew made a target record, but I can't write much about it, but I'll tell it sometime. We picked off targets as far away as you are from Charles City, dead center, too.

After the disastrous summer of drought, Helm of Charles City drove out frequently, parking his shiny car by the tank and looking around the place. "Can't order him off," Clem said to his as long as he holds two mortgages. wants to get his hands on every-He asked if I didn't need some new hery. Another thousand dollars and y us right off."

re was good hunting all over Custer y. But under the hurrying Novem-, with the pheasants whirring above gged corn, Cyrus Helm liked best to ver the Breckenridge slough and h the fields. He came out as though his own land, parking his car in ular place. Usually he brought Mr. liffe, a Charles City banker, and amped off together in their peaked nd baggy hunters' jackets.

a Saturday afternoon when the ind had turned chilly and a few thin were flying, they came back through rn rows. They unloaded their bur- pockets, putting the beautiful limp ge in the trunk of the car, and threw guns into the back seat. Then Mr. looked around. "I feel like a cup of , Angus." He nodded toward the . "Let's see what the woman can do s."

rtha Breckenridge would feed any or dog that came to her door—even edy mortgage holder and a sharp- banker. They had their coffee, and a late of sandwiches and half a pump- ie. Their cigars trailed blue threads e wind as they crossed the yard and nto the car. Before he stepped on tarter, Mr. Helm looked over his der. Then he got out, opened the door, and looked again.

m was driving cattle into the barn. ome here, Breckenridge." Mr. Helm eld his car door open. "My shotgun een stolen."

olen?" Clem repeated.

brand-new gun. Savage automatic. me eighty-five dollars. I put it in here ty minutes ago. Now it's gone."

don't know who—"

ou've got a lot of boys around here. re are they?"

em began, "My boys wouldn't—"

Vell, the gun is gone and I'm not leav- here without it. Call your boys."

em's mouth tightened. But he went e woodshed and rang the dinner bell. artha looked out. "What is it, Clem?"

want the boys a minute," he said over houlder.

ey appeared from various directions. re Clem could say a word to them Mr. n called, "Come over here."

hey stood around him in a circle.

Which one of you stole my shotgun?" glared from one silent brother to the .

lem said quietly, "If your gun is here, sure we'll find it."

I want it now," he said. "And I want now who stole it."

he boys waited, Neil looking mild and ightful, Mart's jaw setting in its stub- n line, Earl staring off at the gray sky, solemn-eyed under his wind-rumpled .

Speak up!" Helm demanded. "Who e it?"

he windmill creaked above them.

"Give me a little time, Mr. Helm," Clem said. "If it's here—"

Helm turned away angrily and got into his car. The door slammed. There was a rasping of tires and the exhaust gas tainting the air. For a moment Clem stood silent among his sons. Then he said, "Chores, boys," and went to the barn.

They were not yet through with the milking when two head lamps swept the twilight, and a car pulled up noisily. Out stepped Cyrus Helm and the sheriff, with his badge big as a saucer on his corduroy coat. They went straight into the barn.

Clem looked up from the flank of a cow, a milk pail frothing between his knees.

"Evening, Clem," the sheriff said.

Clem got up from the squat little milking stool. "Evening, Luke."

The sheriff took a pinch of tobacco from a red-striped package.

Clem said, "I found your gun, Mr. Helm. It's all ready for you."

"Where did you find it?" Mr. Helm looked suspicious and disappointed.

"Right here in the barn."

They followed him between the horse stalls to the harness room.

"Here it is."

Mr. Helm scowled at the gun. "Who stole it?" he demanded.

"Why, I don't believe anybody—"

"It was stolen from my car. Sheriff, I want the thief arrested."

The sheriff shifted the wad in his cheek and spat a brown stream onto the straw. "You got your gun, Mr. Helm. That's what we're after."

"I want the thief that stole it."

The sheriff asked, "You know who took it, Clem?"

"I found it here," Clem said. "That's all I know."

"One of them is a thief," Mr. Helm declared.

The sheriff pushed his hat back on his head. "Call your boys together, Clem."

Clem looked past them. "There they are."

In the half-light they looked very much alike, four uneven boys standing silent under the hay-fringed crossbeam of the stable.

The sheriff spat again. "Boys," he said, "Mr. Helm missed his shotgun a while ago, but he's got it now. Somebody took it out of his car. I want the one that took that gun to step up here. Now."

The straw rustled under their feet as four brothers stepped forward. They looked a little startled at each other and then faced the sheriff.

He rubbed his jaw. "All four—"

"They weren't together," Mr. Helm said angrily. "One of them was husking corn. He was in the field all afternoon. Another one was in the house when my gun was stolen."

"Can't arrest 'em all, then," the sheriff said. He spread his long legs apart. "They say they done it, and you say they didn't. Looks like we can't arrest anybody, Mr. Helm." He slipped the gun out of the man's arm. "Well, you got your gun back. Nice shotgun, Mr. Helm. Mighty nice. You better look out I don't steal it from you on the way home."

Mr. Helm grabbed the gun out of his hands. "Come on," he said.

The sheriff spat once more. "Night, Clem," he said. "Night, boys."

ALL through supper Clem had a gleam in his eye, a proud and thoughtful gleam. At last Martha couldn't stand it any longer. "Well, I saw the sheriff come, and then I saw him go again. But I guess I'll have to go to Cyrus Helm to find out what happened."

"He'd never in the world tell," Clem said, and the lid was off.

They all burst into laughter, all but Earl. Earl ate furiously, bent over his mashed potatoes and gravy, his big ears burning. Finally he raised a tormented face.

"I didn't steal it, Dad. I only took it out of the car to look at it a minute. Then I wanted to see how the action worked, and I took it to the harness room. Before I could put it back I saw them getting in the car." He looked helplessly around the table. "I didn't know what to do. So I started to feed the pigs." His voice broke from bass to soprano. "But I didn't really steal it."

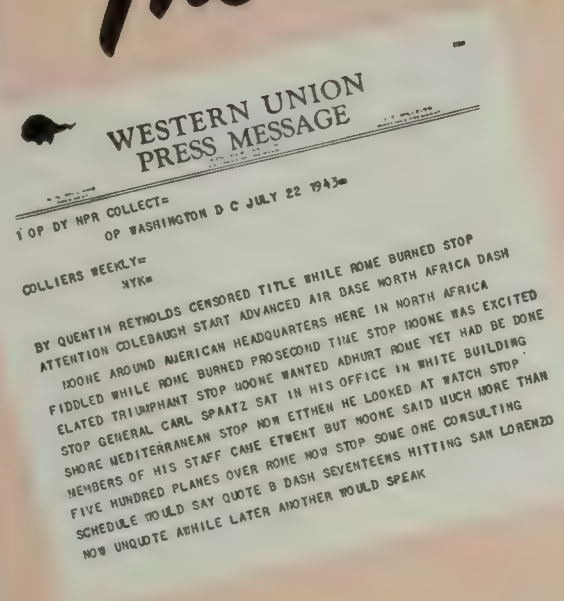
Martha smiled and the boys smiled, and Clem said, "I guess we all knew that as soon as the old leech began to holler." He shook his head slowly. "It was a mighty nice gun. I had a look at it in the harness room."

Earl drew a breath. "Oh, Dad, it was a beauty!". . .

THE lieutenant commander slipped the card into his pocket as he read the final name: *Raymond Breckenridge, Machinist's Mate, second class.*

Ray was just seventeen when the brothers left, a pink-cheeked boy with sunburned hair, young enough, Martha thought, to stay at home a little longer. But she never questioned his decision. From the time he took his first unsteady steps, he was restless and venturesome, always trying to keep up to his brothers. He followed them to the fields and with a grunting, serious face pulled his short legs

The Week's Work


WESTERN UNION
PRESS MESSAGE

TOP DY NPR COLLECT=
OP WASHINGTON D C JULY 22 1943=

COLLIERS WEEKLY=
NYK=

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS CENSORED TITLE WHILE ROME BURNED STOP
ATTENTION COLEBAUGH START ADVANCED AIR BASE NORTH AFRICA DASH
NOONE AROUND AMERICAN HEADQUARTERS HERE IN NORTH AFRICA
FIDDLED WHILE ROME BURNED PROSECOND TIME STOP NOONE WAS EXCITED
ELATED TRIUMPHANT STOP NOONE WANTED ADHURT ROME YET HAD BE DONE
STOP GENERAL CARL SPAATZ SAT IN HIS OFFICE IN WHITE BUILDING
SHORE MEDITERRANEAN STOP NOW ETTHEN HE LOOKED AT WATCH STOP
MEMBERS OF HIS STAFF CAME ETWENT BUT NOONE SAID MUCH MORE THAN
FIVE HUNDRED PLANES OVER ROME NOW STOP SOME ONE CONSULTING
SCHEDULE TOULD SAY QUOTE B DASH SEVENTEENS HITTING SAN LORENZO
NOW UNQUOTE AWHILE LATER ANOTHER TOULD SPEAK

Cablese. For translation see page 13

THE expense accounts of our footloose war correspondents cause extreme agitation in the Business Office, but the wandering writers help make up for them by transmitting their prose from overseas in "cablese." Cablese is the technique of making one word do the work of two or more. SWELLS in cable or radiogram becomes "as well as" in Collier's, and EYE UNMOOD blossoms into "I am (was) not in the mood."

The boys and girls have individual tastes in the matter. Quentin Reynolds, who radioed While Rome Burned (page 13), leans heavily upon the Latin *pro, ex, ad, et* (for, from, to, and) to form such words as EXPALACE (from the palace) and PROWEEK (for a week). In Quent's quaint cables ETHER isn't an anesthesia; it's "and her." A fascinating language.

HAVING served in the Navy Medical Corps since 1902, Rear Admiral Charles M. Oman writes authoritatively in Doctors at Sea (page 21). Battleships and hospitals have been his specialty for more than forty years. When President Roosevelt (Theodore) sent 16 battleships around the world in 1907, Rear Admiral Oman was aboard the Illinois: the first World War found him commanding officer of the Hospital Ship Comfort; and later he headed the Navy's Base Hospital No. 1 at Brest. Aside from the sea, the admiral likes dogs and golf, has made a hole-in-one twice, and broken his leg once. He didn't tell us how.

ANY mention of Ronald McLeod (or Pete, as he is known around these parts) and his First Sergeant series (the third comprises this week's front cover) reminds us of one dismal little incident in his artistic career. Seven years ago Pete illustrated for Collier's a mystery story in which the following statement was made by a gal to a guy:

". . . We can drive all the way. There's a ledge where we can have lunch. . . ."

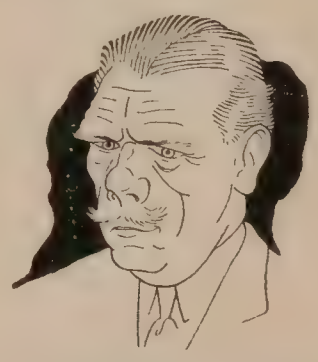
Pete selected this lunch scene for one of his illustrations. The picture was beautiful to behold but it showed the couple seated cozily in wicker chairs.

"These people," growled Art Director Chessman, riffling through the original script, "are supposed to be seated on a ledge. Where'd you dig up the furniture?"

"The copy you gave me," Pete replied stoutly, "says 'lodge,' not 'ledge.'" It did, too. P.S. He got the job of doing a new picture.

No such difficulties have presented themselves in the Topkick series, the first of which covered our February 20th issue. The week Pete started work on the second one, published June 19th, the War Department added a stripe to the existing two below the diamond in first sergeants' chevrons, but Pete found out about it in time to conform to the new regulations. Several readers, less informed than the artist, called him on it, and he called right back, politely. Referring to the current cover, "The Sergeant," says Pete, "has seen posters like this all over Italy since Benny the Bum skipped out last month."

Pete's next cover will be along in about six weeks. Meantime, take a look at Pete. G. W.



McLeod—by himself

A·1

SAUCE

WE ARE DOING OUR BEST

Due to Army and Navy use of vital ingredients, it's harder nowadays to get A·1 Sauce at grocery stores and restaurants.

BUT! **... It's worth waiting for. Be patient. Keep asking for it. We are doing our best to keep you supplied.** *Send for free recipe booklet.*

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO. • Hartford, Conn.

The DASH that makes the DISH

You Can't Always Buy

Wedgewood

PANETELAS

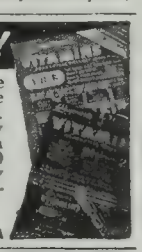
Our production is limited and we satisfy the demand of the boys in service, first.

BUT if your cigar store happens to have them ... and if your taste runs to quality rather than size, you may find a new smoking thrill in WEDGEWOOD.

A GOOD **5c** CIGAR

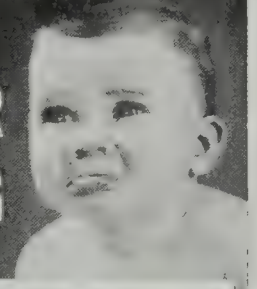
PENNSTATE CIGAR CORP.
ALLEGHENY AVE. & BOUDINOT ST., PHILA., PA.

BIGGER PAY THAN EVER!



Local "Store Route" Plan pays men like you big money—steady!—in wholesale business of your own. No car necessary. Sell Vitamins to stores of all kinds. New low retail price, 7 for 10¢, opens vast rich field. Handle this sales-maker, plus 200 other quick profit items. Many nationally advertised. No experience needed. Amazing facts FREE. Write TODAY!
WORLD'S PRODUCTS CO.
DEPT. 88-H SPENCER, INDIANA

QUICK RELIEF FOR SUMMER TEETHING



EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion—the actual prescription of a famous Baby specialist. It is effective and economical, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums

up the long rungs to the haymow; he would never be left behind.

A month after the sheriff's visit, Earl had a Christmas present from all the family. His eyes were starry as he saw the shape of it in the long carton. He pulled it out, holding his breath. "A Sportsman Repeater!" he said in a soft and wondering voice. "A Sportsman Repeater!"

THAT afternoon, they went hunting over the gray Christmas fields, four brothers with one gun, twelve-year-old Ray striding along behind them in Clem's old corduroy coat. They disappeared over the pasture ridge and Martha heard occasional gunfire from the hidden slough.

"Looks like weather," Clem said, looking out at the massed western sky.

As if to contradict him, the clouds opened briefly and the sun slanted through. Then, as suddenly as turning down a lamp, the sky darkened. The storm struck with a rushing wind and a white rage of swirling snow.

"Guess the boys will soon get enough of this," Martha said.

Throwing a shawl over her shoulders she went out to close the chicken house. When she turned back, her tracks were already covered and she did not see the house until a corner of it loomed before her. She had missed the kitchen door by forty feet.

Clem had already gone to the barn. From the window she peered at the furious white curtain. The wind wailed over the house. She filled up the base-burner in the dining room and put fresh wood in the kitchen range.

The boys came in, one at a time. First Mart, rubbing his hands, his coat matted white and the frost rimming his eyebrows. Neil followed him, stamping his feet and pulling off his mittens with his teeth.

"Glad we weren't any farther off," he said, holding his hands to the stove. "That wind is bitter. Must have dropped thirty degrees while we were crossing the slough."

There was a muffled commotion at the door. Martha opened it for Earl. His face opened in a frosty grin. "Couldn't turn the knob. Couldn't hardly hold on to my gun, even." He leaned it in a corner and pulled his mittens off under his arms.

"Where were you?" Mart asked. "I thought you stopped in the barn."

"I never saw the barn," Earl said. "I even missed the house. Ran into the orchard fence and then I—"

Neil said suddenly, "Where's Ray?"

They looked at one another.

"He was with me," Mart said, "when we crossed the slough. I couldn't see much."

"I thought he was behind me in the cornfield," Earl said. "I saw somebody."

"I was behind you," Neil said. "I thought Ray was up ahead."

"Maybe he's in the barn."

They pulled their coats on quickly.

IN THE barn, darkness and the roar of wind were mingled, and a mist of snow sifted through the crevices. Clem stood in the yellow lantern light. "Ray— No, he's not here."

"We'll go through the cornfield. Row for row," Neil said.

Clem began to fasten his coat.

"Somebody's got to be here, Dad," Neil added. "He might wander in. If he comes, you ring the bell."

"You wouldn't hear it."

"Fire my gun," Earl said. "Two shots."

Martha had followed them with mufflers and extra mittens. "Here," she said in a brittle voice. "Tie yourselves up well. And keep together."

Neil put a quick arm around her shoulder. "We'll manage, Mom."

Then they were gone.

Somewhere in the cattle shed, a door was blowing. Clem took up his lantern and went to find it, his shadow scissoring on the stable floor. Martha struggled back through the furious twilight, taking her direction carefully, bracing herself against the wind.

In the house she laid the supper table and tried not to count the slow minutes passing. The wind was a high, wild voice, rising and falling, rattling the windows and pressing at the door. While she stirred the chicken bones in the kettle, her mind kept picturing three figures bending under the lash of the snow, beating through the tattered corn, shouting with wind-torn voices. The minutes dragged by. Now the kettle was bubbling and a savory steam was in her face. Ray would be hungry. Ray was always hungry. Eager, restless little Ray, who would never be left behind.

Her heart pounded when she heard a stamping at the door. Before she could get there, Clem came in. He shook his head. "Not yet, Marth." He pulled off his cap and mittens, and the tired lines showed in his face. "The boys came back once. They've been through half the field. Now they're finishing up."

In the dining room the little Christmas tree stood on the table, strung with a tinsel rope that glistened in the light.

"A hard Christmas," he said.

Martha's voice was close to breaking. "Clem, I'm afraid—"

His arm went gently and strongly about her. "Think a minute, Marth. That boy's always known how to take care of himself. He wouldn't cross a fence unless he knew where he was going. So he's inside that field. They're sure to find him!"

Her shoulders straightened. "We'd better be ready. Get the whisky bottle, Clem."

She poured half a tumbler into a small pan of water and set it on the stove.

Clem pulled on his cap. For a moment their eyes clung together. "I'll have things ready," Martha said.

His mittened hand was on the door when a white form burst in. Earl's voice, cracking and shrill, filled the room.

"We found him! We've got him!"

A billow of snow swept through the open door. The lamps guttered and the curtains shook at the windows and Mart came in, a white, humped Mart, with Neil behind him. Neil lifted a snowy form off Mart's bent shoulders.

An hour later they were a circle around the big base-burner in the dining room. Wrapped in blankets, in the roomy rocking chair, Ray started on his third bowl of chicken soup. And for the fifth time Mart told how he found him.

"Right there in that corn row. White as a sheep and snow up to his knees the way it was drifted there."

Ray looked up from his soup. "[illegible] more of that tonic, Mom?"

"Tonic," Martha said. "That's [illegible] about pure whisky. If I've started yo[illegible]

"Shouldn't be a drunkard, son," [illegible] said gravely, "at your age."

"It's good for frostbite," Neil said, [illegible] ing.

"He hasn't got any frostbite," Mart [illegible] "He would have, only he kept goin[illegible] thought we'd find him all rolled up li[illegible] snowball, and there he was—" Mart [illegible] to tell it again.

Earl was polishing a long blue gun [illegible] rel. "We'll have better hunting next ti[illegible] he said.

They were quiet, while the wind ro[illegible] over and a red coal dropped into the [illegible] pan under the burner. Martha looke[illegible] the little Christmas tree and began to [illegible] Silent Night.

"Remember, Clem," she said, "we h[illegible] Christmas storm like this the first yea[illegible] were married."

His eyes twinkled. "I'll never forge[illegible] You thought the house was going to b[illegible] away. That was before you had four b[illegible] to bother with."

Earl sighted his gun across the room. [illegible] head cocked lovingly along the barrel. [illegible] never forget this Christmas. A Sportsm[illegible] Repeater." He laid it across his lap. "C[illegible] everybody else got gypped. Especi[illegible] you, Mom, with that egg beater."

"I've had my Christmas," Martha s[illegible]

There were things, she knew, that co[illegible] never be taken away. Never.

THE lieutenant commander lea[illegible] down. "Quick, Mrs. Breckenridge," [illegible] said. "Break it!"

She swung the bottle as the great g[illegible] bow began to move. A white fr[illegible] splashed. The band struck up. Down [illegible] timbered ways the hull moved smooth[illegible] Then a V of water widened and the ve[illegible] was afloat.

Behind her the reporter was aski[illegible] "Did they ever cause you any worry, [illegible] Breckenridge?"

"Worry?" Clem repeated.

"Any scrapes they got into, any li[illegible] trouble?"

"No," Clem said. "I can't think of [illegible] thing."

Out in the basin, beyond the lofty cri[illegible] the ship was swinging slowly in the c[illegible] rent. As Martha watched, sunlight fou[illegible] the FOUR BROTHERS on the bow. T[illegible] letters swam a little. They were ve[illegible] bright.

THE END

COLLIER'S "We don't have the selection we used to have!" CHARLES PLATT

"I want to say a few words to the people back home"

"They came out of the sun — there were six of them. When they turned back there were only three . . . As for me, I shouldn't be here to tell it, I guess, but I am. That's why I want to say a few words to the people back home.

"I want to thank the people who built that plane of mine. Up there, our chances depend upon the sturdiness and the workmanship in every part that goes into the planes we fly. It was the plane and the people who built it that gave me another chance."

To that brave American flyer, we at Curtiss-Wright have this to say:

The plane which brought you back is one of a series of Curtiss-Wright P-40 Warhawks that have been continuously improved through many basic changes in armament, firepower, maneuverability and speed, since this war began. Those improvements have come right from the proving ground of *combat,* with the help of men like you who fly them. As a result, today's Warhawk is the toughest and deadliest of the whole P-40 family.

Planes like yours have knocked down from three to twenty enemy ships for every P-40 lost. They've come back with the tail surfaces shot away, the fuselage ripped by cannon shell, the gas tank, wings and engine riddled, the hydraulic lines smashed . . . In the worst fighting of this war — often against the most impossible odds — they've brought pilots like you safely home.

For no failure on our part shall deprive you of another chance. The finest in skill and workmanship that we know how to give you is our job in this war . . . building planes in which every part — every single rivet — will help to bring you through.

And when you come home, all the skills, the knowledge and the facilities of the industry that is behind you today will be a legacy for your future — the great peacetime era of the air . . . LOOK TO THE SKY, AMERICA!

Under U. S. Navy protection, newest and deadliest of the P-40 Warhawk series are being delivered to every Allied fighting front in the world. Many squadrons of P-40 Warhawks have been flown directly to battle areas, sometimes making over-water flights previously considered impossible for fighter airplanes.

American Air Force Headquarters in China, July 23—"The largest Japanese air raid ever made against American installations in China . . . about 160 bombers and fighters . . . was rebuffed today with destruction of 16 enemy aircraft and damage to many others by outnumbered P-40 Warhawks."

Allied Headquarters in North Africa, June 14—"Allied fighter planes downed a total of 78 German and Italian aircraft with a loss of 12 . . . A veteran Warhawk unit from the former Desert Air Force shot down 20 Axis planes on June 10."

CURTISS WRIGHT

Manufacturing Divisions

CURTISS-WRIGHT AIRPLANE DIVISION
WRIGHT AERONAUTICAL CORPORATION
CURTISS-WRIGHT PROPELLER DIVISION

★ *Buy War Bonds Today* ★

© 1943 CURTISS-WRIGHT CORPORATION

Collier's WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher • CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor • JEROME ELLISON Managing Editor

Two Tips to Servicemen

COLLIER'S has many thousands of readers in the Armed Forces, so we feel justified in addressing this editorial primarily to servicemen—though of course anybody else is welcome to read it. Here are a couple of tips which we think servicemen can profit by:

1. A good deal of talk goes around to the effect that the returned warriors after this war are going to run the country pretty much to suit their own ideas of how it should be run. Probably that's true. It happened after the Revolution and after the Civil War, and to a considerable extent after the "junior war," as a friend of ours calls World War I.

This doesn't mean, though, that every veteran will come home and slide automatically into a well-paid life-tenure job, political or private, with all his worries ended.

Doubtless there will be veterans' preference laws on civil service jobs, and doubtless many private firms will give veterans the inside track when it comes to hiring help. But, as always in this world, the best educated and most active-minded veterans will get and hold most of the best jobs, and the less well-equipped the second and third best.

So our first tip is: Why not look into the educational opportunities offered by the United States Armed Forces Institute?

This is a sort of glorified correspondence school set up for the use of servicemen, and operated by the extension division of the University of Wisconsin with assistance from various other colleges. It offers instruction in everything from simple arithmetic to postgraduate philosophy, and is reported especially strong in the fields of mechanics and science. Costs are low, and the government pays half a man's tuition up to and including $20.

Maybe this is what you've been looking for. Its practical value is obvious; but there also comes to mind Lieutenant Colonel John Allison's (14th Air Force, China) remark that "War is dull; there is so much waiting in it." This looks like one interesting and profitable way to fill in some of that waiting time.

2. There is also a lot of talk about big bonuses for returned fighters after this war; and that talk is probably true, too. But such things always have a pie-in-the-sky quality until you actually collect them, and then, often as not, they do the old easy-come-easy-go act.

The practical, sensible, businesslike thing to do now about your personal finances is to get your war life insurance lined up, if you haven't already done so. Maximum policy is $10,000: premium is a little under $7 a month for a fighting man of twenty-eight (the average age).

In the rush of getting our Armed Forces expanded and organized since Pearl Harbor, a surprising number of men have neglected to take out this insurance. Things are better under control now; and if you haven't arranged this protection for your wife, or any other member of your family, it would be wise to make it an early order of business.

Get Ready to Dig

THE goal of the Third War Loan Drive, to b in September, is $15,000,000,000 at this wr Things have gone well for the Allies in the few months, but the war is not won yet. We h hard fight ahead. But there is another reason widespread private-citizen purchases are neede

It's been said before, but it can bear free repetition: Individuals should subscribe to Bonds and Stamps as generously as they can cause in so doing they help to slow down infla

Inflation has already begun, for many rea The main one is the well-known excessive bu power generated by big war-plant wages and expenditures for war, as against the swift shrin of stocks of things civilians want to buy. pushes prices up, inevitably. (In this connection, ter do your Christmas shopping for your service or -men very wisely and judiciously this year.)

By putting all the money they can into bo civilians keep themselves from spending unne sarily for goods in a seller's market. That help some degree to keep prices under control. He bank purchases of bonds do not have this effe

So get ready to dig for this bond drive, thereby do yourself about as big a financial f as anybody can do you in time of war.

Homestretch on Rubb

AMERICAN motorists—barring accidents acts of God or the public enemy—are now m ing into the rubber conservation homestretch.

The synthetic rubber program is coming al splendidly—faster than seemed possible bef Bernard M. Baruch sized up the emergency in classic report and William M. Jeffers got the job carrying out the Baruch recommendations. Jeff has bulled, roared and slugged the synthetic rub plants into existence, overcoming obstacles of r tapeism and official inertia which would have bro the heart of a lesser man; and now the $650,000, project is really rolling. How you like, Mr. To

However, it will be some time yet—proba mid-1944, or even later—before enough all-s thetic tires will be available for all civilians w need them. Military calls come first, necessary co mercial vehicles second—and properly so. T making of synthetic rubber tires is a new job chemists and tire craftsmen, because synthetic r ber is chemically different from natural rubber a calls for different treatment.

So keep up the good work with your pres tires. Keep them inflated to correct pressure. Ha them inspected regularly. Avoid jack-rabbit sta and curb scrapes. Don't speed. Put in to your rati board for a recap in plenty of time. And so on.

It's the homestretch that's the hardest. And it vitally necessary that we come down this particul homestretch without stumbling over our own fe

Tut, Tut, Walter

Collier's is concerned (editorially) about America who keep picking on John L. Lewis. The editoriali fears that criticism of labor's prima donna may arou new attempts to slow up the war effort. Such nail-bitin leaves me cold.

—Walter Winchell, syndicated column, July 18, 194

Collier's said no such thing in its recent editori "Lewis is No Traitor," or anything remotely resen bling what Walter Winchell says Collier's said. is always a distinction, of a sort, to be mentioned i Walter's column; but it is no more fun to be mis represented or misquoted by Walter than by any body else, and such bad reporting about ourselve leaves us faintly warm with irritation.

Collier's

SEPTEMBER 4, 1943

TEN CENTS

THREE SECONDS TO FIGHT

In Combat with a Yank Fighter Pilot

BY CAPTAIN NEWELL ROBERTS

DO NOT CUT, TEAR OR MAR BOOKS OR MAGAZINES

P. F. COLLIER & SON CORPORATION—PUBLISHERS OF
—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

GOSHEN PUBLIC LIBRARY

Horsepower Wins Wars

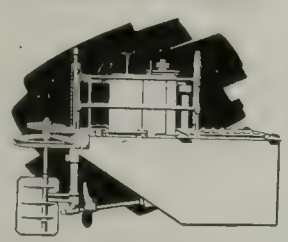
Chrysler marine engines—sturdy, powerful, reliable—are making good where victory and men's lives are the stake.

CHRYSLER FIRE PUMPER

RAPID movement of men, munitions, weapons and supplies is essential to victory in a mechanized war. This is a struggle of horsepower and manpower.

Or of the biggest items in the Chrysler vision's great war production program horsepower—engines, engines and more engines. Chrysler Marine engines in a great variety of war-time uses are enjoying the reputation that they made in civilian service. They are driving commercial barges, landing barges, personnel boats, patrol boats, picket boats and many other types of small boats essential to the prosecution of the victorious campaigns of the United Nations. They are helping our home forces; they are helping to get our fighting men to the far-flung fronts, from the Aleutians to the South Pacific, from the Amazon to the Arctic.

CHRYSLER MARINE TRACTOR

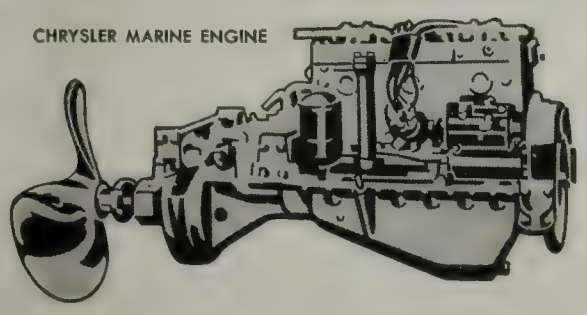


Regardless of the type of work demanded of them, Chrysler marine engines are proving their worth—the natural result of Chrysler's unequalled engineering genius in design and high precision in manufacture. They are taking all kinds of punishment on the seven seas. Their Superfinished bearing surfaces insure long life, smooth performance and the fuel economy that is such an important factor when operating in foreign waters, far from the sources of supply. In a war in which transportation efficiency is a larger and more important factor than ever before in history, they are making good even beyond the Government's exacting requirements.

CHRYSLER SEARCHLIGHT REFLECTOR

Not only with the marine type but with industrial, automobile and tank engines as well, the Chrysler Division is bringing its tremendous productive capacity to bear on the victory effort.

CHRYSLER MARINE ENGINE



[BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS]

CHRYSLER

DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER DIVISION: Industrial Engines . Marine Engines . Marine Tractors . Navy Pontoons . Harbor Tugs . Anti-Aircraft Cannon Parts . Tank Engine Assemblies . Tank Parts . Airplane Wing Panels . Air Raid Sirens . Gun Boxes . Fire Fighting Equipment . Searchlight Reflectors

NATIONWIDE CHRYSLER DEALER ORGANIZATION OFFERS OWNERS SERVICE FACILITIES TO MEET THEIR WAR-TIME TRANSPORTATION NEEDS

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

LASSIE COME HOME

with

RODDY McDOWALL • DONALD CRISP

DAME MAY WHITTY • EDMUND GWENN

NIGEL BRUCE • ELSA LANCHESTER

LASSIE

PHOTOGRAPHED IN TECHNICOLOR

Screen Play by . . . *Hugo Butler*

Based Upon the Novel by . . . . *Eric Knight*

Directed by . . . *Fred M. Wilcox*

Produced by . . . . . *Samuel Marx*

CAPSULE REVIEW: Excuse yourself—you've got to see a picture about a dog. Well, darn it, it's not about a dog—it's about people. For if ever there was a story that revealed humanity in broad strokes it is "Lassie Come Home." This six-minute boiled reviewer actually used up a couple of linen handkerchiefs, tear-spotted a cravat and ran into the streets determined to be kind to everyone for ever and ever. We'll keep the promise until the next picture comes along, we suppose, but right now we're all mellow and warm because we have been honestly entertained by a great human story.

Our spies tell us it is the first feature directed by young Fred Wilcox and it's no trick to predict a bright future for this new and obvious talent. Based upon the wide-selling novel by the late casualty Eric Knight, who also wrote "This Above All," we have here in the screen play by Hugo Butler one of the classics of the celluloid archives. Its appeal is as broad as the population and there is no age that will not react to this beautifully-acted, technicolorful photoplay.

Samuel Marx, the producer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, wisely cast Roddy McDowall in the role of Joe and chose a traditional star for every main character, the most mentionable being Donald Crisp, Dame May Whitty, Edmund Gwenn, Nigel Bruce and Elsa Lanchester. The canine artist is represented by the most lovable, beautiful, entrancing, intelligent collie that ever trod a gravel walk. You will laugh and perhaps dot an eye with a tear at this splendid achievement.

FOOT-NOTE: Put *your* best foot forward and see the monkey gland picture "Best Foot Forward." If you're old, it makes you young. If you're young, it makes you a baby. It's the screen's gayest musical in years.

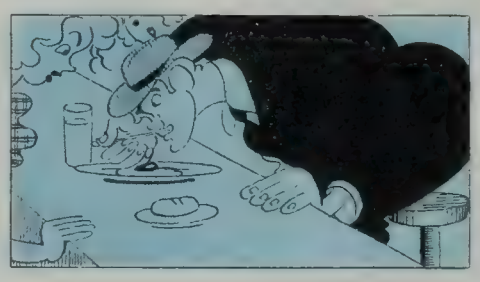
WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
W. B. COURTNEY	European War Theater
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Russia and Far East
KYLE CRICHTON	Articles
HERBERT ASBURY	Articles
DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
ALLEN MARPLE	Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Articles
HENRY L. JACKSON	Wearables
WM O. CHESSMAN	Art
CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AMY PORTER	Articles
GEORGE CREEL	Washington
WILLIAM HILLMAN	Washington
FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
FRANK GERVASI	Middle East War Theater
JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
GRATTAN O'LEARY	Ottawa
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
U. L. CALVOSA	Photographs
GEORGE DE ZAYAS	Hollywood
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

ANY WEEK

WITH the aid of a cigar box and a dozen moth balls Mr. Delphus Kindred of Carmel, California, can not only predict the future "with such accuracy that half the time I'm scared to try it" but comes up with names, dates and all the other details. For our benefit Mr. Kindred got out the box, gave it the proper shake and, after getting himself under control again, wrote us the dope: "On or before the eighteenth of November of this year a large submarine or U-boat will arrive in an American harbor. It will be either New London, New York, Baltimore or Miami. On the boat will be Adolf Hitler, Hermann Goering and Joseph Goebbels and the body of Benito Mussolini. They will have some trouble convincing authorities at the port of their identity but will be taken to police headquarters to await the F.B.I. When this happens do not fail to remind your readers that I predicted it."

WE'RE not taking any bets that Hitler and his zoot-suiters will or won't arrive on the lam. However, if we were Adolf we'd hang on, if possible, until the general election campaign of next summer and fall. Their disposal will then become a political issue, with the chances good that every candidate will be afraid of getting tough lest certain votes will be alienated. Mr. Kindred doesn't explain "the body of Mussolini." Why anyone should cart the body of Mussolini around is entirely beyond us. Once we spent a couple of hours on a California beach on which, too, was a dead whale. The whale had been dead for some days. We had forgotten all about that until we got Mr. Kindred's letter. However, we shan't be surprised. We've just been reading Hitler's Mein Kampf again. A little thing like a dead Mussolini shouldn't bother a guy who wrote stuff like that. We're about to write to Mr. Kindred asking him to get out the box and tell us who the next savior of the Germans will be—in, say, 1970.

MR. B. H. BURKE of Memphis, Tennessee, is not so much concerned with what we get to eat these days as the way we eat it. He has been making a study of "neck eaters." Says he: "Some of these neck eaters have two gears. If at a lunch counter with hat on, they simply dip the neck and snap at the fork about halfway in flight. If seated at table with hat off, as urged by most of our better etiquette authorities, they bend at the waist and swoop down on the fork before it has traveled more than an inch or so. Then a neck-snap finishes the job. Such guys may have only the price of a meal and others own every building in the block. There's no particular economic group. The most common type is the guy who is just having a cup of coffee. He grabs the handle with his right hand, places his left on the far side of the cup, plants both elbows on counter or table, lifts cup two inches and takes it in a lot of quick dives. He's a bird-necker. I am now about to make a survey of middle-aged and elderly lady eaters. They're the heavy feeders."



MRS. MARY E. McALLEY of Duluth, Minnesota, says we are "ignorant, irreverent and very likely psychopathic." She reaches this conclusion after reading three recent pieces in this magazine—about silly war songs, quickie marriages and, in this column, a letter from a mother questioning the "sanctity of motherhood." We are trying hard to show indignation, particularly about the irreverent part, not being any too sure of ourself about the rest. She says that "no war song is silly, that you have no right to interfere in marriage and that you are striking at the very fundamentals of our civilization when you publish anything minimizing the sacredness of motherhood." But several other readers have come to our rescue. Mr. John Siberlange of Helena, Montana, says that "I don't care how long it takes a guy to get married, it's too quick." Mrs. B. McCawl of Salem, Oregon, says that she heard a song called Give Your Rations to the United Nations and had to take to her bed for a week. And an Army officer writes: "All you have to do is to look over Army rejects to be convinced that motherhood has frequently been a great mistake."

(Continued on page 51)

Vol. 112. No. 10. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1943, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

Collier

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publishe
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor
JEROME ELLISON Managing Ed

THIS WI

SEPTEMBER 4

SHORT STORIES

FRANCIS ILES
It Takes Two to Make a Hero. A
lot braver than he thinks.

RICHARD SALE
Pickle Lugger. Fighter pil
bomber—"Somebody's got to

BARBARA DICKINSON
I Love My Draft Board. A lette
Service wakes a girl up to her

THE SHORT SHORT STO
A Lass and a Lack, by Octavu

SERIAL STORIES

ERNEST HAYCOX
The Wild Bunch. The second

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Corner of Heaven. The fifth

ARTICLES

CAPTAIN NEWELL O.
Three Seconds to Fight. The
much time to get Jerry—an

JAMES F. DENTON an
KYLE CRICHTON
Welles' Wonderland. Orso
abandoned stage and scree
Barnum of magic.

HAROLD L. ICKES
Crisis in Coal. The Fuel A
the blame for the stoppages

WALTER DAVENPO
The Great American Succ
Japan were filled with "an
to the people of the U. S.

JAMES THOMAS FLE
Riding for a Fall. Science
may sometimes plunge gre
live.

WM. A. JONES and
HARMAN W. NICH
One Wing and a Player.
arm never got ballplayer

JOHN MORELAND
Flu is Through. Navy doc
a serum against one of
plagues.

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the Worl

WING TALK.

CARL SANDBURG
The Fireborn Are at Hom

THE GUILTY (Ante
Profile of Axis Terrorist

THIS WEEK'S WO

EDITORIALS
Baruch, Hoover and Foo
We're Licked Until We
Now, Now, Bill.

COVER

"I had a dream in Sicily last night . . ."

ERE SHE WAS . . . standing in the
ont yard
Wi the sun in her hair
Ar I was running fast as I could to
eet her
Bu it seemed awful slow . . .
Th n she was in my arms
Li ghing and crying
Sn appy . . .
Th n I was eating blueberry pie . . .
Oe n-warm and full of juicy ripe
erries
Fi sh out of the garden . . .
d Mom kept offering me more.
Ne xt thing I knew I was down at the
plant
d Mr. Anderson was shaking my
hand
d sayin' . . . 'We kept that place for
you, John!'
erybody cheered and I was work-
ing hard . . .
etting somewhere at last . . .

Then I woke up . . .
To another day of sweat and blood
and killing.
My dream was a long way off."

* * * *

How LONG must they fight before their dreams come true? . . . Only we who remain at home can decide!

Only we can shorten this waiting . . . by working harder to make up for the equipment that is going to the bottom every day . . . by buying War Bonds till it pinches . . . by giving our blood to the Red Cross.

Only we can provide the jobs they'll need when they come back . . . and only we can preserve the freedom and the peace they're fighting for!

It's up to us to decide how they will live — or die.

Every man and woman at Stromberg-Carlson is proud to be making communications equipment for our fighting men . . . and prouder still to have won the Army-Navy "E" Award. We know that our efforts and our regular purchase of War Bonds will help speed the day when we will again be able to make fine radios and communications equipment for you and a peaceful world.

In radios, telephones, sound systems . . . there is nothing finer than a **STROMBERG-CARLSON**

© 1943, STROMBERG-CARLSON COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

LASSIE COME HOME

with

RODDY McDOWALL • DONALD CRISP

DAME MAY WHITTY • EDMUND GWENN

NIGEL BRUCE • ELSA LANCHESTER

LASSIE

PHOTOGRAPHED IN TECHNICOLOR

Screen Play by ..... *Hugo Butler*

Based Upon the Novel by ..... *Eric Knight*

Directed by ..... *Fred M. Wilcox*

Produced by ..... *Samuel Marx*

CAPSULE REVIEW: Excuse yourself—you've got to see a picture about a dog. Well, darn it, it's not about a dog—it's about people. For if ever there was a story that revealed humanity in broad strokes it is "Lassie Come Home." This six-minute boiled reviewer actually used up a couple of linen handkerchiefs, tear-spotted a cravat and ran into the streets determined to be kind to everyone for ever and ever. We'll keep the promise until the next picture comes along, we suppose, but right now we're all mellow and warm because we have been honestly entertained by a great human story.

Our spies tell us it is the first feature directed by young Fred Wilcox and it's no trick to predict a bright future for this new and obvious talent. Based upon the wide-selling novel by the late casualty Eric Knight, who also wrote "This Above All," we have here in the screen play by Hugo Butler one of the classics of the celluloid archives. Its appeal is as broad as the population and there is no age that will not react to this beautifully-acted, technicolorful photoplay.

Samuel Marx, the producer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, wisely cast Roddy McDowall in the role of Joe and chose a traditional star for every main character, the most mentionable being Donald Crisp, Dame May Whitty, Edmund Gwenn, Nigel Bruce and Elsa Lanchester. The canine artist is represented by the most lovable, beautiful, entrancing, intelligent collie that ever trod a gravel walk. You will laugh and perhaps dot an eye with a tear at this splendid achievement.

FOOT-NOTE: Put *your* best foot forward and see the monkey gland picture "Best Foot Forward." If you're old, it makes you young. If you're young, it makes you a baby. It's the screen's gayest musical in years.

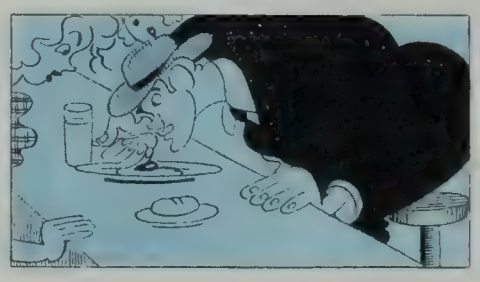
WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
W. B. COURTNEY	European War Theater
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Russia and Far East
KYLE CRICHTON	Articles
HERBERT ASBURY	Articles
DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
ALLEN MARPLE	Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Articles
HENRY L. JACKSON	Wearables
WM O. CHESSMAN	Art
CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AMY PORTER	Articles
GEORGE CREEL	Washington
WILLIAM HILLMAN	Washington
FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
FRANK GERVASI	Middle East War Theater
JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
GRATTAN O'LEARY	Ottawa
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
U. L. CALVOSA	Photographs
GEORGE DE ZAYAS	Hollywood
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

ANY WEEK

WITH the aid of a cigar box and a dozen moth balls Mr. Delphus Kindred of Carmel, California, can not only predict the future "with such accuracy that half the time I'm scared to try it" but comes up with names, dates and all the other details. For our benefit Mr. Kindred got out the box, gave it the proper shake and, after getting himself under control again, wrote us the dope: "On or before the eighteenth of November of this year a large submarine or U-boat will arrive in an American harbor. It will be either New London, New York, Baltimore or Miami. On the boat will be Adolf Hitler, Hermann Goering and Joseph Goebbels and the body of Benito Mussolini. They will have some trouble convincing authorities at the port of their identity but will be taken to police headquarters to await the F.B.I. When this happens do not fail to remind your readers that I predicted it."

WE'RE not taking any bets that Hitler and his zoot-suiters will or won't arrive on the lam. However, if we were Adolf we'd hang on, if possible, until the general election campaign of next summer and fall. Their disposal will then become a political issue, with the chances good that every candidate will be afraid of getting tough lest certain votes will be alienated. Mr. Kindred doesn't explain "the body of Mussolini." Why anyone should cart the body of Mussolini around is entirely beyond us. Once we spent a couple of hours on a California beach on which, too, was a dead whale. The whale had been dead for some days. We had forgotten all about that until we got Mr. Kindred's letter. However, we shan't be surprised. We've just been reading Hitler's Mein Kampf again. A little thing like a dead Mussolini shouldn't bother a guy who wrote stuff like that. We're about to write to Mr. Kindred asking him to get out the box and tell us who the next savior of the Germans will be—in, say, 1970.

MR. B. H. BURKE of Memphis, Tennessee, is not so much concerned with what we get to eat these days as the way we eat it. He has been making a study of "neck eaters." Says he: "Some of these neck eaters have two gears. If at a lunch counter with hat on, they simply dip the neck and snap at the fork about halfway in flight. If seated at table with hat off, as urged by most of our better etiquette authorities, they bend at the waist and swoop down on the fork before it has traveled more than an inch or so. Then a neck-snap finishes the job. Such guys may have only the price of a meal and others own every building in the block. There's no particular economic group. The most common type is the guy who is just having a cup of coffee. He grabs the handle with his right hand, places his left on the far side of the cup, plants both elbows on counter or table, lifts cup two inches and takes it in a lot of quick dives. He's a bird-necker. I am now about to make a survey of middle-aged and elderly lady eaters. They're the heavy feeders."



MRS. MARY E. McALLEY of Duluth, Minnesota, says we are "ignorant, irreverent and very likely psychopathic." She reaches this conclusion after reading three recent pieces in this magazine—about silly war songs, quickie marriages and, in this column, a letter from a mother questioning the "sanctity of motherhood." We are trying hard to show indignation, particularly about the irreverent part, not being any too sure of ourself about the rest. She says that "no war song is silly, that you have no right to interfere in marriage and that you are striking at the very fundamentals of our civilization when you publish anything minimizing the sacredness of motherhood." But several other readers have come to our rescue. Mr. John Siberlange of Helena, Montana, says that "I don't care how long it takes a guy to get married, it's too quick." Mrs. B. McCawl of Salem, Oregon, says that she heard a song called Give Your Rations to the United Nations and had to take to her bed for a week. And an Army officer writes: "All you have to do is to look over Army rejects to be convinced that motherhood has frequently been a great mistake."

(Continued on page 51)

Vol. 112, No. 10. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1943, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

Collier

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publishe
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor
JEROME ELLISON Managing Ed

THIS WE

SEPTEMBER 4,

SHORT STORIES

FRANCIS ILES
It Takes Two to Make a Hero. A lot braver than he thinks.

RICHARD SALE
Pickle Lugger. Fighter pilo bomber—"Somebody's got to

BARBARA DICKINSON
I Love My Draft Board. A lette Service wakes a girl up to her

THE SHORT SHORT STO
A Lass and a Lack, by Octavu

SERIAL STORIES

ERNEST HAYCOX
The Wild Bunch. The second

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Corner of Heaven. The fifth c

ARTICLES

CAPTAIN NEWELL O.
Three Seconds to Fight. The much time to get Jerry—an

JAMES F. DENTON an
KYLE CRICHTON
Welles' Wonderland. Orso abandoned stage and scree Barnum of magic.

HAROLD L. ICKES
Crisis in Coal. The Fuel A the blame for the stoppages

WALTER DAVENPO
The Great American Succ Japan were filled with "an to the people of the U. S.

JAMES THOMAS FLE
Riding for a Fall. Science may sometimes plunge gre live.

WM. A. JONES and
HARMAN W. NICH
One Wing and a Player. arm never got ballplayer

JOHN MORELAND
Flu is Through. Navy doc a serum against one of plagues.

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the Wo

WING TALK.

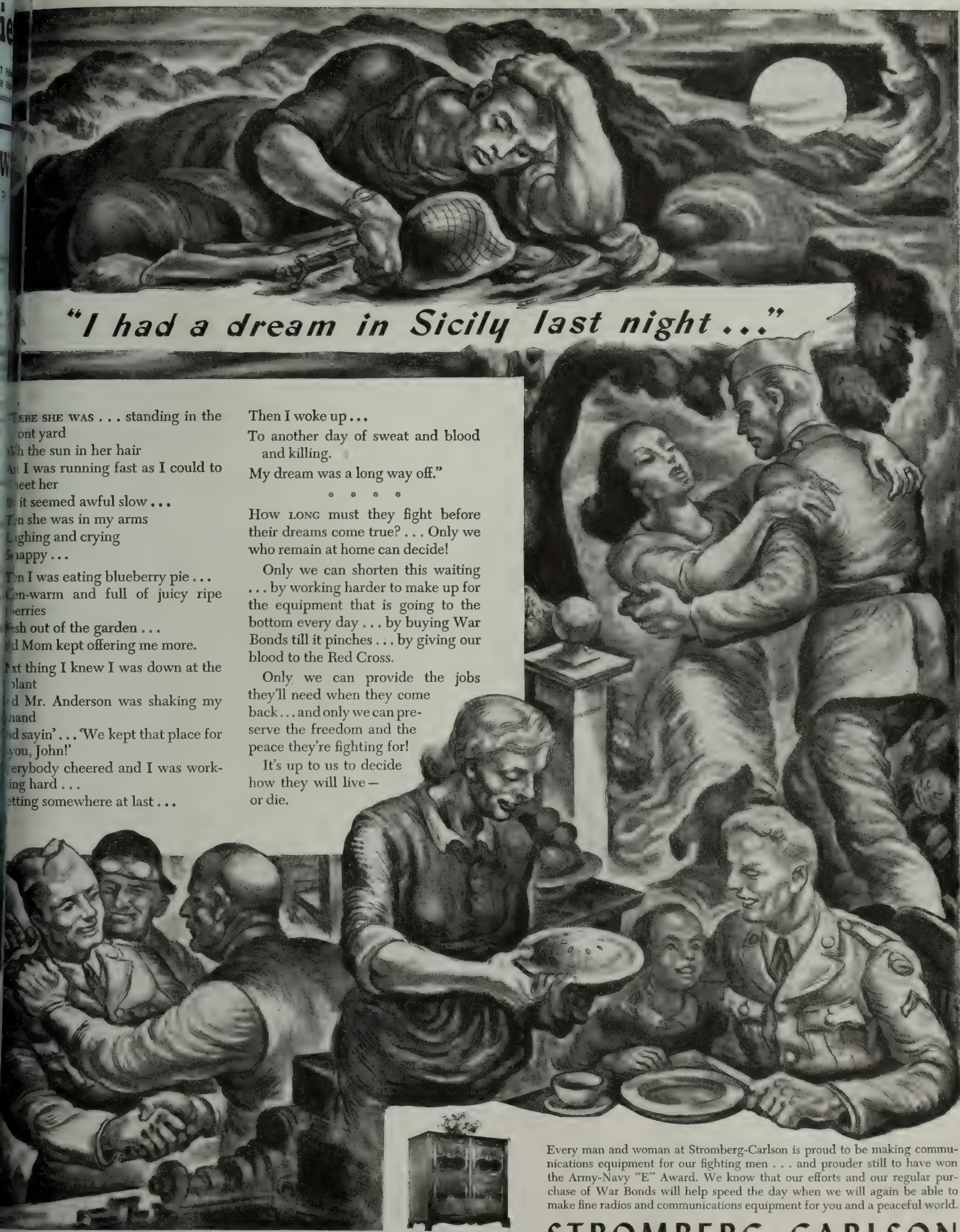
CARL SANDBUR
The Fireborn Are at

THE GUILTY (A
Profile of Axis Terr

THIS WEEK'S

EDITORIALS
Baruch, Hoover a
We're Licked Un
Now, Now, Bill.

COVER



ERE SHE WAS . . . standing in the
ont yard
h the sun in her hair
I was running fast as I could to
eet her
it seemed awful slow . . .
n she was in my arms
ghing and crying
appy . . .
n I was eating blueberry pie . . .
en-warm and full of juicy ripe
erries
sh out of the garden . . .
d Mom kept offering me more.
xt thing I knew I was down at the
lant
d Mr. Anderson was shaking my
hand
d sayin' . . . 'We kept that place for
you, John!'
erybody cheered and I was work-
ing hard . . .
tting somewhere at last . . .
Then I woke up . . .
To another day of sweat and blood
and killing.
My dream was a long way off."

* * * *

HOW LONG must they fight before their dreams come true? . . . Only we who remain at home can decide!

Only we can shorten this waiting . . . by working harder to make up for the equipment that is going to the bottom every day . . . by buying War Bonds till it pinches . . . by giving our blood to the Red Cross.

Only we can provide the jobs they'll need when they come back . . . and only we can preserve the freedom and the peace they're fighting for!

It's up to us to decide how they will live — or die.

Every man and woman at Stromberg-Carlson is proud to be making communications equipment for our fighting men . . . and prouder still to have won the Army-Navy "E" Award. We know that our efforts and our regular purchase of War Bonds will help speed the day when we will again be able to make fine radios and communications equipment for you and a peaceful world.

In radios, telephones, sound systems . . . there is nothing finer than a **STROMBERG-CARLSON**

© 1943, STROMBERG-CARLSON COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by du Pont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this du Pont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same du Pont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

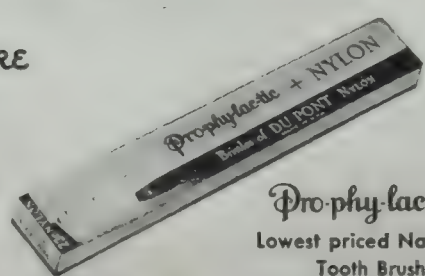
And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** A *written* guarantee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

P. S. We also make this 23¢ brush . . . the best buy in the lower-price field.



Pro-phy-lac-tic + NYLON
Lowest priced Nationally Advertised Tooth Brush in the Country

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

In the United States today, 40,000 commercial breeders of purebred dogs own 120,000 bitches, which annually produce 180,000 litters containing 900,000 live pedigreed puppies.—*By Betty Shaw, Warwick, N Y.*

The Patrons of Husbandry, or National Grange, with 800,000 members, is one of our largest and most powerful farm organizations. For decades, it has fought or championed numerous local and national issues and laws and influenced many state legislatures and federal agencies. Yet, during the 75 years of its existence, the Grange has never endorsed or nominated a candidate for any political office.

At least $200,000,000 in tips is given each year to waiters and waitresses in American eating places.—*By W. E. Farbstein, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.*

The air transport services of the Army and Navy, which fly military cargoes to Allied fronts around the world, have been developed to the point where their planes start or finish a transatlantic crossing on an average of every 20 minutes.

Visual purple, the pigment used in night vision, is bleached so quickly by light that it is replaced constantly, even in the dark. After fifteen minutes in a pitch-black room, so much visual purple accumulates that the photo sensitivity of the eye is increased more than 2,000 times.—*By Meyer Lurie, Jersey City, N. J.*

Russia has millions of civilian sharpshooters today because, in recent years, she wisely urged and helped her people to take up rifle practice. Numerous ranges were set up and guns supplied; and men who did not undergo training were considered unpatriotic In the year 1938 alone, more than 6,000,000 men, women and boys won marksmanship badges.

Commercial airlines have eve oped so rapidly in Latin Ame a i the past two or three years tha the now have a total of 107,000 ou miles and 750 scheduled stops on pared with 45,000 route miles a stops in the United States, whi about the same population bu 26 per cent as much land area.

An electronic screen is now in used to repel game fish from th ger areas around the floodga irrigation ditches and hydroe plants, in which millions of fi an killed each year.—*By Josep A Pauze, Schenectady, N. Y*

New York City's new Id Airport, now under constructio the shore of Jamaica Bay in the ough of Queens, will be five tim as large as the present municipal field. It will have an area of square miles and contain 13 mil of runways, 5 miles of taxiways a miles of seaplane landing space

For months, Switzerland has en sending materials needed in the a effort to the United States in exch for food, all of these exports imports being transported on ve of Swiss registry through the po Genoa. Axis countries have not able to stop the practice becaus Switzerland's threat to blow up three tunnels, whose rail facilities the life lines between Germany Italy

Some large packing houses us different kinds of knives to slaug and dress a hog for market . . almost 200 years, the British navy issued a drink of grog, two ounce rum with four ounces of water, t seamen every day at noon.

Five dollars will be paid for each intere or unusual fact accepted for this col Contributions must be accompanied by factory proof. Address Keep Up with World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighte Collier's, The National Weekly. None of items may be reproduced without express mission of the publisher

What goes on under a Nazi pilot's cap?

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE . . . in his cockpit climbing swiftly away from an is airfield into a pitch-black night . . . mb racks loaded . . . heading for Yank- ld territory.

How would your mind work (under a Nazi nnet), if you knew Radar's sleepless, X-ray yes" were waiting up to greet you . . . on arships, airfields, and lookout posts of the nited Nations' forces?

What would you be thinking . . . knowing at Radar was robbing you of "surprise", e attacker's one tactical advantage . . . de- cting you as much as 130 miles from your arget? *Always* watching you . . . in storm, louds, and fog . . . five miles up or skimming he waves! . . . *marking you for ambush and estruction!*

When the flak whams accurately through the clouds to rip jagged wing holes; when you meet night fighters who need no flame from your exhausts for true aiming, wouldn't you momentarily doubt the infallibility of the "master race"?

Wouldn't you nurse a scowling respect for American ingenuity? For Radar was developed in the United States . . . pretty much the product of Navy and Army research laboratories who weren't as unprepared as you thought.

And shouldn't it occur to you that a fellow can't win when he's fighting against a nation with the inventiveness and resources to produce weapons like this?

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

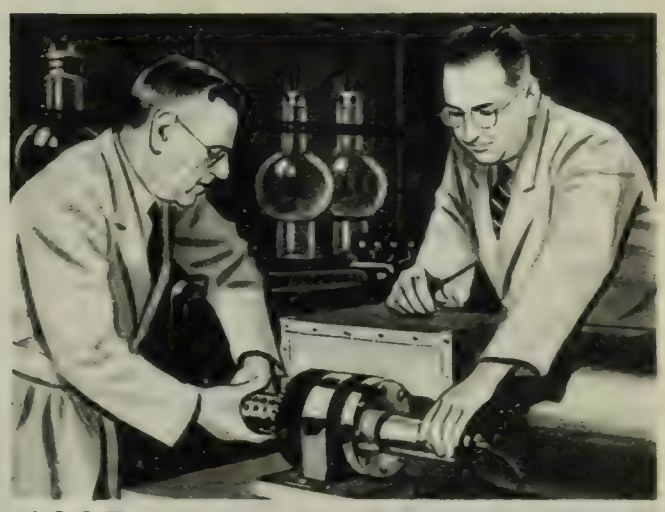
Westinghouse was making Radar 18 months before Pearl Harbor. Since then, Westinghouse production of radio communications equipment, including Radar, has increased 41 times!

Westinghouse

PLANTS IN 25 CITIES . . . OFFICES EVERYWHERE

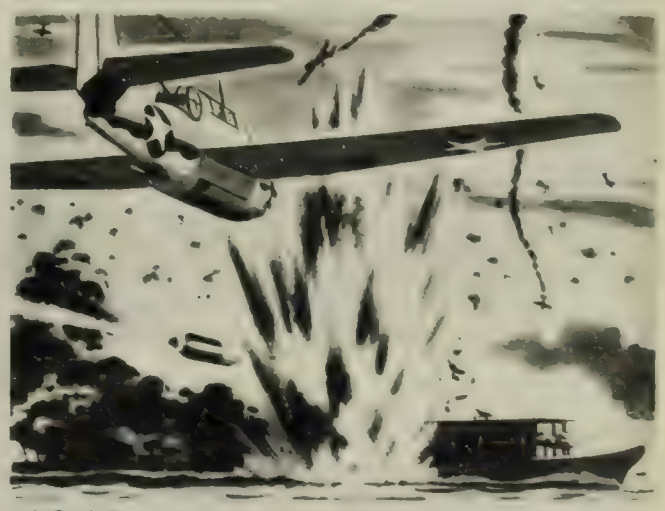
Famous dates in the history of Radar

1922. **Naval Laboratory, Anacostia, D. C.** Dr. A. Hoyt Taylor and Leo C. Young observed reflection of radio signals from passing ships and envisioned a war use. This was the birth of Radar!

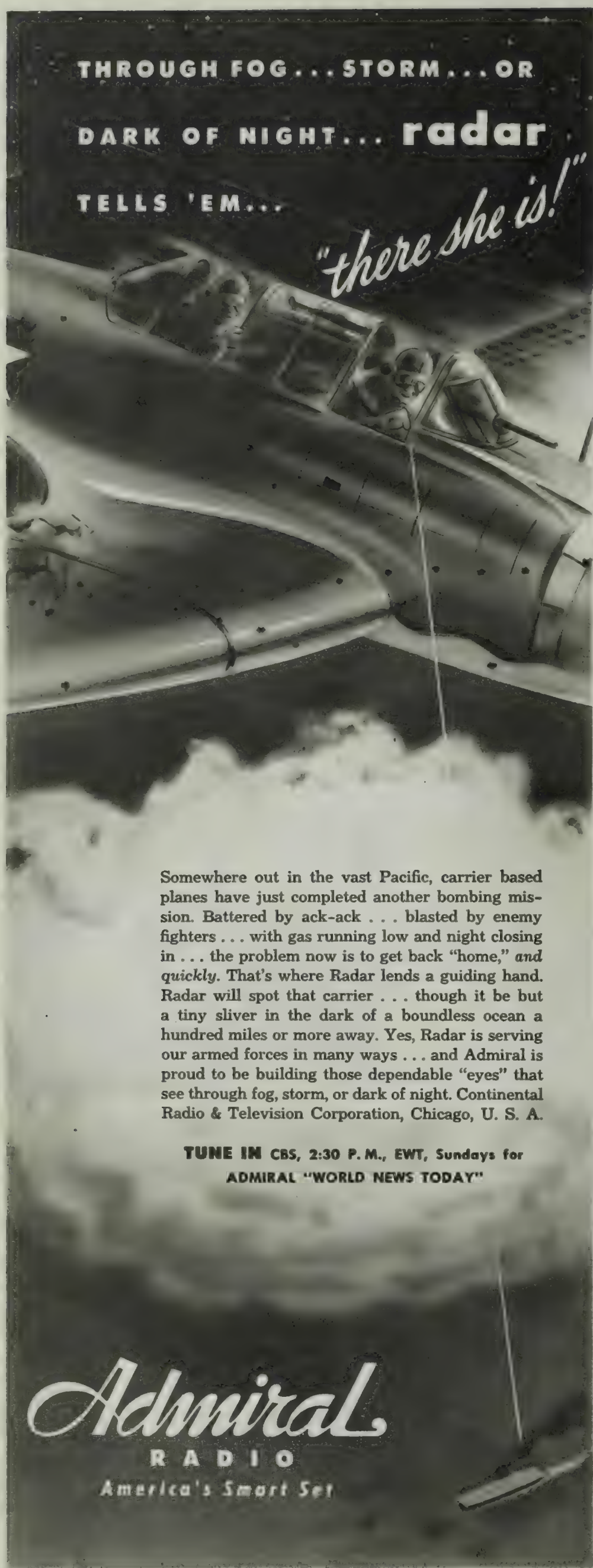


1937. **Bloomfield, N. J.** Westinghouse developed the key electronic tube for the U. S. Army's *first* Radar equipment used to detect aircraft. Radar focuses an invisible beam.

1941. **Pearl Harbor, T. H.** Approaching Jap bombers were detected by a Westinghouse-made Radar when 132 miles distant. Because a flight of American planes was expected, no warning was sounded.



1943. **On every front** Radar has revolutionized naval and air battle tactics . . . and multiplied a hundredfold the range of human vision. In days to come, Radar will guide air transports and ocean liners through fog and darkness.



Somewhere out in the vast Pacific, carrier based planes have just completed another bombing mission. Battered by ack-ack . . . blasted by enemy fighters . . . with gas running low and night closing in . . . the problem now is to get back "home," *and quickly*. That's where Radar lends a guiding hand. Radar will spot that carrier . . . though it be but a tiny sliver in the dark of a boundless ocean a hundred miles or more away. Yes, Radar is serving our armed forces in many ways . . . and Admiral is proud to be building those dependable "eyes" that see through fog, storm, or dark of night. Continental Radio & Television Corporation, Chicago, U. S. A.

TUNE IN CBS, 2:30 P. M., EWT, Sundays for ADMIRAL "WORLD NEWS TODAY"

Admiral
RADIO
America's Smart Set

WING TALK

Equipped with pontoons almost the size of a P-40 fuselage, the C-47 cargo ship is amphibious. Below: The monster in flight

ON MANY flights out over the vast Pacific our pilots and airmen in their large Douglas C-47 cargo ships, plying over General MacArthur's supply-by-air route, have spotted their comrades who, not quite so fortunate, have been forced down on some tiny mid-ocean island. Unfortunately, all the air crews could do was to radio back the position of the aviators, and rescue parties either in Navy ships or seaplanes would fly to the destination and pick up the survivors of some "crashed" plane. This, everyone reasoned, wasn't enough. Something should be done about making it possible to land right then and there and pick up the men who might be near death. Something *was* done.

At home, Army Air Forces engineers remembered the famous Ford Tri-motor, a heavy all-metal transport which was equipped with floats to land on Lake St. Clair near Detroit and pick up Ford Motor Company mailbags; they recalled the big Curtiss Condor 12-passenger biplane with pontoons which Admiral Byrd took with him on an Antarctic expedition to Little America and they set to work building a pair of floats with wheels to make the Douglas C-47 an amphibious monster. The result is a grotesque-looking (see picture) air giant which can alight on water or land. And that means one of the cargo ships thus equipped will be able to land in the water near stranded fliers on a coral reef or small island and then by lowering its wheels can taxi onto the beach, facilitating the loading of passengers and equipment.

The floats are accredited to be among the largest of their kind ever constructed, being more than 41 feet long, five feet wide and towering above an average man's head. They are near the size of the fuselage of a Curtiss P-40.

The only known larger floats for planes are those on the German Blohm & Voss 139, a four-engine seaplane. The German floats, however, are not amphibious as are the C-47's new streamlined "water wi[illegible]"

Current tests with the floats have [illegible] made on Long Island Sound and at W[illegible] Field, Dayton, Ohio. According t[illegible] engineers working on the tests, the [illegible] with floats may also be able to lan[illegible] snow and ice, an invaluable featur[illegible] cargo carriers operating in the Arcti[illegible]gions. Such landings on amphi[illegible] floats have been made, and anticip[illegible] successes may prove them of even gr[illegible] value making possible take-offs and l[illegible]ings from almost any terrain.

LATEST addition to our big bom[illegible] is a new-type lightweight coo[illegible] stove which takes up little space in [illegible] bomber's interior and insures hot meal[illegible] our bomber crews. Made of steel [illegible] aluminum, the cooking unit is little bi[illegible] than the ordinary suitcase and it looks [illegible] a miniature steam table such as you s[illegible] the cafeteria. There are small soup [illegible] vegetable containers, a small hot plate [illegible] grill and special heating devices for m[illegible]ing coffee or hot chocolate. The s[illegible] plugs into the bomber's electrical su[illegible] unit with an ordinary wall-socket plug [illegible]tem and food stays warm for hours a[illegible] it is cooked.

The principle behind putting the st[illegible] in the ships is to give our airmen w[illegible] food, which experts believe relieves fati[illegible] and keeps their bodies better fit to c[illegible] out their nerve-tension jobs. Previou[illegible] air crews carried supplies of sandwic[illegible] when they went out on long flights.

The stoves incorporate special wi[illegible] and other mechanisms which are ad[illegible]able to the high altitudes where it is [illegible] simple matter to get sufficient heat [illegible] cooking.

On one recent test, a crew of eight n[illegible] stayed aloft nearly a full day and repor[illegible] they "lived like kings." Their menu [illegible]cluded cooked cereals and fried eggs [illegible] breakfast; steak, fried potatoes, sal[illegible] soup and rice pudding for dinner.

Yes, they took their ration books! ★

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U. S. ARMY AIR FO[illegible]

"Gee, thanks Lady—I'll Pull Double for You!"

Coax More Miles Out of Your Horsepower!

TUNE IN RAYMOND GRAM SWING
Blue Network, Coast-to-Coast
0 P. M., E. W. T., Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs.

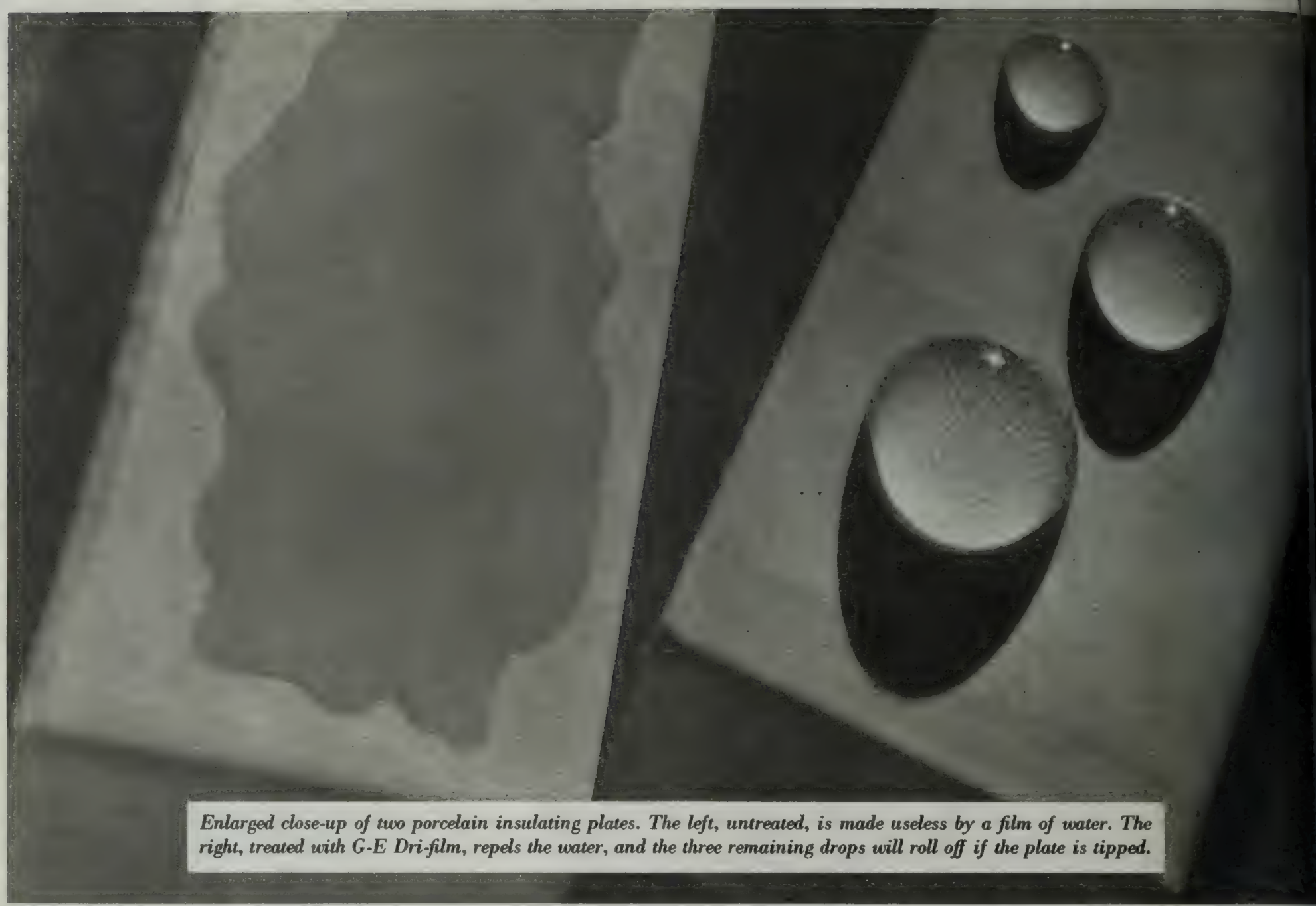
Here's a Ration Bonus Uncle Sam *wants* you to have: You may get up to *10% more miles* from every coupon in your book simply by seeing your Mobilgas dealer regularly—getting his inexpensive Conservation Check-up! Let him check spark plugs, battery, oil filter, air cleaner, tires—put in clean Mobiloil and Mobilgrease—*keep* your whole car in tip-top shape. 10% more miles is as good as 10% more gasoline! SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC., and Affiliates: Magnolia Petroleum Co., General Petroleum Corp. of Calif.

Mobilgas

SOCONY-VACUUM

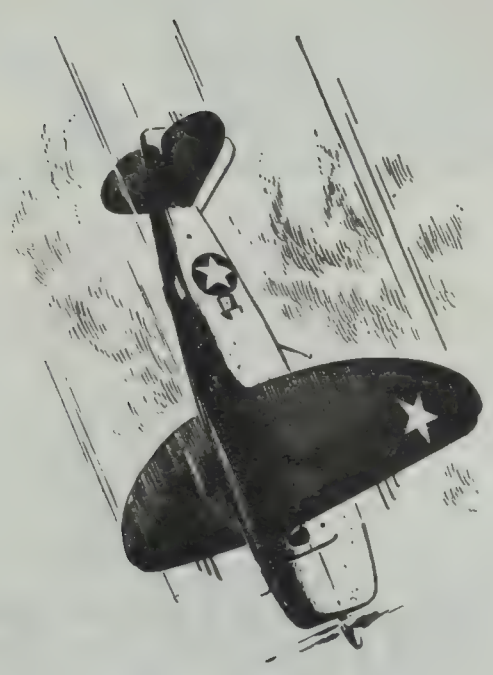
THE SIGN OF FRIENDLY SERVICE

GET A *Conservation Check-up* EVERY 30 DAYS



Enlarged close-up of two porcelain insulating plates. The left, untreated, is made useless by a film of water. The right, treated with G-E Dri-film, repels the water, and the three remaining drops will roll off if the plate is tipped.

How to cure a Flying Radio's LARYNGITIS



THERE USED TO BE a lot of trouble, every time an American pilot in a dogfight dropped a radio set 20,000 feet. Not crash trouble, for in the cases we're talking about the radio was in the plane and the pilot pulled out of the dive.

But sometimes the radio lost its voice. For the sudden plunge from cold to warmer air produced condensation of moisture—like the fog that collects on your glasses when you come indoors on a winter's day. A film of moisture formed on the radio's insulators; the film let the electricity leak away; the radio quit dead! And that was bad—since a modern fighting plane depends almost as much on its radio as it does on its wings.

But not so long ago General Electric scientists found a way around this difficulty. For if a porcelain insulator is exposed, for just a few seconds, to the vapor of a composition called G-E Dri-film—then the whole nature of the insulator's surface is changed. It looks just the same, but moisture doesn't gather any longer in a conducting film. Instead, it collects in isolated droplets that don't bother the radio a bit. The set keeps right on talking.

Today the voices of most military radios are being safeguarded by treating their insulators with G-E Dri-film. And the research that cures a radio's laryngitis is the same kind that has licked the problems of the turbo-supercharger, and has packed the driving power of a destroyer into turbines not much bigger than a couple of trunks. It's the kind of research we're counting on, tomorrow, to turn the discoveries of wartime into peacetime products we can all use. *General Electric Co., Schenectady, N. Y.*

The best investment in the world is in this country's future—

BUY WAR BONDS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

952-469-311

HEAR THE GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO PROGRAMS: THE "HOUR OF CHARM" SUNDAY 10 P.M. EWT, NBC — "THE WORLD TODAY" NEWS, WEEKDAYS 6:45 P.M. EWT, CB

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR SEPTEMBER 4, 1943

ERIK MILLER

A formation of P-38s scouting for the enemy. "Air warfare is a percentage game. You fight in teams or you're dead"

THREE SECONDS TO FIGHT

BY CAPTAIN NEWELL O. ROBERTS
94TH UNITED STATES PURSUIT SQUADRON

ıew member of an old ter group tells how our pi- worked their P-38s against comers, from the ground 35,000 feet into the Medi- anean sky. With three onds to work, you have time to correct mistakes

LEARNED one thing from the first Jerry I shot down. In a fight with a Messerschmitt, three seconds is all the e you have to live or to die. The same s for Jerry, too. People back home have idea that fighter pilots zoom and dive l twist like a swarm of bees, spitting lets right and left. It isn't like that at You take off in your twin-engine P-38 htning for a three-hour flight, patrol- g, strafing, and escorting bombers. Al- ether, you have about three minutes ooting in your guns, which pack the st concentrated firepower of any fighter ne. You hold your fire until you are a hundred yards from your enemy and let her go in three-second bursts. In three seconds you can squirt 300 shells. You get him, or he gets you.

My first Jerry was one of two Me.-110s cruising over Gabès at the southern end of Tunisia. I was the leader of my flight. We were patrolling that part of the Mediterranean to keep the U-boats under water. We also had orders to strafe German field concentrations around Gabès from thirty feet above the ground. We call that buzzing.

I saw two Jerries above us going the same direction as we were. We had the speed to overhaul them. There wasn't any time to maneuver. I gave my engine the blossom, pulled my nose up, got one Jerry in my sights, gave him a squirt and he burst into flames. The job took about as long as it takes to tell it. A buddy of mine got the other one.

Air warfare is a percentage game. You fight in teams or you're dead. They'll shoot you down any time you go into acrobatic maneuvers. It takes a few seconds to go into a roll or a spin and the other fellow gets you the first second.

There isn't any room for grudge fighting. Almost all the pilots we lost were fellows who let themselves be sucked out of formation. The Jerries used to send one of their planes out in front and down low as a decoy. If one of our men dived on the decoy a whole team of Me.'s invariably dived on him. If our whole team took the bait, the Me. team usually stayed out of it. We could outfly and outshoot them.

Carrying on for Rick

Our squadron was a Pursuit. We still used the Hat-in-the-Ring insignia that Eddie Rickenbacker and his men used in the same squadron in the first World War. Ours was one of the first fighter groups to reach Algeria. We took off from England, flew nine hours and fifteen minutes with a Martin B-26 as a mother ship to guide us. Sitting that long strapped to the seat of a P-38 is bad enough. But in this flight an even worse strain was not knowing whether we would have to shoot our way into the airfield at Oran where we were to land.

Fortunately, the field had surrendered to our troops, but that didn't make it much better because Junkers 88s had just bombed the field and we had to dodge the holes that pocked the runway. The colonel's ship hit one and smashed up as flat as a pancake. He crawled out unhurt.

Winging that far overseas set a record for fighter planes, but it was duck soup for us after flying the North Atlantic in midwinter. Ours was the first squadron of fighters to wing across the ocean. After Pearl Harbor we had been rushed out to San Diego and Long Beach to guard the Southern California coast. Everybody thought Tojo would be sending a carrier over to blast our aircraft factories. Our task was to head the Japs off at sea if they came. This was a break, because the P-38s were so new that nobody knew how to fly them. We had to work out an entirely new system of battle tactics.

Looking back, I would say this was the most dangerous flying I have done. Once in a formation so tight that our wing tips were only three feet apart, another pilot jammed his wing into my rudder. It was my first collision in the air, We got down all right—Roberts' luck. Another time I

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

DOUG WHITE

Capt. Newell O. Roberts, fighter p veteran of the Tunisian air war, P-38 Lightning which he fought the best the Axis could put in

saw two P-38s below me fold together, back to back, and plunge into the ocean. Once, in another fog, a pilot came up under me, knocking both my engines out. He bailed out, but I like to stick with a ship. I pancaked in a small field without a scratch—more Roberts' luck.

One day they gave us new P-38s equipped with belly tanks, and the rumor spread that we were going overseas. By that time we knew what the P-38s would do—or thought we did. Our squadron flew from Southern California to Maine, and day after day we practiced long flights through the soup over the Atlantic. Next we flew to a base in Labrador. It was lost in the overcast. Every day the Flying Fortress carrying the navigator who was to get us to Greenland flew out and looked over the situation. The best weatherman in the world couldn't predict what we would find out there.

After several false starts, we took off again, hovering around the Fortress. Our flight made a tiny runway in Greenland. There were mountains all around and icebergs in the water. Our flight got down all right. But another, which started the same day, heading for another Greenland runway, landed on the icecaps and stayed there a long time before being rescued. We pushed on to Reykjavik, Iceland.

The next flight still gives me dreams more terrible than any fight I have been in. We took off in thick, soupy weather for Scotland with a Fortress for each four Lightnings. As the soup became thicker and thicker, we jammed ourselves closer under the wings of the Fortress. We were flying so tight that our wing tips almost touched. We flew like that for five hours. It seemed like fifty.

Or It Might Have Been Norway

By the end of that time we had no idea whether we were over Scotland or Germany. Once we saw land through a hole in the clouds. It flashed by so fast that we still didn't know our whereabouts. Finally we made radio contact with a station in Northern Ireland and also with one in England and asked them to give us homings. They gave them, but we couldn't understand them.

When we cussed them out, they called back:

"Don't worry, old chappies, stay up there and we'll have you down in a jiffy!"

They sent up a Beaufighter and he got us into an airfield in the nick of time. I had enough gas for 30 minutes' flying.

They sent us to train with the hottest combat squadron in Britain, the 303d Polish Pursuit group. They were flying Spitfires. Those Polish kids taught us everything they had learned in combat over Europe. Then we went along on seven combat operations over France. On none of these were we jumped by the Jerries. By the time we reached Africa, we knew how to sweep the sky of Jerries and Eyties. The Poles were the best sky fighters I saw anywhere.

Our squadron's first base in Africa was a place called Youk-le-Barnes. It was supposed to be an airfield. Actually it was a pasture. When it rained, we had to land without using the front wheel of the tricycle landing. If we did, it would bury itself in the mud, and we'd flop on our backs.

For the first week we were our own ground crew. We flew all day, then worked six or eight hours at night cleaning and loading our guns and filling the gas tanks from five-gallon cans. You haven't any idea how many five-gallon cans it takes to fill a P-38. There were so many of them that later when the ground crews arrived, we filled them with earth and stacked them up to make walls to live in.

Up to that time we had only pup tents for shelter, rain or shine. For t week in Africa, I lived on chocol and emergency rations. Somethi happened to our supplies. I lar Africa weighing 175 pounds and l months later weighing 135.

The idea, when our squadron w to Africa, was that the Lightnings do the high-altitude work. They we to fly and fight at 30,000 feet and Our main task was to escort Flyin resses at high level on bombing over Italy, Sicily, Sardinia, Tunis Tripoli. At that time, nobody h idea that the P-38s were good for a from ten feet off the ground up ceiling.

When I say ten feet off the gro mean ten feet, too. That's how I flew at Faid Pass. One morning our assigned our squadron to a speci sion, cleaning out the Nazis' gun po in the pass so that our troops coul through.

There were only four of us. W abreast. The canyon had steep wa both sides and there was barely roo the four planes to fly with wing tips touching. My flight consisted of Ma Whorter, Jack Ilfrey, Bill Lovell an self. The order said we were to do t between 7:20 and 7:25 A. M., not e not later.

The Timing Was Perfect

We roared into the pass on the climbing and diving as though we on roller coasters. Every time we we shot a burst into a gun position tank. Then we zoomed up to gain tude for the next dive. At 7:25 our g troops charged through. The Jerries either dead or under cover. Late cleaned out Kasserine Pass the same It's a tricky operation for a plane travels 400 miles per hour and is posed to fight at 30,000 feet in the roomy sky.

An advantage in buzzing in at tr level is that you can let them have it finish your mission before the flak started. We did that at Sfax where Jerries were using the ball park fo airdrome. We roared right down streets of the town. The P-38 wasn signed for a bomber, but we carri couple of bombs under the wings on s ing expeditions. As soon as we dro the bombs, we zoomed up to be in pos for fighting.

By the time this Sfax flak was up were nearing Gabès. At the edge woods I saw several Me.-109s take of couldn't tell how many there were for dust, but I called to my flight:

"Let's take them on. I'll take the one."

"I'll take the second," said Ilfrey.

Lovell and McWhorter picked th One Me. turned head on into me. I been flown into twice before, so I sai myself, "If you can take it, Jerry, I c I gave him a squirt when we were 200 off the ground. As he blew to piece made a quick turn to the left. Anot Me. came into my sights. I was on his so I gave him a burst and he dived strai into the ground.

The other fellows were getting in t bursts. There were a lot more Jerries t I expected. We had the advantage of p tion and speed.

I heard someone's voice yell, "Look there's one on your tail." I looked b in a hurry, but the Jerry wasn't on tail, he was on Ilfrey's.

(Continued on page 34)

It Takes Two to Make a Hero

By Francis Iles

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

as the British have no e of humor—but you t e so sure after reading le of murder, manly dy and a Victoria Cross

IS is the story that was told me by complete stranger one wet morn- g at the Dodo Club.

not know what the qualifications membership of the Dodo, but I he club was founded as a kind of er on a permanent basis of one ephemeral clublets which con- so much to the charm of social e older universities. At any rate, the members were youngish— o say, on the undeveloped side of heir number was small, and, ac- to George Pidcock, each of them istinguished man in some modest his own; though what claim to on George himself could have put , beyond being a first cousin of could never imagine.

y case, it was to lunch with George was there on that morning, and it cause the day was wet that I ar- ore than an hour early. The hall at the Dodo knows me; and the g room into well provided with those more e periodicals (to be seen only in which have a peculiar fascination ; therefore, I looked forward to pleasant hour of relaxation before acting job of being entertained by e for lunch.

I was out of luck—all of my fa- magazines were missing.

ust have vented my chagrin aloud, next moment I was horrified to see uiring head come into view round ng of an armchair and fix on me ual baleful eye of the Disturbed er.

ere you looking for anything?" asked ad.

," I said. "No, no. Oh, no. Not at Nothing. Oh, no. No."

got up and I saw with incredulity his eye was not baleful at all but rned, with the concern of a host for st. "I'm really afraid you were look- r something. What was it?"

etrogressional Advancement," I said. th a peculiarly attractive look of guilt dicated the copy in his own hand.

so sorry," he was beginning, when nly his expression changed and he d quite startled. "Good Lord, are really a Retrogressional Advancer? positively do exist, then? 'Pon my , I thought the whole thing must be -pull. I say, I didn't mean that. Of se . . . most extraordinarily interest- . . Quite see there may be something . . . H'm . . ."

put him out of his agony.

nd then, of course, he ordered sherry, asked whom I was waiting for, ordered e sherry on hearing that it was George ock, confessed to never having heard George Pidcock, and finally ordered e sherry as a penance for never hav- heard of me either. In short, within a short time we were getting ready to

tell each other the stories of our lives: which for two complete strangers, and members of a normally reticent race, was remarkable enough.

It was, however, not until he learned that I was a writer that this excellent man began to show signs of human weakness. They were signs I knew too well. I had fled from them at cocktail parties, at week-end parties, in the homes even of elderly relatives. They are indications that the sign maker has a "plot" for a story: either "just a little thing, you probably won't think much of it, came to me in my bath this morning," or "and absolutely true, you'd hardly need to alter it; honestly, someone ought to write it up."

Usually, I say, the only thing to do is to flee (unless you happen to be particularly good at the glassy smile, the mandarin nod, and all the rest of it); but this time things were different. After all, this man had not read me the riot act, as he had been entitled to do; instead he had fed me with kindness and gladdened me with sherry. Besides, I liked his looks. So I did as never before since the days of my apprenticeship: I encouraged him.

Curiously, it needed encouragement to bring his tale out of him. When it came to the point, he showed diffidence. I encouraged him further.

"No, no," he said. "It's not that. I was just wondering whether I haven't been a bit—what's the word?—precipitate. After all, it's rather . . . What's the word again? I'm afraid you'll think me only half-educated. I suppose *you* can hit on the right word every time."

I assured him I could not.

"Well, 'confidential,' then. No, not

(Continued on page 60)

ally she told him she couldn't marry oward. Either he'd go to the police, their engagement would be at an end

Welles' Wonderland

By James F. Denton and Kyle Crichto

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAY

The Mercury Wonder Show, for servicemen and suckers, sets up shop with myriad memorable mystifications

MR. ORSON WELLES will saw you in half at a minute's notice. If treated respectfully, he will return you to yourself intact at a later date. At request, he will decapitate you. He will extract a rabbit from your hat and manufacture a hen for your edification without extra cost. If he doesn't have you around to saw in half, he will perform the operation on Rita Hayworth, who looks much better that way than most people do intact.

Welles has become Orson the Magnificent. Movies? Bah! Stage? A bore! He is now a magician under canvas, with his tent set up on Cahuenga Boulevard in the heart of Hollywood, and if you are in uniform, you can revel in these miracles not for fifty cents, the half of a dollar, or for two bits, the half of four bits, but for free. In plain clothes it costs you something short of a ransom, with peanuts a dollar a bag and seats up to $5.50 a pasteboard. His opening night cost the gentry in the "sucker" section $11 a throw and they came pleading for admittance.

"A sucker deserves an even break at a slightly higher level," is the Welles motto.

Welles calls his outfit the Mercury Wonder Show and intends to keep it going as long as the suckers come in. Since Hollywood is filled with practically nothing else but suckers, he has a deal on his hands. He estimates that his magical equipment has cost him $23,000, but he is not one to quibble about expense.

Orson is an artist of legerdemain now, and movie agents can flutter about his magical dovecote until they're blue, without getting a glance from him. He is busy "reproducing the occult secrets of antiquity" for his followers; he provides "original experiments in animal magnetism," and all nature freeze glance; he furnishes readings Magic Crystal but warns his audi "because of the unbelievable the practitioner of this incredible management must reserve the change this portion of the progr out notice."

As his stooges, he offers suc tainers as Joseph Cotten, Agnes head and "fourteen assorted as Miss Hayworth is the supreme sa brave lady who allows herself to membered at each performance daintiest way ever imagined.

Miss Hayworth and her confr literally paid in peanuts, and presario will brook no salary d Any money left over after exper paid goes to the Hollywood As League, a charity organization. the sort of show the twenty-eight- Welles has wanted ever since he ered at the age of six that the wo worked with mirrors. There are who insist that he has been doing else since, either in his stage or career, but Welles is too busy ma ing the Witches' Farmyard to bo plying.

The Witches' Farmyard, an "in assortment of sortilege not to be cated in the history of thaumatur sents: Bovine Obedience; At the S Gallery (including Marksmansh ward); Evaporation in the Mystic The Dalai's Milk Pail (direct from lamaseries); The Flight of the Hare Elusive; *La Rapière du Diable;* A from the Dead; Faster than Lig world-famous Balsamo's Secret; a Casket of Count Cagliostro.

Cursed with the ambition that ha the despair of himself and eve around him, Welles has improved old magic-show formula and has s lined it to the point where it co the features of a three-ring circus phantasmagoria.

Miss Hayworth appears as the With the X-Ray Eyes, a mild comp

This is the climax of Orson's most incredible feat—putting Joe Cotten in a trunk and pulling out Rita Hayworth. It won't work without the Welles brand of magic

From the traditional red wagon, Orson the Magnificent and Joe Cotten sell tickets. To men in uniform, it's free, but civilians (or suckers) are nicked up to $5.50

Here we see the necromancer plucking chickens out of the air. By the time the show is over he has materialized so many fowls that four attendants are required to carry them off. With this bit of magic Orson hopes eventually to end the meat shortage

The Great Joseph Cotten, the redoubtable one, is life at every performance in a triumph of es-gy. Hayworth and Cotten combine in something the Million $ Mystery, which "makes you doubt enses in a bewildering display." There is a Death ; there is the Human Sewing Machine ("must be be believed"); there is Princess Nephrotite, ("the of Egypt brought back from the dead. Her ma-zation, levitation, evanishment and lightning reap-nces").

r. Welles has lately been performing as Rochester *the* Rochester) in the Twentieth Century-Fox pro-n of Jane Eyre. The reports of this are such that Velles could make a pretty penny by submitting tting-jawed countenance to other cameras. He at such suggestions and threatens to make disap-the first producer who ventures forth with such nse.

This will go under the head of philanthropy," says Welles, who prefers to be his own producer and a grim eye on all others.

round his show, he is everything, a state which he lways known would eventually befall him. He sells ckets, he sets the stage, he makes the jokes, he in-the customers, he beheads his associates. He gives ic readings and reveals the Secrets of the Sphinx ancient lore of the Dark Continent assembled for irst time under canvas").

A Soul Freed of Hollywood Shackles

He has forgotten the success of Citizen Kane and the owing and beautiful experience in Brazil where he eighteen billion feet of film and came out (not at equest) without a picture. He broods no longer on chains of Hollywood but instead puts his great mind feature known as Chained in Space.

The crowds have been large and at points rowdy. suckers pay their bucks for soda pop, and the mem-of the Armed Forces sit happy and free, suffering ndignities of the wallet. The tent, which has a pic-sque midway, replete with lurid and wondrous post-and a calliope which gets its notion of noise from lles himself, seats 1,100 servicemen and 400 suckers.

The evening closes with Orson taking a modest back t while Joe Cotten puts on Voodoo. This is a re-en-ment of Mr. Cotten's "interesting experiences among witch doctors in Darkest Africa."

The applause is tumultuous and the Great Orson o affectionately refers to himself among his friends the Great Ham) beams gratefully and trembles with titude. But as he is bowing, he is also thinking. In mind he is turning over an idea that will revolution-magic and pretty much everything else.

"I haven't quite got it," he reports, "but if I do get it'll be *big*."

He lowers his voice and looks around apprehen-ely. "It's a disappearance act," he says, "and when I rfect it, I'll just give one wave"—he makes a vicious ipe with his hand—"and there goes Hollywood." ★★★

With superb nonchalance, Orson takes flowers, rabbits and other objects from his tall silk hat as cleverly as he extracts ham from a role, although not in such quantities

Hortense the Goose is one of the most popular figures in the show. Talking things over with her is George Chirello, otherwise Shorty

The Western gentleman sniping at the pretty girl with a bull whip is Death Valley Mack, who started in show business with Buffalo Bill

Assisted by the beauteous Miss Hayworth, Orson the Magnificent reads the future in a crystal ball. With such help, how could he fail?

A LASS *and* A LACK

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Joe's howl was awe-inspiring. It cut through the haze of tobacco smoke. "I been robbed!" he roared

THE camouflaged and antiquated cargo ship Talladega of the United States Merchant Marine wheezed to its anchorage in the harbor of Cartagena, continent of South America, and announced its arrival with a great clattering of anchor chains. The big, burly sailor, whose name was Joe, heaved a vast sigh. He said, "Look! Them houses. Those beer gardens. Slews of señoritas. An' me broke'n a coot."

The group disintegrated abruptly, since Joe was inclined to become truculent when any request for a loan was refused. He was a big man, this Joe, with two heavy fists and a sensitive disposition. The blond lad who had been standing near by moved close to Joe and said timidly, "I got forty-two dollars."

Those words riveted Joe's attention as no other statement could. This blond kid—his name was Eddie—hadn't been accepted by his shipmates. He was slender and shy and diffident and sort of on the puny side: everything, in fact, that a good sailorman shouldn't be.

Joe said, "You ain't never been here, have you, kid?"

"No, Joe—I ain't."

"The beer ain't so good, but I know a gal named Carmencita . . ."

"Has she got a friend?"

"Feller, she's just plumb surrounded by friends. But you and me can have a good time." Joe held out one huge calloused hand. "You're green. Better leave me handle the money."

Eddie hesitated, but only briefly. He gave Joe the forty-two dollars and watched the big man place it tenderly in a leather wallet which was otherwise bereft of currency.

"Wait'll you meet Carmencita," said Joe. "Is that dame crazy about me!"

THE streets were narrow and tortuous, the odors vivid, the weather hot. Joe led the way to a side street and thence through a doorway. He waved his hand at a group of young Colombian damsels and said, "Hi, gals! Here's me!"

Save for a couple of shifty-eyed native gentlemen loafing near the bar, the place was empty except for these full-blown and broad-minded young ladies.

A four-piece orchestra commenced dispensing native rhythm. The young ladies started making motions indicative of their willingness to make the evening less lonely for the American caballeros. Joe grabbed a charmer who had passed the merely voluptuous stage several years since.

"Carmencita," he yelled. "How'sa babe?" Over his shoulder he said to Eddie, "Told you she'd be crazy to see me."

Had Eddie been less fascinated by the exotic atmosphere, he might have observed that the look in Carmencita's eyes was one of calculation rather than affection.

She dragged another girl to the table, introduced her as Rosita, and said something in Spanish. Immediately Rosita started giving Eddie the works, much to that young sailorman's delight.

From that point onward, the evening picked up. Eddie devoted himself to beer. Not so Joe. Backed by adequate finances, he consumed huge quantities of rum, danced ardently, and proceeded rapidly toward a condition of glorious inebriation.

Carmencita was sober. Furthermore, she was thinking. Whilst she absorbed tiny glasses of colored water and plied her Americano with rum, she caught the eye of a wizened little man at the bar, and five minutes later excused herself from the table and met him outside.

This particular gentleman, Pedro by name, led a furtive, but colorful life. For one thing, he held Carmencita's tropical affections tightly. For another, he toiled not—neither did he spin; but he was a very clever pickpocket. And to him Carmencita conveyed the information that the big man at her table was on the high road to intoxication and that he had, in his pocket, a fat wallet. "But be careful," she warned him. "Gonzalez does not like trouble with the police, and you must watch him closely." Gonzalez was the unscrupulous owner of the joint.

A half hour later Pedro sauntered across the dance floor. In very bad English he stated politely that he had met Joe somewhere before. Joe—who by this [illegible] in a mellow and agreeable mood—[illegible] bered clearly so Pedro seated him [illegible] to Joe and became excessively [illegible]

The pace got madder and me[illegible] music and the night hotter, Pe[illegible] friendly, Joe foggier. Eventual[illegible] said adios and drifted away.

Joe was feeling swell. He sugg[illegible] ing places. The check was brou[illegible] Joe reached for his wallet.

His howl was awe-inspiring. [illegible] berated above the clamor of Co[illegible] drums and cut through the haze of [illegible] smoke. "I been robbed!" roa[illegible] "Somebody cleaned me!"

"Your wallet . . . ?" started Ed[illegible]

"It's gone!"

Gonzalez moved forward, his [illegible] like face lined with worry. Señ[illegible] zalez was not in particularly go[illegible] with the police, and trouble with [illegible] men of the American Merchant [illegible] was the last thing in the world he [illegible] Eddie said, "It must have been th[illegible] Pedro!"

Pedro leaped for the door, bu[illegible] zalez beat him to it. There was [illegible] struggle and Señor Gonzalez cam[illegible] table dragging the protesting Pedr[illegible] neck. With fingers none too ge[illegible] frisked Pedro and produced Joe's [illegible]

Joe said "Thanks" and opened t[illegible] let. Then he made a noise besid[illegible] his previous efforts were mere w[illegible] "Forty-two dollars!" he screamed. [illegible] forty-two dollars in that wallet. [illegible] the police?"

THINGS happened fast. Gonzal[illegible] loped Pedro to make sure he [illegible] a while, and then frisked him aga[illegible] money was forthcoming. But G[illegible] knew what had happened: Pedr[illegible] managed to hide it somewhere. [illegible] Pedro, he was no gentleman. Joe w[illegible] demanding the police and uttering [illegible] which involved the entire Good Ne[illegible] policy. Eddie watched the proceedin[illegible] hoped he didn't show how scared h[illegible]

Gonzalez finally quieted Joe an[illegible] Pedro an additional kick to prove h[illegible] belief in inter-American solidarit[illegible] produced forty-two American dolla[illegible] forced them on Joe; and he refused [illegible] the big sailor pay the check in retu[illegible] a promise that the matter would [illegible] reported to the authorities.

Joe and Eddie proceeded towa[illegible] water front. "You travel with me a[illegible] git excitement," Joe boasted.

Eddie was more than a trifle w[illegible] He said, "But that money—"

"Why worry? We got it back, [illegible] we? And Gonzalez'll get his from [illegible] some way. Also, we didn't have t[illegible] no check." With unsteady fingers [illegible] handed the money to Eddie. "There [illegible] kid. And don't say I ain't honest."

Eddie took the money. He count[illegible] twenty-one dollars and handed the [illegible] Joe. "That's your half," he said.

"I ain't takin' no money offen you [illegible]

"It's fifty-fifty, Joe. We're splittin[illegible] profit."

Joe started sobering up. "Wh[illegible] mean: profit?"

"Well," explained Eddie diffidentl[illegible] knew you was plannin' to get drunk, [illegible] there wasn't no tellin' what'd happe[illegible] my money. So when you was tak[illegible] shower, before we went ashore, I [illegible] the forty-two dollars out of your w[illegible] and put it in my own pocket."

Joe was blinking. "An' all the tim[illegible] row was on, you knew I hadn't [illegible] robbed at all?"

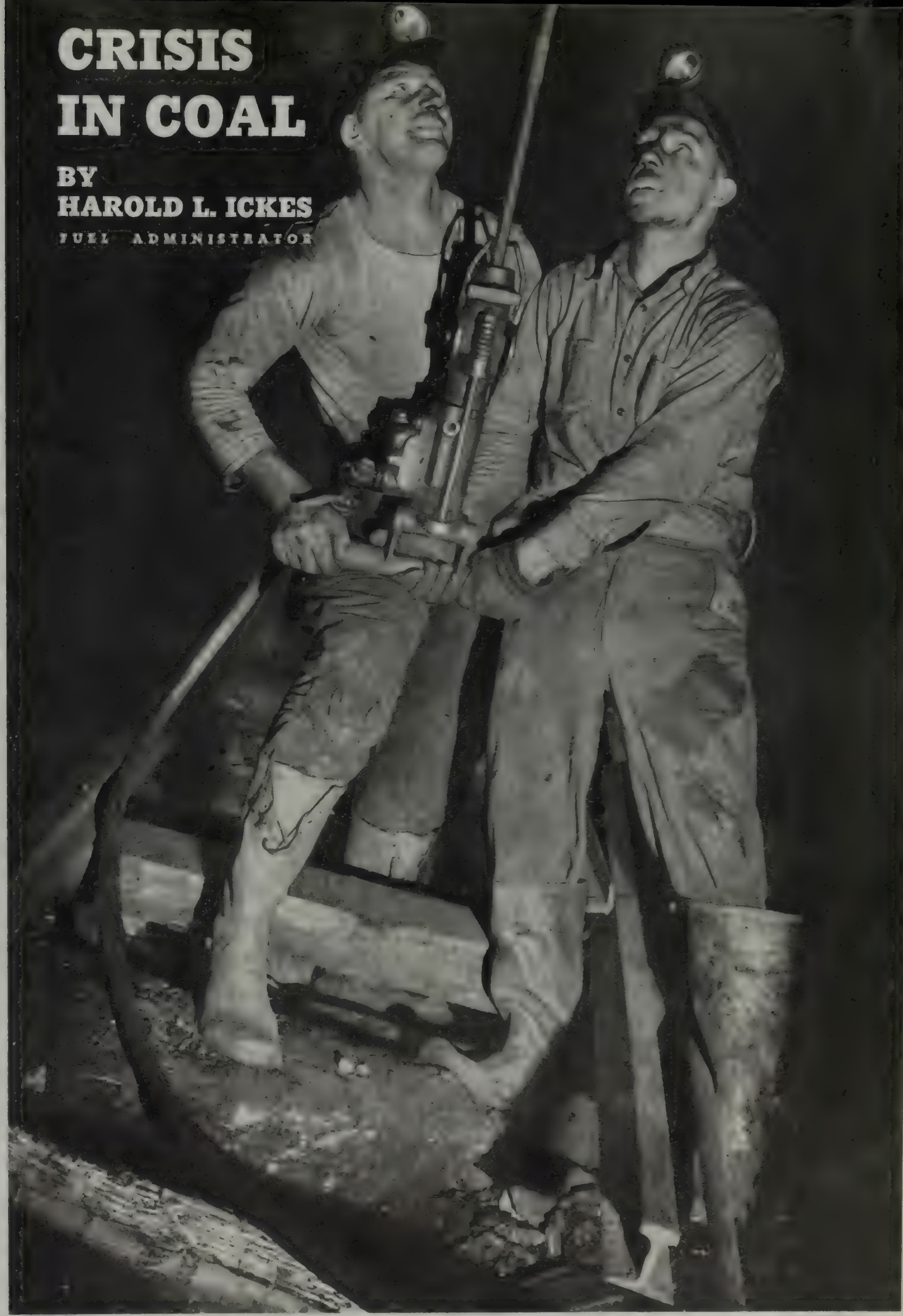
"Well, yes. . . . But you wouldn't le[illegible] say nothing. And they *was* crooks [illegible] they deserved what happened. Any[illegible] we still got our money and somet[illegible] extra. . . . And I hope you ain't mad [illegible]

"Mad!" Joe held out the hand of br[illegible] erhood. "Sailor," he said heartily, "yo[illegible] just the kind of a guy this crew nee[illegible]

A Short Short Story Complete on This Page

CRISIS IN COAL

BY
HAROLD L. ICKES
FUEL ADMINISTRATOR



DAVID ROBBINS

e ma who runs the mines for the govern- nt te s the inside story of our coal troubles. less omething is done promptly, war in- try ill slow down and homes grow cold

EHND the three recent walkouts of the coal mers lies a black—and stupid—chapter in the hiory of the home front, and if we permit a rth lkout to occur between now and October (as is w tten the situation is again in a state of flux and e is o telling what may happen) we will write an- er cl pter that will be even blacker and even more nd.

We ve already lost at least 25 million tons of coal ard ur minimum requirement of 665 million tons the ear, as a result of the three walkouts, and there sr g probability that we may not be able to make n ertainly we cannot stand the strain upon our c omy of another walkout.

J i not possible at this time to write the complete y the unhappy coal situation because the story c plete. But we have concluded an era, and up th point we are in a position to discuss it with a amount of restraint because we are better off n might have been in other circumstances. In rds, it could have been worse.

I e said—and I here repeat—that the miners have vances. I am not going to appraise them or even them. Nor am I going to present the operators' the argument. As in all disputes, there is some- be said on both sides. But if the public wants e at a fair judgment—and in the long run it al- es—it needs to know all of the facts, the first of s that a wage increase of $1 a day in the northern chian field and $1.40 a day in the southern Appa- field, now being paid under government opera- ent into effect April 1, 1941, and was written for rs.

t was before we were in the war, although the tional gangsters were ranging throughout Eu- nd the murderous Japs had been shedding blood sly and cruelly in China. It is probably true that ople in this country had the slightest notion then e United States would soon become involved in

One of the Greatest War Industries

ter Pearl Harbor, the miners might have been tech- correct if they had taken the position that, since ntract had not been made in contemplation of war erefore, in contemplation of a sharply rising cost ng, it was not in legal effect. In other words, as I n retrospect, the miners might have claimed justifi- for forcing an even higher wage agreement after Harbor. The coal industry overnight became a war ry—one of the greatest. Others were paying wages y in excess of what the miners were getting and for that was less arduous and far less hazardous.

ut the miners did not raise the question of higher s, although their spokesman, as the contract neared piration date of March 31st last, asserted their right her wages—roughly an increase of $2 a day—and iners' determination to secure an advance.

ollowing the "Little Steel formula" came—again hance, so far as the miners were concerned—the d the line" edict of President Roosevelt, which was, ect, a freezing order. The miners were already ne- ting with the operators but, in the circumstances, could not hope for an upward adjustment of their s even though wages in many other industries, cially in the heavy war industries, had gone up edly before the President's "Hold the line" order issued.

These facts should be kept clearly in mind.

Every two years the country becomes acutely aware its biennial coal crisis is upon it. Seated in a room lled with smoke as if the meeting were to deliver a ublican Presidential candidate, John L. Lewis, ounded by his mining chieftains, has solemnly bar- ed with some of the operators (or at least *repre- tatives* of the operators) about the terms of the next nial contract with respect to hours and wages. Cus- arily, these parleys dragged along for weeks, with eated threatened crises following the rumored blow- of the negotiations until the last minute when, with people worked up to an advanced state of jitters, it uld be dramatically announced that terms had been eed upon and that the miners could continue on job.

Apprehending this year that we might be confronted a real crisis and knowing that the cessation of work a single day would have an adverse effect upon the production of coal, I (as Hard Fuels Administrator) asked the miners and operators to get down to their customary conference on February 12th instead of on March 1st. When this failed, I proposed that February 22d would not be an inappropriate date to light up their black cigars and reluctant pipes. The operators were willing, but John L. Lewis brusquely slapped the idea down. The two sides did not even begin their conference—into which I have reason to believe the majority of the operators entered without the slightest intention to reach an agreement—until sometime in March.

Time is usually on the side of dilatory tactics, but it may be argued with much force that those who went into the conference to stall overplayed their hand. It is my purpose to outline for the reader what happened between the calling to order of that "collective bargaining" gathering in New York and the final announcement by Lewis that while the miners owed the operators nothing, they would work for the government until October 31st and would subject themselves to any necessary "hardship" in order to get out coal with which to win the war.

The most sensational episode in connection with this whole coal situation was the decision of the House of Representatives that it would not renew the Guffey Coal Act, which would expire by its own terms on August 23d. This act and the demoralizing effect that will probably result from Congress' failure to re-enact it is not widely understood.

At the end of the first World War, the coal industry found itself in a bad way. A brisk demand had pushed prices higher and higher, but with the peace of Versailles, the bottom dropped out of the market. Coal had been overproduced and there was still too much of it. Even the high-cost mines had deluded themselves into the belief that the bonanza days had come to stay. Soon, mine after mine was going on short time and, in order to sell any coal at all, was forced to do so below the cost of production.

This had its inevitable effect upon the working conditions of the miners. The natural result was a reduction in the price of coal until only the low-cost mines were able to stay out of the red.

After much study and education, Congress finally passed a law setting up the *(Continued on page 56)*

Pickle Lugg

From fighter pilot to torpedo bomber in one hea

BY RICHARD

ILLUSTRATED BY

Alex roared the Avenger over the battlewagon like a fighter, rolled and came down to strafe her joyfully, while ignoring the blast of the answering fire

ALEX took a long look at the envelope in Walt Harris' hand and at the cold, tight expression on Walt's face, and he realized that something very unpleasant had just happened to his friend.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing much," Walt said, tight-lipped. "You've just lost the Tail-end Charlie of Fighting Squadron One, that's all. I've been transferred."

Alex repressed his surprise. "Not to a different ship?"

"No; I've been transferred to Joe De Forest's crows. They've taken me off Wildcat fighters and made me a blasted pickle lugger. I'm in the Torpedo Squadron, no less." Walt stared moodily at the envelope. "It might as well be a death warrant."

"I don't understand," Alex said, puzzled. "You've had no torpedo-plane training. You're a fighter pilot. How the devil—"

"Oh, the Old Man gave me a fine speech about an emergency aboard the ship. A shortage of torp pilots and an abundance of fighter pilots, and how urgently good torpedo men are needed and such." Walt shrugged. "I wish I'd never set foot aboard this converted oil slick." His voice was harsh.

Maybe she was a converted oil slick, but that was no way to talk about her. After all, the U.S.S. Aircraft Carrier Staten Island had not been built to ply the seven seas with eagles in her hold and a flat-top on her hull. 'Way back when the headlines spoke of Warsaw, the Staten Island had been launched to carry exports between Boston and Nicaragua. But the Navy had changed her. They gave her a flight deck, a makeshift island to starboard on the beam. They gave her Oerlikon 20-millimeter guns every twenty feet, a hangar deck, elevators. They gave her a pursuit squadron, a torpedo squadron, and a scout-bomber squadron, and they sent her off to war in the Atlantic.

She had done well, too, Alex thought. Lord knows, he didn't want to wave flags about her, for she was, after all, a wallowing hulk with a seventeen-knot top speed, and she could pitch like a Brooklyn southpaw. She was tough on aircraft, too, with that narrow flat top. You lost a lot of ships over the side, and some never got off at the bow, but plunged in after their run. The deck was only four hundred feet long.

But after all, Alex thought, the old lady had been in all the African show from Fedala to Sicily, and there were German convoys which were now occupying their half of *Mare Nostrum,* barnacling on the bottom, because of the Staten Island.

"Oh, well," Walt said gloomily, "somebody's got to win the war. It might as well be me."

Alex shrugged. "I'm sorry, Walt. I'm going to miss you in the squadron."

"Don't worry," Walt said. "One of these days they'll call you up—"

Over the ship's intercom, the talker suddenly toned, "Lieutenant Alex Graydon to Airplot. Lieu ant Alex Graydon to Airplot."

Alex waved goodby to Walt and headed topside f the wardroom. He whistled brightly as he went, cl ing steel ladders, stepping over bulkheads, pa through heavy doors. His step was light, despite W bad news.

It *was* bad news, for Walt was a hot pilot and F ing One would miss him sorely. But somehow couldn't feel depressed. Too many other things right.

For instance—the weather. Spring had come to Mediterranean. The birds, the bees, the flowers and subs were all out. Back in Manhattan, there was sp too, and the sunshine of his life, Sally Lamson, a b tiful pigeon, had kept to writing daily letters with fervency of an OWI propagandist.

BESIDES that, the war went well. On the fuselag his Grumman fighter, there had now been stenc eight swastikas, and five fasces, indicating that he shot down thirteen confirmed ducks. Frenchie also co have been painted on the skin—a little guy in an P-36 who had, unfortunately, tried to argue with African landings 'way back when. By good luck smart shooting, Alex had managed to kill the engin the P-36, so the Frenchie lived. But he didn't go up the scoreboard. That wasn't cricket.

Nor was this all. On his chest, ribbons sprou like an old-fashioned Rue de la Paix fashion sh There was the yellow service ribbon, the blue-and-wh Navy cross, the red, white, blue and black Atla campaign ribbon, the African campaign ribbon. Eve thing but the D.S.M, D.F.C., and the kitchen sink. a flat-top, you covered the seven seas. With luck, would see the Solomons, too, from the flight deck the Staten Island, and line his first Jap in the ring si and wear a new campaign ribbon. It was the only w to fight a war. Aboard a carrier, you got free tickets all the best shows.

Forward in Airplot, Alex saluted the air offic Commander Stevens, with grand zest, and the AO turned the gesture, but in a different manner. The looked a little tired and not very happy.

"Good morning, Alex," he said.

"Good morning, sir," Alex said cheerfully. "A n soft day, eh?"

"That depends on how you look at things," Co mander Stevens said quietly. He handed Alex a lo envelope. "For you."

Alex stared at the letter. It was from *Buaer* (Bure of Aeronautics): orders.

His innards congealed into something as hard a as old as could be found in *(Continued on page*

THE WILD BUNCH

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

Story Thus Far:

EO McSWEEN, a worthless drifter, runs way with a girl in the Oregon high desert try, takes her to Nevada, where she dies— she has been badly treated, deserted. The n's brother—Frank Goodnight—hears the story. He sets out, on horseback, to find ween and kill him.

he approaches a rough town—Sherman —he stops at a ranch house. His arrival is in time to prevent a man named Royal oston Bill" Royal—from shooting the er of the ranch: Harry Ide. . . . When he hes Sherman City, he takes a room in a ho- the property (as he presently learns) of an at- ive girl, an orphan named Rosalia Lind. Then goes out to look for a friend, Niles Brand, has been trying to get a line on McSween. he two men finally meet; and, because they not want anyone to know they are working ther, they have a secret talk. Niles says the cattlemen of the area are lined up in hostile crowds: the desert people and the people. He says that Boston Bill Royal is a l man" and a crook, as are all the members he hill gang. He says that McSween is living far away.

few minutes after the interview, members he two groups clash in the town. Goodnight Rosalia witness the fight (in which McSween participant); and Goodnight saves the girl n possible injury by an excited rider—to m he administers a beating.

osalia is beautiful. She attracts Goodnight ngly—so strongly that, in the course of a talk with her, he yields to an impulse and kisses her. Then (blissfully ignorant that Boston Bill regards the girl as his property) he mounts his horse and rides into the hill country.

That night, as he is seated by his campfire, a young woman rides up in the darkness and speaks to him. She does not tell him who she is, but she is obviously someone of importance. They talk, guardedly, for a time. Then the new arrival suggests that Goodnight accompany her to "Sun," a near-by ranch. As they converse, they hear the sound of running horses. The girl is excited. "Saddle up quick and kick out the fire," she says nervously.

II

GOODNIGHT made up his blanket roll in quick turns, threw on the saddle and lashed his roll. He gave the fire a sidewise kick with his boot, sending the sticks into the near-by water. He said, "Still, they'll smell smoke and stop," and rode beside her.

At the top of the grade she turned into timber, leaving the road behind. Presently she halted. "If we go ahead of them they'll catch our dust and know we're around."

"That's all right, isn't it?"

"If you stay in the hills," she said, "you'll learn nothing's all right." There was, he recognized, a swing of regret and dislike in her voice but he thought little of it at the moment, being more interested in the sound of the horsemen coming along. They had not stopped at his camp, which made him murmur, "A careless lot. If they can't smell smoke—"

She reached out through the darkness and touched him; her hand squeezed down, commanding his silence. A group of riders ran by on the road and a little gust of talk fell behind from them, and they faded on. The girl waited a moment before riding forward to the road. Goodnight came beside her; both horses traveled at a walk. "That was Boston Bill," she said. "He'll be at the house when we get there. When they question you, just say that you saw me on the road and asked for a night's shelter."

"This Boston Bill is full of questions."

"It will be my father who asks the questions," she said. "My father—Hugh Overman." Then she remembered Goodnight's remark and commented on it: "How would you know about Boston Bill?"

"I met him out on the desert."

"He was out there in daylight?" Her voice came at him with a lift of interest. "Where was he?"

"At a ranch."

"Near Sherman City?"

"That's right."

Niles Brand was lying on the bed. "Nice weather, pilgrim," he said, and tried to grin away the hurt of his injury. "Who did it?" asked Goodnight

"Ide's ranch," she murmured, and said nothing more, apparently turning over the information in her mind. Lights sparkled ahead and Goodnight saw shapes cut over those lights, moving around a yard. A plank bridge boomed the warning of their approach and in another minute they were at the front of a log house built low and long across the yard.

He saw first the huge square shape of a man in the doorway, the same black-bearded one who had led the hill crowd into Sherman City on the previous night. With him was Boston Bill, seeming small beside the older one's great shape. There were other men, Boston Bill's men apparently, waiting by their horses along the yard. Goodnight passed among them as he walked forward with the girl to the huge one at the door.

The girl said, "I picked this man up on the road, Dad. He wanted a sleep and a meal."

(Continued on page 67)

In Tokyo, American relief was dispensed under crossed American and Japanese flags after the great 1923 earthquake

THE GREAT AMERICAN SUCCOR

BY WALTER DAVENPORT

Twenty years ago, when Japan was flattened by a catastrophic earthquake, we sent millions in medicines and foods. Nichi-Nichi called attention to the "Great American Succor." Japs never were much good at spelling

ALL this happened twenty years ago, on September 1, 1923, and while it is doubtless a waste of time to remind Japan, it won't hurt to remind ourselves. Anyway, all sorts of Japs, from the Tenno or Son of Heaven himself to the least important pander in the Honjo ward of Tokyo wept their honorable intentions of never, never forgetting.

It was on that date, starting at 11:57 on a rainy Saturday morning, that the best of all the many Jap earthquakes destroyed Tokyo and its principal seaport Yokohama. The first mighty shock lasted, unfortunately, for a mere fifty seconds.

During the following five days, seven hundred additional temblors (alas, of merely split-second duration) rattled down the Kwanto Plain. Fire that couldn't be quenched while anything inflammable was within reach, and a gale which occasionally rose to a forty-mile speed added to a destruction which at the time was regarded by the United States of America as a calamity.

After that, until September 12, three hundred assorted shivers trickled up and down eighty miles of Japan's main island to continue the shattering and incinerating of the towns of Kamakura, Odawara, Kozuke, Hakone and Miyanoshita in addition to Tokyo and Yokohama. As a catastrophe, it started fine.

More than 250,000 Japs met death in sundry painful forms. As frequently happens, the wrong individuals escaped in regrettable numbers. More than 111,000 Japs were injured but lived to be blind, to go legless or armless, and to suffer less permanent memory nudgers. In Tokyo and Yokohama alone, nearly 600,000 homes and other buildings were destroyed.

A Brief Respite from Murder

So shaken was Japan that for almost a week she ceased to murder Koreans in village lots. At the time, the Jap army, under the command of Toyama's Black Dragon muggers, was assimilating Korea in the interests of what Japan calls peace. Peace and a preference for self-government were crimes of which the Koreans were offensively guilty.

Of course, the Japs were not so sorry for themselves during this clearly inadequate earthquake that they neglected Koreans altogether. On September 1 the new prime minister, Count Ya moto, one of the mobster Toya stooges and the uncle of the late Adm Count Yamamoto (who later planned directed the attack on Pearl Harbor) cided that the Koreans must have responsible for the disaster, or at that they weren't sufficiently sorry.

This left the Jap police no alterna but to round up 3,075 of these peace-g people of both sexes and all ages, tie t together in parcels of ten, and liqui them with machine guns. This, of cou made excellent target practice. Pre Yamamoto was getting a little old— old anyway to let an earthquake cha his mind. Since his nephew, Isor Yamamoto, had been a child, he urged him to hate Americans who taught the patriotic little monster) had greater ambition than to molest the

the great cities of Japan required—and received—enormous amounts ood, clothing and medicines. These pictures are from Red Cross files

Heaven—a Joe named Taisho, father he current Hirohito. Isoroku Yama- o grew up to become commander in f of the combined Imperial fleets and, ng been naval attaché in the Jap lega- in Washington in 1925 and desirous returning to America, he announced r Pearl Harbor that he would do so dental to dictating the Jap peace terms he White House. He won't.

he earthquake was less than an hour when the chief of police of Yoko- na, a Black Dragon trigger man named rioka, rushed into the Funabashi wire- station and notified the world—in par- lar the United States, a country which s notorious for its swift insistence upon ng the first and most openhanded to pond to cries for help. Happily his rds have been preserved in a large ok, The Great Earthquake of 1923 in an, compiled and issued by the Bureau Social Affairs of the Japanese Home fice.

"Today at noon," chattered Morioka, great earthquake and conflagration . . . e have neither water nor food. For od's sake, send relief at once."

Before the day was done, Count Yama- oto, in his capacity of premier, squawked ficially to the United States State De- rtment. The Japanese Red Cross, of hich the honorary president was Field arshal Prince Kanin, notified the Amer- an Red Cross that it had the honor of requesting material assistance in large quantity as quickly as possible. Prince Kanin might have signed the request himself, had he not been off in Korea somewhere, slaughtering that difficult people who criminally preferred independence.

In the name of the Tenno (or emperor), the Japanese government issued a call upon the world, and the United States in particular, to hurry up lest countless Japanese infants and women should starve, a fate regarded by the Japs as fit only for Chinese and Koreans.

Goldfish for the Emperor

Emperor Taisho himself had escaped damage, the Imperial Palace being located on the highest bit of ground in Tokyo in order that no subject might look down upon the Son of Heaven. Moreover, at the first shock, he was squirreled off into a specially constructed earthquake shelter where he remained for a fortnight, although they did remember in the excitement to give him several tanks of goldfish that he might not want for suitable exercise for his well-watered brain.

To make it clearer to the world that Japan was in desperate need of swift assistance, the Jap government broadcast its decision not to levy import duties on relief supplies. This is emphasized in the book, The Great Earthquake of 1923 in Japan, the Home Office saying therein that thus "generous and humane foreign peoples would know that Japan was eager to co-operate in their splendid work of relief."

Cyrus E. Woods, our ambassador in Tokyo, corroborated the Jap government's estimate of the damage and Mr. Masanao Hanihara, Japan's ambassador in Washington sobbed freely as he handed official dispatches to Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, Secretary of State. By this time, the people of the United States were hanging out Japanese flags and telling one another it was a sin and a shame that the Japs didn't get off their nervous islands and move over onto the Asiatic mainland where they wouldn't be getting quaked all the time.

As Mr. Hughes' official condolences were read to the Tenno, "with the emotions which are compatible with dignity and understanding and accepted with the proper graciousness," Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States, issued a manifesto. (Unless otherwise specified, all quotes herein are from The Great Earthquake of 1923 in Japan.) Mr. Coolidge said:

"An overwhelming disaster has overtaken the people of the friendly nation of Japan . . . I appeal urgently to the American people, whose sympathies have always been so comprehensive, to contribute . . ."

A Deluge of Sympathy

Naturally, the American Red Cross took charge and into its hands flowed $11,631,302.63 although it had asked for only $5,000,000. Besides this, several million dollars' worth of clothing, building materials, medical supplies and so forth were donated by the American populace.

The Red Cross, with customary efficiency, allotted to the various states and cities the sums expected of them. With hardly any exceptions, these quotas were subscribed in a day, and the cities and states, declaring that such minor sums were far beneath their dignity, kept right on subscribing. Thus it became possible for the American Red Cross not only to mend the wounded, feed the starving, house the roofless, clothe the naked and otherwise succor the forlorn, but to turn over to Japan three and a half million dollars in cash. With this money, the Japs built a few hospitals over the doors of which they inscribed such legends as "Memorial Fraternity," "Grateful to Great America," and "Friendship Everlasting."

Little children in American public schools dropped pennies and sometimes nickels into boxes marked "Help Japan." Presently they had pennied up $5,000 and, not at all satisfied, they organized groups each of which would adopt, clothe, feed and otherwise preserve Japanese babies in order that they might, eighteen years later, repay their debt on Bataan, at Pearl Harbor, and in the execution yards of internment camps.

From then on, we began to get really sorry for the Japs. The American Federation of Labor assessed its membership twenty-five cents a head. The convicts in Sing Sing, the Michigan State Penitentiary and the Big House at Joliet, Illinois, subscribed $457.36, $8.08 and $9.17 respectively. In five days, Tin Pan Alley ground out nineteen ballads extolling the courage, the fortitude and even the sweetness of the Japs in all known keys. One sixth of the royalties were dedicated to the Japs.

Japanese sukiyaki restaurants came into favor, and in Clark Street, Chicago, a mob wrecked a Chinese restaurant because the proprietor said that it didn't pay to keep Japanese alive. Rotary, Kiwanis and Lions clubs held special luncheons, listened solemnly to Jap propagandists, passed the hat and gathered in $10,000. Chambers of commerce passed resolutions. Lame, blind and halt veterans of the A.E.F. in American government hospitals donated $367.28 out of their compensation checks, and twenty-four theaters on Broadway raised $230,000 at extra matinee and benefit performances.

The thing came near to getting out of hand—and would have, had not the American Red Cross been an organization of hard-bitten efficiency. The Salvation Army sent $70,000 worth of clothing, and the Japanese kimono became the motif of women's fashions. Whooped up by its American enthusiasts who subscribed $3,500 in cash, the League of Nations sent 700,000 books, most of them text and reference books to restock demolished Jap libraries and schools. However, the vast majority of them were English language books, so no great harm was done.

Andrew Mellon, as Secretary of the Treasury, notified Japan that its government might float a loan of from $200,000,000 to $500,000,000 on easy terms in this country, and the Philippine government sent a million pesos. Incidentally, at the first scream of Chief of Police Morioka, Douglas MacArthur ordered that the United States Army transports Merritt and Meigs, then in Manila Bay, be loaded with food and medical supplies and then steam full speed to Yokohama.

The Japs vowed never to forget—and apparently they didn't. On the Jap troop barges, landing the Tenno's grateful soldiers on Bataan Peninsula during the week of March 1, 1942, were life belts and other equipment stamped U.S.S. Merritt.

There was some eyebrow-lifting on the editorial pages of American newspapers when the country heard of the somewhat cynical comment of a Chinese scholar. A wetly pro-Jap dinner attended by many of our important statesmen was held in Washington. At that dinner, a brass-hat Jap extolled the generosity, the humanity, the quick compassion of America. Likewise he extolled the Japs a bit, saying that they'd carry on because, after all, Japs were essentially dragon-hearted.

The Chinese scholar merely said, next day, that in his land there was an old and familiar saying: "Before he can hope to become a dragon, a shrimp must pass a most rigid examination."

These are some of the things that happened before America got around to drying her eyes, the worst being over in Japan:

Scientific societies in the United States offered to rebuild the Japanese government's Central Meteorological Observatory in Tokyo, and there was a great deal of talk about the "duty of American educational foundations to rebuild Jap schools and colleges."

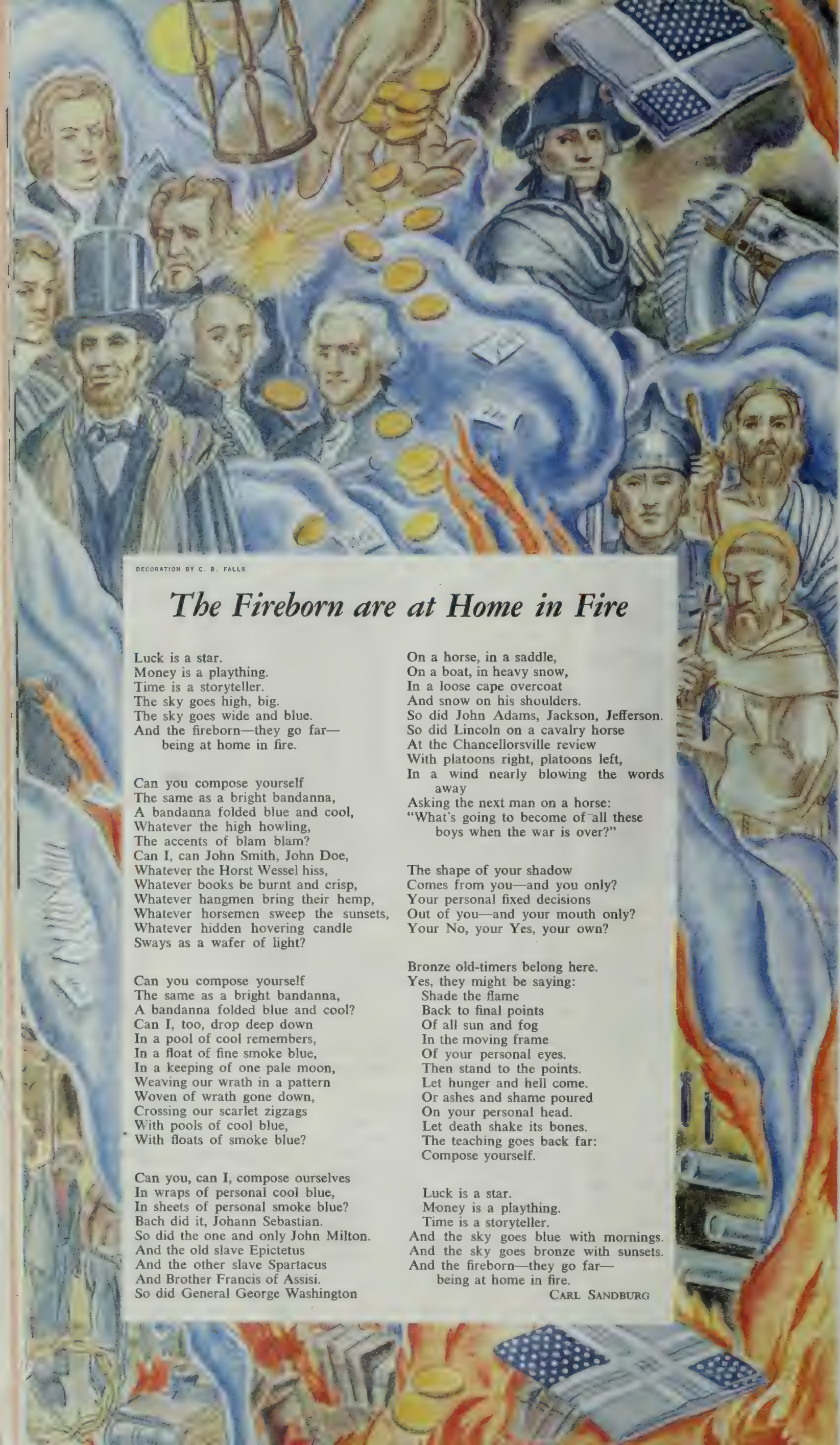
Babe Ruth poled two home runs in a benefit game between the Yankees and the Chicago White Sox, and thousands of American churches held special earthquake services, raising nearly a million dollars to buy milk for Japanese children, a couple of hundred of whom grew up to be men strong enough to raid an American mission in China and murder the occupants—three women and four men, Americans.

Protection for the Winner

Jim Londos had to have police protection after throwing a Jap wrestler named Joe Yamoto out of the ring in Madison Square Garden.

Toy and novelty dealers reaped fortunes selling cheap Jap gimcracks. The Japs, knowing, as usual, precisely what was going on in America, lost no time in selling us twelve shiploads of the stuff, the ships arriving before the embers which had been Tokyo and Yokohama stopped glowing.

In these Maru ships and in bottoms of our own, we reciprocated (of course paying the grateful Japs the usual transportation rates) by sending 800 tons of rice,



DECORATION BY C. B. FALLS

The Fireborn are at Home in Fire

Luck is a star.
Money is a plaything.
Time is a storyteller.
The sky goes high, big.
The sky goes wide and blue.
And the fireborn—they go far—
being at home in fire.

Can you compose yourself
The same as a bright bandanna,
A bandanna folded blue and cool,
Whatever the high howling,
The accents of blam blam?
Can I, can John Smith, John Doe,
Whatever the Horst Wessel hiss,
Whatever books be burnt and crisp,
Whatever hangmen bring their hemp,
Whatever horsemen sweep the sunsets,
Whatever hidden hovering candle
Sways as a wafer of light?

Can you compose yourself
The same as a bright bandanna,
A bandanna folded blue and cool?
Can I, too, drop deep down
In a pool of cool remembers,
In a float of fine smoke blue,
In a keeping of one pale moon,
Weaving our wrath in a pattern
Woven of wrath gone down,
Crossing our scarlet zigzags
With pools of cool blue,
With floats of smoke blue?

Can you, can I, compose ourselves
In wraps of personal cool blue,
In sheets of personal smoke blue?
Bach did it, Johann Sebastian.
So did the one and only John Milton.
And the old slave Epictetus
And the other slave Spartacus
And Brother Francis of Assisi.
So did General George Washington
On a horse, in a saddle,
On a boat, in heavy snow,
In a loose cape overcoat
And snow on his shoulders.
So did John Adams, Jackson, Jefferson.
So did Lincoln on a cavalry horse
At the Chancellorsville review
With platoons right, platoons left,
In a wind nearly blowing the words
away
Asking the next man on a horse:
"What's going to become of all these
boys when the war is over?"

The shape of your shadow
Comes from you—and you only?
Your personal fixed decisions
Out of you—and your mouth only?
Your No, your Yes, your own?

Bronze old-timers belong here.
Yes, they might be saying:
Shade the flame
Back to final points
Of all sun and fog
In the moving frame
Of your personal eyes.
Then stand to the points.
Let hunger and hell come.
Or ashes and shame poured
On your personal head.
Let death shake its bones.
The teaching goes back far:
Compose yourself.

Luck is a star.
Money is a plaything.
Time is a storyteller.
And the sky goes blue with mornings.
And the sky goes bronze with sunsets.
And the fireborn—they go far—
being at home in fire.

CARL SANDBURG

1,850 tons of flour, 14,500 cases of
43,500 cases and 300 barrels of fi
tons of hardtack, 6 tons of drug
portable hospitals (which later ca
very handy for the Japs during th
years of the China Incident), also 1
000 feet of lumber, 728 tons of galv
iron, 100,000 pairs of shoes and sa
1,540,000 pieces of clothing in addit
the Salvation Army's contribution,
safety razors and 1,500 kimonos.

In the excitement a Jap house serv
St. Louis pleaded guilty to stealing je
valued at $44,000 but won acquitt
the plea that grieving over the fa
Yokohama, his home town, was re
sible for his departure from a hit
exemplary life.

Count Yamamoto, the Black D
torpedo who had just become pr
was busy fortifying the Jap manda
lands in the Pacific, although this w
pressly forbidden at Versailles, and h
seeing to it that his suffering co
should not take the 1922 Naval Li
tion Treaty with the United States
Great Britain too seriously. Yet he f
time to write a few slippery lines to
Hughes, our Secretary of State: "This
cious gift of American sympathy
not but serve the peace of the wor
drawing still closer the bond of frien
and trust between our two countries."

Ambassador Hanihara added a
words in a speech which almost starte
furor all over again: "Of course, J
will be grateful. Never—for we have
memories in our country—never sha
forget your sympathy in this hour of
national distress. . . ."

Eternal Gratitude of Japan

At the same moment, the Jap gov
ment presented to the American am
sador in Tokyo a vast volume contai
500,000 Jap signatures "from the hig
of princes of the blood down to the lo
est commoner." There was a nice dec
tory paragraph containing the assur
that it was "utterly inconceivable th
situation could arise which could sw
for a moment from America the love,
human fellowship, the eternal gratitud
the people of Japan." Jap musicians
sent to America to chant their grati
and incidentally to report to their For
Office what was going on here.

The Tenno or emperor finally eme
from his dugout, goldfish and all, and
nounced that he had given his blasted
jects ten million yen straight out of
national treasury and 500 yen of his o
And as a sign that disaster had bro
him very close to his people, it was
cided that twenty-two selected commo
should be permitted to look him squa
in the face, at a distance of 200 yards
he reviewed the army. But this preced
shattering event did not come off.
Tenno came down with the measles.

The Jap newspaper Nichi-Nichi p
lished an editorial captioned Ameri
Succor. A few words of it will do: "Fr
America, the succor (sic) is the quick
and the largest. God forbid that th
should be another war; but if it co
and America is attacked, Japan shall a
her might against that criminal. . . .
who attacks America shall die. . . .
are convinced that no country in the wo
is equal to the Great Republic in
spheres of activity. . . . Japan will ne
forget this great American succor. . .

What we forgot to send Japan at t
time was a memory course. She need
one—needed it badly. She's getting it n
Along toward the end of the course,
will be required to memorize that Nic
Nichi editorial, particularly the last th
sentences which, as specified in the n
rules, will be recited publicly:

". . . He who attacks America sh
die. . . . We are convinced . . ."

THE END

a irl build one man up without tearing an-er an down? Out in Hollywood Doris found a wer—with help from Selective Service

I LOVE MY DRAFT BOARD

BY BARBARA DICKINSON

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

E office of Baldwin, of Parrish & Baldwin, Tal-t Agents, was very, very still. It was the still-ss of vast problems, momentous decisions, th-aking conferences—and it was no lie. Parrish in large chair behind a larger desk in an attitude pended equally of pain and courage. Baldwin sat his p.

Sta d simply, the junior partner was crying down se or partner's neck. This had been going on for te me time. Miles Parrish had the look of a man ose uscles are beginning to cramp, but his left hand ntaed a gentle, comforting beat on her shoulder. cas nally this beat would pause, as if requesting w om the home front, and at such moments the in-toil that was Miss Doris Baldwin would tremble eater violence and dampen his collar even more ously than before. But gradually these flurries less and less frequent and finally they ceased ner. So, too, did the rhythmic movement of es hand. It lay lightly on her shoulder and then it began to tighten. The action was reflected on e; there was tautness there, then a brief conflict n decision.

ay not be admirable, it may be entirely too hu-ut a man can only stand just *so much.*

s Baldwin was removed from beneath his right ised to a slightly loftier position and soundly Instantly Miles recognized the process as regret-

vas a nice moment, a beautiful moment. It could longed, but not indefinitely. And when it ended i would be conclusive. It was a question without wer, a leap without a look. He was all pursed up where to go.

held her away from him and looked anxiously er face. Her eyes were downcast, but not from ty; she was looking for his handkerchief. She it, blew her nose delicately and returned it to his t. She put both of her arms around his neck, came closer and quite calmly presented him with a soft, mouth.

IS is all very well, Miles thought wildly, this is l very well indeed—but does she know what she's ?

en she left him completely. She stood up, walked feet away and began literally to pull herself to-r. Eventually she said, "Well-l-l—?"

iles' breath was returning, but inadequately. l?" he repeated shakily, anxiously.

Perhaps I should tell you what this is all about."

If you would. Please."

I'm ruined," she said. "That's all. I'm practically, intents and purposes, ruined."

e couldn't see it—himself. He tried, but he honestly dn't. But perhaps she knew best.

I've lost everything. *Everything,"* she insisted. "I've Laurence Johns."

ll of Miles' thin length was jerked to its feet, where ve uncertainly, where it clutched at things for sup-

Do you mean to tell me—are you honestly—talk-about *business?"*

he faced him then, looking rather surprised, look-cool and crisp and lovely.

We *are* in business, aren't we? At least, for the being."

But—what about *me?* What about—?"

You're the senior partner," she said, not enviously, rather sadly. "You've got actresses and writers and ctors. I'm supposed to cope with the actors, and t's my future? Character men and sub-Andy dys."

Miles sank back into the chair. It was becoming rer, but not very. She *hadn't* known what she was ng, not really. It had just been an emotional moment, oment grateful and automatically tender. Mean-lessly sweet.

Now if he said to her the things he had to say she uld be just as receptive, just as sweet. But afterward probably wouldn't remember.

"Larry Johns," she was mourning, "guarding our sts. Larry Johns—our Academy Award Winner. r ten-bester. The best our stable afforded. I couldn't p weeping a little, Miles—I just couldn't."

How could a girl *do* such things, and not even know How could she wreak such havoc—

"In the last few months," her voice continued woe-fully, "five of our leading men have gone into the service. The top five, need I add? And now—Larry Johns. Our biggest star. The best actor we had to give for our country."

He nodded. He wondered dimly if he had strength sufficient to get him out of here. He was in pretty bad shape. His legs were cramped, his neck was chafed and his heart was just freshly broken.

The interoffice phone rang and Doris leaned around him to answer it. It seemed that a Mr. Newton was waiting, had been waiting, in fact, for an hour. "Tell him," she requested sourly, "to straighten his toupee and come on in."

Miles got, somehow or other, to his feet. He got himself pointed toward the door that connected their two offices. Behind him he heard her voice, soft and grateful. "Thank you, darling, for letting me get you all wet."

Miles held her away from him and looked anxiously into her face. Her eyes were downcast, but not from modesty; she was looking for his handkerchief

"Any time," he said. He was a glutton. He said, "Dinner?"

"Sorry. I'm fresh out of stomach."

"Who ain't, pray?" Miles removed his emptiness.

The Mr. Newton entered. Doris regarded him with a steady and experienced gaze, well trained in the art of masking the surprised pleasure she now felt. Mr. Newton regarded her as steadily.

She saw a young man of that rare right size for pictures, not too tall and not too amply fleshed, with a quietly handsome face and, amazingly, all of his hair. He saw a young woman who, obviously and alarmingly, combined glamor with efficiency. *(Continued on page 44)*

RIDING FOR A FAL

BY JAMES THOMAS FLEXN

One person falls a quarter-mile and lives; another slips in the bathtub and dies. Why? Science probes this puzzler and tells us all about falling

A MAN and his wife were flying over the snow fields of Alaska at fifteen hundred feet. They were talking cheerfully, but suddenly a remark of the husband's received no reply. Turning from the controls, he saw the door of the plane swinging open; his wife was gone.

In a flood of horror, he realized that she had fallen, without parachute or protection of any sort, more than a quarter of a mile. That was certainly the end. Yet, with the stubborness of the human mind that will hope against all logic, he circled back, landed on an ice field and began a despairing search for the woman he loved.

During two hours he stumbled on through the heavy drifts, his eyes half blinded by the flaring whiteness, and then he happened on a deep hole in the even surface of the snow. Peering down, he saw at the bottom, fifteen feet below, the body of his wife.

Rapid digging brought her to the surface, and when at last he held the woman in his arms unbelievable joy flooded his veins: though unconscious, she was warm and breathing. He staggered to a near-by Eskimo village, where he borrowed a dog sled.

The wife was treated first by a native doctor and then by an orthopedic surgeon rushed up from Seattle; it was two months before she was strong enough to be carried to a hospital in Canada. But in the end she limped from the hospital doors, able to return to active living.

This woman had fallen more than a quarter of a mile and had survived; yet strong men are killed daily by slips on the sidewalk or a parlor rug that involve falls no greater than their own heights. The capriciousness of chance could seem to go no further.

We all know that Lady Luck seems to preside over every accident. A crowded limousine rips into a telegraph pole; three of the occupants are killed, one spends six months in the hospital, and the fifth walks out of the wreckage unscathed. Yet all were subject to the same catastrophe. Under the pressure of war, science, which has never been willing to give Lady Luck much credit for anything, is seriously investigating the reasons for such variations of destiny.

Aviators, parachutists, motorcycle cavalry, tank troops, dashing young men in jeeps—all these are being continually subjected by accidents to violent, death-dealing impacts.

In order to find out why some people survive and some die in a fall or crack-up, it was necessary to determine exactly what happened to each individual during the split second of impact. How to do this seemed at first an insolvable problem. In an accident everything happens instantaneously: no one has time to telephone a research worker when Grandmother is tumbling down the cellar stairs, or a plane plummets from the sky. And ever doctor were there, he would concen on effect and treatment, not cause.

A solution was finally offered by a of suicides who leaped from high b ings. It is possible to tell with pre from what altitude they started; to the line of their fall; and, most impo of all, to determine the exact poi which they landed, what they hit, what was their position at the crucial ment of impact. One despairing y man, who willed his body to scienc fore he leaped, gave a much greater to science by rising unscathed fron ground ten stories below. He as Hugh de Haven in his valuable inve tions on nonfatal leaps.

The young man had jumped fro ten-story window, hitting the gr ninety feet below with a velocity of a fifty-two miles an hour. If an object ing at this speed is stopped instantane by striking an unyielding surface, a moment of impact the normal pul gravity is increased three hundred t in other words, the body of the y man would have weighed forty-five Certainly no human frame could stand such a force as this.

Weight: Only Twelve Tons

But, as de Haven discovered, it not have to. The young man had la stretched out flat in loose, sandy when he rose, he left in the ground impress of his body five or six in deep. Instead of being stopped in twentieth of an inch let us say, his fall been slowed down through a space of inches. This tiny deceleration, las much less than a second, cut down force of the impact so mightily, that did not weigh forty-five tons; he weighed twelve. And the force had spread out evenly over his entire surf since he landed flat.

From this young man's miraculous cape, de Haven drew two conclusi first, that the smallest cushioning at moment of impact can make a trem dous difference; and second, that body can stand much greater stresses t science had formerly believed possibl

Hugh de Haven is a research associ in the Department of Physiology at Co well University Medical College in N York City. He's a mild, quiet-spo man and he knows as much as any about what will happen when Aunt F mena falls over the oil mop at the h of the cellar stairs. More than A Filomena, at any rate.

He flew with the Royal Flying Cor the R.A.F. of the last war. He and bomb crew were coming in on a wing a a prayer when their ship crashed fr 1,500 feet. De Haven was badly hurt. were others. One or two escaped wi out injury. That interested this shy sci tist. He went back to the plane. Af studying the wreck, he came to the c clusion the reason he was injured was cause there were ten lethal instrume jutting in front of his position in the pla

De Haven decided to eliminate, or c cumvent, as many of those as he cou He began to study falls and their effe on the human frame. He hasn't stopp yet.

He became interested in the safe lan ings of frustrated suicides. He repo that a forty-two-year-old woman, havi finally summoned up the courage to jun

(Continued on page 33)

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

This suicide succeeded: her 80-foot plunge was fatal. Another dropped 10 stories, got up and walked away. One woman fell 1,500 feet and survived

The old supply wagon is a gun fighter now

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

A LITTLE while back, the harmless-looking U. S. Army supply truck was one of the favorite targets of low-flying enemy planes. But not any more.

Many of these trucks today are equipped to fight back. They have high-caliber machine guns mounted on the roof of their cabs—lethal weapons that are ready to spit fire in all directions.

To arm these trucks, it was first necessary to design and produce a carriage track on which the gun could revolve—instantly, unfailingly. Goodyear's long experience in working with metals, in producing in peacetime the most complete line of steel rims manufactured for truck tires, was valuable in developing a suitable design in co-operation with the Army.

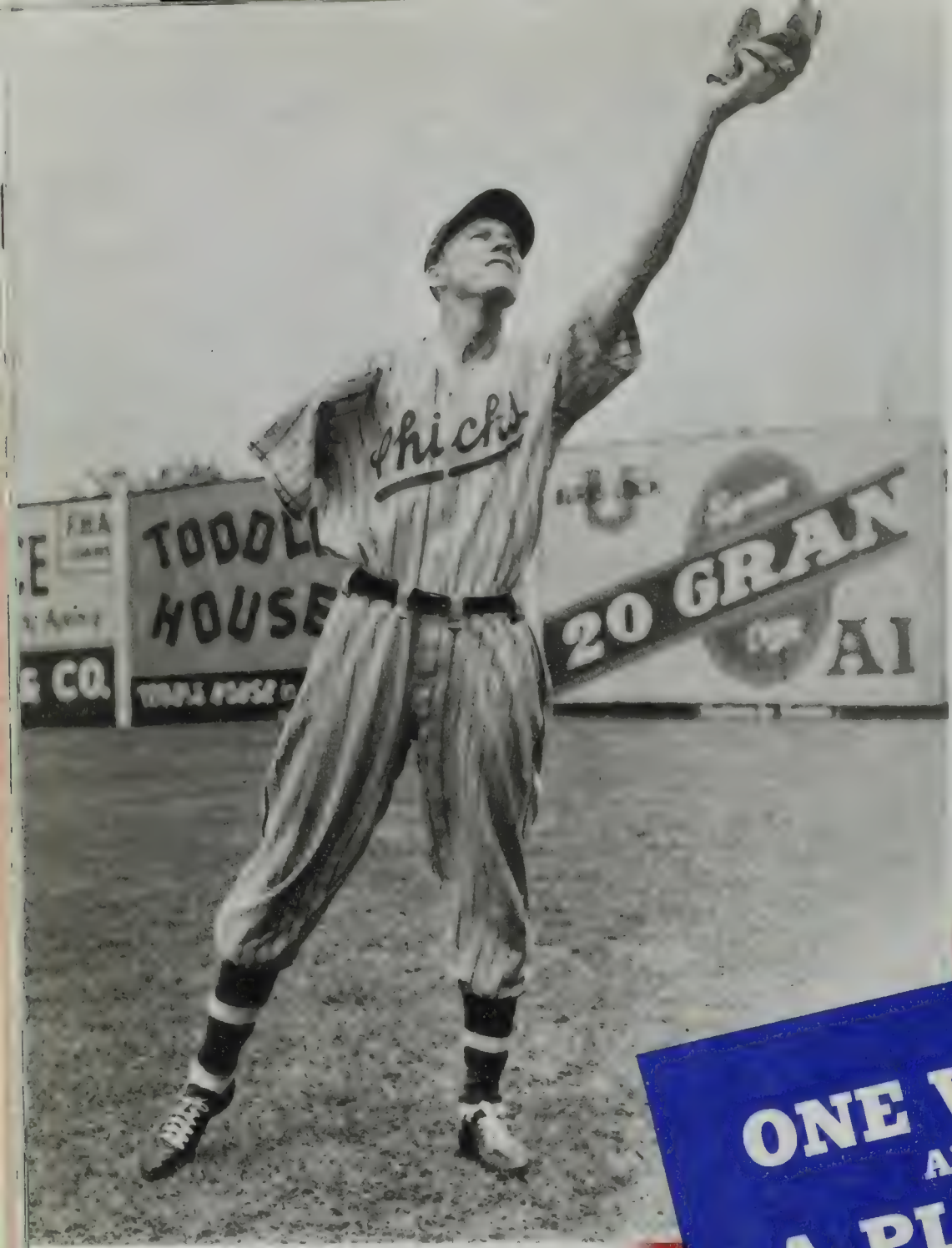
With the experience, equipment and precision workmanship of its large rim plant, Goodyear is turning out large quantities of these machine gun carriage tracks . . . helping to make tough fighters out of one-time defenseless supply trucks.

Always a pioneer in the manufacture of tires and other rubber products, Goodyear also has wide experience in working with metals, chemicals, fabrics and many other materials vital to America in war and in peace.

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY



ONE WING AND A PLAYER

By William A. Jones and Harman W. Nichols

A kid in a coal-mining town usually leads a hard, two-fisted existence. Pete Gray was no exception. So, when he lost his right arm, he told his father he guessed coal mining would be too tough a goal, and that maybe he'd better be a league ballplayer. Ironically, Pete was correct

THE late Ban Johnson, president of the American League, was harassed by salesmen. "Some day," he'd snap, "that door will open, and a guy will lead an elephant in here to sell me!" He didn't live to see the elephant clump in. Nor did he live to see something even more astonishing—a one-armed ballplayer of big-league caliber.

He's Pete Gray, sensational center fielder of the Memphis Chicks and the talk of the Southern Association—who is Mr. Box Office himself.

Around the middle of June, Gray was batting .333, to lead the Chicks in hitting, an average that was well up among the best in this Class A-1 league, and he was fielding 1.000 to top the loop. He hadn't made an error in two years, accepting nearly a hundred chances. And while these percentages are healthy enough to stand on their own legs, they don't present an accurate picture of Gray's real ability, for scarcely a game goes by that he doesn't contribute feats of a breath-taking nature. He takes all sorts of chances in the field, and, being an exhibitionist, he goes after balls that two-armed players seldom try for. And Gray makes the catch.

Last year, in a short season of 42 games as a member of the Three Rivers club in the Canadian-American League, he clouted .381 to lead that circuit in hitting. He was at bat 160 times, made 61 hits and scored 31 runs.

But an unusual if not astonishing fact is that he has fanned only three times, a low strike-out record that cannot be matched by any major-league player this year or last. Opposing pitchers showed their respect for his clouting ability by walking him 14 times. His team manager, tutor and biggest booster, Mickey O'Neil, a former major-league catcher, used seven enlightening if slightly exaggerated words to sum it all up: "They just couldn't get the guy out."

Pete (real name Wyshner) Gray is a lean, lantern-jawed lad, 170 pounds, 6 feet 1 inch tall, who bats and throws left-handed—and is unmarried. He was born right-handed.

He is a temperamental player who likes to have things his own way, a trait that nonetheless has been directly responsible for his success to date.

Toronto, in the scramble for Pete after his remarkable record in the Canadian-American League, beat the Chicks to him. He reported to the Leafs for spring training. One night, a bunch of them were lounging in the hotel lobby. The conversation turned to Mr. Burleigh Grimes, their manager. Perhaps Pete hadn't been able to find a pool partner for the evening. That always irks him, for pool is his extra-special dish and, he says, his only vice. Pete joined in the panning bee. He delivered an eloquent treatise on the subject of Mr. Grimes as a manager being one swell pitcher. The blast shook the sturdy pillars in the lobby.

This would have been nothing worth talking about, since the bombing of managers is an ancient if not wholly ethical pastime among ballplayers, except that, this time, Mr. Grimes was within earshot, disguised as a potted palm. That is, he had stopped behind one. Actually, he had not been intentionally eavesdropping; he had just happened along as Pete took the floor. Pete had bellowed it before the almost paralyzed Mr. Grimes could move.

The next day Pete found himself ripped from his Toronto moorings—but fast! Southern Association sports writers believe that Gray would have made the grade with the Maple Leafs if it had not been for that impromptu oratory; and big-league scouts are aware of this. Furthermore, the Chicks literally pou[illegible] him when they heard the news.

This matter of a ballplayer be[illegible] peramental has scores of prece[illegible] the major leagues; it has always [illegible] characteristic of diamond sta[illegible] sparkle. Of recent vintage is the [illegible] Bobo Newsom, waived out of t[illegible] tional League by Brooklyn for in[illegible] nation.

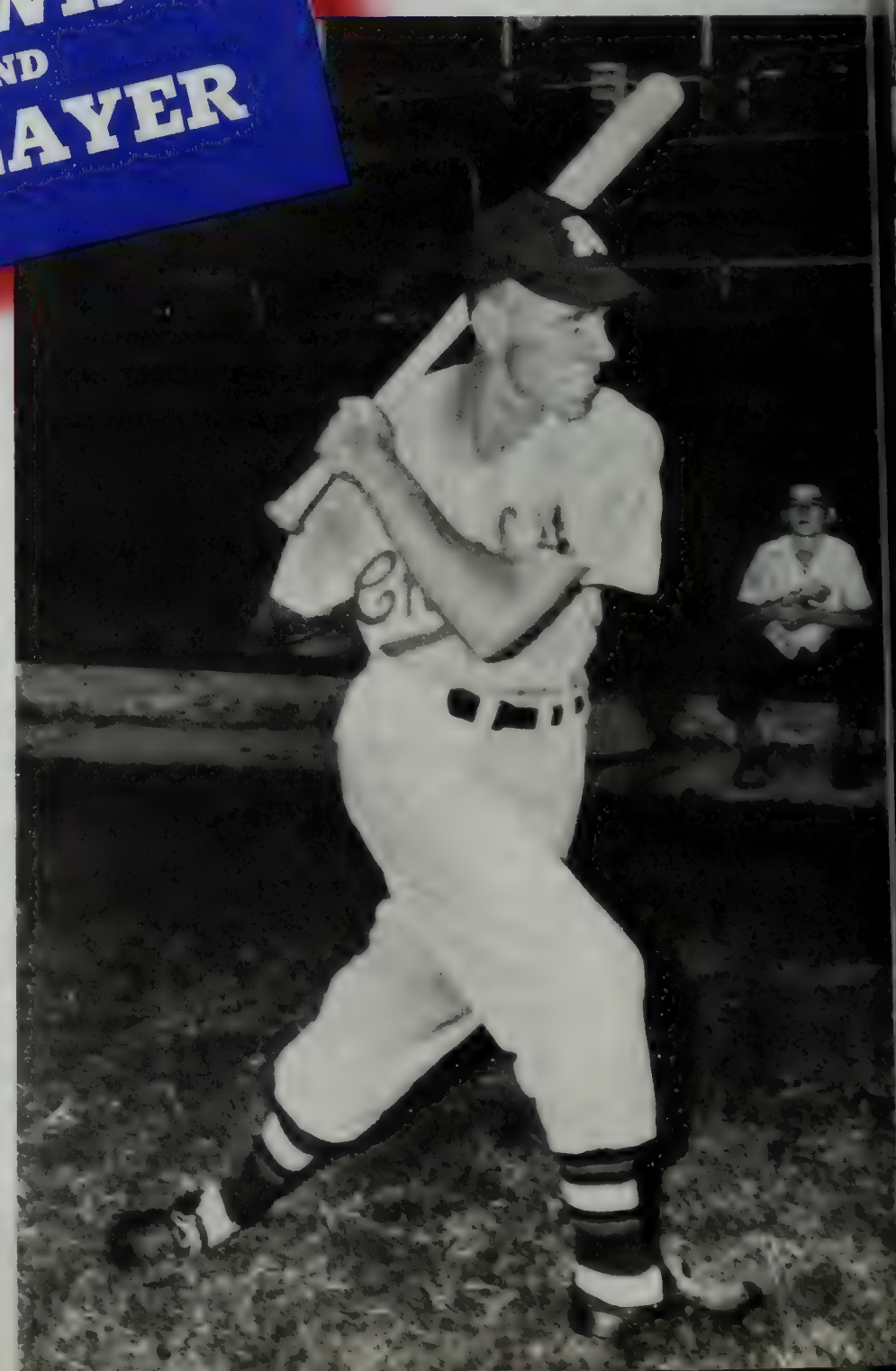
Wherever the Memphis Chicks [illegible] to Nashville, Chattanooga, Atlant[illegible] Orleans, Knoxville, Little Rock [illegible] mingham—the turnstiles click a[illegible] tune. Everything stops. Everybod[illegible] to see Pete Gray. He is, in propo[illegible] the relative size of the cities pl[illegible] the box-office magnet to the S[illegible] Association that Babe Ruth was [illegible] American League.

Sports writers in these towns mo[illegible] than not inform the populace tha[illegible] has done it again. They call him th[illegible] Armed Wonder" and "Wonder [illegible] They pay off regardless of the nu[illegible] wings a man possesses.

A typical performance for Gray [illegible] a game against the Nashville Vols [illegible] when he got three of the Chicks' [illegible] off right-handed Glenn Gardner. [illegible] fourth inning, he outraced a bunt. [illegible] sixth, he belted a line single to lef[illegible] in the ninth, with the bases filled a[illegible]

(Continued on page 43)

Pete Gray hasn't made a fielding [illegible] in 2 years. He catches the pill, s[illegible] his padless glove under the stump [illegible] right arm, and burns the ball [illegible] plate—all in one motion. At ba[illegible] a place hitter, averages better tha[illegible]



DOWN TO THE SEA IN BOXCARS

EVERY DAY enough freight cars to carry the daily food of half the people of the country roll into the seaports, loaded with war materials and other freight for export.

To do this part of the war job has, at times, meant rushing special trains of critical materials clear across the continent to catch convoys. It involves maintaining near each of the nation's ports of embarkation a sufficient "bank" of cars loaded with war freight to insure that no convoy shall be delayed, no ship shall fail to be loaded promptly.

And this is but one small, though most important, part of the day's work of the railroads. The total job means starting another freight train every four seconds — starting a special troop movement somewhere in the United States about every six minutes, day and night.

Those are some of the reasons why coaches and Pullman cars are scarce for ordinary travel, why trains are sometimes crowded, why travel is not always up to the high standard which you expect and the railroads try to maintain.

Other war needs have prevented railroads from obtaining the additional cars and engines they need, but they are using to the limit what they have and what they can get to meet the nation's demands for transportation.

Like other resourceful, self-reliant, American enterprises, the railroads are subordinating everything else to victory — to maintaining the freedom that has made America strong.

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLET

CORNER OF HEAVE

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

COPYRIGHT, 1943, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

The Story Thus Far:

AN ORPHAN, twenty-year-old Griselle Mountjoy is living with her aged grandfather near Washington, D. C., when the old man suddenly dies. A short time later she acts on a suggestion made by General Cruickshank, her grandfather's best friend, and goes to the coast, where she becomes a student at the University of California.

In Berkeley, she makes her home with the Cruickshanks—Sam Cruickshank, the general's nephew, and Mollie, his wife, who run a boardinghouse for girls. And she is fairly happy. . . . At the general's house (he, too, lives in Berkeley) she meets his niece, Mitzi Armitage. Mitzi is beautiful. Her husband (whom she professes to adore) is overseas, doing his bit as a lieutenant in the Navy. Griselle is reluctantly attracted to Mitzi, finds her fascinating. . . .

Unknown to anyone, Griselle is in love. Before coming to California, she had met young Alan McIntyre—Captain Alan McIntyre, of the U. S. Army Medical Corps; and, given no encouragement by him, she had completely lost her heart to him. Now, as she gets settled in Berkeley, he suddenly shows up!

Alan likes Griselle. He does not love her—he has fallen in love with the wife of a friend: Mitzi Armitage! And Mitzi—charming, and beautiful *and weak*—has fallen in love with him!

But Alan McIntyre has a conscience. He struggles—successfully he thinks—against his emotions. And he succeeds in convincing himself that he really prefers Griselle to Mitzi. After which, he proposes to Griselle, asks her to marry him; and Griselle—in an ecstasy of happiness—accepts him, although she realizes he does not love her.

Unfortunately, however, Alan suddenly weakens; and, after Mitzi has tricked him into seeing her once more (they meet and admit that they are madly in love), he sends Griselle a letter in which he tells her, as gently as he can, that he had made a "mistake." Then, having received his Army orders, he goes away.

Mitzi calls on Griselle, and the two have a long, honest talk. Mitzi makes it quite clear that Alan belongs to her, not Griselle; and Griselle suffers terribly. Nevertheless, when they finally part they are still friends. Griselle is even able to laugh—but ruefully.

V

AFTER that, Mitzi and Griselle saw each other almost every day, and a strange, distrustful intimacy developed between them. Girls were leaving Mrs. Cruickshank's now, marrying their soldiers before scattering to different war jobs or actually entering some branch of the service themselves.

The Cruickshank house was in a state of confusion noticeable even over its normal condition, for Dodo was engaged to a Navy lieutenant, junior grade, and was planning a wedding for August, and Aunt Mollie was carrying her off for a few weeks' vacation in July. The heat of June was being swept away by July's midsummer heavy fogs; most o rooms were empty or partly empt Belle and Griselle were preparing selves to manage the kitchen end of in the absence of the mistress of the For Griselle, encouraged beyond a wildest hopes in her daily theme was going faithfully to attend su courses in short-story writing and nalism. Exactly where this would her, she did not know, but Pro Forbes was confident that she was ing in the right direction, and new tion was stirring within her.

A young doctor with a Russian was living in the house as old D Cruickshank's assistant, and in the shortage of medical men, patients plentiful. After office hours in the nings, Griselle and Grigory Lemosh worked on Russian exercises. Gr was the more familiar with everyday versation; Griselle understood the g mar; they helped each other, and it h her pride, too, that he developed a affection for her, never quite darin express it other than in his looks an acts. To words, Grigory did not as

One day when she was in the city Mitzi, Mitzi persuaded her to have thick, heavy dark hair thinned. M blond locks were being given a pe nent; Griselle, who had come in to her, must wait anyway; she might as she conceded, have a shampoo and a ning.

Before these were finished, Mitzi free and came to stand over the op tion. The beauty parlor of the big was filled with women; girls with s bowls and tiny, sharp scissors were w ing at brightly lighted little tables; cash register rang and rang. Gri liked the sensation of shears clipping a masses of her heavy mop; presently hairdresser's practiced hands were f ing and squeezing warm suds throug and then came the delicious trickle of water against her scalp—warm water, cold water.

"Clotilde is coming to set it," Mitzi casually.

"Set it?"

"How was it set before?" said hairdresser, pausing, brush in hand.

"It never was set before. I never it done before."

"Not here in California, you mea Mitzi amended.

"No; not ever. I always wash my c hair."

Griselle saw the look the other won exchanged, and laughed.

Clotilde came briskly in, white-apron gray of crisp curls. She stood beh Griselle at the mirror, pushed the newly washed hair about with experien fingers and went to work. Griselle s

(Continued on page 36)

"Oh, Steve! A ranch—a place with trees and a spring. Where I could have dogs and a cow! Wouldn't you love it?" Griselle said. "Yes. I'd love it," he agreed, smiling

ver branch of the Armed Services uses the telephone. No. 6 of a series, Coast Guard.

Fighting the wolf pack! This Coast Guardsman stands watch over the convoy...telephones warnings that keep it in protected formation. So, likewise, free men everywhere are watching . . . working . . . fighting . . . so that freedom may not perish from the earth.

Western Electric
IN PEACE...SOURCE OF SUPPLY FOR THE BELL SYSTEM.
IN WAR...ARSENAL OF COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT.

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

Flu is through

BY JOHN MORELAND

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

Upper: Commander Albert Paul Krueger, principally responsible for the new serum. Lower: One of the complicated atomizers which have been developed for administering the serum in the form of a fine mist

Navy microbe hunters conquer a mass

IN 1918, only 25 years ago, influenza raged thro modern world, killing some 21 million people abling one out of four American soldiers. Today largely to the United States Navy, we need no lon an influenza epidemic. A new weapon discovered b research men in the war against epidemic diseases t form of a serum which can be inhaled directly into t in the form of a very fine mist. The mist remains in tissues from three to four days and, while present, ne any influenza virus breathed in by the patient and t tects him against the disease.

Animal experiments have proved this protection t per cent effective for immunization. Even after the has been contracted, experiments indicate, the new ag cure 50 per cent of cases.

Commander Albert Paul Krueger, (MC) USNR, Naval Laboratory Research Unit No. 1, stationed University of California in Berkeley, is the man chi sponsible for the discovery.

The story of this triumph rivals such classics of research as the work of Koch and Pasteur. It begins back as 1933, when Commander Krueger was profe bacteriology and lecturer in medicine at the Univer California. In the same year, English researchers wer after many disappointments, to isolate the virus w responsible for influenza.

In 1942, Rear Admiral Ross T. McIntire, Surgeon G of the Navy, assigned Krueger and his research unit t of studying methods for the prevention and treatm influenza.

The problem was exceedingly complex. First, the the difficulty of differentiating between the true infl infection and the infections of other respiratory d which resemble it.

Further, the problem which faced Commander K and his research workers had definite limiting factors.

Immunizing Process Must Be Speedy

"If an immunizing procedure is to be of value service," explains Commander Krueger, "it must be appl under the very specialized conditions existing within commands and it must immunize within a short time agent which required four or five weeks would be rule for a serious wave of influenza may well be over in that

As in most scientific advances, the researchers owed to those who had preceded them.

The work of the English scientists in 1933 was of im value to the Navy researchers, since it made possible the tion of the influenza virus. They were also helped b work of the Russian scientists carried on during a r influenza epidemic in Moscow. The Russians had the tients inhale fine droplets of an antiserum, which prot them against exposure to influenza, and was used in tre patients already infected. With these encouraging thou complete reports, and records of similar experiments animals in the United States as a starter, Commander Kr and his associates began a trial of a new procedure.

The first step was to produce the virus which is respon for the infection. To effect this, hundreds of fertile eggs inoculated with the virus. The eggs were then incubat body temperature for several days. Following this fluid surrounding the chick embryo was drawn off. It a clear, harmless-looking solution but it contained en influenza virus in one teaspoonful to kill 400,000,000 In the next step, the virus was injected into the of laboratory horses, which produced an antibody i blood stream. Here another extremely complex p lem arose—that of isolating the antibody from other components of the horses' blood. Delicate ch ical methods were applied to separate the active tralizing component from the other ingredients o blood.

In the course of the experiment, it had been dis ered that the influenza virus could not be trans ted by hand to mouth. It is transferred thro virus-containing droplets emitted in coughing sneezing or even vigorous talking. These dro become deposited in the nose, throat and lu The Navy men now had the actual influe virus, they had the serum which would cou act it, and they knew the means by which infection was transmitted. The next step wa find how to apply the new serum directly to the lu This was managed by means of an atomizer which sprayed atmosphere of serum mist into the chamber where the test mals were placed. But you can't see inside a mouse's l How to be sure the serum was reaching all parts of it? H radioactive tracer elements were utilized—atoms which h been tagged so that they can be detected, no matter wh they are, by their radioactivity. *(Continued on page*

NORTH AMERICAN SETS THE PACE
...in the Aleutians
(One of a series describing North American planes in action on the battlefronts of the world)
MITCHELL BOMBERS SINK ALEUTIAN JAPS
ATTU and Kiska were a costly speculation for the Japs, thanks in large measure to North American B-25 Mitchell bombers and other hard-hitting Army and Navy planes.
On this front—as in Africa, China, the South Pacific and over Europe—"North American Sets the Pace"—with damaging blows at enemy ships, planes, land installations. In desert heat or Aleutian fog, the Mitchell has proved its versatility and striking power with each passing day of global air war.
We're proud of this record, but prouder still that we're building better, more deadly Mitchell bombers in greater numbers every day. It's our way of helping to win this war—sooner.
NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION, INC.
INGLEWOOD, CALIFORNIA
DALLAS · KANSAS CITY
Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.
P-51 MUSTANG
B-25 MITCHELL
AT-6 TEXAN
Army-Navy "E" Flag awarded to California and Texas Divisions
NORTH AMERICAN
Sets the Pace!
ARMY
E
NAVY

"Sonsa Guns"

AUTOMOTIVE SPARK PLUG built by AC since 1908.

NINETY pounds of *fire-power,*—that's the .50 caliber Browning machine gun that AC builds by the thousands, night and day.

Manufacturing these guns demands the highest order of precision workmanship. Nearly every one of the 3,500 production operations on each gun requires split-hair accuracy.

Yet, the Army knows that good manufacturing is not enough to keep those guns in trim. They must also be regularly serviced. So, they are cleaned, oiled, and adjusted in strict accordance with rigid Army requirements.

A Special Message for You

AC has been producing another kind of *fire-power* since 1908. It's the precision-built AC Spark Plug.

The chances are good that you drive with AC's. But, whether you do or not, your spark plugs need to be cleaned and adjusted,—to make them last longer, save gasoline, and improve starting ease.

Your automotive service man can do this for you. He can also give Conservation Service, outlined in the panel below, on the eight other AC products in wide use on millions of vehicles.

To help bring Victory quicker, make regular use of this Conservation Service. And when replacement is necessary, select AC—for complete satisfaction.

Awarded to the men and women of AC on September 2, 1942, for outstanding achievement in producing for Victory.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

MACHINE GUN—built by AC since nine months before Pearl Harbor.

SPARK PLUGS—Dirty or worn plugs waste as much gas as one coupon in ten. Oxide coating collects on the plugs and causes them to misfire,—especially when the engine is working hard. Dirty plugs also cause hard starting which weakens your battery. Under present slow driving conditions, have your plugs cleaned and adjusted every few months.

AIR CLEANERS—A dirty air cleaner increases gasoline consumption because it chokes down the flow of air into the carburetor. Your air cleaner should be rinsed whenever your car is lubricated.

FUEL PUMPS—Practically trouble free. But, if yours has been in use thirty or forty thousand miles, it may be worn to the point where a check-up is due.

DRIVING INSTRUMENTS — Speedometer, gasoline gauge, oil pressure gauge, ammeter, and temperature gauge seldom need service. But, if they give trouble, have them cared for *at once.*

OIL FILTERS—Slow driving accelerates formation of soot and carbon in engine oil. If not constantly filtered from the oil, this dirt will clog piston rings, cause increased consumption of oil and gas. So, replace your oil filter element whenever your dealer's AC Oil Test Pad shows that your oil is dirty.

BRING VICTORY QUICKER—BUY U. S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS AND BONDS

Riding for a Fall

Continued from page 24

fm a window forty-five feet high, landed sp:ad out, rose on her left elbow, and remarked bitterly to the janitor who rmed toward her, "Six stories and not h t!" She had struck soft ground—this ti e a garden plot.

But yielding earth is not the only cushic that saved the lives of plummeting pple. Two whom de Haven studied laded on the roofs of automobiles, cavi in the sheet steel just enough—a nter of a few inches—to escape death. Others went through the roofs of low ildings, one girl landing headfirst, her ull shattering three-quarter-inch pine rds. She escaped with a lacerated lp and a fractured vertebra. Skylights, tilators, and awnings—flimsy structes that tended to crumble—all saved a e or two.

Most remarkable perhaps was a thirtyyear-old woman who jumped from the hth floor and fell seventy-two feet, ding at the rate of forty-five miles an ir in a jackknife position over a wood l wire fence. Her chest and abdomen ck the narrow edge of one-inch boards, as the boards crumbled easily, she was e to walk unassisted to a near-by clinic l ask for first aid. Examination revealed material injury.

We may now understand how the wife o dropped more than a quarter of a le in Alaska managed to survive. Although she fell a phenomenal distance, her l received a phenomenal cushioning en she sank fifteen feet down in the ow.

The basic principle herein involved has, course, long been recognized; it is the nciple of the net which fireman spread t for people who jump from flaming ildings. But de Haven has shown that ath can be frustrated by a cushioning tiny that it would seem to be completely insignificant. A dent in the steel of of an automobile, a little mark left the ground, these are the symbols of lifesaving force.

New Light on Concussion

Where you fall is not the only consideration; how you fall is also of importance. We know that a high percentage accident deaths are due to a blow on e head which causes concussion of the ain. The researches of two scientists at xford University, Drs. D. Denny-Brown d W. Ritchie Russell, have given us new ght on the causes of concussion.

Having anesthetized small animals in ch a manner that they would feel no ain, the scientists struck their heads with endulums under carefully controlled onditions. Soon they made an amazing nding. If the head is pressed against solid object when it is struck, you would xpect the result to be much more serious an if the head is swinging free, its otion taking up part of the impact. But ot so.

Concussion is caused by damage to the oft tissue inside the skull. When the head s held rigid, the bone protects like armor late, and even if it is fractured, serious damage does not necessarily result. But if he head is allowed to swing, the skull itelf takes over the force of the blow. Receiving the impact first, it starts to move while the brain within it is still stationary: he soft tissue is driven against the near ide of the bone. And should the moving ead be stopped suddenly by striking gainst a hard object, the skull again stops irst, the sudden deceleration smashing the rain tissue violently against the far side. Thus is caused the deadly concussion which is the worst single hazard of accidents.

It now becomes clear why a slip in the bathroom or on the street may kill, while a fall from a high building does not necessarily do so. Should a man who drops fifty or a hundred feet land on an object which slows down the impact ever so slightly, he will not be subjected to forces so great as those met by a man who, after a fall of five or six feet, strikes an object completely unyielding. And if it is the head which strikes bathtub or sidewalk, the sudden stopping of its movement may easily jam the brain against the skull to cause concussion. This also gives us the scientific secret of the boxing glove. The inch or so of padding keeps a blow to the head from starting the skull into motion so rapidly that the brain tissues are injured.

The findings of de Haven and his English colleagues can be used by every one of us to save our own lives should we ever become involved in accidents in automobiles, busses, trains, airplanes or any other speeding vehicle. When a fast machine strikes a solid object, the split second of slowing down which cheats death is usually supplied by the crumbling of the machine itself.

Daredevils Employ Trick

The research of the scientists has confirmed the wisdom of a trick long pragmatically employed by daredevils who deliberately smash up automobiles moving at high speeds.

Just before the impact, the stunt man jumps into the back seat, and lies hard against the rear of the front seat, with his hand or arm between the side of his head and the solid structure. The crumpling of the seat slows down the speed with which his body is brought to a standstill, while his head is shaken up as little as possible.

Anyone who finds himself involved in a crack-up should imitate this procedure. He should press his torso against some solid object forward that will not receive the first shock of the crash, and be especially careful to squeeze his head tightly against the object so that a quick swing will not cause concussion.

Since fatalities in crashes are not directly due to the impact of the vehicle itself but rather to a second impact, that of the passenger against the structure of his machine, many injuries can be avoided by redesigning the insides of airplanes and automobiles to reduce the number of objects that can be struck, and to give the passenger something to flatten himself against. This is already being done in the design of airplanes. And when new automobiles are built after the war, such safety provisions will undoubtedly be included.

How to Make a Short Fall

From de Haven's findings on nonfatal suicide leaps, we may draw some hints on how to take tremendous falls. The first rule, of course, is to avoid them altogether if it is possible to do so, since even under the best conditions, a drop from a sixth-story window is extremely dangerous. But if jump you must, remember that any object which will give, even only a few inches, is a potential lifesaver. If there is an awning somewhere beneath you, you are very lucky, for awnings can be almost as effective as a net. It is better to land on an automobile than on paving or sidewalk; metal ventilators may crumple beneath you; the roof of an old shed may give way; and the soft earth of a spaded garden plot may save you. Furthermore, you should try to land as flat as possible. Do not put your arms and legs out in front of you to ward off the blow, since at the great speed you will be traveling, the long bones will be likely to be driven into your body like swords.

The technique for meeting long falls differs from the best procedure, should you find it necessary to drop not from the sixth but the second story of a building.

The paratrooper who bails out a half-mile up in the sky is, from the point of view of his landing, dropping a distance of six or eight feet. Due to the action of his enlarged umbrella, he strikes the ground with a velocity no greater than if he had taken a free fall of a little more than his height. To bring him to the ground without the slightest injury is one of the primary concerns of the Paratroop Command. If you sprain your ankle when you trip over the baby's toy, it is not serious; you hobble around for a week or so until your ankle gets well. But if a soldier sprains his ankle when he drops behind the enemy's line, it means death or capture, since he cannot fight efficiently.

The question of how to land with the velocity of a short fall has thus received major attention from the armies of the world. And it has been answered so successfully by the American forces that less than two injuries are suffered per thousand parachute jumps. And the soldier must handle not only a downward shock, but also a forward, backward, or sideward velocity.

If you wish, like the hero of a Western story, to spring with impunity from the door of a rapidly moving train, you had better be an expert tumbler, as the paratroopers have to be. Men have instinctively tried to keep their feet when they feel themselves falling. Paratroopers have to eradicate this deeply ingrained habit. Should the force of their fall pull them off the vertical, they do not fight this tendency, but go jubilantly with it, landing in an acrobat's tumble. Their model is the circus performer who, when he dives head foremost through a flaming hoop, lands first on his hands, then goes into a somersault, and finally, after this long maneuver, regains his feet.

Legs Are Shock Absorbers

Fortunately for the average citizen, straight drops do not require this technique; you need merely imitate a much less complicated part of the paratrooper's regimen. Like the soldiers, you must learn to use your legs efficiently as shock absorbers. Try to make a two-point landing, both your feet hitting the ground at the same instant. If your toes or heels land first, either may be fractured. The correct points of contact are the balls of your feet.

The human tendency to get better protection from the ground by holding the legs rigid must be fought at all costs; land with your knees slightly flexed and plan to go down on your haunches with the force of the shock. If your knees are stiff, you may tear the ligatures of your legs or dislocate your hips; if your knees are bent too greatly, you lose the shock-absorbing effect and are in danger of spraining hip, knee, or ankle. Should you be forced to land hands first, bend your elbows slightly, just as for a foot-first landing you bend your knees. If you fail to get your hands or feet beneath you, if you are not expert enough to go into a paratrooper's tumble, you still have one protection left, provided you have the will power to apply it. Relax! Imagine, if possible, that you are going to land on a feather bed, and let all your muscles go limp to receive its delightful softness.

According to an old proverb, Providence takes care of children and drunkards; certain it is they are much less likely to get hurt when they fall. The reason is that, in contrast to coldly sober adults, they relax naturally. Tense muscles tear, and the bones behind them are likely to fracture; loose muscles give in to the force of the blow. It may seem like advising the inhabitants of a fiery furnace to keep cool, but the fact remains that avoiding muscular tenseness is a most important secret in falls of every kind, be they of five or five hundred feet.

THE END

"I know it looks easy—but just try it"

Three Seconds to Fight

Continued from page 12

By that time Jack was saying, "Somebody please come and do something."

It's funny how you say things in a pinch like that. I dived down to get the Jerry on Jack's tail. When I got him in my sights and pressed the trigger for a burst, nothing happened. In the excitement, I had used all my ammunition. It was the most helpless feeling I've ever known.

A three-second burst was all that stood between Jack and death. Faster than I can say it, the thought flashed: The only thing to do is ram this guy. As I swerved, the Jerry veered left into the sights of Bill Lovell, who had come up beside me. Bill's squirt brought him down.

One of Ilfrey's engines was out, so we headed for home. Lovell and I hovered above his limping plane. The Jerries broke it off, too. We had lost Mac's plane in the skirmish.

In about three minutes of fighting, the four of us had shot down nine Me.-109s with the loss of one man. That afternoon Mac limped in, with his engine sputtering. He had been chased into the desert where he came down out of gas. Scouting around he found some auto gas, tanked up, got his engines going and pulled in to the airfield.

A Hard Blow for the Heinies

One morning when Rommel's army was still in Tripoli, I was assigned to reconnaissance over the city. After finishing, I came down to 5,000 feet over Casa Bonita. It was a peaceful place and there wasn't a plane in the air. No one was shooting at me from the ground either. I wondered why, and kept peering down past the engines.

In a flash I saw something that nearly made me jump out of my seat. Directly below was a strip stacked with planes, wing tip to wing tip, so skillfully camouflaged that it was only luck that I had spotted them. The Desert Fox was saving them for a surprise party, I guess.

"Robbie, you had better hightail the hell out of here," I told myself. I did, too. Back at our bomber base, they warmed up and loaded a squadron of B-26s. I had been led across the ocean and down to Africa by B-26s but this time I led them. We swept into Casa Bonita and unloaded the eggs so fast that only three of Jerry's fighters had time to take off. Later our Intelligence reported that 128 Axis planes had been destroyed, sitting like ducks in their tracks.

When we got word that the Germans' field headquarters were in Kiabli, a crossroads in a farming area in Tunisia, I was assigned to lead a flight to strafe them. We buzzed over the treetops, but I couldn't see a German. I couldn't see a thing that looked like a GHQ either and figured that our Intelligence had slipped up.

One of our Flying Fortresses had been forced to land near by and was lying among some trees. The next day it was skip-bombed by P-38s. A lot of Jerries came running out, but we never found out whether that was their General Headquarters.

After Rommel evacuated Tripoli, our squadron strafed his communications. The strategy is to swoop in figure eights over the lines of trucks or railroad trains or bridges and let them have it—bombs, cannon and machine-gun fire. You never come strafing down the road, as most people think. At least you don't do it more than once, because their ack-ack will cut your plane in two the first time you try it. But with these low-level swoops, we turned in plenty of havoc, blowing up trucks and locomotives.

The bombing missions with the Fortresses were high-level. They assigned six to twelve Lightnings at first to a squadron of twenty B-17s. Our job was to fly above the Fortresses.

As the Jerry tried to get set to dive on the bombers, we stayed in position to dive on them. As long as they let the bombers alone, we left them alone. They would send a couple of Messerschmitts down to make passes without shooting. We stayed in our places unless they actually attacked the bombers. That's how businesslike the deal was.

It took plenty of nerve for the Jerries to close in. The bombers were in formation so that no matter from which angle the Messerschmitts attacked, at least nine Fortresses' guns were on the attacker. In addition, our Lightnings were hitting them with all we had. Instead of dogfights that the movies picture as air battles, we dived, got in our burst, zoomed up for position, then dived again. We had the speed and power above 30,000 to do that.

About the only time we broke formation was when a Fortress was hit by ack-ack or fire from a Jerry, and fell behind or below the flight. The Jerries were always waiting like buzzards for this to happen. Then it was our task to hover over the injured bomber and fight off attackers while it limped home.

Outfoxing the Messerschmitts

I was over Cagliari in Sardinia one day protecting a bomber after a battle. He was limping along at 150 miles an hour. Two Me.-109s came in above me. I climbed, trying to get up with them. They stayed on my tail. The other members of our squadron were spread out all over the sky after the battle.

The Jerries and I went around in a circle at 15,000 feet. I couldn't gain on them; they couldn't gain on me. I called in on my phone, "I've got two Me.-109s that need some help." Lieutenant Murdock heard me and swooped in. One Jerry got wise and went home. Murdock got the other in his sights and gave him a squirt. The Jerry went down in a long streamer of black smoke.

Over Tunis and Bizerte, these bombing missions were low-level operations. We could carry bombs under the wings and still have enough gas to fight and get home. In one, I was flight leader of twelve Lightnings protecting two dozen Fortresses.

We had reached our objective, bombed railroad yards, and were headed back. I had almost twisted my neck off looking around and up for Jerries. They're always trying to sneak in from the rear.

BUTCH by SGT. LARRY REYNOLDS

COLLIER'S "How I long for peace—when, once't again we may flee th' scene of a crime in a big, black, bulletproof sedan!"

Just as the bombers warned us by radio, I saw a bunch of Me.-109s behind us. I called my planes on the radio, then made a fifteen-degree bank. I could see the pilot in the Lightning to my right eating a chocolate bar. You get as hungry as a horse on these long flights. I guess he didn't hear me, because the next time I looked, he wasn't there. The Jerry shot him down. Then they must have thought he was such easy meat that they could take on the rest of us.

We fought for seventy-five miles, going round and round in a circle about fifty feet off the ground—eleven P-38s and fifteen Me.-109s.

The Fortresses were there at the start, but they soon disappeared while we battled. It was one of the toughest fights I have been in.

We lost two men, the fellow who went down eating the chocolate bar and Bill Lovell, who was reported missing in action. Bill shot down one Jerry. That fight explains why you read in the communiqués, "All our bombers retur safely."

A strange thing happened one day w I was over the Mediterranean twenty n north of Philippeville with two o Lightnings, one piloted by Major H bard, another by a lad named Umph "Umph" was a funny kid who like smoke a cigar when flying. He could this on low-level missions because didn't use oxygen until above 10,000 f On this morning we were waiting aro for the fog to clear, so we could p some bombs and strafe a railroad yard

We spotted a huge, three-engined I ian bomber, a Cant Z. 1007. He was bl with a white stripe around his belly. had already seen us and was burning three engines to get away. Hubbard m a pass at him. I thought: I'll hold off let the major finish him.

About the same time, the major s afterward, he thought he'd let us fin the Eytie.

This Alphonse-and-Gaston stuff alm let the Italian get away. But Umph ca in shooting. I parked right behind Eytie, just in case. After Umphrey f ished, I got in a burst. The nose of Eytie raised, then he rolled and div straight down. At 500 feet, he burst i flames. When he hit the water, it seem as if there wasn't a piece big enough pick up.

The Eytie had a lot of firepower a he did some good shooting before we g him. My plane was shot up. After checked myself over and didn't find a holes in my skin, I looked around for r companions. I saw Umphrey's Yipp below me and could see that he had leak. I tried to call him to warn him b got no reply. He kept on going down, though he intended to buzz the deb on the water.

Reported Missing in Action

At 1,000 feet, his plane flattened and thought he would bail out. Instead, nosed down again. The plane land smoothly on the water and scooted alo like a motorboat. I followed it until sank. Umph never tried to get out. guess the plane must have been flying i self and perhaps Umph was sitting the with a cigar in his mouth—dead. He to was reported missing in action.

After four months of constant flying i all kinds of missions from 50 to 30,00 feet, as one of my citations put it, I wa told to go to Casablanca and teach th pilots of new Lightning squadrons wha my outfit had learned the hard way. I 49 missions I had never been scratched— the old Roberts' luck held out. Then I wa instructed to come home and teach th new pilots on this side what they can d with P-38s.

What I tell them is this: The only limi to what you can do with the Lightning i the endurance of the pilot himself. Th armchair strategists think that if you fl three hours escorting bombers, fight thre minutes, then fly back home for thre hours, that is an easy day's work. I'd lik to get some of them strapped in a P-38 at 35,000 feet on oxygen and see how fresh they would be when they got back.

My money's on the P-38. When we hit Africa, the Jerries had control of the air. We took it away from them because we were better trained and we had a better plane.

Considering what we were able to do with only a handful of them, my bet is that when we can put 2,000 of these fighters over Europe at one time, the air over Adolf's fortress will be ours.

THE END

Picture of a mighty war Weapon

THAT OLD SAYING about the pen being mightier than the sword was never truer than it is today.

The swords of modern war are tanks and planes and ships and bombs. These things cost money...huge sums of money...and that makes money the first requirement in fighting a war.

Every time an American opens up a fountain pen and writes a check to pay taxes, or to buy a War Bond, or to sign a pledge to put at least 10% of his pay into War Bonds, that pen is helping to make possible the swords of modern warfare.

Your Government not only can't fight a war without money, but Victory will require *all the money you can spare!* And your Government needs that money *right now!*

Buy all the War Bonds you possibly can. Buy them regularly by making every pay day Bond day! No doubt you are now doing your bit . . . but the time has come for all of us to do our *best*. Buy an *extra* War Bond *this month*.

Through investment in Government Bonds, your life insurance companies are helping to finance the war effort. Metropolitan, for example, has invested substantial sums for the benefit of its policyholders. Metropolitan's Home Office and Field employees are also buying War Bonds by direct purchase as well as through the Payroll Savings Plan.

Our boys are giving their lives . . . the least that we can do is to lend our money! U. S. War Savings Stamps may be purchased from any Metropolitan agent, or at any Metropolitan office.

COPYRIGHT 1943—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

75th ANNIVERSARY—1868-1943

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(*A MUTUAL COMPANY*)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln,
PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Corner of Heaven

Continued from page 28

nothing, but astonishment possessed her.

Her hair had not merely been thinned. It had been cut short at the sides into locks that Clotilde was twisting expertly into curls, and it had been clipped into a deep dark bang that came down almost to her eyes. Well, no use to make a fuss now—but really—

"This part she'll braid loosely and wind around like this," Mitzi said, suddenly taking Clotilde's place. The side locks were pinned into trim curls above either ear now; Mitzi braided the hair at the back and fastened it on top with small pins.

"Look at yourself," she said.

Griselle looked, and a smile twitched at her mouth; a shamed, pleased flush mounted to her cheeks. She had never seen herself look like this. The deep bang took away the too high effect of her forehead and fluffed itself into little tendrils when it met the loose soft side curls; behind these was the familiar plait of the dark braid. She looked younger, smarter than she had ever looked; the heavy, slipshod look of the too-dense mop was gone; instead a well-groomed, ultramodern arrangement seemed actually to have changed the expression of her face.

SHE put on her hat, still half smiling in involuntary pleasure.

"I'll tell you what you must have with that hair-do," Clotilde said; "one of those tipped brown straws with the flowers around it. And make her tip it 'way over," she added, instinctively realizing that Mitzi was the person to whom to appeal.

"She won't do it," Mitzi said. "She's hopeless."

Griselle laughed. "But I do like my hair this way," she said.

Mitzi insisted on paying the bill. Arriving home, she said to Griselle:

"Everyone who sees it will be wild about your hair. If you had any sense, you'd take off about ten pounds—that'd be enough, and you'd get a girdle that makes you pull in your waist and straighten your shoulders, and some smart clothes. You ought to do it! You've got a good figure; you're not one bit too tall, and it gives me the nip-ups to see you going around with your hair hanging down, and wearing Aunt Mollie's old coat."

"I don't seem to have any clothes sense," Griselle said apologetically. "And I don't care an awful lot about it!" But that night at supper, she ate her peaches without cream.

There was plentiful cream, too, in the blistered pink glass pitcher with "Souvenir of Santa Cruz" written on it. But Griselle resisted it and decided against a third piece of cornbread the next morning. That day she stepped on a weighing machine outside a drugstore, first looking about for casual witnesses, and saw the arrow move to far too high a poundage. Elizabeth Ruggles, now married to a soldier and gone to Arizona, had been dieting off and on. Griselle tried to remember what Elizabeth had done.

"That list of hers!" she said, laughing to herself. " 'One small slice lean meat, no fat or gravy. Two pieces double-toasted bread. One pat butter. Clear broth or consommé. Walk two miles daily. No water or other liquid with meals.' It isn't worth it! But I can do the two miles daily, anyway," Griselle's thoughts ran on. "I'll begin right now. Grandfather said a mile took twenty minutes if it wasn't too fast. I'll walk for an hour."

She set off toward the hills. The afternoon was soft and gray; it was five o'clock, and the summer wind had died away. This was the time to walk! The university tennis courts were all in use; every child in town was on the sidewalks; jeeps went by with khaki-clad boys driving them, and once there passed her a long line of great mustard-brown vans filled with servicemen.

Griselle walked with no particular sense of direction; she stopped presently and exclaimed half audibly, "Oh! Oh—yes, this is it!" as she recognized little Mountjoy Street and saw the shabby cottage that Alan's mother had rented a few weeks earlier.

For a moment she hesitated, her old shyness overcoming her, and her heart beating fast. Then quite resolutely she pushed open the picket gate and walked up the path.

The door stood partly open; Griselle pushed it inward and entered a cheap little square, papered hall in which several boxes were piled. They had moved in, then!

"Who is it?" Mrs. McIntyre's voice called from one of the bedrooms.

Answering with her own name, Griselle went into the room.

"Oh, you're sick!" she exclaimed.

ALAN'S mother was in a tumbled bed, with a thickly bandaged foot laid like a great sausage on a pillow before her. The room was in dreary disorder and only half furnished; there were no curtains at the windows; a trunk was overflowing with variegated garments; a lunch tray filled with empty dishes and glasses stood on a crate.

"Griselle!" Mrs. McIntyre said. "My dear, what a mess you find us in! Come in and see me."

"But what have you done to your foot?" Griselle said without preamble.

"The day we moved in," Alan's mother said, "day before yesterday, I dropped my little sewing machine on it. I had picked it up in a hurry; the movers were waiting, and my loose sleeve caught on a doorknob and jerked it out of my hand. It was all right for a while; Steve and I moved in, and then it began to hurt and I've had to have a doctor twice. Isn't it terrible, just at this moment?"

"Enough to drive you crazy," Griselle agreed simply, and the other woman gave a forlorn laugh.

"I'll be about again in a few days," she said; "but meanwhile we are getting along with the most awful makeshifts you can imagine."

"But where's Steve?"

"He's here. In the kitchen probably. You must see him before you go."

"I'll take this out," Griselle picked up the tray, crossed the dining room and opened the kitchen door.

The kitchen, too, presented a scene of confusion, but Stephen in his wheel chair was evidently doing his best to reduce it to order. He turned at the sink as Griselle came in, and greeted her with a broad smile. Instantly any sense of pity or embarrassment she might have felt vanished; he was like Alan—he was so curiously like him and yet not like him!

"I heard you talking to Mother; I didn't know who it could be. Isn't this a swell mess!" Stephen said, turning his chair to propel it toward her and holding out his hand. "I asked the doctor yesterday to find someone to come in here and help us, but there's no such animal," he went on. "I was just trying to get some dishes unpacked; everything's so darned dusty and ought to be washed before it's put away. Sit down and talk; I'll take a little while off."

Griselle was accustomed to kitchens, but she had never seen a kitchen in quite such a condition. Barrels of china and boxes of pots and pans were spilling their contents, wrapped in masses of newspaper, on the floor. The sink was littered; the cover was off the garbage can.

"Some of this stuff only got here this morning," Stephen said. "We'll get it all sorted out, but with Mother i it's not much of a cinch."

"A lot of this can be perfectly in the china closet, and washed need it," Griselle said firmly. Sh to carry piles of dishes to the pa arrange them on the shelves. She the old-fashioned gas heater that the boiler; found a dishpan, towe

"You sit right here and take th of this barrel," she directed hi more you talk about my ought-n do this the more time you'll waste telephone in? I'll see if I can g This is the kind of job I love."

"That word 'ought-notting,' I Stephen murmured. "All right, I this barrel."

"Pretty old silver," Griselle said ciatively, looking at a spoon. Sh with her hands full of silver to the room; came back laughing. "Your is simply frenzied to get out he take a hand," she reported.

A great heap of twisted new gathered on the side porch. An barrel was rolled out there; a barrel. In the kitchen, room to mo an empty surface or two develope idly. Clara appeared.

Clara was colored, seventy-two, small that during her first brief a from the kitchen, Stephen observe if wringing wet she would probal the scales at an even seventy-five p Clara was Belle's mother; she had worked for Aunt Mollie in emerg and Griselle knew what she could d

AFTER a while, Mrs. McIntyre out into the kitchen and was comfortable in a chair with her foot a pillow, and Clara disappeared in bedroom with clean sheets. By this the kitchen was beginning to show could be a quite attractive apartme

Stephen and Griselle turned it o Clara and went into the parlor some real settling had been done. was down on a clean painted floor; had been pushed into appropriate tions; Steve's worktable with his had the middle of the floor space piles of books were everywhere w placement.

Griselle looked at the books; th of placing them was far too great f day; it was almost dark now, and was starting dinner. But she and Ste did somewhat assort them and she p ised to come back in a day or two finish the job.

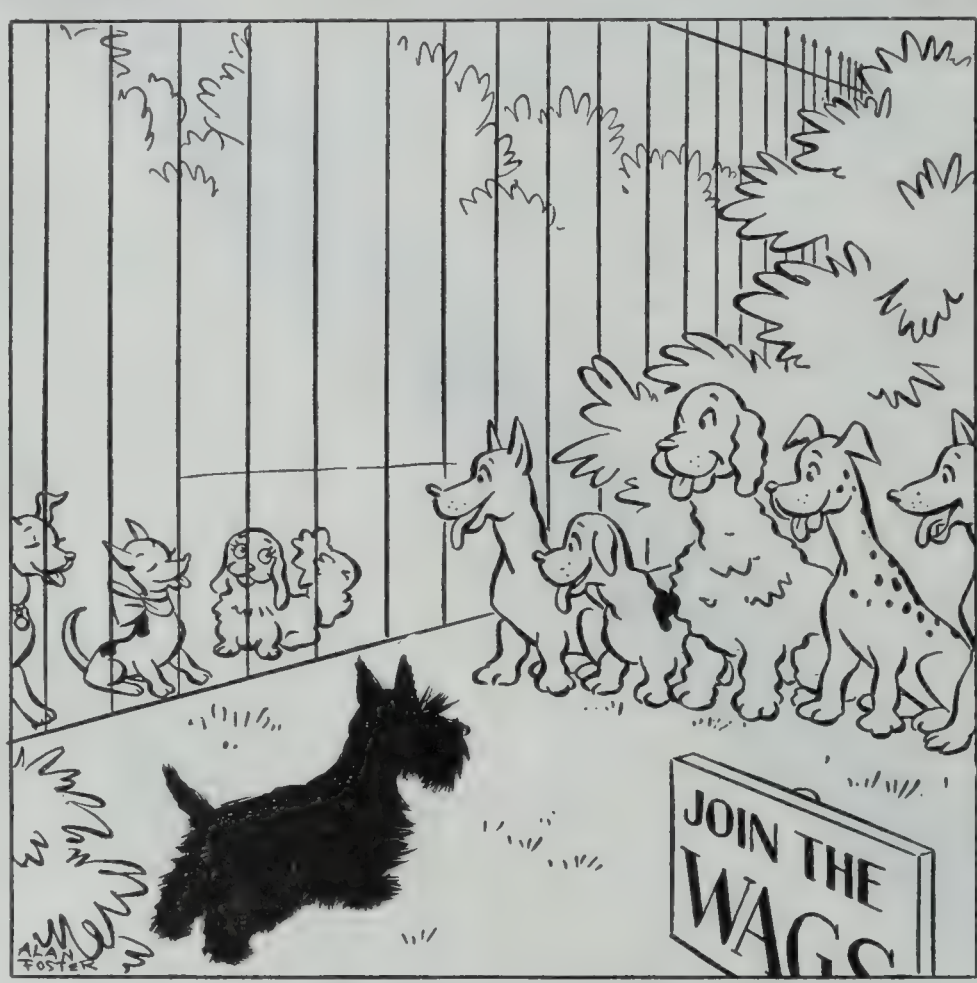
It was nearly seven when she Stephen sat down, dirty and stiff b great spirits, to canned corned beef with eggs poached on it, hot bakery coffee and fresh green corn. Steve's was close to the table; Griselle poure coffee; a three-bulb lamp in a flat s of heavy colored glass dangled a their heads and shed its light over cluttered room. Mrs. McIntyre, had returned to bed and was enjo her own supper, heard them laughing

They spoke continually of Alan, only twice was Griselle obliged to swer questions that came close to the cret she was keeping from them.

Once his mother asked, "You've heard from him?" and she could quite truthfully, "Oh, no; not yet. N word," and it was the mother again said to her pityingly, "My dear, it wa sad, his going away just when you your happy plans made," to which selle merely returned sturdily, "That se to be the order of the day for all wo now!"

Otherwise the talk of him was just praise of his own people. He had bou

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE by ALAN FOSTER



COLLIER'S "Now men—no yoo-hooing!"

Keep That Powder Moving!

ANOTHER ESSENTIAL JOB THAT ONLY TRUCK-TRAILERS COULD HANDLE

OF ALL the material our fighters need, there's nothing more urgent than powder. And if there's any job that must be kept running smoothly, it's the loading of the powder bags that propel our projectiles where they will hurt the Japanazis the most.

That's why, down in the southern mountains, a huge loading plant . . one of the biggest in America . . depends on Truck-Trailers to get the powder where it's needed . . when it's needed.

50 TRAILERS—20 TRUCKS

Executives of this plant will tell you that transportation is the secret of a powder-loading operation. Movements must be as synchronized as the parts of your watch. Powder can't accumulate anywhere along the line . . it's too dangerous. It must come to the line precisely as it's needed . . and be hauled away the instant the operation is finished.

A fleet of 50 Fruehauf Trailers, used in a "shuttle" system with only 20 truck-tractors, handles these hauls, along with all others in the loading operation. Bulk powder from the mills is first hauled from the unloading dock to underground storage magazines called "igloos" . . then, as needed, to other magazines from which loading, or assembly, lines are fed . . then the bagged powder goes back to other igloos to await final shipment.

TRAILERS FOR SAFETY, TOO

Many movements are involved . . . with much loading and unloading time. That's where "shuttling" comes in. "Shuttling" means that one truck handles two or more Trailers . . it's always busy pulling one Trailer while the others are being loaded and unloaded. In this way, the 20 power units actually do the work of 50 . . and, at the same time, haul bigger loads than trucks of that size would carry.

Safety, even more than synchronization, is essential in a powder-loading operation. If a power unit should catch fire, the driver can, without leaving the cab, set the Fruehauf automatic front supports and drive the flaming truck away from the powder-laden Trailer.

This specialized operation is only one of thousands in which Truck-Trailers are doing essential war work that couldn't be done as efficiently and economically, if at all, by other means.

The welfare of all American industry demands that our motor transport be kept running—that parts, tires and replacement vehicles be made available.

FRUEHAUF SERVICE
Keeps Trailers Running!

Trade barriers . . artificial, legal obstacles to the efficient movement of motor freight between States . . are slowing up the war-production which depends on that freight. And they are, of course, delaying victory and costing lives in the same degree.

Trucks and Trailers are held up at State lines by conflicting size and weight laws, duplicate or overlapping licenses, punitive taxes, nuisance inspections, conflicting equipment requirements, etc.

Trade barriers are costly to every American in peace-time or war-time.

The public should demand of State legislators and executives that they be removed promptly.

World's Largest Builders of Truck-Trailers
FRUEHAUF TRAILER COMPANY ★ DETROIT
Member Automotive Council for War Production

TRUCK-TRAILER TRANSPORT IS DOING AN ESSENTIAL JOB FOR ALL AMERICA

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

Steve's big worktable at second hand, had planed and sandpapered it, had stained it with oils. This was his picture, grinning in cap and gown on the day he had received his diploma. The Kipling and the Mark Twain sets he had collected, book by book; everything in the house spoke of Alan and their adoration of him. Griselle felt her heart warm with a new rush of love and confidence.

She walked home in higher spirits than she had known since the happy day when she and Allan had lunched together, had gone together to the city hall to get their marriage license. It was surely a very special sort of luck, this having chanced upon his mother and brother in the very hour when they most needed a neighborly hand! She had been of real help to them, and it was good to go over in her mind all the details of taking hold, attacking those piles of plates and crates of table linen, telephoning for Clara, and leaving Clara in charge.

Steve had not said much in actual words, but she had known from his manner, from the enthusiasm with which he had seconded all her efforts, from the eagerness of his talk and the occasional ringing out of his deep, hearty laugh, that he appreciated every moment of it.

IN THE secondhand bookstore the next morning, between classes, she picked up a book of puzzles from the London Times. Just a few solutions were penciled in, but the peculiar twist of the English puzzle-maker's mind had evidently been too much for the original owner, and most of the pages were untouched. For ten cents, Griselle became possessed of it and that afternoon she somewhat timidly presented it to Stephen. She had seen books of crosswords and double acrostics scattered about on his table; she had guessed rightly that he would seize upon the new challenge with avidity.

Today they need not work so hard as yesterday. Stephen wheeled himself into the parlor, and they assorted books and phonograph records; Mrs. McIntyre was limping about, trying not to do too much, and Clara was plodding steadily through mountains of unpacking, washing, putting away. A small bonfire, smoking sleepily in the outdoor incinerator, was devouring rubbish; things were really getting into shape.

After a while they moved out to the shade of the walnut tree in the back yard; Steve's wire-haired Kipper had joined the party, and Griselle saw how often the long, thin hand dropped to meet the eager, rough, waiting head; and she saw a look of deep content that was new in Steve's eyes.

The afternoon was balmy and quiet; there was no breath of wind; trees in the neighboring gardens were in new leaf; in the late sunlight bees shot by; roses, marigolds, lavender and stock were motionless in light as clear as water.

"Gosh!" Stephen said suddenly in a half-vexed, half-triumphant tone. "I got another!"

"Not another of those cockeyed English definitions?" Griselle asked, looking up from her French grammar.

"Yep," he said, penciling in the book. "One thing is, you know when you've got 'em!" he exulted.

"What was this one?"

"'Little Samuel you are all right in Japan,'" he read. "In seven letters."

"Seven letters! You mean seventy."

"No; seven letters."

"Steve, how could they possibly pack into seven letters anything meaning 'Little Samuel you are all right in Japan'?" Griselle demanded.

"It's 'samurai,'" he said.

"Well, I can see the Japan part," Griselle said, after a moment. "And—yes, I suppose the 'sam' is 'little Samuel.' But what about the rest?"

"'You are A one,'" he interpreted the last four letters, with his joyous laugh. Griselle looked affronted, and he laughed again.

"I think that's ridiculous," she said firmly.

"Well, it is, but it's honest," he defended it. "That's just it. They don't go in eternally for the sun god and the one-eyed African sloth."

"They don't seem to mind unkeyed letters," Griselle observed, secretly so delighted with the success of her offering that her heart was dancing.

"If you ever find any others like this, you get 'em," Steve told her, again absorbed.

"You can have my share," Griselle replied. "What was that first one you got? Someone makes holes in—what?"

"Oh, it's no use going to the doctor. I know what he'd advise"

"'Spenser's heroine makes hole in lace,'" he quoted. "It's 'lacunae.' Don't you see Una with 'lace' around it?"

"No; I don't see," Griselle said flatly. "I couldn't get one in a million years."

"Where is the old bookshop? I think I'll work my way over there some day."

"Oh, could you?" Her face brightened. "I'll tell you!" she said. "I'll come here Saturday morning and walk over there with you. It's lots of fun."

"It's lots of fun for me to get out on the street again, after all those weeks upstairs," Stephen said. "I went 'round the block two or three times last night. It was good to hear the people talking and the kids yelping upstairs about having to go to bed. There's an old fellow here who asked me about our apple tree; said we'd have a heavy crop. Mother's all agog on the subject of apple butter and pies."

"We could dry some, too," Griselle said; "you can get a government book telling you how. And we could have my wheel out here," she added thoughtfully, her eyes following the lines of the sheltered little yard, which the rise of a windmill, the neighboring garages, and two long lines of whitewashed plank fences shut in completely.

"Your bicycle?" Stephen asked.

"No; my spinning wheel. I spin," Griselle answered simply. "I've a spinning wheel stored with all my other stuff, and a loom, too."

Stephen looked at her for a moment, and they both laughed.

"You would," he said.

"An old Swiss woman told me how to work the loom—it's easy."

"And have you a harpsichord and virginals?" asked Steve, and they laughed again.

"No. But I've often thought I'd like to play the harp," Griselle said seriously. "So pretty! A girl leaning her head against a harp."

"But you can't cart it around with you," he answered, equally grave. "And so few of your friends have harps!"

"Yes; that's an objection, of course."

A SILENCE. Stephen worked at his puzzles, and Griselle devoted herself to the subjunctive. Mrs. McIntyre had been with them for a little while, had gone off to her canteen work. Griselle had suspected from the older woman's manner, from Stephen's manner, that they knew that something was wrong, but despite her desperate attempts to speak of it words would not come. She could only imply to Alan's mother that his sudden departure had delayed their wedding plans, and accept Amanda McIntyre's brief, philosophical words of sympathy with what dignity she could command.

"He may not be gone long. But leaving you now must just about have broken his heart," his mother had said.

Griselle had smiled at her heroica wondering what she would say if had known whose heart really broken

"War is hard on women," she had swered briefly, and nothing more been said.

Clara came out to ask if the cauliflow was for supper. Afternoon shado lengthened from the windmill and trees. Stephen looked up.

"What's Mrs. Armitage doing now He had never seen Mitzi; but he join in all their talks of her with the inter of an intimate.

"Oh, nothing much. She wanted to a Nurses' Aid, but she only went tw days."

"Alan met her and her husband dow South. I suppose you know about it."

"How much—how much did Alan te you about it?" Griselle asked.

"About what?" he countered, as wa as she.

"About how much he liked her," Gr selle said heroically.

"How much he *thought* he liked her, Stephen altered it, with an uncomfortab little laugh.

GRISELLE looked at him for a momen in silence. Ice was breaking about he heart. The subject she had not dare touch upon an hour earlier tempted he now beyond her strength; she must con fide in someone; she must have sympathy

"He's still in love with her," she said "he is *infatuated* with her."

"He wouldn't be in love with tw women, Griselle."

"He isn't," Griselle returned briefly There was a long pause.

"You mean you think he still cares fo her?" Stephen then asked reluctantly.

"I know it, Steve. He doesn't want to," Griselle added eagerly. "He feels horribly—horribly about it all. But she has that hold on him."

"Is she so beautiful?" the man asked. after thought

"Yes; she's lovely. Small and blue-eyed, with lovely fly-away gold hair. But it isn't that. Mitzi's fascinating," Griselle said. "*Fascinating*. Everyone sees it. She's got a careless little gay manner—confident, you know. She knows—she thinks that every man she sees will fall in love with her. And most of them do," she finished ruefully.

"She flatters them brazenly, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes; that's part of it. She even makes old General Cruickshank think that she'd rather be with him than with anyone else in the world. Mitzi isn't ever bold," Griselle said putting into words some of the thoughts that had tired her brain for many weary, wakeful hours in the night, "but she's always—comfortable with people. She treats strange men as if they'd grown up together, just quiet, easy talk and laughing with them, and asking them to help her with her coat or hold her book or something—you can't describe it. And immediately she has the best one—the one all the other girls want—roped and thrown," she finished somewhat inelloquently, with a little helpless laugh and widespread hands.

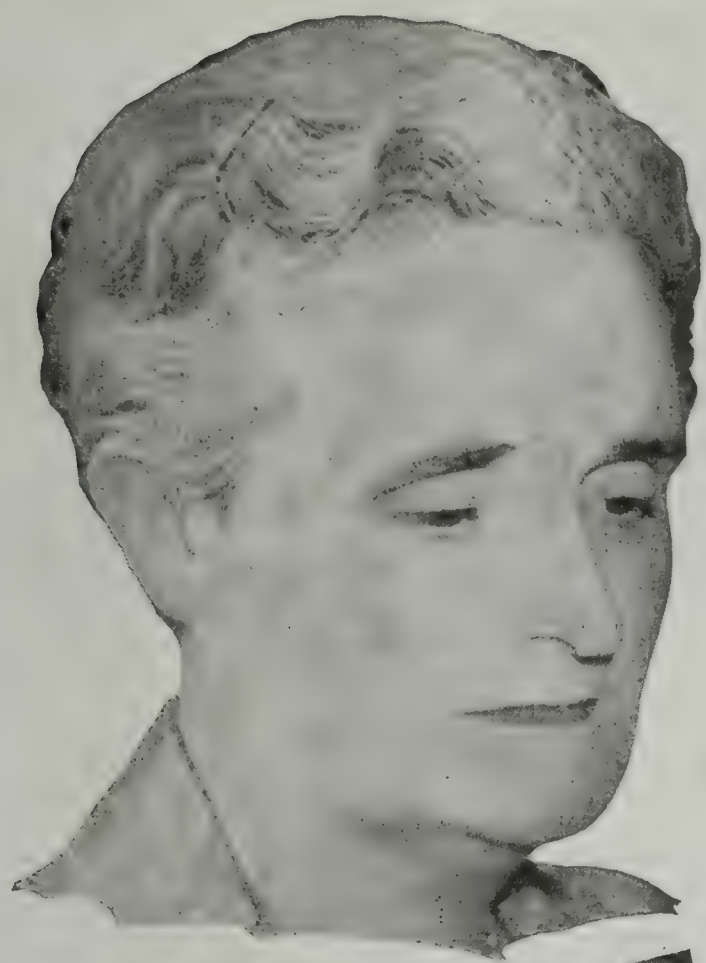
"Know the husband?" Steve asked briefly, after a moment of reflection.

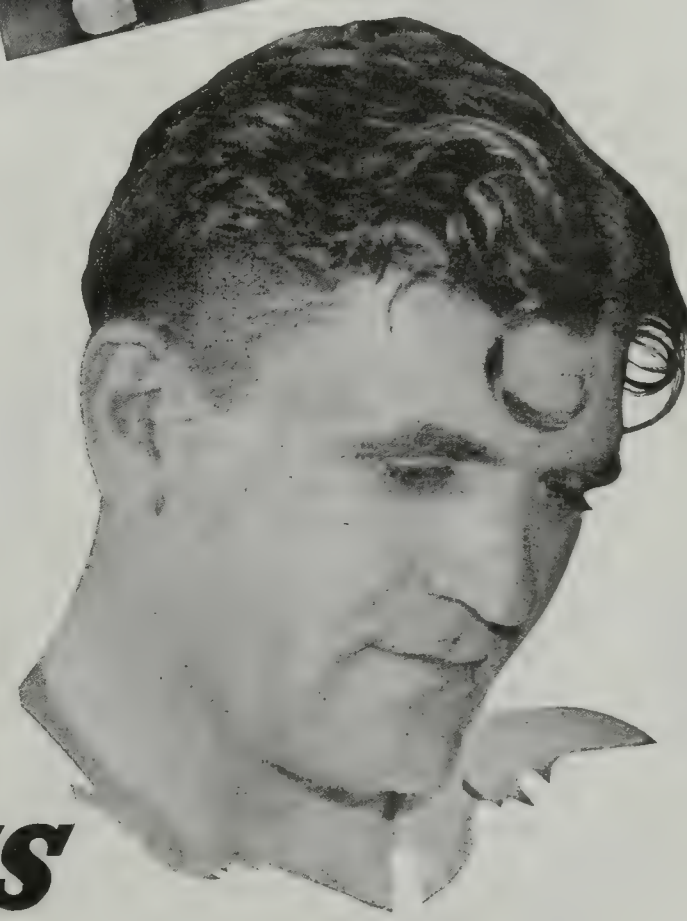
"I met him in Maryland when they were on their honeymoon. But I don't remember him very clearly. He had the air—I remember that—of being rich," Griselle said somewhat hesitantly, "and liking things—liking life, very much. Racing and duck clubs and tennis and so on."

"I know what you mean. A good fellow"

"That sort." Griselle began writing again. She was afraid of what was coming. "He's younger than Mitzi," she said.

"Remember the day you and Alan went to get a license and found the bureau closed?" Stephen presently began. "Re-





FIGHTING FACES

Kindly People . . . Grimly Waging War

● You see here the fighting faces of two ically American war workers—Mrs. Nellie yles and Richard Skaggs. They represent 00 others who work along with them in the e war plants of Noblitt-Sparks Industries— l millions more on all the production fronts our great nation.

Nellie and Dick are kindly, wholesome indiuals—the kind of folks who live and work in ce and comfort on farms and in towns of thern Indiana. They're interested in home, ldren, church and good schools. They grow tory gardens and save up their scrap for vage. They're the kind of folks you'd like have next door. But, once they're threatd, their collective wrath adds up to utter eat for would-be conquerors.

And you know, too, that the faces of Ameri- workers don't reflect all the grim deternation for victory that fills their hearts. But the work they're doing *does*, in factories, on farms, everywhere.

Material, labor and skill that formerly went into Arvin radios, hot water car heaters, bathroom electric heaters and metal furniture are now going into high precision radios for planes and trucks that enable our fighting men to talk back and forth, win battles and save lives — food and gasoline cans for emergency use up at the fighting fronts — metal reels for telephone lines — ammunition boxes — anti-tank mines — bombs — parts for trucks and jeeps.

* * *

Through our fighting forces, and the efforts of all American workers, there's lots of "persuasion" being dished out for unconditional surrender. And, perhaps sooner than we think, the peacetime products of this and other companies will be available for you to enjoy. Then, your war bonds will buy new comforts and pleasures.

BUY BONDS • FOR BOMBS • TO KEEP THE EAGLE FLYING!

ON THE JOB!
3000 MEN AND WOMEN WORKERS
IN 9 WAR PLANTS OF

NOBLITT-SPARKS
INDUSTRIES, INC. • COLUMBUS, INDIANA

Peacetime Makers of

ARVIN

Products for Comfort and Pleasure

Home and Car Radios • Hot Water Car Heaters
Metal Furniture • Bathroom Electric Heaters
and Other Products for Better Living After the War

member that you came over to Alameda to see Mother and me that afternoon?"

"Oh, very well." Ah, if that bureau hadn't been closed, if somehow she and Alan had managed that one preliminary, how different everything would have been! "I didn't hear you, Steve," she apologized. "I was thinking—thinking if it hadn't been closed," she stammered, looking up.

"That was Memorial Day, wasn't it?"

"Yes. It was a holiday."

"What time did Alan leave you that day?"

"Just after we left your house. I said I'd take the streetcar. He had to be back at half past three or four. He was on some special assignment until eight, he said."

"And they sailed the next morning," Steve said musingly. "He telephoned Mother at about nine. He didn't say they were sailing; of course they never do. But he said he was sending home his heavy clothes, his coat and flannels and so on, so we knew he was going to a warmer climate. And he said God bless her and take care of herself. She knew. Mother knew. Now, here's something *I* want to know. D'you know if he saw Mitzi again after he saw you? It'd have to be the evening of Memorial Day, wouldn't it? He didn't see her then, did he? He told me he wasn't going to see her again."

"I know he meant not to see her again." Griselle was very pale. "But he did," she said; "he saw her that evening."

Steve and she looked steadily at each other.

"How d'you know?" Steve asked.

"She told me so."

"Believe her?"

"Oh, yes. Mitzi," Griselle said with a bitter little twist to her mouth. "doesn't have to lie."

"He told me he wasn't going to see her again," Stephen repeated slowly. His voice was heavy with disappointment.

"He didn't mean to. She wired him that it was important, and that she'd wait for him at one of the city hotels—the Saint Francis, I think it was."

"And he fell for that?" Stephen asked scornfully.

"But she signed it 'Mother,' Steve. He thought, of course, it was from your mother."

"She signed it 'Mother'!" Steve exclaimed. For a moment sheer amazement held him silent. "Why, what sort of a woman is she?" he demanded.

"She's very much in love with him, I suppose," Griselle offered simply.

"In love with him, eh?" the man repeated musingly. "So he went over to town thinking he was going to meet Mother? Don't you suppose he guessed?"

"Mitzi said not. She said he seemed completely bewildered, and kept looking about for your mother. She thought it was a good joke."

"YES; it's a good joke on Alan, all right," Stephen agreed soberly. "Poor old Alan, poor old simple-minded fool! He talked to her, of course?"

"Not at first, she said. He was angry. But in the end they sat down and talked. They talked," Griselle said slowly and steadily, turning the knife in her heart, "about her getting a divorce, and she promised to wait for him."

They looked at each other.

"That's the plan, is it?" Stephen asked, in a hard, dry voice she had never heard from him before.

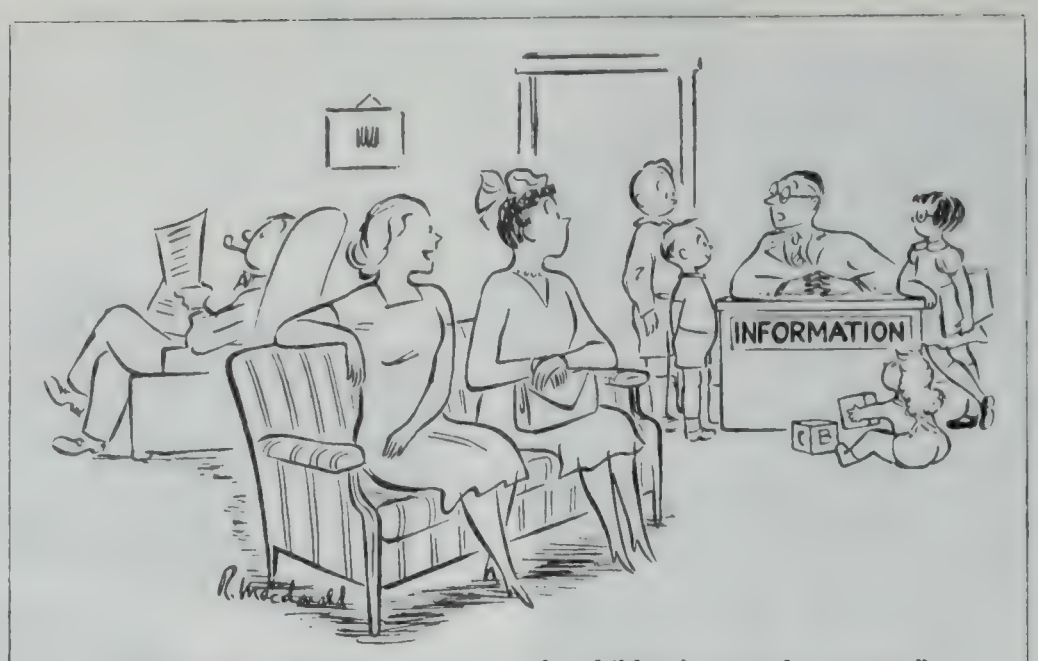
"That's her plan, anyway."

"And you believe it?"

"Yes; I believe it."

"But what about—" He was holding violent feeling in check. "But what about you?" he asked. "You and Alan were to be married."

"Yes; I know. But—but, you see, it was always more or less on the understanding that he—that he loved Mitzi," Griselle stammered. "It was—understood. I knew it. He wanted to love me, and to stop loving her. It was all fair, Stephen, truly."



"John finally hired him to answer the children's eternal questions"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

"All fair!" he echoed. And then in an undertone, "Good Lord, is he crazy! What were you supposed to do? Congratulate them?"

"No, no. It wasn't like that. It was just—I suppose—that when he saw her again he—he couldn't help himself."

"And he was going off, perhaps for months, without a word to you?"

"No. He wrote me." To Griselle's anger her lips began to tremble and her throat ached. "He wrote me that it was all a mistake and that he was sorry," she said with difficulty.

"That his engagement to you was a mistake?"

She could not answer. Her face was hot; she looked up and managed a nod.

Stephen was silent for a while, frowning. "It doesn't sound like Alan," he presently said in a troubled voice. "He'll come to his senses. He'll wake up."

Griselle said nothing. She began to pack her books away in her blue canvas bag. It was time to go home.

"Come soon," Stephen said, holding her hand when she said goodby.

"I'll come see how you're doing with the puzzles."

"I've just thought of another."

"Don't tell me about it; they make me mad. Oh, and how about going downtown on Saturday? Are a dozen blocks too much for you?"

"Not if you don't mind the chair."

"Not if I don't mind the chair! I wouldn't expect you to walk it."

"I get about the house," he said, touching his crutch with a strong, square hand. "But I'm no good for any distance."

"I'll be here at ten Saturday." She turned back from the path. "I needn't say—I needn't ask you not to— You know that all this is absolutely confidential," she said confusedly.

Stephen smiled. "No, you needn't say that," he agreed.

GRISELLE walked home, feeling oddly light and content. It had occurred to her this afternoon that both Mrs. McIntyre and Stephen would be writing to Alan, and that sooner or later, somewhere in Australia or the far seas or in Alaska or somewhere the Armed Forces of the United States were stationed, those letters would be handed to him. Innocently enough, it gave her pleasure to think what they must say—that she had come into their home when they had really needed her and that she had been helpful and friendly and adequate.

Alan would send her a grateful and affectionate thought when he [illegible] report, and that was enough. Sh[illegible] upon it. It was something, an[illegible] was an unexpected advantage [illegible] would have thought a miracle [illegible] weeks ago.

"Griselle, have you got my p[illegible] on?" a girl demanded, hanging [illegible] upper hallway railing and callin[illegible] the stairs.

"No, I haven't. I'm wearing [illegible] Nadine left here."

"Griselle, have you seen Mitzi [illegible] was Aunt Mollie Cruickshank, p[illegible] heat, with walking and emotion, [illegible] the room and sinking into a chair.

"Mitzi? No. Was she here?"

"No; but she wants you to go [illegible] right away. I'll manage with [illegible] Uncle Andrew asked me to se[illegible] Mitzi's almost out of her senses [illegible] and carrying on. She's just got w[illegible] David Armitage was in that [illegible] thing, and he's missing in action [illegible] Cruickshank said.

"David Armitage dead!" Grisc[illegible] in a whisper, sitting down on a bed. "[illegible] Mitzi," she added after a mor[illegible] which they both were silent, st[illegible] each other, "Mitzi's a widow now. [illegible] free!"

AT ONE end of the long, un[illegible] table Griselle clicked away b[illegible] her typewriter; beside her, Steph[illegible] established with his microscope, h[illegible] of pencils, his textbooks.

The table stood under the shabb[illegible] arbor; the unpruned vines, heav[illegible] yellow leaves and small, hard bun[illegible] fruit, were interlaced overhead. [illegible] was drowsing at Stephen's feet.

Griselle pulled a sheet of pape[illegible] the typewriter, corrected it here an[illegible] with a swift, firm pencil, stretche[illegible] in her chair and yawned.

"Peace," she said on a long sig[illegible]

Stephen closed his book and lai[illegible] his pencil.

"It apparently takes a war to te[illegible] what a miracle it is," he said.

"I feel as if peace had fallen o[illegible] spirit—over my whole problem, [illegible] selle went on musingly. "Things [illegible] house are very quiet; we have two c[illegible] young doctors boarding there no[illegible] all they will talk is shop; nobody e[illegible] to entertain young doctors. Aunt [illegible] and Dodo are still at the lake, but [illegible] be back tomorrow and then we g[illegible] wedding plans."

"Dodo Cruickshank, eh?"

"Yes; she's marrying her lieu[illegible] Mina Rippey has gone down to [illegible] to marry hers, and Jean Priest is go[illegible] have quite a wedding. Dodo's ta[illegible] war job as soon as Jim goes to sea."

"You make the wedding cake?" h[illegible]

"No; we're ordering that. But I [illegible] about three hundred sandwiches, [illegible] rate the parlors, send the doctor's [illegible] to the tailor, borrow three big coff[illegible] from the caterer, and address ann[illegible] ments. All fun," Griselle said.

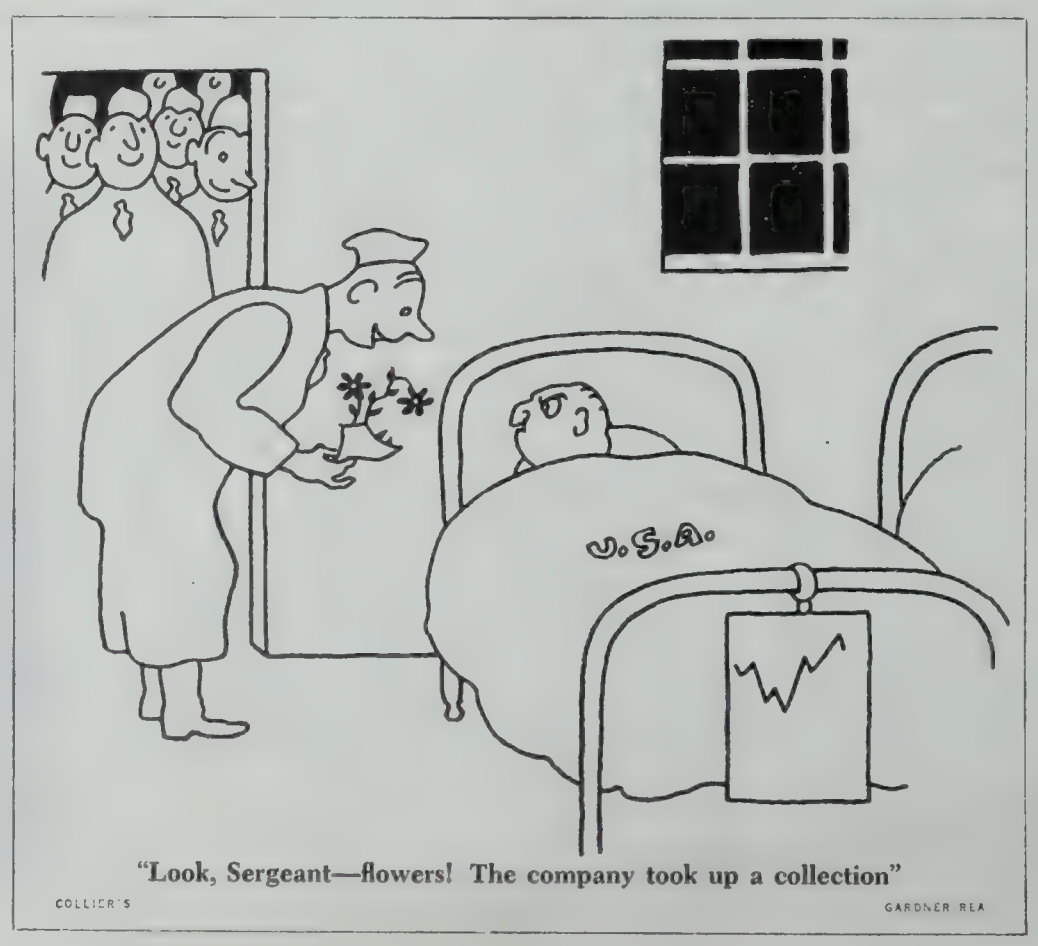
"It ought to be your wedding," St[illegible] commented, a note of regret in his [illegible]

"It might have been, I suppose. I [illegible] have been Alan's wife now; might be [illegible] weeks married. I wonder—I wonde[illegible] would have been happy. I don't [illegible] stand him—I think I've never unde[illegible] him. But it doesn't keep me from th[illegible] he is the most wonderful person [illegible] world."

"I think that, too," Stephen [illegible] "But I don't know that I understan[illegible] either. Of course, I don't know [illegible] Armitage. But I would rather hea[illegible] Alan was dead than have him come [illegible] and marry that woman. The disill[illegible] ment that dumb old brother of mine [illegible] experience would break his heart anc[illegible] and my mother's."

"And mine," Griselle added lightl[illegible]

"No; not yours. You're twenty. [illegible]

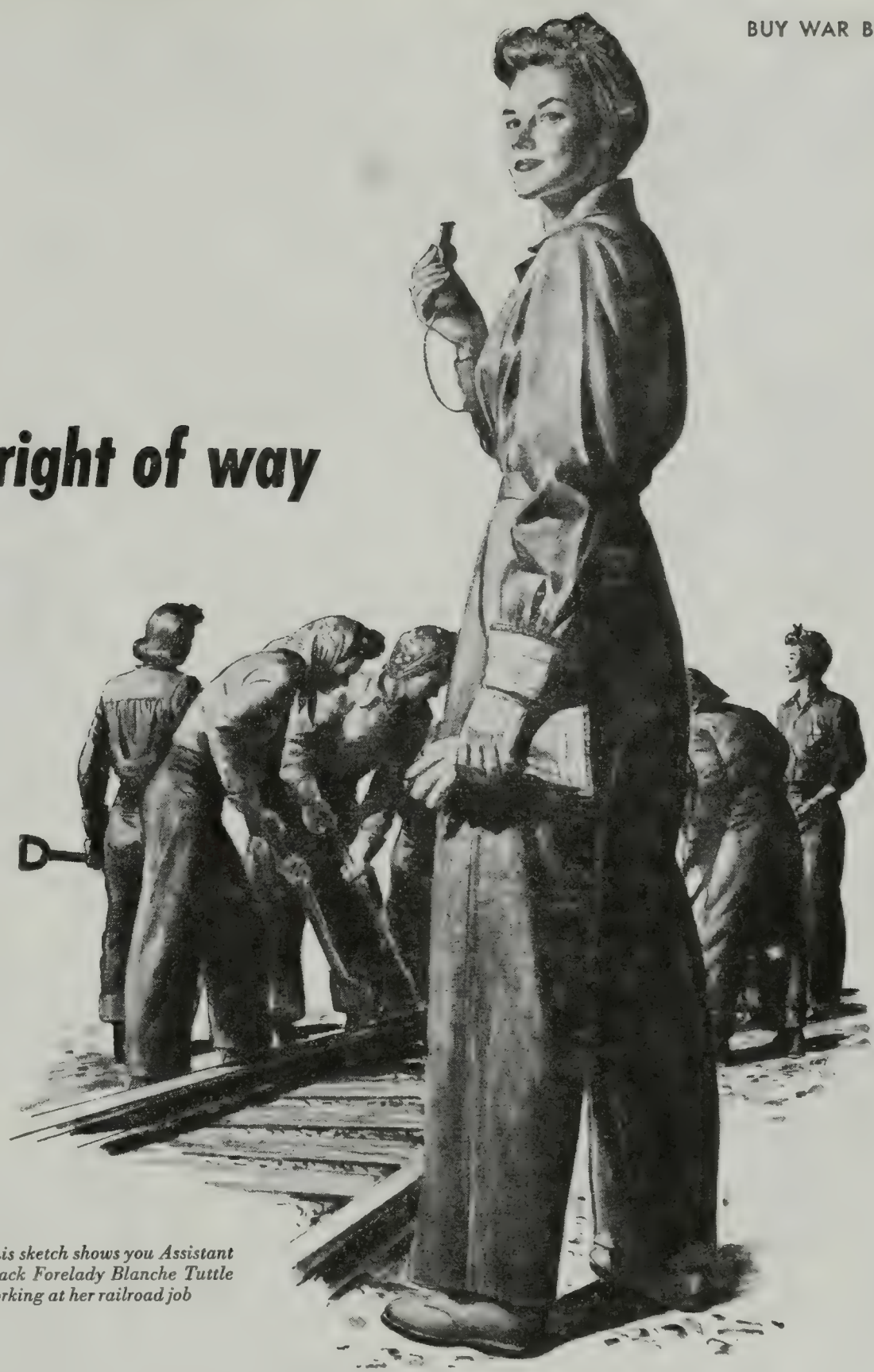


"Look, Sergeant—flowers! The company took up a collection"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

BUY WAR BONDS

ANGELS guard our right of way



This sketch shows you Assistant Track Forelady Blanche Tuttle working at her railroad job

Ve railroad people refer to a fast train as a "hotshot." The locomotive engineer is a "hogger" and a trainman's badge a "brain plate." So you won't be surprised to learn that several thousand "angels" now work for Southern Pacific.

Pretty Mrs. Blanche Tuttle, soldier's wife, is one of them. In fact, she's an Assistant Track Forelady among our "angels."

Mrs. Tuttle directs about thirty-five women who work on railroad track around Watsonville Junction, in California's famous apple belt. (Men in separate groups still do the heavier tasks.)

"I wanted to get into war work and do my bit," Mrs. Tuttle explains. "The railroads must run, and this means railroad track must be kept in good condition. I'll stay on my S. P. job till my husband comes home."

SOUTHERN PACIFIC, which crosses more mountain ranges than any other railroad, has always been a *man-size* job of railroading. From our S.P. organization more than 13,000 men have gone into the armed forces.

We miss these tried and true railroaders and we sorely need more manpower. But in today's emergency we're filling numerous gaps with — *womanpower!*

Here's a sketch of gracious Mrs. Blanche Tuttle as she likes to dress "when company comes"

Women operate many of the giant steam hammers in S. P. shops, many of the bolt cutting machines, drill presses and lubricating machines. They wipe down locomotives, sort and cut scrap, clerk in the yards and roundhouses, pack journal boxes.

Women serve as rivet heaters, firelighters, turn-table operators, crew callers, blacksmith helpers, stationary firemen, sandhouse attendants. The list of S. P. jobs women are doing is almost endless.

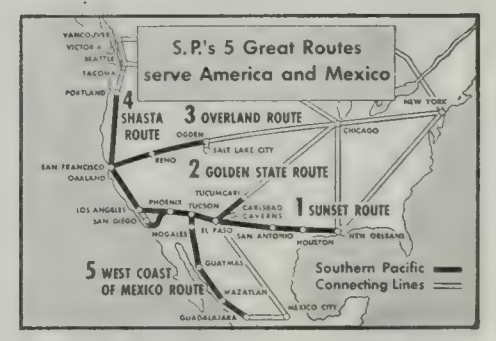
WHEREVER S. P. TRACKS RUN — over 15,000 miles of line in the West, Southwest and South — women today are handling men's work.

Women are "working on the railroad" from San Francisco by the Golden Gate to New Orleans in the deep South. From Tucumcari in New Mexico to San Diego at the southern tip of California. Up and down the Pacific Coast from Portland to Los Angeles . . . and over the towering Sierras to Ogden in Utah.

Southern Pacific is the West's largest railroad and we serve more military and naval establishments than any other line in the nation. It is from West Coast ports where S. P. tracks converge that our country's fighting men move against Japan.

Our traffic load is now the heaviest in history. So you can see why we are very proud of the womenfolks who help guard our right of way and work at other vital jobs along our lines. We know their men in the fighting services are proud of these women, too.

S.P.'s "angels" are doing their part every day to back up brothers in bombers . . . husbands in Africa . . . sons in New Guinea . . . nephews in the Navy!



S·P

The friendly Southern Pacific

HEADQUARTERS: SAN FRANCISCO

One of America's railroads— all united for Victory!

Hot, perspiring feet speed the growth of Athlete's Foot fungi!

Naturally your feet perspire *more* in hot summer weather—especially with wartime's extra walking! And it is this perspiration which irritates the skin, often cracking it wide open. Then the ever-present fungi which cause Athlete's Foot get in, through those raw open cracks and attack the flesh itself. Skin flakes off in dull, whitish patches. Toes get red, itch like fury—you've got Athlete's Foot!

Examine the skin between your toes tonight! At the first sign of raw, open cracks, drench the toes with Absorbine Jr. Use full strength and repeat night and morning.

1. **Absorbine Jr. is an effective fungicide. It *kills* the Athlete's Foot fungi *on contact*.**
2. **It dissolves the perspiration products on which the Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.**
3. **It dries the skin between the toes.**
4. **It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.**
5. **It eases itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.**

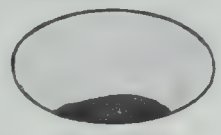
Athlete's Foot is serious—can cost you days of work! Always keep Absorbine Jr. handy. At all drugstores, $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, address W. F. Young, Inc., 201R Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.

PROOF that Athlete's Foot fungi DIE AT TOUCH of Absorbine Jr.

Fungi growing fast

Photomicrograph showing Athlete's Foot fungi. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, irritates delicate nerve endings. No wonder Athlete's Foot causes severe pain!



Fungi dead

Photomicrograph showing that Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot fungi as they are reached. No longer can they grow and cause you so much pain and misery.

ABSORBINE JR.

KILLS ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGI ON CONTACT!

Also brings ***QUICK RELIEF*** to Sore Muscles, Sunburn, Tired, Burning Feet.

get over it. Lord, I hate to think of what he's missing! You offered him the richest and the rightest sort of life," Stephen said. "You would have been everything—companion, wife, housekeeper, inspiration, mother of his children. But because this woman with blue eyes and gold hair flits across his path, he couldn't see it."

"You make me feel—oh, less humiliated, less ashamed, when you talk that way," she said, smiling with tears in her shining dark eyes; "but don't think I'm ever going to forget. I seem to belong to him just as much as if we had got married a few weeks ago when we came so close to it. When anything happens at home, little or big, I think of telling you about it, talking with your mother, coming here to see how it might affect Alan. And I do know," she added, in a reasoning tone, "that he would be wretched, married to Mitzi. Because, if I can't understand Alan, I *do* understand her. Her whole world is Mitzi—Mitzi Cruickshank White Armitage."

STEPHEN, saying nothing, went back to his work. Griselle began to type again. It was strangely inspiring to work out here under the trees with Stephen. She came to the McIntyre house almost every day now—sometimes for a moment, sometimes for a stay of hours. Stephen and she talked of everything, exchanged books, discussed international affairs.

Somehow Griselle felt completely at home with him and his mother; there was no room for shyness and embarrassment here. She displayed her new hat, confided to him her doubtful feelings about her hair-do, amused him with endless tales of the affairs at the Cruickshank house.

Today Griselle had on a new dress. It was a summery cotton dress, dark in color but brightened by unusual embroidery. It had cost, as she frankly told Mrs. McIntyre, seven dollars and fifty cents, plus tax, at Pennoyer's.

"It is perfectly lovely," said Stephen

"Plain," Griselle observed deprecatingly, but she thought that it was lovely, too.

Stephen studied her as she worked, looking more at the girl than he did at the dress.

"Two things," he presently said aloud.

Griselle looked up in surprise. "I thought you were working!"

"I was Two things; you've forgotten them. I said I had a piece of good news for you, and you said you had a funny little piece of good news for me. So which first?"

"The one who guesses nearest the number under twenty," Griselle said promptly Mrs. Cruickshank's table was a great place for games, the old doctor considered a meal lost unless a few games enlivened it, and this was one way to settle a choice. "You write down a number and I guess, then I write down a number and you guess," Griselle explained, "and the nearest tells first."

"Tells last," Stephen said. "Much better to tell last."

"All right, last. Write down your number." Griselle typed the number eleven; Stephen guessed the number two. Griselle guessed the number seventeen and he showed her the sixteen that he had written.

"Me first?" he asked. "Okay. I wrote an article—hold your breath!—about Minor Variations in the Blood Typing of Laboratory Animals and sold it to the Journal of the Medical Association, and they sent me sixty-five dollars for it! I was going to send it to their department of Chemical Notes and New Suggestions, but it got too long. It knocked me silly when they accepted it as a regular article."

"Steve McIntyre, you're fooling!" Griselle's face was alight.

"No; I'm not. And it wasn't anything so important." But he was pleased at her

"It's a native rain-god my son sent home from Africa"

COLLIER'S GREGORY D'ALESSIO

excitement nevertheless. "It's a start," he admitted.

"A start! It's wonderful. Now don't go being modest, Steve You know it's wonderful!"

"Well," he admitted, "it means that one of these days, old Buzz can put his pay into War Bonds. Mother has about sixty a month from two rents on a place in Fruitvale, and Alan sends us a hundred. But now *I'm* on my way!"

"But Doctor Liederkranz pays you something for correcting papers, Steve?"

"Oh, sure. Twenty-five a month. But this is extra. Eventually, of course," Stephen said simply, "what with practice and consultation and articles and inventions, I'll be able to do something for Alan, for one of his kids, maybe, and to set my mother up any way she likes. It's just now, when I'm in pre-med—"

He went quietly to work again, and it was Griselle's turn to look at him. He was as quietly sure of himself as if the future had already unrolled its story. Well, it made one feel sure of him, too.

"My news also has to do with financial security," she said.

"Oh, gosh, yes! I forgot it. What is it?"

"Well, I walked up to see Mitzi last night because Mary Polhemus lives next door to General Cruickshank, and she and I had to go down to the canteen. He was all alone, and I played some backgammon with him. He got talking of my grandfather, and he said that he wanted me to know right now—but that Mitzi wasn't on any account to know—that he'd taken care of me in his new will. It seems he's changing his will. 'You won't have a great deal,' he said, 'but I want your grandfather's girl to be comfortable.' He spoke of a little ranch somewhere. Steve, do you suppose that there's the slightest chance of his leaving me a little ranch?" Griselle demanded joyfully.

"If he talked that way, I should suppose that there was a very good chance."

"A ranch of my own!"

"Would you like that so much, Griselle?"

"Oh, Steve! A place with trees and a spring. Where I could have dogs and a cow, and talk about the apricot crop and the woodpile! Wouldn't *you* love it? You could perfectly well," Griselle went on, with that total lack of embarrassment in alluding to Stephen's lameness that sometimes filled his mother with terror. "you could get about, you know, with your stick and plenty of rests. Some day you'll *have* to have a ranch, too."

"I'd love it," he agreed, smiling at her

STEPHEN wheeled himself to his classes every morning and, with the aid of his crutch and the handrail, managed whatever stairs were necessary to reach the classrooms. He brought home not only his own work but the great sheaf of papers he corrected for one of the instructors. He worked steadily and with zest; he could not apply himself with sufficient concentration to satisfy his own ideals; he was never tired. His mother would carry out to him a thick sandwich and a glass of milk at noon. Sometimes he did not take his eyes from his work while he devoured them.

But of late she knew that during the afternoon, especially at about four o'clock, when Griselle had finished her last class, Stephen was always waiting for something. At every click of the gate, his head came up; once when a woman caller came across the garden quietly and stopped close to him, he looked up with so radiant a smile of welcome that his mother's heart ached for him.

She saw the look fade into one of ordinary civility that barely concealed his absolute shock of disappointment, and she saw content and serenity come back into his face when the gate clicked a second time, and Griselle, tall and smiling and a little grimed and weary from summer hours in the classroom, came in.

(To be continued next week)

One Wing and a Player

Continued from page 26

ld noved over for a drive toward ft uter garden, he crossed them up piting a scorching line drive to fid to send two runners across. sily, he turned in the sensational o the night when in the fifth, with n e raced in at full speed to take a trig belt off Pete Elko's bat.

c firm the above, Doc Prothro, the n dentist and the Chicks' manager, "ray is a sharp line-drive place a l slams them between outfielders t bases. Sometimes, when he gets pecially to his liking, he bangs it r heads. He is very fast on the d is an expert in the school of l drag. The boy has plenty of and is at his best when the chips . It is actually uncanny how sure h he is with one hand."

"ag" a bunt means that the batter ertly applied the backspin that ch a rolling ball to slow up and a premature stop, permitting a unner to beat out the infielder's first base. It is an essential part e hitter's equipment.

has a perfect stance at the plate a club a couple of ounces heavier regulation 36-ounce bat wielded two-armed players. He claims it s balance and timing and makes travel farther. He grasps it near . leaving just enough room be- is left hand and the end for his tt if he had one.

A Good Throwing Arm

olds the bat a foot behind him on with his head, in ready position to s cut. You would think that an pitch across his knees would be for him to hit, but he says that is pet baby to pull into right field. as a better-than-average arm for elder and throws his share of dar- ners out at the plate. But the clubs are hep to this fact and take any unnecessary chances on g.

rly June he was playing with an in- and and knee, but in three succes- mes he accumulated eight hits out times at bat. Then the hand be- o sore that, over his protests, they m out to give it a chance. He ar- s usual wanting his own way. But nsating for this trait, he fights for e hits and close decisions and is not to pushing the umps around when ks he is right.

He was born in Nanticoke, Pennsylvania, on March 6, 1917, in the heart of the coal fields—a very tough neighborhood where a kid had to use his fists. The loss of his right arm when he was six years old didn't help. He lost the arm through an accident. He jumped out of a grocer's moving car and crushed it against the curb. It was amputated just above the elbow.

His folks are of Lithuanian-American stock, and his father is a coal miner.

It was at the age of thirteen that an incident occurred which pointed strongly to the fact that he would not be easily stopped in reaching whatever objective he chose to attain. He was a runner on third base in a kid's ball game in Nanticoke. The sun had stoked the stone- and tin-can-covered field into a hot furnace. There came a crack of the bat against the ball—a grounder to the second baseman.

A Dive for the Plate

Few kids would have attempted to score, but Pete thought he could make it. He lit out for home and dust-stormed the plate in a headfirst belly slide, and he hit the heavy-set catcher so hard he knocked the ball out of his hand.

The catcher straightened up, waited for Pete to arise and then yelled, "If it wasn't for your handicap, smart guy, I'd bust your face in!" The next moment he was rubbing the ball field out of his nose.

Pete spat on his skinned knuckles, gazed down at him and said indignantly, "What handicap?"

But there was a handicap. "At first, I couldn't hold onto the ball," Pete revealed. "So I kept pulling the padding out of the glove to make it loose and flexible. After I had yanked the stuffing all out, I had overcome the handicap. I could catch the ball just fine."

In sum, almost barehanded.

The greatest single factor in his determination to make good in baseball, he says, was that day he sat in the stands at Wrigley Field—World Series, 1932—when Babe Ruth called his shot. "I was only fifteen," he grinned. "And I had to hitchhike from Nanticoke. But I would not have missed it for anything. That was when Ruth, with two strikes on him, pointed to a spot in the bleachers and dumped the next pitch therein for a home run. I said to myself, 'Pete, the whole trick is confidence in yourself. If you are sure you can do it, you will do it.'"

He says he learned the game "pretty fair" when he was mascot of a team in Nanticoke. "And I kept learning a little more along the line. Two years ago, I picked up some good dope with the Brooklyn Bushwicks, one of the best semipro clubs. But Mickey O'Neil, when I was with Three Rivers in the Canadian-American League last year, taught me more than anybody else. I've been getting better all the time. Working in the American or National Leagues would be just another ball game, only I'd reach my top form because I'd be more inspired, naturally."

To ballplayers, sports writers and track coaches, one of the most amazing things about him is his sense of balance when running. Imagine strapping your right arm to your side and running at top speed—then winding up with a hook slide to a base. Yet he is considered an unusually fast and dangerous base runner.

This accounts for the breath-taking catches he makes, generally going at top speed. But to watch him make a catch in a game and get the ball away is of little help in discovering how he does it. A group of sports writers discovered this when he first reported to the Memphis Chicks. Gray was illustrating for their benefit, and he repeated it many times over.

Finally, one gentleman wittily demanded, "Okay. Now do it so we can see it."

Although Pete can catch a ball and throw it back to the infield in many ways, he always uses the same method in a game. As he catches the ball, he brings the glove up to his right armpit, letting the ball roll down his wrist against his chest. Then he holds the glove between the arm stump and his body, pulls his hand out, lowers it, and the ball rolls back into his palm, all ready to be tossed.

Lightning Action

It's all done so fast that it looks like a comic-strip performance of Superman. And he does it with a glove that hasn't a quarter of an ounce of padding left in it.

Pete does not drink but smokes long, black cigars, and usually, off the field, you have to plunge through a smoke screen to locate him. He dresses snappily, loves to fish, and is afraid of a microphone. When you talk to him, his blue eyes alternately sparkle and flash fire.

He was quite bright in the classroom, but quit in his first year at Nanticoke High School. His favorite subject was history. He says he would prefer, among major-league clubs, to play with the Phillies.

Jim McKee, United Press sports writer in Memphis, who has been watching Gray perform all season, made this prediction: "If there is one guy who could pack them in, in the big leagues, to beat Babe Ruth as a drawing card, his name is Pete Gray. The lad can hit that ball where they ain't—and there isn't a better outfielder in any league. And all the fans simply idolize him."

Pete says that the longest hit he ever made was in outlaw ball in Canada. "A home run, of course, with two on—four hundred and seventeen feet."

"That," somebody said, "must have been quite a thrill."

The one-armed player squinted into the sun that was frying Russwood Park, the Chicks' ball field, into a sizzling omelette, and then he drawled, "Well, no. I was a little sore. We were playing with a dead ball."

THE END

"So that's the way it's done! Fred, come up here a minute and look at this!"

LLIER S — DAVE GERARD

ARM & HAMMER BAKING SODA ★ helps restore the natural color of TEETH

try our baking soda on your teeth for a week or ten days..note its effective cleansing action..you'll like its pleasantly refreshing after-taste..its low cost makes for real economy.

ARM & HAMMER or COW BRAND ★ PURE BICARBONATE OF SODA

CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., Inc.
10 Cedar Street, New York 5, N. Y.
Please send me FREE BOOK, describing uses of Baking Soda, also a set of Colored Bird Cards. (PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)
J-57
NAME
STREET ADDRESS
CITY OR TOWN
STATE
BUY WAR BONDS

I Love My Draft Board

Continued from page 23

But her eyes reassured him. They were nearly inscrutable but not, thank heaven, sultry; they could be the eyes of a butcher confronted with a nice side of beef.

"Say something, please."

"I'm tired of waiting to see you," said Mr. Newton.

"Thank you."

"Not at all," said Mr. Newton.

His voice was all right, too—deep and nicely handled, with a slightly British inflection.

"4-F?" Doris inquired. It was appallingly rude but acutely necessary. The information was, in fact, vital.

His face firmed against her, but he said most politely, "None of your business."

"You have six children under school age, then? Possibly?"

"Possibly," he admitted. "My memory is poor."

But Doris' was not; it contained, among other things, practically every Variety headline of the last five years. She had been making swift little dives into its productive depths, searching for some old knowledge of him, and now she had it. After college dramatics—at Yale, she thought—he had had fair notices in two highly unfair New York productions and then a year's run as the second lead in an astoundingly successful London version of a Broadway flop. Not bad, she thought. No actual picture experience, but a creditable acting background. Not bad at all.

She smiled at him brilliantly. "I'm *not* trying to be rude, but naturally we must know how you stand with the draft. It *can,*" she reminded him sadly, "happen here."

His expression became equally as sad. "These are troublous times," he reminded her in turn and almost tearfully. "It can happen anywhere."

She could see him as the younger brother in the new biggie Metro had ready to shoot. She could see him clearly and the sight was lovely. But not at the rate they were going.

She became very businesslike again and rather cold. "You act, I presume?"

"So," he confessed, "do I." And he gave her the information on himself which she already possessed, no more and no less. But there was a hole in it, she realized suddenly; the London production had opened two years ago.

"And last year?"

"Search me," he invited her blandly. "I must have been incognito, particularly to myself."

"And you'd like a picture job?"

"I'd love it," he said gravely. "All my life I've wanted to be in pictures more than anything else in the world."

DORIS knew the tortures of the damned (and most Hollywood residents). Irritation made her long to be rid of him, but her knowing excitement wouldn't have let him go on a bet. He was a dream boy, there was no doubt about that. He had poise, looks, sufficient experience and what might pass on a remote silver screen for charm. And she would have liked, at the moment, to see him standing there in a growing pool of his own blood. That's my trouble, she thought savagely; I dream too much.

"There *may,*" she murmured slowly and thoughtfully, "be something I can do for you. But only if you can get a signed statement from your draft board. After all, we can't spend time and money building people up—"

Blake Newton began ponderously to count off her sins on his fingers. "Laurence Johns just joined the Coast Guard. Michael Lane is in the Army. Grant Morris is a Marine and—"

"His beating you is an old story but when the jury hears he stepped all over your Victory garden his goose is cooked"

COLLIER'S

Doris winced and held up one wan restraining hand. Then she called her secretary and asked hoarsely for a contract.

"For a man with no memory you're doing remarkably well, Mr. Newton."

He smiled piously. "It's because I only think about other people. Never, never about myself. I guess," he added doubtfully, "agents aren't like that."

DORIS gave herself no credit for having got him a test so quickly. After all, the actor shortage was so acute that directors were said to be testing directors. But she was a girl who knew screen material when it talked back to her, and in Blake Newton she knew instinctively and certainly that she had something. He was too good for the usual one-year-in-B-pictures treatment. Also Miss Doris Baldwin was in dire need of a top-flight actor *immediately;* she could not afford to wait a slow, ruinous year. So she wanted an auspicious start for him. To put it greedily, she wanted for him the small but showy part of the cowardly younger brother in Tomorrow Is New.

This was not easily accomplished. The studio liked the test and was willing to risk a supporting player's contract on it, but not an important part in an A production. For that part they were on the verge of signing an excellent actor who was also a youngish grandfather, but who looked—they fervently hoped—practically childlike. It was in coping with situations such as these that Doris had achieved the eminence of a junior partnership. She called upon the producer in question and sweetly stated her desires. She listened, gracious, reasonable and wide-eyed, while he explained the impossibility of their fulfillment. Then, looking like every man's dream of his best friend's sister, she produced arguments as sharp knife, in the language of th and relentless hunter.

Blake Newton got the part

Happily returned to her Doris rang the number Blake her and imparted her news. so loudly that the sound hur

"I read the novel. It stank.

"It was a best seller," she r shocked. "For *months.* Th thousand for the screen right

"Undoubtedly. It stank."

Miles, wandering in from h was halted by an astoundi The face of his beautiful, imp ner blazed red with a rare an impeccable person he woul suspected the presence of pers

"Listen, Newton," she sn don't have to adore it, you jus in it. They start shooting they'll need you on the first d of sleep from now until t night. And have your hair too short." She slammed the into its cradle, glared at it an fully close to gnashing her t one is impossible. He's a te cared to run he could be elec of the year with no trouble

Miles regarded her soberly. he remarked.

"You think so? What a r you must have at funerals."

"You're the girl who alwa actor was just an actor."

"Is that what I always said? a wit, aren't I?"

"You must have believed it. knew you to get angry at one never knew you to feel anythin

"That's because," Doris state "there has never before been a this one."

He stared at her for a lon before he said, "I have just luctantly, to the same conclu turned back toward his own d croaked, "Watch yourself, Ju closed the door behind him. opened it again and snarled, "*N* I'll take care of it."

ON MONDAY morning th wire for Doris from Larry J from a railway station. He was to boot camp; the thought swiftly sick at her stomach. It her realize even more clearly nearly all her eggs were in one untried, uncertain, probably unr ceptacle named Newton. She ca morning's appointments and dro to Culver City, closely pursue ragged specter of failure.

The vast, dim sound stage was f busy and violently noisy, but t odd little moments of hush. T ment of the first day, the new ve almost tangible in the air. All tivity, all of the noise, was wa expectant, pointed for that mo silence that would precede the f Everyone present pretended an indifference toward that moment body was fooling anybody else.

Nick Webster, the director, w ing on the side lines in a little ti of enforced calm. His desperate was not without flaw, however spoke to him a nerve in his le winked several times in quick, succession.

"I hear you sneaked in a boy a moment, right under the wire. He be good."

"That's your department," D him, and was glad, very glad, tha true. When Nick Webster had m

"You were simply divine today!"

COLLIER'S DAVID B. HUFFINE

CLEAR TRACK AHEAD

From the cab of his locomotive, the engineer looks ahead at the long stretch of steel rail illuminated by the headlight's brilliant beam.

Perhaps it hasn't occurred to you, but that beam symbolizes, in a sense, the light of Freedom pointing the way to a better future . . . a "clear track ahead." That's what you want—a better world in which to live. Not so much for yourself but for all those young Americans who must face the future whatever it may be. And the fulfillment of that desire depends *first* on our victory.

One Union Pacific engineer cannot win this war but he—his brother engineers—and many thousands of other railroad employes, men and women, are bringing victory nearer by exerting every effort to make certain that troops and war materials are efficiently and safely transported.

UNION PACIFIC

The Progressive

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

ROAD OF THE STREAMLINERS AND THE CHALLENGERS

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

We're Paving the ROAD TO VICTORY

By getting all the War Bonds we can possibly afford we're helping to bring the great day of peace nearer. The War Bonds which pave the Victory road today will lead to a truly modern home tomorrow. Our War Bond savings will provide the means for a new Hotpoint Electric Kitchen when the war ends.

Our War Bond Savings Will Buy a Hotpoint Electric Kitchen

FOR HOMES COSTING $6,000.

The Meadow Lark Kitchen illustrated is designed for homes costing as little as $6,000 and is completely electric, with Hotpoint Range, Refrigerator, Dishwasher, Sink and Hotpoint Steel Cabinets.

FOR HOMES COSTING AS LITTLE $4,000

Hotpoint Electric Kitchens includi Range, Refrigerator, Sink and Ste Cabinets have been installed in numerc homes costing only $4,000.

THE FIRST STEP IN HOME MODERNIZATION

You can change or beautify your hor any way you wish—but it won't a real postwar job of remodeling un you've installed a modern electric kitche That's why so many families are earmar ing their War Bond Savings for a ne Hotpoint Electric Kitchen. Profiting k the discoveries and improvements of wa time production, our engineers will b able to build even thriftier, more efficie equipment after Victory. Start your mo ernization program today by sending th coupon below.

BUY WAR BONDS TODAY—an Electric Kitchen Tomorrow!

HOME PLANNING FILE

Start your plans now for tomorrow's Electric Kitchen. Save ideas for remodeling or building your new home in Hotpoint's Home Planning File. Size 9" x 12", of heavy box board, ten divisions, folder for War Bond purchases. If your electric company or dealer cannot supply you, send 25 cents in coin or War Stamps. (Offer restricted to continental U. S.)

Edison General Electric Appliance Co., Inc.
5633 W. Taylor St., Chicago 44, Illinois

Enclosed find 25 cents, for which please send Home Planning File.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

• Your accurately controlled Hotpoint Electric Range will insure perfect baking results! And of course cooking the speedy electric way, the air in your kitchen will be free from fumes.

• You'll be able to save time and money by buying perishable foods in quantities. And foods stay fresher longer in the Hotpoint Electric Refrigerator.

• Two of your most tedious tasks will be gone with a Hotpoint Automatic Electric Dishwasher to do your dishes —a Hotpoint Disposall to get rid of food waste before it becomes garbage.

The Cost of a Hotpoint Electric Kitchen Averages About 10% of Home-Building Costs

ARMY E NAVY
FOR EXCELLENCE IN WAR PRODUCTION

Hotpoint ELECTRIC KITCHENS

rest animal film of all time it was practically a cinch; both before and since, he made actors of far worse material. His guidance of this film was at least half of the reason why she had wanted Blake to appear in it. She thought of telling him so and then remembered that of course he knew it, anyway, and it was no comfort. Now he wiped from his brow the damp sweat of anguish that not fifteen years of hysteric success had ever diminished. "Sure," he moaned. "Sure, I'm a miracle man. But it's nicer when I've got something to work with."

THEN Blake came on the set, looking somehow strange and different in a light make-up and a good English suit which Doris knew instantly had *not* come from the wardrobe department. He was followed almost immediately by the feminine star, a beauty who fortunately didn't depend on it. She was a good, hard-working actress and now she was just as scared as anybody else.

The first scene would concern just the two of them, a short transitory scene of mutual dislike and distrust. The dialogue director checked with each of them, briefly, to be sure they were both letter-perfect. Then he called them over and told them just what he wanted from the scene, in the ringing, desperate voice of a man who is certain he is not going to get it. Then only prop man and technician on the set began to move the nearest piece of equipment in a kind of subdued terror. Nick called for quiet in a pain-filled voice. He began an uneasy void in which small noises rumbled endlessly. The first rehearsal began.

Doris nailed Blake with her eyes, anxiously intent. He took direction well, remembering to stress the points Nick had indicated and easing up on the rest to form a creditably timed whole. Beside the experienced, hard-won relaxation of the other his tenseness was perceptible, but not, she judged, intrusive. Her own suddenly released breath surprised her with its tiny groaning sound as the scene ended.

Blake wandered over, slowly but in a very direct line. "Did I do good, Mother?"

She was fiercely, ridiculously annoyed with him. He held all her hopes, and he held them too lightly. Also she continually sensed something in him that was very like contempt.

"That scene will run two minutes," she muttered, *"if* they leave it in. I reserve judgment."

His eyes met hers coolly as his voice sobbed, "I had hoped for a lump of sugar. *At least."*

Then, suddenly and oddly, Miles had joined them, emerging wraithlike from the shadowed areas beyond the lights. It was very strange indeed, because Miles had had an appointment that morning at one of the valley studios. He thrust an arm through one of Doris', but he spoke to Blake:

"Nice scene. You can act, apparently."

"Thanks. And what can you do?"

"Nothing much. I do a little peddling now and again." His hand tightened on Doris' arm. "I'm her partner."

Blake's quick grin was friendly and amused. "It's a pleasure to meet a really brave man. I shudder to think what you must go through in a day."

Miles' answering smile was a pale imitation of his usual one. "You could take advantage of one of our policies," he suggested evenly. "We're always very glad to release a discontented client. Aren't we, Doris?"

"No," Doris gasped. *"No,"* she wailed.

His shrug disposed neatly of all feminine weaknesses. "I," he reminded Blake, "am the senior partner."

"And I," said Blake coldly, "am not discontented."

"But the future is veiled for us all, isn't it?"

"I'm staying," said Blake furiously.

This new proof of human stupidity saddened Miles noticeably.

"As you like, of course. But I can't feel that the three of us are going to be very happy."

Doris decided, with what decision was left her, that the next time an irresistible force met an immovable object she would arrange not to be in the middle.

On the Webster set, henceforward, Miss Baldwin was only just slightly less prominent than Mr. Webster. Blake's role was small and would be completed with the first two weeks of production; considering the precarious state of her own career, Doris felt that she could afford two weeks of highly personal attention.

Her services were constant, selfless and practically unlimited.

Two days before the scheduled completion of his role, as they drove back from the studio in their usual evening silence, Doris' gaze suddenly sharpened on Blake's face. She gazed at him long and earnestly, to the detriment of her driving, and then she turned back to the wheel and sped like a madwoman into Beverly Hills. At his apartment she took him firmly by the arm and led him inside. She jerked off her hat, shed her coat and stood confronting him.

"You're catching a cold," she accused him.

"What's the matter? Isn't it in my contract?"

"Get undressed and get into bed. I'll fix you something."

"I don't want to go to bed. And what will you fix me?"

Genuine distress touched Doris' face with irresistibility. "Please. Please don't argue, Blake. Just do as I say."

Blake went to bed. Feeling foolish, feeling suddenly confused, he watched her come into his room carefully bearing a full steaming cup. She placed one hand on his forehead, shook her head and gave him the cup.

"What is it?"

"Brandy."

"What—?"

"It's all right. The alcohol has all been removed."

"How?" asked Blake suspiciously.

"I heated it to the boiling point and then lit and burned it. It's very good for colds."

Blake drank it, and felt much better.

"You're very thoughtful. It's nice of you to take so much trouble."

Doris looked at him anxiously. "I imagine," she said, "you have the sort of a face that puffs up with a cold."

Blake's expression underwent a subtle revolt, settling finally into the now familiar pattern of passive resistance. Her own, she knew, was undergoing a more violent change. She was ashamed of her quick words and of the incomplete thought they exhibited; then she was ashamed of being ashamed. She felt simultaneously wrong and wronged against. It was peculiarly uncomfortable.

BLAKE methodically set down the cup that still steamed cozily. He reached out for her, pulled her down against him and kissed her. It was a strange, startling kiss, both heated and terribly cold, and it produced a strange reaction. For a moment she was properly indignant, and then that girlishness was lost in a flood of unexpected emotion. She felt wonderfully tender; she felt deliciously sad; she suddenly knew her own loneliness in the sweet sense that it was past.

Then he let her go, with finality, and all he said was, "I just wanted to express an additional appreciation. A dividend, if you like. Ten per cent is obviously not enough for *your* services."

She didn't go on the set the next day, nor the next. She stayed in the office and laboriously tended to other people's business. She felt busily awful. She felt a confusion so complete it resembled sudden blindness, and it wasn't any fun.

But, eventually, the two days were over, it was the evening of the last day of Blake's part, and she could call Nick Webster in the privacy of his own home.

Nick said, "You know as well as I do.

COLLIER'S MARTIN GARRITY

"...more pipe smokers per square mile"

WHEN I was just a youngster
up in Boston, I recall
How Edgeworth's famous pack of blue
stood out above them all
On pipe tobacco counters where a
score of brands were sold—
It's been the leading seller there,
for 40 years, I'm told.

Now that's a splendid tribute
when you stop to realize,
That Boston is the place where men
are "pipe tobacco-wise,"
And I guess the explanation for the
long-time Edgeworth trend—
Is the pleasant, gentle fragrance of
that aromatic blend.

NOW when you consider that Boston contains more pipe smokers per square mile than any other city in the United States and that Edgeworth is by far the leading pipe tobacco in Boston—well, you begin to understand why Edgeworth is called "America's Finest Pipe Tobacco." Edgeworth is now sold in a SEAL-PAK pouch—that keeps this famous tobacco in a "flavor-fresh" condition.

Enjoy a generous sample at our expense. Write Larus & Brother Company, 209 22nd Street, Richmond, Virginia.

"AMERICA'S FINEST PIPE TOBACCO"

TAKE CARE OF IT-AND IT'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!

If you own a Schick Electric Shaver, we don't need to tell you anything about those quick, clean, comfortable shaves you're getting.

But we do want to say a word about keeping right on with this modern way of shaving.

As you would expect, our factory is now going full tilt on war work. There'll be no more new Schicks made for the duration. This means you'll be wise to take mighty good care of the one you've got.

And, to help you do that, we built up a backlog of renewal parts.

So, if you damage your Schick in any way, take it in to one of the offices listed below, and let them put it right again at low cost—or mail it in. If it needs a new 2-M Hollow-Ground Shearing Head, you can get one for only $3*.

In any case, you'll be smart to have your Schick cleaned, adjusted and lubricated *now*—the charge will be trifling!

SCHICK INCORPORATED, Stamford, Conn., U.S.A.

★★★

Famous Old Bottles

Pilgrim Bottle of Saracenic glass . . . made about 1300 . This medieval bottle is believed to have been blown in Mesopotamia. now a priceless treasure of the British Museum.

Wine Bottle made in 1581 for Henry III. Of silver gilt, bearing the royal crest, this famous old bottle was exhibited in the Louvre at the beginning of the war.

American Antique made in the 1830's. The inscrip- n on this bottle was inspired by the advent of the railroad. Fortunate he collector who possesses a 'Railroad Flask'.

The Black Label Bottle bearing the name of Johnnie Walker and famous since 1820. The quality of its contents makes this 12-year-old scotch a treasure among whiskies. It belongs in your home.

to British War Restrictions gold foil has been eliminated and other slight changes have been made on the *outside* of the familiar Johnnie Walker bottle — but *inside* good old Johnnie Walker whisky remains unchanged.

BORN 1820
still going strong

Johnnie Walker

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

BLACK LABEL • 12 YEARS OLD

86.8 Proof

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y. *Sole Importer*

BORN 1820
still going strong

They asked for speed...and got it!

WEDNESDAY A.M.: In a remote South Pacific outpost, military construction is dangerously slowed when the crankcase of a Diesel power plant breaks down. Army engineers radio a hurry call to the factory in Illinois . . . urge, "*Rush by* AIR EXPRESS!"

WEDNESDAY P.M.: At Chicago airport, a 200-pound replacement is loaded into an Airliner, begins its 7,000-mile flight.

FRIDAY P.M.: New part installed. Construction goes full speed ahead.

TODAY, AIR EXPRESS is smashing wartime bottlenecks with 3-mile-a-minute service direct to more than 350 points in the U. S. and to over 60 foreign countries . . . at the same time working hand in hand with the Army and Navy to supply our fighting fronts throughout the world.

TOMORROW, AIR EXPRESS will girdle the globe in international peacetime commerce . . . to bring *all* foreign markets to the doorstep of American business.

AIR EXPRESS SPEEDS WAR PRODUCTION

SHIP EARLY — as soon as shipment is ready — to assure *fastest* delivery. PACK COMPACTLY to conserve valuable space. WRITE for our Calendar-blotter complete with Air Express shipping information. Dept. PR, Railway Express Agency, 230 Park Ave., N. Y. C.

AIR EXPRESS

Gets there FIRST

Phone RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY, AIR EXPRESS DIVISION

Representing the AIRLINES of the United States

COLLIER'S "Come, Junior—don't waste film" LOUIS PRI

ness, "will be one whale of a woman. If ever you get the hang of it."

The remark left a small blight on her evening. He was always saying things like that. She was, she suddenly knew, very fond of him. Why was he always saying those things?

But on a certain Tuesday later on, Miss Baldwin was a thoroughly happy wench. She had a new star, she was going to be able to keep him and he was even better than she had dared to hope. On her usual rounds of the studios she had dropped in at Blake's studio, and had heard that the rushes of the new picture were triumphant. Blake's performance was, it seemed, raising a limp comedy to unexpected heights.

SHE waltzed happily through the late-afternoon emptiness of the Parrish & Baldwin outer office, full to the brim with the joy of living. Abruptly, that joy left her —all of it. On the corner of the desk where the mail was usually placed, reposed, not surprisingly, the afternoon mail. But from the pile extended the all-too-familiar length of a white envelope. And on the envelope was the official stamp of the draft board.

She bolted for Miles' office, whimpering.

He rose to meet her, looking pretty pale himself, and she collapsed into the chair he had just vacated.

"The draft board—" she moaned.

"I know. I know, honey."

"They're after Blake, of course. They want to take my best actor, my last actor, the best actor I *ever* had."

Quite sharply Miles said, "It may not be as bad as that. Why, for instance, would they send his notice *here?*"

But there was in Doris no impulse toward logic and, now, there was no time. For the condemned man himself had appeared in the outer office, seen her and burst through the open door. He slowed down when he saw Miles.

"I—I have something rather important to tell her."

"And you've got a nice day for it," Miles barked. "The line forms *after me.*"

But Blake, leaning eagerly toward Doris across the desk, had already begun to spill out his words.

"I've just come from seeing a doctor. I've just had the good word. My arm is perfectly healed and I'm going back into active service. With the Ferrying Command. Of course," he added negligently, "I'll finish this picture. I can wait that long."

"I said—*after me,*" Miles roare then was suddenly very still.

Politely Doris said, "The—F Command?" Her head was full feathers.

Blake nodded. "I know how yo darling, and I'll make it up to yo said gently. "I like being an actor be one again. But for the time be *got* a job."

"The—Ferrying Command," Do peated fuzzily. "Then—who's f Army?" She turned huge, incredulo on Miles.

Miles said, "That's right. Now got it. Me." He waited a small m before he said wearily, "I've been to tell you, you may recall. Abou and a few other things."

Almost of its own volition Doris began to wobble from side to sid lently, wildly. It was impossibl couldn't happen. She not only could along without Miles, she couldn't in getting along without him. He was pensable, unexpendable, utterly nec to her existence. He was her partne half of herself. More, much more one half.

From some distant, unimportant she heard Blake's voice. She realized denly and dimly, that it was a large the voice of a generous and civilized but the realization didn't mean very He said, "I knew it would be a cata when it happened. I'm glad I was h see it." He said ruefully, "There are girls in the world, I believe."

Through a sort of heavy fog sh him go to Miles and shake his "Good luck," he said.

Miles said, "Huh?"

Then Blake Newton must have away.

AFTER a while Doris stood up. Qu Miles went clear across the roon stood behind a chair. He looked fr ened, and something else, something he wouldn't yet let come to his face.

"Listen," he said hoarsely, "this i Miles Parrish. You know, plain-as-an shoe Parrish. Are you *sure* you what you're doing?"

For a moment Doris' mind was clear. "We all have to tighten our b she said distinctly. "I can peddle chil tors for the duration." A thought can her and she was pleased with it. "Or two of our own, even."

Then she walked across the room, resolutely.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

N we have a note from Mr. Troy Gor- on f Kansas City, Missouri, advising us at is state is now requiring a blood test nd three-day cooling-off period before arriage. "The most noticeable effect round here is that justices of the peace are scratching around for income side ne to replace the fees lost by the mass nar l migration to Kansas City, Kansas, he you need only a license and a girl nd e ability not to give a damn."

HAVE received official notification at Mr. D. Talmadge Bowers of Elberton, eorgia, is a candidate for the Republi- n omination for President. Mr. Bow- rs, handsome and patriotic gentleman, ay hat he's a "lifelong Republican" and wi my life and health permitting I shall uphold and protect true American eff sonian Democracy . . . against the o nunists, New Dealers, so help me ighty God." Things are warming up. Mr Joey Dittenbaugh of Bremerton, Washington, who "has been prevailed four times to withdraw his name as candidate for the Republican nomination former years" has finally decided to be being accommodating. "I'm not drawing for any man this time," s Mr. Dittenbaugh. "I was the first in the state of Washington ever to e hands with Teddy Roosevelt. He to me on that occasion, 'Dittenbaugh, pe to see you in Washington some Well, I pulled out of the race for Hughes, Harding, Coolidge, Hoover, lon, who was not elected, and Willkie, wasn't, either. This time I'm sticking. platform is: If You Want Anything of This Government Including Pen- s You Got to Earn It."

HIS time Mr. William T. Arkill of ago, Illinois, has taken "two cures two or three volumes of advice" in efforts to cut down drinking. Mr. ill was never a dipsomaniac, has never arrested, has visited no hardship on amily or friends with his drinking. He wanted to cut down. Nothing worked l some days ago when Mr. Arkill went a bar for a slug, found one empty On his right were two girls. On his were two more girls. The girls on his t emptied their handbags on the bar— rettes, lipstick, mirrors, powder cases, s, bobby pins and handkerchiefs. The s on his left were not only doing the e, but they were "screaming across me to the girls on my right—all about how they wouldn't marry a serviceman until they saw him in civilian clothes and maybe not then." The point is that Mr. Arkill put down his drink untouched and left the bar. "Furthermore, I'm cured. I'm on the water wagon at last and for good. I am offering this as a sure cure for the drink habit. Since that day the very thought of the stuff makes me sick at my stomach."

IT WAS in the St. Charles bar in New Orleans, Louisiana, where we were having a drink with Mr. Mike O'Leary that we ran smack into a nice quiet little drama. As usual, the place was crowded, chiefly with military. Two substantial-looking gentlemen, civilians, edged up to the bar next to a couple of second lieutenants. One of the latter looked darkly at them, then turned to his companion and said, "A couple of ——— civilians." One of the civilians asked him to repeat. "Oh, I just said civilians," replied the lieutenant. The civilian said that he hadn't heard it that way and demanded an apology. The lieutenant refused. "Oh, yes, you will," said the civilian, taking pencil and note-book in hand. "What's your name and outfit?" The lieutenant refused to give either and demanded the name of the older man. He got it and almost fainted. The civilian was merely one of the most important nonmilitary officials of the War Department. The last we heard from them were abject apologies from the lieutenant and gentle, fatherly words from the civilian—words starting with: "Now look here, son—"

WE ARE asked by an overliterary sergeant to hold his captain up to public scorn. But alas, we emerge from his letter on the captain's side. This sergeant wrote a report on some condition or other, and it was a report richly garnished with literary allusions and quotations—a pain in the neck if you ask us. The captain, in private life a dwelling-house contractor, groused his way through this report until he came to the last sentence: "But that, as Kipling says, is another story." Then he replied to the sergeant as follows, in writing: "I asked you to write down what was going on and not a school composition. Just go out again and find out what's going on and never mind what this jerk Kipling tells you. When I want this Kipling's opinion, I'll ask him for it." . . . W. D.

Pickle Lugger

Continued from page 18

prehistoric substrata of the globe. He ed open the envelope and drew out the er.

Greetings," it said, after addressing n. "You are hereby notified of your mediate transfer from Fighter Squadron e, U.S.S. Staten Island, to Torpedo uadron One, U.S.S. Staten Island, un- the command of Lieutenant Com- nder Joseph De Forest—"

Alex raised his eyes to the air officer's. ey looked haunted. Torps! They had de him a pickle lugger.

"I'm sorry," the AO said.

"Not at all, sir," Alex replied, and left rplot feeling as ill as Walt Harris had oked a few minutes earlier. . . .

Lieutenant Commander Joe De Forest s an old man—as pilots go—around rty, looking thirty-five. He had long es in his face; his cheeks were gaunt and s eyes sad.

"Sit down," he said. "You two have a colorful pair of chests there."

"Thank you, sir," Alex replied.

"Never mind that," De Forest said. He looked tired. "Both of you been on Wildcats, eh?"

"Yes, sir," Walt replied.

De Forest said, "You've never flown the Grumman TBF? She's the Avenger."

"Never," Alex said informally. "She looks like a big ship for this flight deck. I suppose we freshmen have to go back to Norfolk to learn torp tactics, eh?"

"Not a chance," said De Forest coolly. He lighted a cigarette. "You both are going to fly and learn at the same time. There are some things I've got to tell you, and I will. But you've got to learn fast."

Alex looked at Walt and swallowed the frog in his throat.

"The ship is a sweetheart, easy to fly, no bugs. She packs plenty of defensive wallop as you'll see, and the chances are good

IT'S A TOUGH PROVING GROUND

THERE'S hardly a General Motors wheel that isn't whirring exclusively for war.

Yes, the heat's really on. And while we can't tell you how many engines we're building, we can say this. You can find General Motors Diesels from African deserts to Burma jungles—and on the seas between. They're in tanks, trucks, landing and patrol vessels, tractors and many other tools of war.

And although our plants have been greatly expanded, and we're making these engines at many times the prewar rate, they're still asking for more.

War's a hard taskmaster and a tough proving ground. But when the war is won, these enlarged production facilities for war's demands will mean more economical power for a better peacetime world.

New eras of railroading follow in the footsteps of war. Another new era of railroading is assured in the wake of this war. General Motors Diesel locomotives already are establishing new standards of transportation.

GM
GENERAL MOTORS
DIESEL POWER

ENGINES.....*15 to 250 H.P.*.....*DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Detroit, Mich.*

ENGINES..*150 to 2000 H.P.*...*CLEVELAND DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Cleveland, Ohio*

LOCOMOTIVES.....*ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION, La Grange, Ill.*

't ever be shot down by fighters—
say something, Lieutenant?"
cleared his throat. "I was only
of the torpedo planes we lost at
e of Midway."
that was different. You mean
Squadron Eight? They used the
s. They didn't have the stuff the
has. . . . Anyway, today you both
gers off and get used to them. To-
ll go over approaches with you.
ow, I'll give you the show."
v?"
's right." De Forest's mouth grew
We're bound for Biscay, if you
now it. There's a storm front be-
s and the French coast. Inside that
ront are Jerry ships. Particularly
ships. New ones. The smaller
don't care about. Now look. Ever
the Hamburg or the Kluffer?"
nodded. "They are the two new
ttlewagons the British have kept
p at Brest."
huh," said De Forest. "Anyway,
inside the storm front, heading for
th Atlantic. At least, that is the
things at the moment. Air Intelli-
R.A.F., reported them breaking
est, but there was gale weather and
h could be done. Down here, there
le weather, and plenty can be done.
o 'em."
d?"
d or hot. We stop them. Sink or
we keep them in the Bay of Biscay
t them home for Wilhelmshaven.
big and tough. These Jerries armor
agons like all get out. The R.A.F.
ied before and never sunk them."
es glinted. "You know why the
fell down in that Channel show?
ny the Japs, off Singapore, didn't?"
shrugged. "Tell me all, sir."

E Japs went in," said De Forest.
And the British didn't. Sounds
but that's it. Some R.A.F. kids in
hannel show told me the story.
g to be ashamed of. They started
the flak got so bad they couldn't
close enough to release their torps
ely. So they pulled out. It's a tough
You have to forget everything in
t the pickle in your bay. You go in,
ou ignore flak and bullets and the
stuff they're hitting the sea with to
waterspouts. You fly into a water-
and you spin in. You're done. Add
the screening Messies on your tail,
adds up to rough stuff."
ny don't we," Walt said dryly, "just
wn to the butcher bay, borrow some
from a pharmacist, and kick in the
ay?"
Forest showed his white teeth briefly.

"That might be easier, but it wouldn't stop Jerry."

"I see what you mean."

"In other words," Alex said, "to be a good pickle lugger, you have to commit suicide."

"Now you've got the idea," De Forest replied. "Sometimes, you even live to tell the tale. Just remember, Alex: You don't do much fighting any more. Your radioman and your torpedoman do it for you. All you do is watch your run, go in, stay in, deliver your pickle, and get out. Catch?"

"Strike three," Alex said.

"Good. Now report to the hangar deck, draw yourself a pair of TBFs and make some practice flights while the weather holds. The AO will clear you off, and your respective crews are waiting to meet you with the ships. I—ah—would advise leaving them behind until you've learned the plane. No sense graying their hair. That will do."

THEY drew their ships on the hangar deck and climbed in. This Avenger was quite a lot of airplane, Alex thought. She was much bigger than the Wildcat he had just graduated from. She was, in fact, the heaviest fighting craft able to take off from a carrier deck. She stood high off the deck, her wheels well spaced out, and not stubbily knock-kneed like the Wildcat. Her design permitted this, for her wheels folded into her wings, not her bottom.

Alex climbed up into the cockpit, leaned against the slab of heavy armor which separated him from his crew astern, and looked her over. His mech perched on the wing outside the cockpit and pointed at the twin fifty-caliber Brownings.

"Japs found the only vulnerable spot on this kite was head on," he said, "so we fixed it for them. Now there ain't any angle where she can't return fire. A sweet tomato, Lieutenant."

She was that—obviously. But so doggoned big. How did you make such a baby air-borne in such little space? On a real flat-top, he could see it. On a converted oil slick, it was something else again.

"Gas her up," he said finally. "I'm taking her off." He climbed out and went topside to Number One ready room where he got clearance from the AO, checked the weather and wind and, finally, after much deep breathing and finger crossing, gunned the Wright and drove the TBF down the deck. Her flaps down helped, of course, but it was shaving close. When he hit the end of the flight deck, she bit in and became an airplane. Otherwise she was velvet.

He gave her the business in full view of the Staten Island. Not a bug. He revved her up to three hundred, but of course she wasn't loaded. He spun her, angle-dived her, rolled her. The test of a good ship was a slow roll, and she went over like a lazy windmill and held her way without faltering. Then he brought her in. His first approach was in the groove, and he set her down gently and climbed out.

Smoot, the young radioman who had been assigned to him, walked up and said, "Gee, sir. We were leery of your first trip. Now I wish I'd gone."

"Me, too," said his torpedoman, Harvey, breaking his hard face with a grin. "I'll fly out anytime with you, sir."

"Thanks," said Alex. "Me, I'll fly *in* anytime with you, as long as it's in one piece. May we prosper. Carry on."

THE following day, the weather began to muck. Biscay is one of the roughest bays in the world, and it lived up to its reputation. The ship began to gyrate. Late in the afternoon, there were two alerts which proved to be false. The wind rose, the rolling increased, and Alex was sitting gloomily in the wardroom when Ensign Walt Harris found him.

"You look nice and pale," Walt said. "Roll me for a coke?"

"No."

"Seasick?"

"No, I've just been thinking," replied Alex.

Walt sat down. "Well, kid, the AO says we may make contact on the morrow. Scouting One just hit the skyway."

"In this weather? They'll be lucky to get back."

"They'll get back," Walt said optimistically. "Radio will get 'em back." He paused. "I'm a little scared."

"Scared?" Alex said. "I'm terrified. I thought I had this war all figured out. Lots of ribbons on your chest, and maybe a muster back to the States to be an instructor and marry the girl. I mean, it's like you can always find someone to chase your hat when it blows off. I always figured they could find guys who liked to lug pickles. It's something never appealed to me."

Walt smiled thinly. "Somebody's got to."

"You're right there."

THAT didn't make it any easier. Flying fighters seemed like child's play compared with this. This took guts, a different kind of guts. Alex wasn't sure he had that brand.

The weather was dirty. The wind had heft in it, the scud was down on the crests, blowing like smoke. The day was definitely not fine for flying. Some of the boys were down with *mal de mer*. The flat-top took heavy seas over the forepeak occasionally, drenching the forepart of the flight deck. Alex braved a glance at the elements from the hangar deck and caught a slash of salt water across the face and hastily retreated to the security of battened hatches. He had seen dirtier weather, certainly, but not by much.

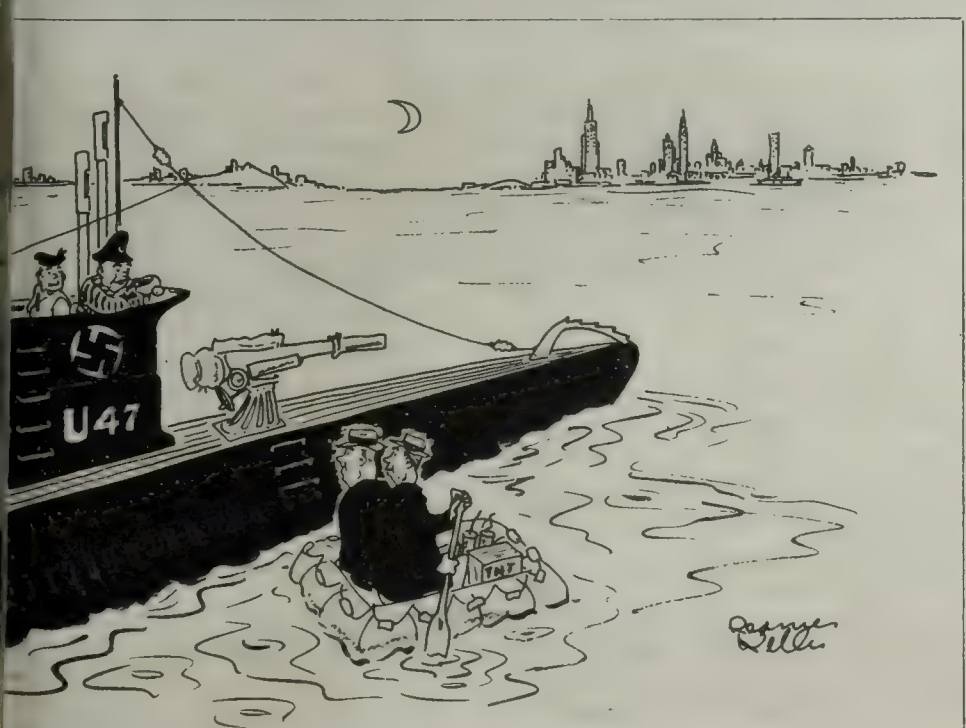
"Anyway," he told himself as he went astern toward the lounge room and a letter-writing stint to Sally, "if the birds can't fly in this muck, neither can Torpedo One."

The voice of the talker on the intercom pulled down his ivory tower with inspired timing: "Flight Quarters!"

While the concerted rush for topside ensued, the ship's bugle began its staccato call to general quarters, and alarms and excursions permeated the ship. Organized chaos followed, as the ship's company assumed battle stations.

Alex found the boys of Torpedo One in the ready room, all on the edge of their seats, hastily copying navigational data from the blackboard while Lieutenant Commander De Forest gave them the business.

"Men," said De Forest coolly, "Scout-



"If your money runs out, try your luck on a few radio quiz shows"

LLIER'S REAMER KELLER

TREAT YOURSELF TO A PERFECT HIGHBALL!

Tonight . . . take home a bottle of Fine Arts and introduce yourself to the matchless flavor of the "multi-blended" whiskey! Golden-smooth whiskies skilfully united with other deep-flavored whiskies . . . "multi-blended" to perfection for rare flavor and aroma. And all whiskey—all 5-years old!

FINE ARTS

THE BLEND OF 5-YEAR OLD STRAIGHT WHISKIES — 90 PROOF

Distributed solely by Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

ing One reports contact with the enemy."

"In this goo?" someone said cynically.

"In this goo," said De Forest. "It's a radar show. Six Sail One picked up the Jerry squadron on a radar bearing, then went down under the muck and found them. There it is—Longitude X, Latitude Y. Copy your codes and hit the deck. It's a straight show, no tricks. The muck is a blessing. If you can get in the air, your chances are good. The ack-ack won't be able to bear on you in this stuff, no sighting.

"One, Two and Three, take the Hamburg. Four, Five and Six take the Kluffer. There are four destroyers, probably of Leopard class, around. Skip them. Questions?"

Alex said instantly, "What direction of approach?"

"Westerly, of course. With the wind and the rain in your hair." De Forest grinned vaguely. He was tense.

"If we get lost," someone called, "can we get a beacon bearing from the ship?"

"Yes. Safe enough in this weather. The Stukas have roosted. We're too far offshore for them, anyhow. If things get rough, swing your Bendix on a Portuguese radio station and ride it in. At last reports, they were still neutral, and the food is fair. Questions?"

None.

De Forest finished, "Scouting is out of this one. They're riding home now. Bombing is out. Weather makes it too risky at the bottom of their dive. Torpedo One goes off first, Fighting One will follow you and cover if necessary. Wings away, and good luck! Bacon's scarce. Bring it back with you."

The talker: "Pilots, man your planes!"

IT WAS a nightmare. The handlers on the flight deck had spotted the planes astern raggedly, because of the sea. The Staten Island put her bow into the wind and caught sea. Alex found his ship number three on the hit parade. He watched De Forest lead off and make it. Then Two was gone.

Alex revved the big torp plane to the line, caught the flight officer's wave. He checked himself. Flaps down, brakes locked, radioman behind him, torpedoman down in the belly astern. He gave the Avenger full gun until she trembled violently, then he eased the brakes, unlocked the tail wheel, and she moved. She was off the deck long before the end of the runway.

The head wind, his flaps, and the Wright did the trick nicely. He fought the gusts which rocked him, correcting all the time, and he gained altitude in a straight shallow climb. No lilting lift like a bloodthirsty Wildcat. She was loaded, but she had plenty of hard, strong flight in her, and she carried her load up like a Trojan.

The squadron rendezvoused over the ship, but as they formed, wing to wing in the poor visibility, the Staten Island vanished under them in the mists. Alex felt damp and moist. Behind him, Smoot, radioman, had plugged in his intercom mike and was chattering cheerfully about the lousy weather, with obvious faith in his pilot. But instrument stuff had never been Alex's forte, and he was nervous as they bore north-northeast across storm-swept Biscay.

"One to all," De Forest said from the lead Avenger presently. "Report any radar contact at once."

Alex said, "Pilot to Radio. Did you hear that, Smoot?"

"Yes, Mr. Graydon."

"Fire up your squirter, then, and see what we find."

"Five to all," the headphones crackled minutes later. "I've got a hot contact!"

"Three to all," announced Smoot behind Alex, as if he had just become a father. "So have I! Two plain masses on the 'scope. Bearing oh-one-nine."

The bearing checked through the squadron. De Forest announced casually, "We're going in."

They began to drop through the rain, wide open, riding their pickles at two hundred seventy knots as they probed the fog. Alex stared hard at instruments and the plane ahead of him. His mouth was dry, his throat scratchy, and he was afraid. It was a different kind of fighting from any he had ever done, damned different. You had to be a cold corpse for this kind of stuff, not a gay young blade.

Astern, Smoot and Harvey were "shooting the breeze" optimistically on the intercom. Then De Forest, in the lead Avenger, snapped, "Contact! Dead ahead, range three thousand yards. Pick your meat." That was all.

Alex swallowed, said, "Bay open."

"Torpedo bay open, sir," Harvey reported.

"Direct me from here in."

"Yes, sir."

Alex saw Harvey in his mind's eye. The torpedoman would be lying on his stomach down in the stern, peering ahead for the target through the torp director, with the fins and screws of the suspended pickle right in front of his eyes as they rode down.

Target! Dead ahead! Out of the swirling rain, and heaving sea, they evolved like monstrous shadows. He shivered at the sight of them. There was nothing so mighty to look upon as giant ships in running seas; and made-in-Germany or not, they looked majestic. They pitched with power, beating the sea white, and they held to their way obdurately.

Almost instantly, flak began to burst black and dirty, but most of it was behind Torpedo One as they coursed in, taking mild evasive action as they lowered to firing level. From the decks of the Hamburg, on which Alex set his prop, brilliant red with green tracer lines fanned up until the scud was stitched with burning bullets.

IN THE turbid darkness of the storm, the line of fire of the shells was plainly visible, a thin red thread across the gloom made by the passage of red-hot steel. The big eleven-inchers, and 5.9-inchers hit the sea with high explosive to cast up protective waterspouts with which to pull down the pressing Grummans.

Alex felt his innards grow cold and slushy as he held her on. He set his teeth and felt as gay as a Pole at Dachau. The hard, cold nerve of the enterprise threatened his courage. It was plain and simple flying, holding the Avenger in a straight line, but when you figured how many guys in the German navy were mad at you and pitching out stuff at you, the desire to turn and pull out was almost overwhelming.

Harvey cried, "A point to port, sir."

ALEX corrected. They broke through heavy shell range, as giant spouts thundered up on either side abaft them. The machine-gun fire was finding them now, the Avenger quivered as the left wing caught a pack of packets.

"Ah!" Smoot breathed, modulating his mike heavily. Somebody off to port, going in at the sleek Kluffer, had caught it. There was a quick burst of wing and fuselage, then the thrusting crash into the sea. Alex saw it only by quick glance. He saw many things in such a manner: the sea, discolored by shell dye, lurid and gaudy, where shells had burst previously; the Hamburg, trying desperately to turn toward the French coast and present her slimmest target, her stern.

"Another point to port, sir," Harvey said.

Lord, would that cold-blooded tomato on his belly in the bay *ever* fire the torp? Alex could barely breathe. He was sweating and freezing alternately. Ahead, the German wagon looked huge; so close. Alex felt like spitting at her. How could you sink a thing like that? *Come on, Harvey, for the love of Mike, I've got too damned much imagination for this. Drop the pickle and let's flee for the flat-top. Come on, Harvey, old boy, better to be a live flee-er than a dead flier. Come on, Harvey—*

"Trip 'er!" Alex cried.

"Torp away!" Harvey yelled in reply.

He need not have. The growling Avenger leaped up into the air from the sheer change of weight. Alex fought her for a moment, but she came in hand nicely. The bays were closing. And now came the business. The most vulnerable point in a torpedo plane's run. The pull-out and turn where your whole belly was exposed.

To hell with it, Alex thought. He had gassed her full, and the ship bit in like a fighter. Her r.p.m.'s were up, and she was frisky as a Wildcat, hitting a little over three hundred.

"Pilot to crew," he bellowed, relaxing at last from the ordeal of the straight run. "Give 'em the works!"

"It seems to have atmosphere. I hope the food is good"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

He roared her over the Hambu fighter, rolled and came down v the fifty calibers banging cheerf strafed her joyfully, ignoring the answering fire. As he passed h he felt the rear guns, belly an opening up. He hauled back the climbed, exhilarated by his retur bility. This was more like it. He away and, as he went, the pick home to Hitler. It went in at a po the soaring fire-control tower, and smoke, steel and water to a height hundred feet.

"Well, whadda you know?" Sm laconically over the intercom. the jackpot."

Not many others had. The Klu racing for France, wide open, no her. To the west, a light Jerry d had obviously caught one meant Kluffer. The tin can was hiked w and breaking up.

"One to all, One to all," De voice came over the radio. "Resu mation westerly, one thousand."

And that, Alex thought, is the sh came out. And three go back. W happened to the others? He had se one . . .

He drove the bus in grim silenc

"One to all," De Forest said, while. "We have a bearing on the Follow in."

The miracle of poking down t wind and rain to spot the Staten under a lowering ceiling did not i them. They circled her and went by one. Alex made his first approac and though he bounced the Avenge table-tennis ball, his tail hook e and broke the run. Bingo!

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER FOREST wandered into the room at 9 P. M. after a brief knock door, and without waiting for a Alex looked up from the letter h started two hours ago. All it sai "Dearest Sally."

"Hi," said De Forest.

"Sir."

"Sit, Alex. We're bound for Portsm You look ill."

Alex said, "I've been thinking."

"Your friend Walt got back all didn't he?"

"Oh, yes," Alex said. "I was just ing."

De Forest lighted a cigarette. He l older than he had that morning—ve for such a young man. "Quite a If we had been able to pitch eig or thirty-six pickle luggers at those they'd have sunk where they were. little, but on time." He smiled we "That was nice laying, kid. The burg will be R.A.F. bait at Kiel for time. Anyway, we sent 'em back to That was our job. What do you thi the torpedo service, Alex?"

Alex tried to smile but couldn't tapped the ribbon on his chest meant that he had received the cross.

"They gave me that some time he said soberly. "But today I earne Twice over."

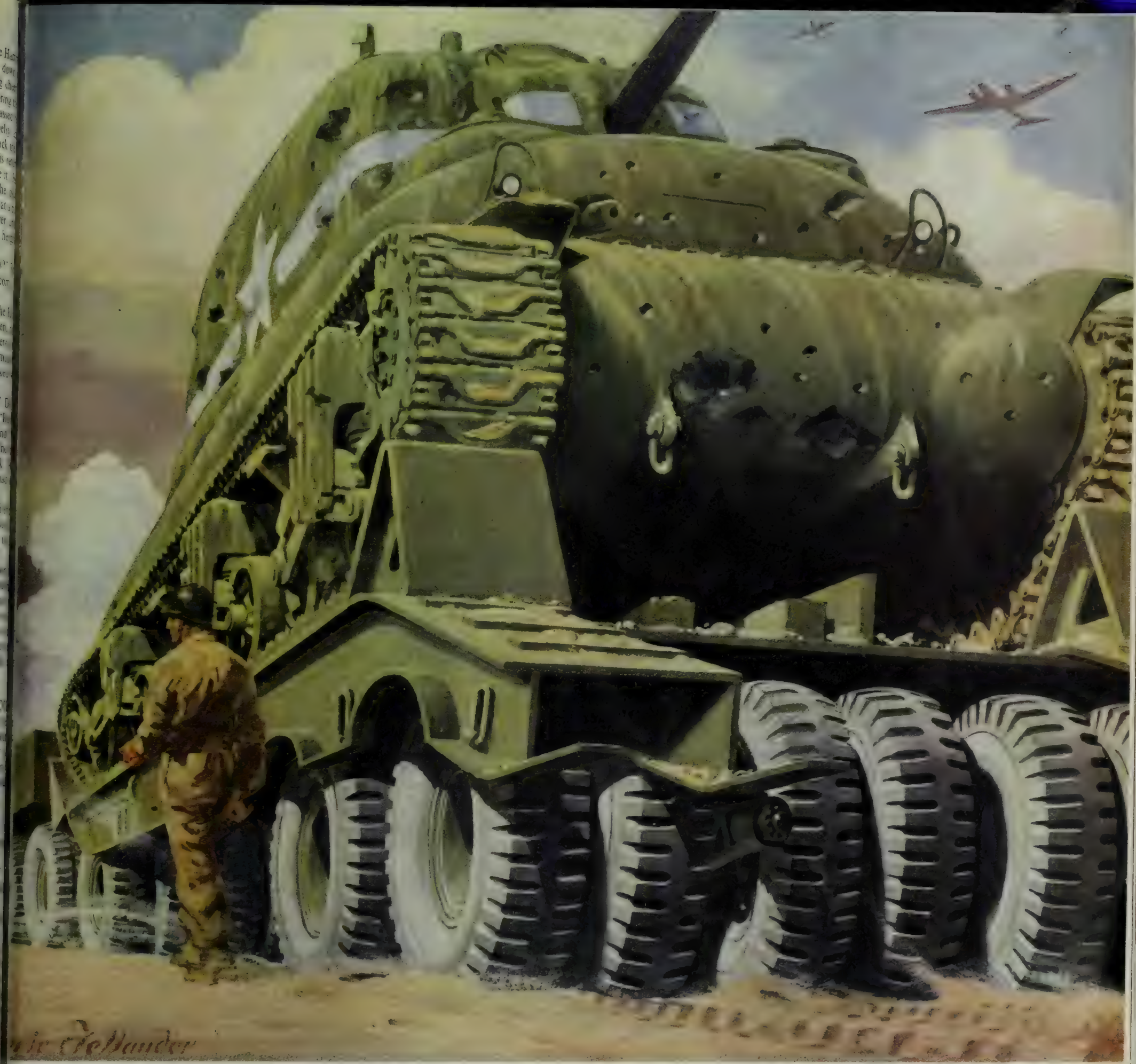
De Forest knew what he meant. don't like torpedo-laying then?"

"I think," Alex said, "it's rotten. ugly rotten."

De Forest frowned, then shrug "You're a good pilot, Alex. I'd lik keep you. But I don't want any man doesn't want to stay. I can get you on Wildcats."

"I didn't say," Alex replied, "th wanted to go back to Wildcats. I'll with Torpedo One, sir, if you'll have It's the worst carrier service I've seen. But somebody's got to win the The smile finally came. "And it migh well be us."

THE END



SALVAGE

disabled tank is useless scrap—until you haul s tons of dead weight where repair crews can ut it in fighting shape again. And battles may e won by salvaged tanks! Our armored forces se specially designed "tank ambulances" for his vital salvage job, trucks and trailers so powerrl they can either tow or *carry* crippled battle nonsters to behind-the-lines repair stations.

ires on these amazing U. S. tank carriers take terrific beating. They must be rugged enough o roll the tremendous weight of tank and carrier afely over jagged rocks and barbed wire and through shell holes. Seiberling builds many of them—as well as thousands of tires for trucks, jeeps, gun mounts and many other kinds of military vehicles.

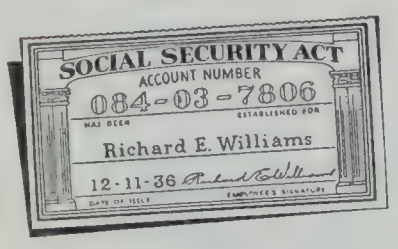
Like rubber life boats, pontons, bullet-sealing gas tanks, and much other materiel of war, they are built with the skilled workmanship that has made the Seiberling name on rubber like Sterling on silver. The Seiberling men and women who build them are experts in rubber. They are giving our soldiers and sailors the best equipment it is possible to build. And they are acquiring new knowledge that will be reflected in better, safer tires and other Seiberling peacetime products for you.

But now, your *present* tires are precious. Keep them properly inflated, drive slowly and let your Seiberling Dealer check them regularly. He knows how to help you keep them rolling longer.

SEIBERLING *Experts in Rubber*

Wartime manufacturers of Bullet-Sealed Tubes and Military Tires for our armed forces—Bullet-Sealing Gasoline Tanks—Rubber Floats, Boats and Pontons—Rubber Parts for Gas Masks, Airplanes and Tanks. Also makers of Tires and Tubes for passenger cars and trucks—Sealed Air Tubes—Rubber Heels, Soles and Mechanical Goods.

MEMO to the WIFE of the man with a SOCIAL SECURITY CARD



Your Social Security income, though usually less than comfort requires, does provide a foundation on which to build personal and family security, with the help of life insurance. Begin by understanding clearly just how much Social Security income you stand to receive, and under what conditions.

A MONTHLY CHECK AFTER 65

At 65 you may qualify for a monthly check equal to half of your husband's benefit. Thus, if he is entitled to $40 a month Social Security income, your "wife's allowance" increases it to $60. If you become a widow you receive three fourths of his benefit. Remember, acceptance of a regular commercial job suspends Social Security payments, but a private income or receipt of benefits from life insurance policies does NOT.

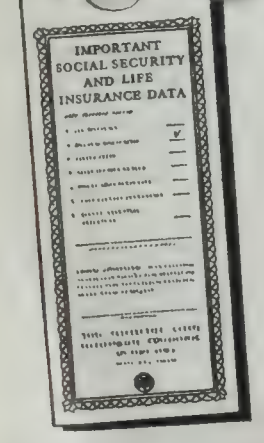
BENEFITS IF YOUR HUSBAND DIES

As a widow, regardless of age, you receive a monthly Social Security check while your children are under 18 (16 if not in school). With two children, it might amount to as much as $70. ($85 is the largest monthly benefit paid by Social Security.)

Bear in mind that Social Security provides NO INCOME for a widow between the time her youngest child becomes 18 and she reaches 65, possibly a 15 to 20 year period, when self-support is not easy.

Life insurance, in moderate amounts, can accomplish wonders when building on a Social Security foundation, or when bridging the "no income" gaps in the Social Security picture.

Your Mutual Life representative is qualified and willing to show you how Social Security and Life Insurance can work together to give you the utmost for your premium money. Call on him, without obligation.



***Write for* FREE *Social Security* FILE**

It lists the seven types of official records needed to collect Social Security benefits and provides for their convenient safekeeping. Foresighted planning will help to obtain benefits without delay when due. You and your husband will also be sent a special chart on which to record future Social Security benefits for every member of the family. Just mail this coupon today to Department CS-4.

NAME..... AGE.....

ADDRESS.....

OCCUPATION.....

THE MUTUAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY of NEW YORK

"First in America"

Lewis W. Douglas, President

1843..OUR 100th ANNIVERSARY YEAR..1943

34 NASSAU STREET · NEW YORK CITY

Crisis in Coal

Continued from page 17

Bituminous Coal Division, the principal duty of which was the fixing of minimum prices for the various grades and types of coal. The first law was held to be unconstitutional. Subsequently the Guffey Coal Act, taking its name from the vigorous senator from Pennsylvania who had had so much to do with its enactment, was passed in 1935 for a trial period of two years, a period which was extended in 1937 and again in 1939.

Two major benefits arose out of the act. With a floor under prices, operators could go ahead with the assurance that they would no longer be entering their returns in red ink. Perhaps the greatest blessing inuring from the act was the fact that the operators found themselves able to pay decent wages to the miners. But, just before recessing early in July, 1943, Congress put on its black skullcap and announced that, so far as it was concerned, the Guffey Coal Act could hang by the neck until dead, dead, dead.

Majority of Operators in Favor

It has been said that, originally, the Guffey Act was for the benefit of the miners in that it made it possible for them to bargain for and receive the better wages to which they were entitled. This averment was true at the beginning. Many operators who later came to judge the act to be a beneficent one "all around" bitterly opposed it at the beginning. But when it came up recently for another renewal, under a bill drafted in my department, for the period of the war and for two years thereafter, probably three fourths of the operators had lined up in favor of the act.

I have had operators come to my office and tell me that if the Guffey Coal Act were not renewed, they would liquidate their properties at the earliest possible moment. A small number of mine owners, however—those who have low-cost producing properties and can, in the absence of a minimum price, undersell their higher-cost competitors—have opposed the act.

These men maintained an aggressive and vocal lobby in Washington and they were in at the death of the Guffey Coal Act, and, I may add, probably of a large segment of the coal industry itself.

This slaughter of the Guffey Coal Act came at a bad time and is likely to have serious repercussions so far as the war is concerned. We had set 600 million tons of bituminous coal and 65 million tons of anthracite as the country's goal for this year. Because of intermittent strikes, we lack now 25 millions tons of what we should have if we had been producing at the rate that would have enabled us to reach our goal. At best, it would have been difficult to make up this loss, although it was not impossible. But with the Guffey Coal Act dead and buried, we may have to abandon all hope of making it up.

My fear now is that the inconsiderate and ill-advised action of Congress will mean that we will fall still further behind. Rationing of coal between retailer and consumer would prevent hoarding but would have no effect on production. We won't have the coal we will need to keep going at top speed in the war and to keep our homes warm next winter. When the pinch comes, may the blame be justly proportioned.

The reason that we may expect coal production to lag even more is not difficult to understand. High-cost mines may be able to keep up with the procession and go on producing coal so long as the war demands bring relatively high prices. But they will be quick to lock up and g any time that they see a weake prices. Even before such a date, th begin to take reefs in their sails won't buy new machinery, even can get it. They won't try to devel veins.

They can't do these things out of that are none too good, especiall those profits cannot be anticipate a reasonably long period. They cannot afford to make additiona tal expenditures. They can't go t bankers and borrow money for vestments because the bankers lend money on diminishing assets business of which a considerable s is inevitably heading toward bank For these reasons, it may be expect some mining properties will clos while they are able to mine coal at profit. They will forgo that profit i doing they point the way to prev further capital losses.

Increases in prices to the mines v increase production unless such in are reflected in higher wages for the The miner, not the operator, produ coal. Any increase in the miners' would, in all likelihood, stimulat duction. So would an increase miners' hours of work. Under the ment that went into effect on A 1941, the base wage for the average was $7 a day. The operators were to agree to this because they felt under the Guffey Coal Act. They guaranteed minimum costs, the item of which was wages. The habitually decline to work for the ators without a contract.

The operators have resisted—so f cessfully—any increase in wages ex negligible one. (The United Mine ers of Illinois and the Illinois Coal C tors' Association have recently re an agreement as to wages and w conditions. That *agreement*—not *pute*—is now before the War Labor for approval.) But it requires no pr to foresee the reluctance of the ope to agree to wages of even $7 a day, c other fixed sum, when they don't whether they can pay it and still pate a reasonable profit.

Congress Wasn't Given a Chan

So when Congress returns after i cess, it may find that our preparatio defeat Hitler and Tojo have been ously losing ground because the Way Means Committee of the House, by of 13 to 11, refused to give the House following that, the Senate, an opport to declare by a majority vote wheth not it wanted the continuation of the fey Coal Act.

The home-heating season is not f the future, and the job of turning munitions of war is becoming increas important as our fighters forge their toward and through enemy country. to be hoped, therefore, that we shal the time that separates us from Oc 31st to better advantage than we use months that preceded the expiratio the old contract. There is still tim seems to me, to adjust all differenc those interested will work together i tire good will and with the sole obje producing coal.

To what extent the war program been interfered with by the three pr ing strikes we shall never know. At the damage can be measured only in eral terms. We do know that dama inevitable any time that half a mi coal miners throw down their t

As I have already stated, the oper

ıe representatives of the miners had sitting for weeks on their well-cush- fannies, pretending that they were stly engaged in "collective bargain- On one side, at least, they were only wboxing. Certain gentlemen had to New York, firm in the intention here would be no settlement with the s. They wanted the case to go to the Labor Board.

Aim: To Keep Coal Moving

April 1st got nearer and nearer, I ne truly anxious. Shortly before eadline, I went to New York "off the d" to meet a representative of the ıern and one of the Southern coal tors, with only one aim: to get the ides together and keep coal moving, ssible.

. Lewis had been outsmarting the tors at every turn. As Solid Fuels inistrator for War, I made a proposal e operators with the suggestion that offer it to the head of the United Workers the following morning. two operators' representatives told

that the proposal struck them favor-

was of the essence of the success of maneuver that my presence in New k be kept in confidence, and I urged idence upon the operators. To assure anonymity more completely, I regis- d at a hotel that was new to me. The ntribution" made by one of the repre- atives was to spread the news that I in New York in connection with the otiations for a new wage contract.

he Northern operators were inclined, I told, to fall in with the proposal that d made, but the Southern group would e none of it. At this point I returned Washington while the operators con- ıed to sit in New York and to say " to all suggestions, finally throwing proceeding into the lap of the War oor Board, toward which end an in- ntial group of the operators had been king from the outset.

he public is well informed as to the ılts of conferences that were held dur- May and June as a succession of truces ired in their turn. But for obvious sons, it has not been possible to let public in on the details of the negotia- ns.

During the last week in March, the rators finally broke off negotiations. retary of Labor Perkins promptly re- red the matter to the War Labor Board. t John L. Lewis insisted that he would ver submit to the jurisdiction of that dy. The War Labor Board assumed isdiction, and the miners announced y would not work after April 30th be- se of lack of a contract. The President went on the air the night of May 2d in an effort to persuade the miners not to abstain from work the following morning.

The miners did not go back to work on May 1st, and at about 10:30 that Saturday morning, the President signed an executive order directing me to take over all of the coal properties where there was a strike on and to operate them on behalf of the government.

With the miners idle, I held a three-hour conference Sunday morning, May 2d, in my office, with John L. Lewis and three of his high-ranking officials. I made it clear that I had no power to consider wages and that I would not assume that I had such power. Any wage contract would have to be by and with the consent of the War Labor Board. I did ask Mr. Lewis to send the men back for two weeks, pointing out that I had had the responsibility for mining coal less than twenty-four hours. I felt that I should have time enough at least to get a bird's-eye view of the situation.

Mr. Lewis and his associates went back to New York to call the policy committee of the UMW together, for the submission of my proposal. At twenty minutes before ten o'clock that night, Mr. Lewis announced that the men would go back to work on Tuesday morning for fifteen days.

Lewis took the position that, when the War Labor Board adopted the Little Steel formula, labor's no-strike agreement under which the War Labor Board was set up was breached.

When the men had returned to work for the period of the fifteen-day truce, the War Labor Board ordered that wage conferences were not to be resumed without the board's prior knowledge and consent.

After my meeting with Mr. Lewis, a prejudicial effort, that seemed to be deliberate, was made to cause it to appear that I had attempted to usurp the authority of the War Labor Board and had actually discussed wages with the miners' representatives. Some people in the government employ continued, at least for a spell, to believe this—largely, I believe, because they wanted to. However, the government, generally, as well as the press and the people, took me at my word.

Subsequent to Sunday, May 2d, I held no further conferences with Mr. Lewis or with anyone representing him. I conducted all my dealings with him by means of open letters or telegrams. Thus on May 18th, the day the first truce came to an end, I publicly asked Mr. Lewis to keep the miners at work, which he did, extending the work period to midnight of May 31st. But still, under the ruling of the War Labor Board, there could be no resumption of the negotiations, although the miners continued to work.

This order was based upon a theory of "constructive coercion." It was argued that a fixed date beyond which the miners would not keep on working was a threat that amounted to coercion. The board took the position that there could be no free bargaining under such a threat.

An Apparent Stalemate

The fifteen days of the first truce had been lost because a resumption of negotiations had been forbidden by the War Labor Board except with its prior knowledge and consent, and the leaders of the miners steadfastly refused to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the board even to the extent of asking it to permit a renewal of the conferences. The leaders of the miners urged the operators to resume collective bargaining negotiations, but the operators refused, pointing to the War Labor Board's ruling. This prohibition continued on into the second period of the truce. It began to look as if representatives of the miners and of the operators would never get together again.

Then the War Labor Board ordered the

The man who fell in love again

Once upon a time, long ago—as good stories always start—Richard N. met his first love in a little cafe.

But poor Richard! His French was so bad he never did learn the name of that ruby wine in his glass!

Then back in America...Richard fell head-over-heels all over again. This time... the *grape* of his eye had a label, I. V. C.

And so that he would never forget—Richard kept repeating I. V. C. Grignolino over and over, a hundred times!

But now, Richard N. is a *fickle,* faithful fellow. He has a harem. He's tried the *other* twenty-five I. V. C. wines!

"Dry" grapes from the non-irrigated I. V. C. vineyard give these California wines their delicious flavor. Unpuffed with excess water, our "dry" grapes are smaller, but the juice is more luscious...just naturally richer.

I·V·C WINES

BOTTLED AT THE WINERY

Since 1883, I. V. C. Gold Medal and Cucamonga wines have been bottled at the winery. Red and white—table and dessert—sparkling and still . . . I. V. C. presses, matures and bottles 26 different wines for your pleasure . . . here at the world's largest vineyard.

Distributed solely by CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

V

WHEN Ante Pavelitch followed the Germans and Italians into Yugoslavia, and announced the independence of his native Croatia, some 2,500,000 Serbs and Slovenes were living within the borders of the new "state." That was in 1940. In less than three years, according to the estimate of General Mikhailovitch, and supported by detailed information from the "underground," Pavelitch and his barbarous Ustashis have shot, hung and disemboweled more than 600,000 of the two and a half million. Men, women and children have been burned alive in their homes, hunted like beasts through the forests, and butchered in mountain caves where they tried to make a last desperate stand.

Poland? Czechoslovakia? Serbs and Slovenes look on them as sanctuaries compared to Yugoslavia. The slaughter, as Pavelitch makes clear in daily statements, has not ended but only begun. Speaking some time since at Sanski Most, the Croat governor of western Bosnia laid down a law of extermination. "I have just returned from Zagreb where the Poglavnik (the leader) told me that only Croats had the right to life in Croatia. There is no room for Serbs. All must perish. Let it be our pride to lead the way in getting rid of them."

If the Serbs and Slovenes are to be believed, Ante Pavelitch was suckled by a tigress. Lawless and ungovernable even as a boy, at an early age he identified himself with Croatian terrorists who made a business of murder, arson and pillage. Forced to flee for his life in 1929, he found refuge in Italy and soon succeeded in convincing Il Duce that a revolution in Yugoslavia held rich possibilities.

Openly, and with the backing of Mussolini, he opened a school for terrorists in Borgodaro, and eventually established a similar camp at Janka Puszta in Hungary. In addition to Croats, the slums of Europe were scoured for criminals of every nationality.

Pavelitch, and none other, was responsible for the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia on October 9, 1934. As developed at the trial, the assassins were first brought from Janka Puszto to Italy, and after careful coaching were sent on to Marseille where they killed both the king and Jean Louis Barthou, the French foreign minister.

Although a Bulgarian was found guilty of the crime, the court condemned Pavelitch to
true perpetrator of the murder. Mussoli
steadfastly refused requests for extraditio
litch continued to operate his "schools" wit
proval of both the Italian and Hungarian g

When the Germans marched into Yugo
spring of 1941, Pavelitch and his terrorists
their heels. Not Croats entirely, but Bulga
donians, Hungarians as well, all trained i
murder. Sitting at the council table as an e
Duce and the Fuehrer, the assassin took
his part of the loot, and gave the others
Italy seized the greater part of Slovenia, t
Dalmatia, the islands of the Adriatic and p
protectorate over Montenegro. Hungary g
sections of Yugoslavia in the north, and Bul
large chunks in the south.

This division completed, Ante Pavelitch
ceeded to give his allies a few lessons in ex
Jeering at the Gestapo and other "pussyfoo
he announced that no other proof of guilt wa
than the fact of Serbian blood. Why all the e
bother of spying and snooping? Kill and as
afterward. Making no effort to establish o
ernment, the Poglavnik lives by loot and f
Nothing else interests him.

The Yugoslav "underground," however,
the worst is over. The 600,000 Serbs and Slo
already were old men, women and children f
part, although many fighting men fell before
arm or flee to the mountains. Whole families
refuge in rocky fastnesses, and husbands, so
thers are with General Mikhailovitch or th
under Tito and Nagy. The chief worry is lac
Knives, rocks and obsolete guns are poor w
match against the modern equipment furnishe
litch and his Ustashis by the Germans an
planes, tanks, machine guns, hand grenades
thing.

Even so, the "underground" merely state
fact, not a complaint. When Serbs and Slo
down from the peaks to valleys thick with
often left unburied as Pavelitch hurries on to
sacres, not bare hands will weaken their resista

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

resumption of negotiations in order to explore the possibilities lying within the "portal to portal" formula.

In the meantime, the government, operating the mines under executive order, produced 50 million tons of precious coal. Fearful that the miners would quit work at midnight on May 31st, I called in Charles O'Neill, representing the Northern operators, and John L. Lewis. I suggested an *ad interim* contract during which a factual study could be made of "portal to portal," the miners to remain at work on a tentative wage scale to be negotiated between the parties at interest.

Mr. Lewis expressed a willingness to accept this formula "in principle," and said that he thought the tentative scale should be $2 an hour. I made no comment. It was known that the operators had suggested 80 cents an hour as a compromise of the "portal to portal" demand, and Charles O'Neill stood on this. John L. Lewis came down to $1.50, the first sign of compromise on his part.

After I had left the office, Mr. O'Neill came up to $1, so that when the miners walked out at midnight that night, there was a difference of a mere 50 cents on "interval portal to portal pay," the closest that the two parties had been to each other since their very first meeting in New York. I believed that the dispute might be settled within twenty-four hours.

The War Labor Board thereupon ordered that the miners and the operators might not continue their conversations, and that even if they should reach an agreement, the board would neither receive nor consider it!

The War Labor Board had set up a labor panel under the chairmanship of Morris L. Cooke. This panel presented a finding of fact which it submitted to the board, and with this as a basis, the board drafted a contract and prepared a final order directing the operators and representatives of the miners to sign the contract. The operators agreed to do so, but Mr. Lewis refused to stir from the position that he had taken in the beginning. He would not submit to the jurisdiction of the War Labor Board.

The third truce having expired, the miners again walked out. On this occasion, I did not suggest that they remain at work nor did I represent to John L. Lewis, directly or indirectly, that he should order them to resume their picks and shovels. Several days elapsed. Then the President ordered and directed the miners to return to work on Tuesday, June 22d.

A Fruitless Conference

On Sunday, June 20th, John L. Lewis, held a meeting of his policy committee in Washington. As I was packing my bag to catch a night train to Columbus, Ohio, where I was scheduled to speak on my favorite subject, Oil, before the Annual Governors' Conference, a telephone call apprised me of the fact that the miners had issued a release saying that they were willing to make every sacrifice to produce coal for the war. They were not willing to work for the operators but they would work for the government. Early that Sunday evening a letter was sent to me at my home by John L. Lewis, to which was attached a copy of the press release that had been given out.

In his letter, Mr. Lewis suggested that I invite representatives of the United Mine Workers of America to confer with me. This I did late the following morning. Mr. Lewis and two of his associates and I talked for an hour and a half. The conference opened with a suggestion made by Mr. Lewis that, surely now that the War Labor Board had entered a final order and no longer retained jurisdiction of the case, plus the fact that, in his Executive Order of May 1st, the President had put me in charge of operating the mines, it must be within my powers to discuss wages. Again I pointed out, patiently, that I had no such power and would not attempt to assume it.

At 10:30 the following morning, the same men reconvened in my office. The miners had finally been persuaded that I would not even discuss wages. I opened that conference in substantially these words:

"Mr. Lewis, I am certain that you and your colleagues are at last convinced that I cannot and will not discuss wages with you. Perhaps you may feel that, this being so, there is nothing else to discuss. But I entertain the hope that, in view of your letter which, in effect, asked me to invite you to discuss coal mining with me, and especially considering, also, that language in your press release in which it was recited that the miners would undergo any possible sacrifice in order to mine coal to win the war, there is something further for you to discuss. Mr. Lewis, on behalf of your government, I ask you to lead your men back into the mines, as volunteer workers for the United States government, to mine coal."

"On what terms?" Mr. Lewis shot back.

"On terms satisfactory to the government," I replied. "You know that I cannot offer you more wages than you are now getting and you ought to know that I would not offer you less. Moreover, I hope that you will go back to work this time without any time limitation."

"For an eternity?" questioned Lewis.

"No, not for an eternity," I told him, "but until we are sure that we have won the war."

It is well known what happened. The policy committee of the United Mine Workers met again that night. It ordered the men back to work without spec
a day and without saying anything
wages. It did, however, much to my
pointment, put on a time limitation
October 31st, and the workers retur
not all of them at once—but fro
very beginning in substantial nu
Working assiduously and in full
faith, the union leaders finally got a
men back, except for a negligible

Not 100 Per Cent Efficient

They have been at work ever
But they are not working at 100 per
efficiency because of the bitterness
ing out of the absence of a work co
"No contract, no work" is ingrain
them. No man who nurses an a
grievance can work at top efficiency
the nation will inevitably feel the effe
this condition in its fuel supply next w
unless the source of those grievance
quickly removed.

It is (and has been since May 1st)
responsibility to produce coal. I
always been willing to add my suppo
the War Labor Board formula that
miners and the operators get togethe
explore earnestly and in complete
faith the possibility of an agreement
will be fair to both sides and at the s
time not against the public interest.

The conclusion of an agreement is
within my jurisdiction, but I hope th
will not be regarded as having stret
my authority if I express the wish
every persuasive effort that can be m
on the part of the government be made
that when October arrives, we shall no
faced with another stoppage in vital
production. Leadership might accomp
more than the assumption of "judicial
nity" by any one of us. At least, it is w
trying.

THE END

Liquors in the AMERICAN Tradition
OLD Mr. BOSTON
SLOE GIN
MAKES A DELICIOUS SLOE
GIN FIZZ
BURTON'S
Bourbon Supreme
A Blend of Straight Whiskies
Blended and Bottled by
The American Distilling Co.
(Incorporated)
Pekin, Ill.
Sausalito, Cal.
Golton-Clark
Broadway, Old New York, 1830
AMERICAN
THE AMERICAN DISTILLING COMPANY INC.
PEKIN, ILL. • NEW YORK, N. Y. • SAUSALITO, CAL.
Now Available
OFFICIAL BARTENDER'S GUIDE—753 Tested Recipes for practically every drink known to man . . .
Send 35c in stamps or coin to The American Distilling Company, 247 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.
BOURBON SUPREME • A Blend of Straight Whiskies 90.4 Proof . . . BURTON'S Blended Whiskey • 86.8 Proof • 60% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . OLD MR. BOSTON SLOE GIN • 70 Proof

This woman is slightly distorted in her thinking

She is about to try her first cup of Postum, one of America's great mealtime drinks. BUT... somewhere she has picked up the mistaken notion that Postum is a coffee substitute—along with the equally distorted idea that Postum is supposed to *taste* like coffee.

It won't.
Postum doesn't taste like coffee.
Nor like tea.

Postum has a distinctive flavor all its own; a fine, full-bodied flavor that has boosted its popularity to an all-time high.

So try Postum, without any distorted ideas. We think you'll like it for itself, along with a great many million Americans who've made it their favorite mealtime drink.

In hot weather, try *iced* Postum in tall glasses. It's cooling, refreshing, tasty.

P. S. on Thrift—and Some Free Fun. Postum costs less than half a cent a cup, whether you use Postum (the kind you boil, drip, or percolate); or *Instant* Postum (made instantly in the cup). Both are products of General Foods, who invite you to enjoy the fun on the Aldrich Family, one of America's greatest most delightful radio programs.

POSTUM ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT MEALTIME DRINKS

It Takes Two to Make a Hero

Continued from page 13

'confidential.' 'Intimate,' that's more like it. Yes, it's a bit intimate. Rather gives a fellow away, I mean. Not that the . . . the chap who told me put me under any injunction not to repeat it. I mean, there's no seal of secrecy, but . . . Anyhow, I tell you what I'll do. I'll tell you the story exactly as it happened . . . that is, as it was told to me, of course . . . and if it's any use to you, it's up to you to twist things round a bit so that it's not too absolutely obvious. How's that?"

"Fair enough," I said. "And you must give your informant a fictitious name, mustn't you?"

"By Jove, yes. That's an idea. Of course I must. I say, that's worth a couple more sherries, don't you think?" He got up and rang the bell. "Smith! That's what we'll call him. Smith, yes. Jolly good. Smith!

"Well, it was in the last war. About the middle of the war. This chap Smith had got a spot of leave. He was a young subaltern then in . . . Oh, well, better not mention his regiment, but his battalion was quartered at the time in one of the more deadly regions of Yorkshire: and believe me, Yorkshire lover as I am, some bits can be grim."

"I'VE been stationed in Catterick Camp myself," I told him.

"Ah, well, you can sympathize with Smith. You see, his leave came at just the wrong time. He was engaged to a girl in London . . . grand girl and all that, much too good for him (so Smith says, of course!) . . . but she was some sort of big noise in the W.R.N.S. and was going to be up to the eyebrows in it all that week; couldn't give the poor chap two minutes in all his eight days.

"So what do you think the poor boob did? He went to Brighton. You see, he'd got some pretty good memories of Brighton, before the war. For instance . . . Oh, well, no need to go into that. Point is, he went to Brighton. And, believe me, to go to Brighton in wartime was asking for trouble. Well . . . he got it.

"He put up at the good old Cosmopolitan, and there wasn't anything wrong with *that*, except that all the waiters were ninety years old and could only just about crawl on their hands and knees, and the food restrictions were too much even for their chef, and the fuel orders left the place freezing, and he was about the only guest in the whole blessed mausoleum. But outside it really was . . . Well, poor old Smith could hardly recognize the place as Brighton at all. Dead, damned and deserted. A few giddy whirls of barbed wire along the front, practically all the hotels and boardinghouses closed, not a sign of life in the place, nothing bu wind and general misery, and all th eral foulness of an early English

"I mean, you can see this chap looking out of his hotel bedroor lounge being too cold to sit in), gray sea, with the gulls screechir mally past his window and Smith he could screech with them and w ing what the blazes had made him c such a godforsaken place and ho blazes he was going to stick it for six whole days. Ever see Brighton duri war, when the restrictions were on? believe me, it was a bit grim. Po Brighton!

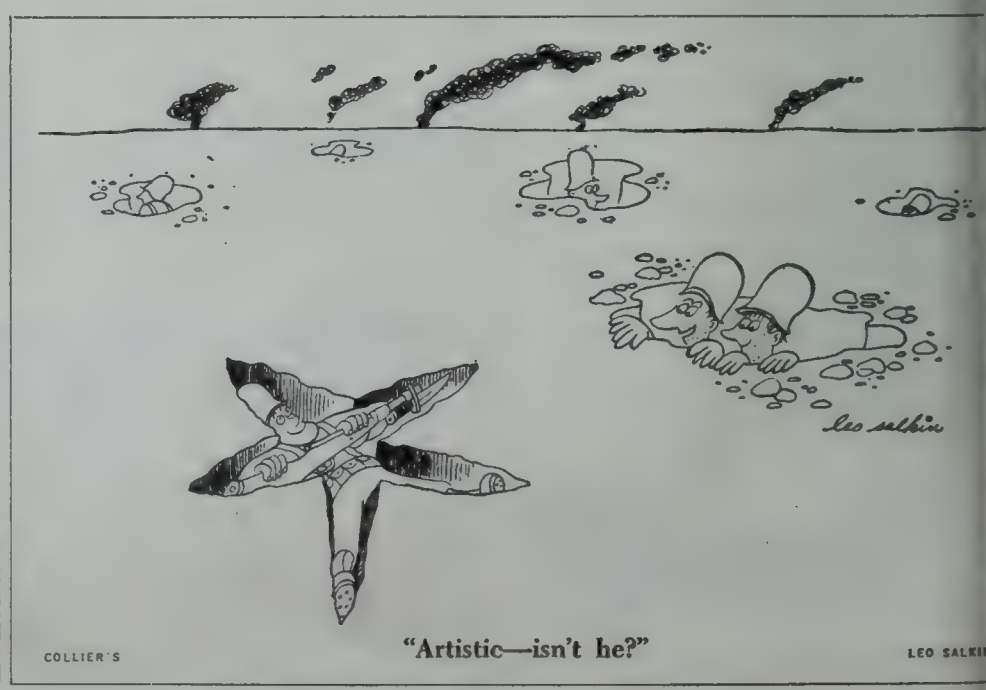
"Anyhow, there's always the pi So Smith put on his greatcoat and downstairs to get hold of a local and find out what was on. And, of c when he did find the list, there wa film that he hadn't seen before thought pretty poorly of when he d it! That was how it would be, of c It was that sort of leave.

"So Smith fell back on the la source of the utterly bored. He rea local paper. And when he'd read there was to read, dash it if he didn't the advertisements, too. I mean, yo judge what his state was by then when he saw a rather amusing adve ment in that local rag, you'll under that he was just about in the right f of mind to do something about it.

"So far as I can remember . . . I r so far as I remember Smith's word advertisement went something like 'Young Lady has Sporting Prints for Number Something-or-other Such such Street.' Something like that, any

"Now for some reason this made S prick his ears up. It sounded . . . why 'sporting prints'? And why g of the way to rub in 'young lady'? S couldn't help feeling there was some queer about it. And he remembered th some kind of American joke about ings;' never been able to make out what it is, but you find it in any Ame comic paper you pick up. The mor turned it over, the more it seemed to that this young lady, with her spo prints, ought to be investigated. Of co there wasn't a thought of disloyalty t fiancée. Smith, understand, was an dinarily decent chap. Besides, he kne couldn't help not being available: before devotion, and all that. But j pleasant chat or so, and perhaps a sonable face to share a bit of war with . . . there couldn't be any ha that. So he grabbed his cap and le can tell you, he was in the mood.

"Well, he found the street all righ



COLLIER'S "Artistic—isn't he?" LEO SALKIN

A FRED by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE

"Oh, stop worrying about it, Alfred! I'm sure the officers won't think you're frivolous"

back from the front and Smith didn't k it was much of a street for a young to live in; a sort of mixture of cheap e shops, cheap boardinghouses and s. The number given in the advertise- t didn't impress Smith either. At first thought it was a tobacconist's shop. n he saw there was a side door, half n to show a glimpse of a flight of dark, p and rather dirty stairs. Evidently young lady lived in the maisonette ve the shop, and Smith was beginning wonder if she were really a very nice ng lady.

He didn't care much for the occupant the shop either. In fact, it gave him te a nasty jar, as he was hesitating out- e the door, to see a fat little man squat- g behind the counter like . . . like a d of obscene frog, you know, and ching him with beady, bright eyes that er winked. I mean, it quite put Smith his stroke. Perhaps he had a bit of a lty conscience already. I don't know yhow . . .

Smith had one queer—what's the rd?—foible, I think. I mean, if there s anything he didn't like, or that fright- ed him, he . . . well, he sort of went for bald-headed. You know . . . without ing himself time to think. It was a m of funk really, though Smith didn't ow it then. Anyhow, that's what he did."

Y STRANGER paused and sipped his sherry. In his eyes was a curious k which I couldn't quite define.

"Smith went up to those stairs?" I mpted him, for I was eager to know.

"Oh, yes, Smith went up those stairs." e smiled. "There was the usual wooden rtition of the converted maisonette at e top: you know—before you reach the nding, so that you have to ring the bell m a stair below. Very awkward, I ways think. Anyhow, Smith rang—and ited. He was really quite a bit excited w, you'll understand. Those 'sporting ints' were looking even more significant him now that he'd seen the young lady's rroundings than they had in the lounge the Cosmopolitan. And he was excited cause he wasn't used to this sort of thing I mean, calling on strange 'young ladies' dingy maisonettes. It was definitely an dventure, with a capital A.

"After a time, he heard a door open inside, and then the flap of the letter box was lifted and a girl's voice said, 'Who is it?'

"Smith explained hurriedly that he'd called in answer to the advertisement, and there was a pause. Then the girl inside said, 'Oh! Well . . . I'm just having a bath. Could you possibly come back in about half an hour?'

"I told you Smith was a bit young in those days. It didn't occur to him to offer to help with the bath, or get the towels warm, or anything. He just said he'd be delighted to come back in half an hour, and went downstairs again like a little gentleman. As a matter of fact he was thinking what a charming voice it had been. He hadn't really expected that, and it put an edge on his curiosity. He wouldn't have missed his return visit now for wild horses.

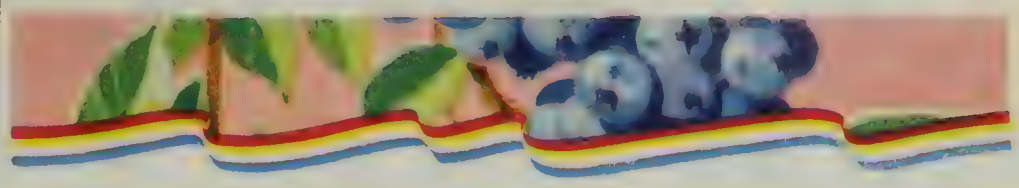
"He stopped at the street door to light a cigarette, and noticed that the fat, little man wasn't in his shop; and for some reason, that pleased him. It would have looked as if the girl had turned him down, you see, and he didn't like the idea of the little frog chuckling over that.

"Well, Smith went out and took a walk. Then, when his half-hour was up, he wasted no time in getting back—and his keenness hadn't lost anything by the delay.

"It was past shop hours by now, and Smith noticed as he passed that the tobacconist had closed his shop; he was glad those beady eyes wouldn't follow him again. He positively jumped up those stairs in spite of the darkness, and you can be pretty sure that by this time Smith wasn't nearly so bored with Brighton as he had been.

"At the top of the stairs he pulled out his cigarette lighter to find the bell, and then he noticed a queer thing: The door just wasn't closed. Still, he couldn't walk in, of course, so he rang. No reply. He rang again. Still no reply. Then he wondered: Was it possible that the girl had had to run out for a few minutes, and had left the door ajar especially for him?

"Now, I ought to tell you—you'll find out soon enough in any case—that this chap Smith was rather a timid sort of cove. I mean, hated doing the wrong thing, or shoving himself forward, or making himself conspicuous in any way. Feeble, of



★ ★ ★ **Quick help for war-limited menus!**

Rice Krispies are one of the types of food recommended for daily use by the new U. S. Wartime Nutrition Program.

What a break for war-busy meal planners! Delicious Rice Krispies are ready *instantly*. They save time, work, fuel and other foods.

And they're so nourishing. As recommended by the new U. S. Wartime Nutrition Program, Rice Krispies are restored to whole grain food values in thiamin (Vitamin B_1), niacin and iron. Crunchy Rice Krispies in milk help make up for today's scarce protein foods and their vitamins.

Everyone goes for that rich, mellow flavor . . . that famous snap-crackle-pop crispness. No other cereal tempts appetites half so well. For no other can match Kellogg's exclusive flavor recipe, oven-popping and gentle toasting.

Let Rice Krispies simplify your meal planning 'round the clock!

"Rice Krispies" is a trade mark (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) of Kellogg Company for its oven-popped rice.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

Copr. 1943 by Kellogg Company

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

The Week's Work

AS a poster, this week's front cover will soon be distributed to U. S. Infantry troops all over the world to foster their pride in that branch of the service. The painting is sixth in a series Jes W. Schlaikjer (phonetically *Shlyker),* of the War Department's Bureau of Public Relations, designed for the Medical Department, Signal Corps, Infantry Machine Gunners, Military Police and Corps of Engineers. The artist selects his models by personal visits to camps and takes them to his studio in Washington's Pentagon Building, where, presumably, he spends a good portion of his time keeping the boys from getting lost in the cavernous corridors of the building. Next on Mr. Schlaikjer's easel will be the Artillery, whose caissons keep rolling along in this most modern of wars.

THOSE bright little oddities over the name W. E. Farbstein (page 64) are the result of his reading five newspapers from stem to stern every day. This has been going on since 1928 and, having ourselves shuffled through several tons of his material, we'd be the last to doubt his assertion that he has an incredible number of clippings. "Farb" terms himself the champion stogy smoker of North and South America—undoubtedly a matter of civic pride, since our subject has lived in Pittsburgh, man and boy, for nigh onto 46 years. Compiling curious items pays him well—better, in fact, than such hobbies as picking at the mandolin and memorizing hymns—but his profession is osteopathy. *Dr.* Farbstein, if you please. His latest dispatch reveals that, being allergic to coffee, he is at present suffering from melancholia because he can no longer obtain his favorite breakfast eye-opener—a mess of anchovies.

PART of the week's work is changing the titles of stories and articles we buy. The number of writers who give their products titles the editors like can be counted on the fingers of one sardine. It works both ways, though. We still fondly recall the time an author called up to say he thought the title change we had made on his story was wonderful. Although mostly it's a matter of beating our brains around, this interoffice pastime has its compensations. Once, for a couple of days, the staff moped around, wondering what to call an article dealing with the New York State milk situation. What the published title was we don't remember offhand, but it couldn't have been as good as the discreetly blue-penciled suggestion: Udder Men's Troubles.

Looking over this issue we find typical changes. Harold Ickes' Crisis in Coal was originally titled Coal Trouble. Three Seconds to Fight was submitted by Captain Roberts as Three Seconds to Live—or Die. James Thomas Flexner's Riding for a Fall was first called The Fine Art of Falling; and One Wing and a Player started out as a query: A One-Armed Ball Player in the Big League? If you like the original titles better, there they are. . . .

G. W.

course, but there you are; that's how he was. So it took quite a bit of self-jolting before he could make up his mind to barge in through that open doorway and go on up the next flight of stairs.

"Probably it was only the thought of that cold, windy front, and the hardly less cold and drafty lounge at the Cosmopolitan that finally made up his mind for him. Like a good few of us, perhaps, Smith loved Adventures with capital A's in theory but not quite so well in practice. Not an enterprising sort of bloke, you understand. Didn't pretend to be.

"Well, he didn't shut the door behind him, just pushed it to, much as it had been. The landing light above was on, but it was too dim to show beyond the door. The landing at the top of the stairs was furnished like a little hall. Smith hesitated there and gave a hoarse sort of croak by way of a *heil,* but there was no answer. There were two doors opening onto the landing, and one of them was ajar, with the light on inside. So Smith sidled in."

My friend paused and sipped again; and this time I was careful to say nothing which might break his thread. His face, when he continued, was expressionless.

"It was a nice room. Quite large, but furnished to give an effect of a kind of solid coziness; shaded lights, big armchairs, and all that. I believe there was . . . I believe Smith said there was a divan, too: it was the sort of room where there would be a divan, and lots of cushions on it, too. But *not* a doll over the telephone. No, decidedly not dolls.

"The room brought Smith up with rather a jerk. It wasn't the kind of room he had been expecting, you see. He had expected dolls. He stood irresolute just inside the door, wondering whether he hadn't better make a bolt for it while the going was good. He was pretty sure now that he had done the wrong thing.

"Then something caught his eye: a portfolio lying on a little rosewood table by one of the armchairs. His brain went click! 'Sporting prints!'

"WELL, of course, Smith *had* done the right thing. And, of course, he'd known all the time really what those 'sporting prints' would be. He'd just deliberately been kidding himself, because if the advertisement had said 'feelthy pictures' he'd have known that no officer and gent, let alone the fiancé of a lady (in the Wrens), could possibly go chasing after them.

"Mind you, they weren't the limit. Just rather charming nudes—but with that very definite difference, if you know what I mean."

As a matter of fact I didn't, and murmured as much.

"Stockings," said my friend succinctly. He paused and smiled. "Ridiculous, really, isn't it?"

"Quite," I agreed. "But rather fun. And there has to be a difference, of course. So I suppose Smith, remembering he was an officer and gent, tiptoed away, and . . ."

"Eh?"

"I mean, everyone lived happily ever afterward."

Frankly I was disappointed. The story had seemed to be leading up to something better than a glimpse of a few rude post cards. I wondered what all the fuss had been about.

"What?" My companion seemed puzzled.

"I mean, that's the end," I explained patiently.

"The end? Good heavens, no. I say, I *am* telling this rottenly. Why, we haven't got to the really interesting bit yet."

"We haven't? Then you're not telling it rottenly at all; you're telling it darned well. Carry on."

"I say, do you mean that? You really want me to go on?"

I assured him I did want just that, and after ringing the bell again he resumed:

"Well, as a matter of fact, you were right. Smith did remember that after all he was an officer and a little gent, and as the houri still didn't show herself, he prepared to depart—and I won't pretend he didn't feel he was doing a pretty noble job. In fact, I don't believe he'd absolutely made up his mind when he noticed a door which looked as if it ought to lead into the adjoining room, and he thought he might just as well take a peep in there before clearing out. No need for nice scruples now, you see. So he did. And . . . and . . ."

"Yes?" I prompted him.

MY COMPANION studied the nails of his left hand with nonchalance, but I could see that his whole arm was tensed. I wondered what was coming.

"There was a naked girl lying on the floor, dead," he said in a flat voice. "Her throat had been cut. There was an awful lot of . . . blood."

"Good Lord!"

"Yes. It gave Smith . . . rather a shock."

"Well, naturally. What did he do?"

"That's just the point. What did he do? He beat it."

"Beat it?"

"Yes. Lost his head, I mean. Pretty rotten, don't you think?"

"Well," I said carefully, "I don't know about that. After all, you say he was young, and . . ."

"Yes, but not so young as all that. He ought to have rung up the police there and then. Of course he ought. But . . . don't you see the difficulty?"

I didn't, quite. "You mean, he didn't want, as an officer, to be mixed up in the murder of . . ."

"No, no! The point was, that little fat man had seen him go in the first time, but he hadn't seen him come out five minutes later. He hadn't seen him come back half an hour afterward. How was Smith going to prove that he hadn't been there all the time? He hadn't been back to his hotel, there probably wasn't a soul who could swear to having seen him. *How was Smith going to prove he hadn't cut the girl's throat himself?"*

"Oh, I see!" I said. "Yes, of course."

"As you say, Smith saw the point at once. And I can tell you, it made him sweat. After all, innocent men *have* been convicted . . . Or haven't they? And in any case, what could Smith do? The girl was dead . . . perfectly dead! Her murderer was probably with her when Smith first called. But Smith hadn't seen him. He couldn't tell the police anything useful. The case would have been just the same whether Smith had barged into the maisonette or not.

"Besides, there was more to it than that. Smith's own father was a member of an important government mission, and the girl he was engaged to had a big job in the Waafs . . ."

"As a matter of fact, you said the Wrens," I murmured.

He looked at me. "Did I? Well, really it was the Ats. Anyhow, her father was . . . Well, I'll just say that to certain newspapers the news of his daughter's fiancé being mixed up in a scandal about a prostitute would have seemed ju good to be true. Or so Smith thou after sweating blood for a minute trying to decide, he just grabbed portfolio and . . . beat it."

"Ah, he collected the portfolio, events."

My tone was ironical, but the bl my host turned on me were innocen course," he said. "It had his finger

Again I thought he had come end, for he paused and sipped th fully at his sherry. But before I make the appropriate comments, off again.

"Well, that was that. Smith beat to the Cosmopolitan and ordered a of the biggest drinks wartime Br could manage. He was pretty shaken. The portfolio was under hi underneath his greatcoat, and I c you it was burning a hole in his si soon as he'd finished his drinks he w to his bedroom, cut the thing to r with his razor, and burned the strips empty fireplace. Have you ever t burn a few dozen shiny post cards not so easy as it sounds. It seem Smith to take hours. And when done he got in a panic about the and daren't go down to dinner til collected them all up and put them of the lavatories and flushed them

"Smith didn't enjoy his dinner that evening.

"Perhaps it was stupid of him to g wind-up so vertically, but . . . I don't It seemed to him that a terrible lot hu it. Not merely himself, you see, b those other people. There'd be jus to pay. He could see the head 'FIANCE OF MINISTER'S DAUGHTER HE MURDER CHARGE,' 'FATHER IN GOV MENT—FIANCE IN JAIL.'

"I needn't tell you what sort of ar ning he spent. And the night! It wa hell. Smith's had a sympathy for c nals ever since. Waiting for that tou the shoulder, you know . . . Well, it's . . . even in one's sleep.

"He thought it all out—oh, half a lion times! And by the morning he cided what to do. The obvious thin thought, was to get away from Brig The police would have his descript bound to! 'Tall young officer, we military greatcoat and peaked cap, complexion, fair mustache,' all the re it. So the first thing he did was to s off his mustache; then he dressed in ci —luckily he'd brought a suit with Then he went down to breakfast . . . I can tell you it took a bit of coura do that. Then, as soon as he could age it, he got out of that hotel. He a notion that the police would ma round of the hotels. He had a taxi, drove to the station. Probably the p would be watching the station, too, b had to chance that.

"THE funny thing was, he couldn' member whether he'd shut the f door of the maisonette or not. It wo him like hell, too. If he had, you see, the girl lived alone . . . Well, the mu might not be discovered for days. B he hadn't, and the lights burning inside It worried poor old Smith to death.

"Anyhow, he got to London all r

"There was nothing about the murd the papers, and after a time Smith cal down a bit. Perhaps he had left that c shut after all. He tried not to think that poor girl lying there, all naked cold, with the electric light burning o head, just waiting for someone to c and find her . . . someone else, wouldn't make such a mucker of it someone else, in fact, who hadn't got o people to protect first.

"He put up at a hotel and spent afternoon at his club. After tea he w to a theater (remember what queer ti

Lookit! Isn't She a Beaut?

HERE'S ED, all grins over his first tomato—right out of his own backyard garden. Ed admits it's more than a little on the midget side. And it is kind of green around the stalk.

Not much of a tomato, really . . . but to Ed it's one of those little things that somehow mean so much these days to all of us . . .

Raising your own Victory Garden . . . settling down in the evening with your favorite newspaper . . . calling on a new neighbor . . .

Sure, they're just *little* privileges, simple pleasures but they make you feel *good* inside. They boost the old morale.

☆ ☆ ☆

It happens that there are millions of Americans who attach a special value to their right to enjoy a refreshing glass of beer . . . in the company of good friends . . . with wholesome American food . . . as a beverage of moderation after a good day's work.

A glass of beer—a small thing, surely, not of crucial importance to any of us. And yet—morale *is* a lot of little things like this.

Little things that help to lift the spirit, keep up the courage. Little things that are part and parcel of our own American way of life.

And, after all, aren't they among the things we fight for?

A refreshing glass of beer or ale — a moment of relaxation . . . in trying times like these they too help to keep morale up.

MORALE IS A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS

BREWING INDUSTRY FOUNDATION

No bone, no waste, TREET is ALL meat

A hearty meat meal
at a little more than
one point per person

Yes, lady—here's the point-thrifty way to feed a meat-hungry family. Just ask for Treet—Armour's ready-to-eat meat. One tin gives you a big meat meal for 4 . . . at just a little more than 1 point per person!

Treat your family to Creamed Treet in Toast Baskets tonight. It's a high-nutrition, high-vitamin meal your family will love. Yet takes only minutes to prepare.

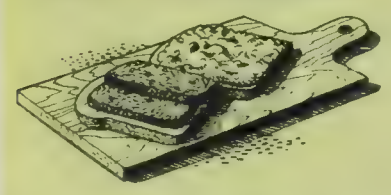
Baked, fried or simply sliced cold, nourishing Treet always makes a big hit. For Treet's made only from juicy pork shoulder meat and tender, flavorful ham. Try Treet these war-busy days. It saves you time...and red stamps, too!

Because our fighting men get so much Treet, your dealer may be out of it occasionally. But he'll have it again in a few days. So keep on asking for Treet!

Creamed Treet and Eggs

Use one can of Treet. Cut 4 slices, dice the rest. Brown ¼ cup diced onion, ¼ cup sliced celery and Treet cubes in ¼ cup butter. Blend in 6 tbsps. flour. Add 1½ cups milk gradually. Cook until thickened. Add 3 chopped, hard-cooked Cloverbloom eggs just before serving. Place in toast baskets made by hollowing out thick slices of day-old bread, brushing with melted butter and toasting under broiler. Fill baskets with Treet and Eggs, serve with the 4 Treet slices lightly fried. Serves 4 to 5.

Hearty Treet Sandwich



On one slice enriched white bread place 2 slices Armour's Treet. Spread other slice with egg salad. (1 can of Treet makes 5 to 6 tasty, nourishing sandwiches.)

Armour and Company

For finest quality and flavor ask for:

Star Canned Meats, Star Ham and Bacon
Star Beef, Veal and Lamb, Star Sausages
Cloverbloom Poultry and Dairy Products.

© ARMOUR AND COMPANY

the theaters used to keep during the war?). It was a new play, and whom do you think he ran into in the first intermission? No—not a Brighton policeman: his girl. She'd got twenty-four hours' leave, rung up the Cosmopolitan just after he left, and his club ditto The porter was able to tell her where he'd gone, so it wasn't a coincidence. (You writer blokes don't like coincidences, I know.)

"Well, of course, she took him off home for food after the show and wanted to know what had happened to his mustache. So it all came out. Well, not all. Smith managed to fake up some kind of a reason for calling on the girl without mentioning the sporting prints. But he told her all about the fat man, and the fact that the shop had closed (of course, you spotted that more or less fixed the time of the murder), and the jam he was in over it all. As a matter of fact, he wanted to tell her. She was a . . . well, frankly, she was twice the man poor old Smith was. Clear-headed, you know, sensible and intelligent and all that, a really capable girl; one of the very best. God knows what she ever saw in poor old Smith."

"You knew her, then?" I could not help putting in maliciously.

"Eh? Oh! Well, yes; as a matter of fact, I did. Slightly, you know. Just slightly."

"Yes, and what did she say?"

"Oh, she took it very sensibly. Didn't ask any awkward questions. Quite saw it wasn't Smith's fault. Didn't blame him a bit for clearing out. Quite saw his point about her father, and herself. In fact, behaved exactly like the grand girl she was."

"Good. So all ended happily?" I said, again conscious of disappointment. Dash it all, a fellow should not tell a murder story at all if it is going to end in a series of anticlimaxes. If a man gets mixed up in a murder, his life ought to be affected by it in some way. A murder, to be artistic, ought to behave like a bomb in the lives of law-abiding citizens, with its wounded as well as its slain.

"HAPPILY? The devil it did!" exclaimed my host with energy. "That's the whole point. You see, the girl took it for granted that Smith had only delayed going to the police until he had talked it all over with her. When she told him that it didn't matter a cuss about her father, or herself, she expected him to march straight off to the nearest police station and spill the whole story."

"Oh!"

"Yes. That's rather how Smith felt. Because he just didn't see it that way. He pointed out over and over again the harm it might do her father, he even let drop a hint or two as to the dead girl's profession and the sort of unsavory scandal it would mean. But it was no good. They argued the whole evening but his girl wouldn't budge an inch. It was his duty to go to the police, irrespective of the consequences to anyone, so go he must: and that was all there was to it.

"Well, I'm afraid you can see what's coming. Smith couldn't keep it up forever. It was clear the girl meant what she said about her family, and gradually she pulled that line out of Smith's grasp. He had been clinging to it, you see. But when they came to the real showdown, they both had to face the truth. It hadn't been the girl's family Smith was really thinking of: it had been himself. And that was the moral problem Smith was driven in the end to face: either to go to the police, confess to what he'd done and what he'd left undone, and take the rap if it was coming to him, or . . . !" My host broke off, swallowed a sip or two of sherry, and then added quietly: "Or admit to both of them to being a coward." He looked me suddenly in the face. "Which would you have done?"

"God knows! Which did Smith do?"

He twiddled the stem of his wi "Smith *wanted* to do the right t think we can say that for him. Bu it came to the point . . . ! After al were so many factors. He was keen job in the Army; doing well, too there was the girl's father: Smith c brush him aside the way his daugh done. And his own father too. An all, how could it help if he did go police? He couldn't tell them an they wouldn't know already. No! good making excuses. Smith just the guts. Not even when the girl n personal matter of it.

"Finally she cut short his blatheri told him plainly that she couldn't a . . . a coward. Either he went police then and there, or their engag was at an end. Smith felt like deat . . . he couldn't go to the police and being arrested for a murder he done. So the girl pulled off her ring, took it . . ." He sighed. "Smith nev her again."

There was silence. At last I said, that really was the end?"

"Not quite." An ironic little smile p round his mouth. "There's just one m touch—quite a nice one. To get bac his hotel, Smith had to go to an Un ground station. The bookstall had clo of course, but by it there was one of th blackboards they used for bulletins the war. Smith saw chalked up on 'Late Special. Girl Murdered at Bright Man Confesses.' "

"Perfect!" I exclaimed with enthusia "Of course I can use it. Why, it's a sh story as it stands, twist in the tale and a

"I thought you might be intereste said my host mildly. "Er . . . you will w it up a bit, though, won't you? I mean .

"Oh, yes. It's only the essence I wa But what a climax! . . . I suppose Sm did love the girl, by the way? Yes, course he did, or it would be a rot story. . . . And then that nasty jab un the ribs from the blackboard, show that all his agony had been in vain a if the poor boob had only held his tong like any sensible man . . ."

My host looked bewildered and not little hurt. "I don't quite understand?"

"Why," I said unmercifully, "it's a go short story, sliced off just there. But Sm wasn't a short story. He was a man. A was Smith's life really shattered?"

"Well, no, if you put it like that. suppose it wasn't."

"I do put it like that. You see, thin work out a bit differently in real life. doesn't stop, for instance, the way a sh

CANDID CAMERA

Mrs. Lucille Lovell lost a wal containing money and valuable p pers in Rochester, New York. It w returned with the money remove and a note saying: *"Too bad som body honest didn't find this."*

A motorist appealed to the rati board at Harrisburg, Pennsylvani for more gas because he needed to drive into town *to get his reli check.*

Representative Sol Bloom of Ne York received a letter from woman who asked him to help r lease her son from the Atlanta Pen tentiary because *"he doesn't like there."*

An Army classification office asked a recruit in Alabama what h would like to do in the Army. Th man replied, *"Make likker."*

W. E. FARBSTEIN

ry loes. Now, is this Smith of yours rr d?"

E . . . yes, he is."

Ay children?"

Y ll, a couple . . ."

Tes he love his wife?"

C course he does."

Cod! Then shall I tell you what I o I think Smith had the devil's own k.

Nat on earth do you mean?"

Ny, can't you see? But for that little e, Smith might be married now to a emotional, steel bar of a woman, t a spark of humanity or the decent nity to love a man all the *more* for g a bit of moral guts once in a –if indeed anybody but one of those or-duty fiends could call it moral go and get oneself gratuitously ar- for a murder in which one had no n at all. Take it from me, Smith ell out of that engagement. Don't gree?" I pressed him relentlessly.

ell, I . . . Smith . . . I don't think 's ever looked at it that way," he nered.

, I've no doubt Smith will have ghly dramatized the episode," I d it in. After all, I owed him a good for the story, though he might not I was doing him one. "But you tell rom me that it's about time he saw its proper perspective. The whole em was artificial, and to make it a f true love was the act of an iceberg, not of a grand girl. I'm quite sure that instead of helping Smith to increase his normal stock of courage, which a decent girl does by encouraging his *amour propre,* that smug little wretch did him a great deal of harm. It takes two to make a hero, you know. Instead, it's obvious she gave him a bad inferiority complex, by the angle he stresses of his own story. Now look here, you take Smith aside and tell him from me that he's got just as much guts as the next man. It's all nonsense to go on looking on himself as a spineless sort of—"

A LARGE hand suddenly descended on my shoulder and a large voice boomed in my ear. "Hullo, old boy! Sorry I'm a bit late and all that. Someone been feeding you the odd spot of sherry? Good!"

"Yes, I don't know if . . ." I looked round for my late host but his place was vacant. Behind me I heard a door quietly closing. I tried to keep the intense curiosity out of my voice. "Yes, some complete stranger's been very kind. Did you happen to see him, George? I wish you could find out who he is."

"Oh, I know who he is," George said largely. "New member. Name of Farquharson. As a matter of fact he's rather our star here."

"Star?"

"Yes. Our one and only V. C."

THE END

Just go get a ladder, madame. Never mind that airplane recognition handbook"

COLLIER'S THURSTON GENTRY

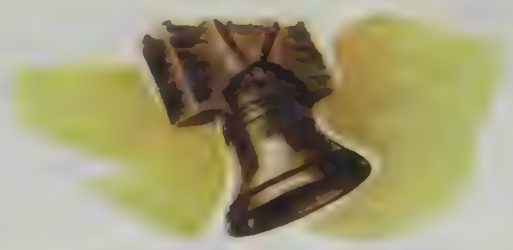
IF THE LABEL IS KNOX THE HAT IS RIGHT

KNOX HATS

If your Knox merchant does not have any one of these hats today, please bear with him, and us. For Knox is now making a large part of the officers' caps for the armed forces. You can be sure, however, that, no matter what style you buy, if the label is Knox, the hat is right. Knox the Hatter, Fifth Avenue, New York.

*Trade Mark

HERITAGE OF HOSPITALITY



FAMOUS SINCE 1894

STEEPED IN CHERISHED TRADITIONS—MILITARY, CIVIC, CULTURAL—PHILADELPHIA IS QUI
FAMED FOR ITS HERITAGE OF HOSPITALITY. AS THE CAPITAL OF GOOD LIVING, PHILAI
TIME-HONORED NAME IS TODAY PROUDLY UPHELD BY A GRACIOUS WHISKY. WIT
FIRST DELIGHTED SIP, YOU INSTANTLY SENSE THAT HERE IS A TRULY ARISTC
BLEND BASED ON CHOICEST RESERVE STOCKS. PHILADELPHIA IS ESSENTIALLY A
OCCASION" WHISKY. YET ONE YOU CAN AFFORD TO ENJOY, REGULARLY AND

86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTR

A Philadelphia Tradition

The Wild Bunch

Continued from page 19

H h Overman was a cold and distant ritost in distance. Goodnight watched r n pull himself into the present and k pon him, neither interested nor dis- er ted. He lifted his hand and made a are, stiff upward jerk with it. "Stran- s re welcome," he said. "Show him nkhouse, Daughter. Show him the hack. See he gets a cup of coffee." B on Bill observed Goodnight with a thin smile, and he sent a quick side to the girl. He must have noticed hing on her face, for his smile broke d he spoke to Overman in a lightly king tone: "Charity is blessed, Hugh, might be well to consider this stran-

u know him?" said Overman.

e met him, and there's some things him I don't understand."

erman placed his severe and power- es on Goodnight. "You come here honest intentions?"

ton Bill broke in: "He was at Harry place when I saw him."

erman's eyes were like agate, and in depths a great wrath slowly moved. 're on my place and I have offered uttin' up. But we'll see. Daughter, him his coffee and bring him to the g room."

E girl touched Goodnight's arm and rned him. He followed her to an ell e main house, through the door into hen. A light burned on a table and a f coffee sat on the back edge of the warm range. Virginia Overman lifted from a hook, poured his coffee and ed to the can of milk and the sugar She continued to watch him.

wish," she said, "I knew what you doing at Ide's place."

stopped to rest my horse."

nd I wish I knew what Bill was doing e watched him as she asked it, and he only shook his head and smiled, expression grew lighter until she was ing back. "You're like all of the d. Never say anything."

What crowd?"

"The drifters and the fly-by-nights and the line-jumpers who hide in every canyon and behind every tree of these hills. I like to go on quick judgment—and I wanted to think you were not one of those."

"Stay with your judgment," he said and finished his coffee.

She pointed toward an inner door. "Now you can go in and stand your trial." She followed him to the door and her voice called him around before he opened it: "There are two things to remember: These men all have past records. They'll be afraid you're after them, or they'll think you might be one of the desert men laying a trap."

She followed him through the door into a room with a long table flanked by a backless bench on each side. Hugh Overman sat at the head of the table, stiff and massive, his burning glance coming to Goodnight and staying there. Boston Bill was near him. A dozen or more other riders stood around the room.

Overman said, "I'll tell you at once that if I thought you were a spy I'd shoot you down. Now, man, what are you doing here?"

"Riding through," said Goodnight. "Or maybe staying if I like it."

"Your answer turns around upon itself and means nothing," said Overman. "There is a reason which drives every man. What drove you here?"

Goodnight pointed his finger at Boston Bill. He turned it, indicating all the group. "You know what drove these men here?"

Boston Bill said, "Maybe you better answer questions instead of asking them."

"Still," pointed out Overman, "it is a fair answer. I have taken all of you at your word. I can do no less with this man."

"What was he doing at Harry Ide's place?" asked Boston Bill.

"I stopped to rest my horse," said Goodnight. "What were you doing there, Bill?"

Overman answered that for Boston Bill: "It may have been to warn Harry Ide or it may have been to destroy him. Either thing would have been welcome to me."

"Except for his interfering," said Boston Bill, "Harry Ide would have been destroyed."

"I like to see a man get an even chance," said Goodnight.

Overman gave Goodnight a bright-black glance. "You interfered from good motives, but you were mistaken."

"He was in town last night," added Boston Bill, "steppin' around like a stray dog with its tail up. What was he doing there?"

"He dragged me off my horse," said a voice, and then a man came out of the crowd and walked on until he faced Goodnight. He was a solid shape burned black by weather; he was a hard one, scarred by trouble and still wanting trouble. Along the trail, Goodnight had seen many like him, restless and narrow of mind and governed by passion.

"Brother," said Goodnight, "you ran your horse into me and missed a woman by six inches with its kickin'."

The man was hungering for a fight; it was a shine in his eyes and a shape around his mouth. He looked aside to Boston Bill and a thought passed between them. He squared himself at Goodnight. He said, "I didn't have time last night to take care of you. No man can drag me off a horse—" He never finished the sentence. It was a feint to cover what he meant to do, for he swung his hand all the way from his belt and missed Goodnight's face and fell against Goodnight. He caught Goodnight around the waist to protect himself. He lowered his head and shoulders and struck sharply up, his head cracking Goodnight's chin.

The blow roared through Goodnight's brain; he heard Boston Bill say in a casual way, "Bust him up, Ad."

Ad's weight carried him back toward the wall, other men swiftly sidestepping to avoid the fight. But one bystanding man—Goodnight never knew which one—reached out and hit him on the jaw and backed away. Ad had him tackled around the waist and Ad's shoulders slammed him full force into the wall. He shifted his body, knowing what Ad would do next, and thereby avoided the jolt of Ad's knee as it aimed for his crotch. The maneuver threw Ad off balance, so that his grip around Goodnight's body relaxed, and at that moment Goodnight whirled free of the man and swung and caught him on the back of the neck with all the driven-down weight of his forearm. A thinner neck would have cracked; as it was, Ad fell in a curling drop to the floor, knocked out by the blow.

GOODNIGHT stood away from Ad, feeling blood in his mouth from Ad's butting. He had lost his hat and his long hair dropped over his eyes. "Anybody else?" he said. "Anybody at all?"

He heard the girl speak behind him: "You should not have permitted that, Dad."

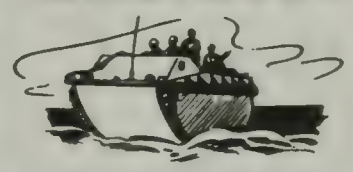
Old Hugh sat stone-still in his chair and Goodnight then noticed something new in the room. All the crowd had stood in a scattered way around the table before the fight, but in the half minute of action they had shifted and now he saw four men placed shoulder to shoulder against one side of the room, facing Boston Bill and Boston Bill's group across the table. The fight had shaken them apart, or distrust had shaken them apart—the ranch crew to one side and Boston Bill's riders to the other. One of the men in the smaller group was Bob Carruth. Then the door opened and another rider came in and put himself with the ranch four. It was Theo McSween.

Overman still had his daughter's reproach in his mind and now spoke: "Right

"I decided not to have the Hichners over this evening!"

COLLIER'S PVT. ALEX YOUNG

MARINES!



THEY GET THERE BY *Hamilton* TIME

Marine Landing Attacks are timed to the second—by a Hamilton wrist watch made especially for the Marine Corps. It's just one example of the highly precise timepieces Hamilton is making today for our Army and Navy.

HAMILTON
The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

She gave me her ZIPPO . . . and I married her

"Pretty swell gal, to part with her precious ZIPPO—she can't buy a new one. I'll remember her everytime I light up. In a nor'easter I'll know the ZIPPO will be as dependable as the gal who gave it."

Here in the U. S. A., you can't buy a new ZIPPO*, so keep *yours* in good order. Use a fluid that won't gum up the wick—use ZIPPO Long Lasting Fluid—it burns clean. ZIPPO Hard Flints give a bigger spark, wear longer, and fit better (in most any lighter). Package of 4 for 10 cents. Your ZIPPO Wick is "asbestosized" and should not require replacement.

* ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER

Demand ZIPPO accessories from your local dealer.

**Sorry we can't take your order for ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTERS, the entire output has been taken over for the use of our armed forces located outside continental U. S. and on high seas.*

ZIPPO MFG. CO.
Dept. C, Bradford, Pa.

I'VE GONE TO WAR SO BUY WAR STAMPS INSTEAD

ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER

makes might. If a man is just and honest he will have more strength than the man who is not. This young man whipped Ad. Therefore he is honest."

Boston Bill gave Overman a cynical grin. "Suppose two dishonest men got in a fight. You'd say the one that won was honest?"

"Less dishonest than the other," stated Overman.

Boston Bill ceased to smile. The arrogance that lived around his mouth and in his eyes suddenly jumped to his voice: "I don't want this fellow around."

Overman looked at Boston Bill and then Goodnight saw a flaw in the old man's complete self-assurance. "I will not turn a man off Sun Ranch without reason."

"My say-so is reason enough," stated Boston Bill. "You do it or I'll do it."

OVERMAN lifted his great head and his temper flared; yet he held his feelings down and his answer was less than Goodnight expected. "Never mind, Bill," he said, and he flung his arm stiffly up and stiffly down.

Goodnight nodded at Boston Bill. "You have talked too much again. Now it is put up or shut up."

Boston Bill's pride was yeasty in him. His color burned in the light and his big beak nose tipped hawklike at Goodnight. "You're on Sun Ranch. I won't touch you here. This is the second time you have called me, friend. You're a clever man in pickin' a safe spot to call."

He nodded at his partners and went quickly out. In a moment Overman rose and followed him through the door, and the other crew members one by one disappeared until only Goodnight and the girl and Theo McSween were there. McSween showed a puzzled interest in Goodnight.

"I've seen you before, ain't I?"

"No," said Goodnight. "Maybe it was somebody that looked like me."

Theo McSween said, "Maybe," and started for the door. He turned in it, looking back with a rapid flip of his head, as though prompted by suspicion or a fresh thought. He stared steadily at Goodnight and he murmured, "Somewhere," and left the dining room.

The girl faced Goodnight. "You're not green," she said. "You've got a lot of experience—the same dirty kind all the rest of them have."

He said, "Do you know that your father's afraid of Boston Bill?"

"Yes," she said. She looked long at him, something half-formed on her lips. He saw caution hold her back. Then she said, "So am I."

He said, "What's to be afraid of?"

Virginia looked over her shoulder to the door; and turned to it. She stepped into the yard, and stepped back, coming toward him again. The big lamp on the table threw its lush beam against her, staining the skin at her throat to a smooth butter yellow. Her lips lay softly together and light points danced in her eyes as they met his glance. She had smiled only once at him, and then faintly; distrust and reserve remained always with her. But below that, he saw fullness waiting, and the fullness was a promise and a temptation to him, bringing on his smile, and when he smiled, recklessness came quickly to his face.

She watched it and understood it and her expression grew smooth and tight and a disturbed breathing lifted her breasts; her glance held him and for a moment warmth ran between them, and the knowledge of a swift and common thought was between them. She dropped her glance. She murmured: "Who was the woman you were talking about?"

He had to remember her name. He bent his head to think of it; her kiss was a better memory than her name. Then he remembered: "Rosalia Lind."

Her glance was cool and distant lant of you. She's a friend of your

"Just ran into her."

"As you ran into me," she mu and was displeased with him.

"What's the difference of all th said. "The day comes and the d and you'll forget you ever saw m other week." He paused. "I'll b from Sun Ranch after breakfast."

She said nothing at the moment. ing, she went to the door and stoo facing the shadows.

"No," she said. "I want you to s

"Why? What's one saddle bum r less?"

"Stay and find out," she said and back to him. "Unless the threat Bill made is enough to send you aw

He smiled, and then he laughed watched him with her eyes half She was still prying into him for his and his real character. He said, "I w run because he wanted me to, wouldn't stay because you used him at my pride. But I'll stay for my ov sons."

She showed relief; and then relief and she grew brisk with him. "Ne your reasons out. The bunkhouse across the yard. Throw your hors the small pasture behind the bunk What's your name?"

"Frank," he said. "That last ma left here—what's his name?"

"Mac," she told him. "Probabl rowed, like yours." She came ov room to him, looking up. He held h still, meeting her eyes. They were and speculative; they knew him an were puzzled with him. She said, softly, "Are Rosalia's lips as soft as women's?"

He felt the quick heat on his face had thrown him off balance, as sh been trying to do since the meeting c road. It turned him angry, but he himself in. "I've wondered about y he said.

"You'll never find out," she said suddenly left the room.

He turned down the lamp and wen the yard; starlight was a cloudy all down the heavens' slopes to the zons. He took his horse to the pasture, unsaddled and carried his back to the bunkhouse; when he ste inside he saw Theo McSween sitting a table, his hands idle on a deck of c McSween faced the door watchfully. T other men lay on the bunks, awake an terested. One of them was Carruth, was Slab, the fellow with the pock-ma face who had been bait in the She City fight, and one was new to him.

GOODNIGHT pegged his gear found a bunk. He sat on the b crouched over while he rolled a sm feeling the eyes of the others lying st ily against him. They were all the s kind of fugitive men, and they feared or distrusted him. When he lighted cigarette he saw McSween's steady, li colored stare. McSween's arms were on the table and he had pulled hin back in the chair, slightly away from table. He had dark hair turned whit the edges and he had the kind of face would catch a woman's interest and haps the kind of a tongue that could s play on a woman's weaknesses.

McSween said—and his voice was s and weighted with curiosity, "You around Tempe, Arizona?"

"No."

"Maybe," said McSween, "it was u the Horse Heaven country."

"You never saw me there," said Go night.

"Well, I've seen you somewhere."

"You're a fool for talk," said Go night. "Ask me any more fool questi and I'll slap out your teeth."

He stood up from the bunk; he too

earer the table, watching McSween's row firmer and show a decision. Mc- even grinned. "Boy," he said, re talkin' to the wrong man. If you trouble with me you can get it."

was ready to fight, but he was puz- and so stood still. Goodnight took er step, suddenly seized the edge of ble and tipped it against McSween. veen dropped his hands to knock the aside. Goodnight circled swiftly, hit veen a great blow on the side of the nd knocked him to the floor. He saw veen roll and turn and grab at his he had expected it and now he ed on McSween's wrist and bore his weight down, the sharp boot heel ing into McSween's skin. McSween out a yell and rolled against Good- 's knees. Goodnight dropped his s straight down on McSween's ribs, d the gun and rose back, waiting.

watched McSween rise from the . McSween said, "You like rough boy? Here's some—"

came at Goodnight from a low, bent- crouch, springing suddenly at Good- t's hips with his reached-out arms. dnight let him close in, took one step er as McSween's arms seized him and , before McSween came out of his ch, Goodnight brought his knee full into McSween's lowered face. The k of that knee on McSween's mouth sharp in the room. McSween's arms away and he dropped to the floor. g there, he rubbed the back of a hand his mouth and stared at the blood n away.

he three other men, Goodnight ob- ed, were watching the door; swinging nd, Goodnight discovered Virginia rman looking in from the yard.

A bunkhouse," said Goodnight, "is no e for a woman. You know that."

he had been watching part of the fight; expression of dislike was in her eyes he looked at him. Then she turned into night.

Goodnight wheeled to Bob Carruth: o hard feelings about that crack over head?"

We'll wait and see," said Carruth.

OODNIGHT ate breakfast in the din- ing room with the crew and with erman and Virginia. When he finished, moved at once into the mountain's ght light, into its thin and winy air. e rest of the crew crossed the yard and re soon in saddle, moving into the es, downgrade. McSween went with group and for a short moment Good- ht's thoughts ran fast and uncertain. McSween kept on going it would be other weary search to catch him again, t presently he made up his mind and ned away. McSween's pride would not him run. McSween would return.

Virginia came out of the dining room d saw him. She said, "Saddle up and le with me," and went on. Goodnight urned to the bunkhouse for his gear d continued to the small meadow. His rse ranged down-pasture with half a zen others, but when he drummed up signal on the gate post with the flat of s hand, the horse came out of the bunch him. He saddled and stepped aboard; d he sat through his morning exercise, e horse bucking in short stiff-legged ps, because of the goodness of the day. hen Goodnight got back to the main rd the girl was waiting for him, and set t with him across the short mountain eadow. A road split the meadow and esently reached timber. They passed into e cool twilight, going steadily upgrade.

"Where's this road go?" he asked.

"Over the mountains. The way you'll e going, I suppose. On east."

"This a way of giving me my walkin' apers?"

"No. I want you to stay. I have no hoice."

"Why?"

"You can see for yourself can't you?"

She waited for his answer. Not receiving it, she murmured, "You're a gloomy, cold man." Then she bent a little in the saddle, her glance nearer to him, and she was a moment silent. "Why?" she said. "What troubles you?"

"Maybe you'd better not ask," he said.

"Running away," she said in a smaller voice, "is a miserable thing. You'll find out you can never run far enough." She shrugged her shoulders. "Never mind. It is your business. You can see what's happening on Sun Ranch, can't you?"

"Your father seems to know what he's doing."

"MY FATHER never came here with the intention of setting up headquarters for the wild bunch. He ran his cattle and minded his business until about ten years ago. Then the desert outfits began to resent his being here, because he used the grass they'd been summer-ranging. They tried to run him out. You have seen my father. You know how he would answer. It has been a fight ever since my childhood. The hill people against Harry Ide and the other desert ranchers. My father hates all desert people and would willingly wipe them out. He is unforgiving. Perhaps he has reason to be. I have no love for the desert ranchers. They're greedy."

"All people are greedy, one way or another," said Goodnight.

She gave him a keen glance, arrested by the remark. "I wonder how deep your resentment is. You don't have the face of a lawless man. It isn't lined with evil or dissipation. Are you sure you are as disillusioned as you think?"

"Shouldn't matter to you."

"It does, very much," she told him in a completely matter-of-fact voice. "I do not admire your actions—such as I've seen of them—but I need a man like you. This country has become a jungle in which all sorts of stray and vicious beasts have sought shelter. It used to be a lovely country. All through my childhood it was a land of delight. The shadows were clean shadows, made by the mountains and the timber. It is not so now. I used to travel this road, never thinking of danger. I never ride on it any more without a gun, always expecting the worst from each bend. It is a terrible thing to do that to so clean a spot of earth."

"You were young and never saw the evil which is always around us. Now you're older and you see it."

She looked at him. "Do you like to think of it that way? Don't you want to fight it?"

He said, "I'll take on my chores but no other man's."

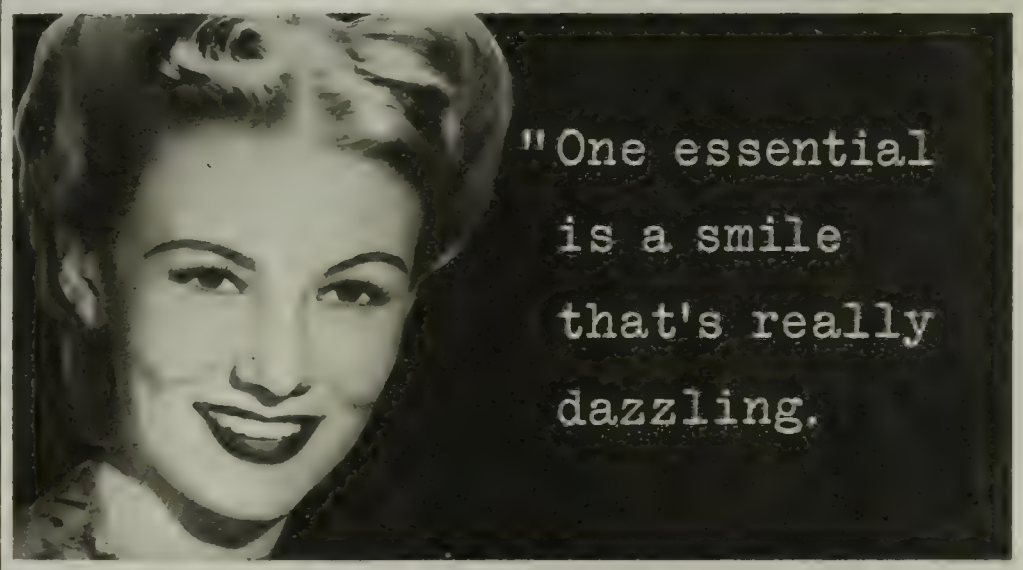
She said nothing but her attention thoughtfully remained upon him. Presently she straightened, and when he looked at her he saw that she was quietly smiling. She put her hand on his arm and coquetry danced in her eyes; it was a charm suddenly turned on. She said, "Stay and help me," and spurred her horse into a reaching canter. He followed her down the road to the meadow and along the meadow to the yard, puzzled at the change of her manner but warmed by it. As he came into the yard with her he saw Overman, Boston Bill and a third man waiting by the porch. The third man was the old fellow who had been in the alley beside Rosalia Lind's house the previous night: Old Gabe.

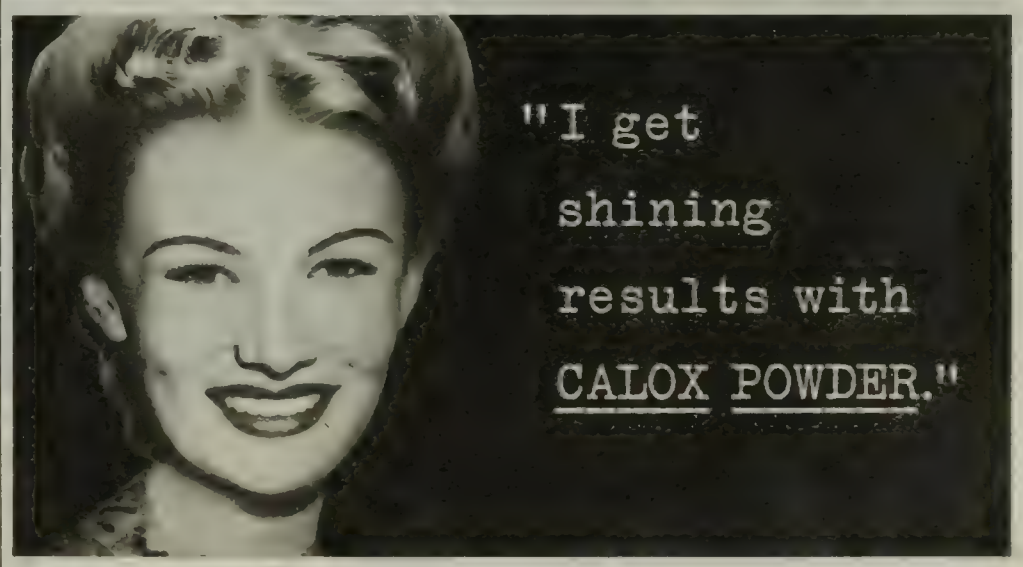
He dismounted, turned cautious; he saw the jealous suspicion in Boston Bill's blue eyes, he felt the massive temper of old Hugh boil against him. Overman said, "Daughter, I have spoken to you of riding with strangers."

Old Gabe reached into his pocket and produced a slip of paper which he handed to Goodnight. Three neat feminine lines of writing said, "Your friend has been hurt

VERONICA LAKE speaking:

Co-Starring in "SO PROUDLY WE HAIL," a Paramount Picture.





A dentist's dentifrice—

Calox was created by a dentist for persons who want *utmost brilliance* consistent with utmost gentleness. Look for these *professional* features:

1. Scrupulous cleansing. Your teeth have a notably clean *feel* after using Calox.
2. Unexcelled efficiency. Calox gently cleans away surface stains, loosens mucin plaque.
3. Especially lustrous polishing.
4. No mouth-puckering, medicine taste. Contains no strong ingredients. Even children like the cool, clean flavor.
5. Made by McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.—a laboratory with over 100 years experience in making fine drugs.

"and McKESSON makes it"

OTHER FAMOUS McKESSON PRODUCTS: BEXEL VITAMIN B CAPSULES, ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM, VODORA DEODORANT, SORETONE

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

One more wartime job for INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

INTERNATIONAL

Earthquake Express!

As soon as her giant craw is filled with gasoline from one of Boeing's International tank trucks, this new Flying Fortress will be roaring into the blue, headed for induction into the Army Air Forces. She's ready for battle . . . ready to drop tons and tons of earthquakes on enemy targets with bull's-eye precision.

International Trucks—a large fleet of them—are helping to speed the production of Flying Fortresses . . . rushing light and heavy loads from place to place in Boeing's short-flow multiple-line production system . . . fueling the big bombers by the tank-car load.

All over America pre-war Internationals—*the largest selling heavy-duty truck on the market* when civilian trucks were still being made—are hauling vital materials for war factories, rushing food and supplies to military bases and industrial centers.

New Trucks Now . . . But Don't Wait: Trucks do a gigantic job in keeping the wheels of war industry turning . . . a job so essential that the government has authorized the manufacture of a limited quantity of new heavy-duty trucks for civilians in essential occupations. *A good share of these new trucks will be Internationals.*

If you need a new truck, don't fail to get in touch with your International Branch or Deal right away for valuable help in making out you application. And don't delay!

Preventive Maintenance for Victory: Tho trucks you now have . . . for the sake of Victo keep 'em rolling! Let the truck specialists at you International Branch or Dealer keep them in ti top shape. Take advantage of the experience, th skills, the facilities of the *largest Company-owne truck service organization in the world.* Pledge you trucks to Victory.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPAN
180 North Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illino

Pledged U.S. TRUCK CONSERVATION CORPS

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

★ ★ BUILDERS OF ORDNANCE AUTOMOTIVE AND FOOD PRODUCTION EQUIPMENT FOR THE UNITED NATIONS ★

d in my house. Come to the back
oo after dark—down the alley where the
d an was."
T second sentence was to take the
dac of the signature, to remind him se-
ret of Rosalia Lind. He stood with his
ea bent, troubled as to Niles, doubting
he essage and the messenger. How had
his an come so openly upon Sun Ranch
nd ow was it he stood here now with
o ch certainty? The three men were
at ing him with their various attitudes.
ir ia watched him with a noticeable
st st.
Godnight pointed to the messenger
nd poke to Overman: "You know this
a"
"know him," said Overman.
T old man grinned his red-gummed
ir "Everybody knows me," he said.
w," he added slyly, "nobody cares
c me. If anybody cared, I'd be dead
f e now. You got an answer fur that
ri?"
'll carry my own answer down."

THE old man turned to his horse. He
mounted and rode away, lumped like
saw in the saddle, his old legs banging
sides of the horse; and so disappeared
e timber.
Goodnight folded the note and slid it
his pocket, not entirely sure of the
few moments. He said, "I've got to
town," and turned to his horse. The
ce of the three people was oppressive
nd him and when he swung to the
er and again faced them he realized
all three were debating his departure.
ear, cold antagonism had returned to
girl's face.
Are you coming back?" she asked.
Yes."
Boston Bill gave Virginia a blank look.
Why should he come back?"
We can use another set of hands."
You've got plenty to call on," he re-
ded her.
Sun Ranch hires its own crew, Bill."
So far we've gotten along," he said.
here when you want me."
he lifted her head, she straightened and
her voice on him, even and definite:
n't interfere."
Boston Bill flushed. He still had his an-
and wanted to use it. But he was some-
held back, as though he desired no
rrel with her; and at last he managed
aceful gesture. "Only trying to help.
After all, what do you know of this man?" He swung on Overman as he asked the question. Overman, Goodnight observed, was solemn and aloof and would not come into the argument. Goodnight knew then he would have no protest on his departure and swung around toward the meadow. Boston Bill's voice followed him, "I'll ride with you, friend," and in a moment Bill trotted abreast. Looking behind, Goodnight saw the girl poised watchfully in the middle of the yard.

The two men passed shortly into trees, dropping downgrade. Goodnight looked at Boston Bill.

"Get it off your chest."

"What takes you to town?"

"That's my business."

"Sure—sure," said Boston Bill, resentment singing in his voice. "My friend, I misjudged you yesterday. I figured you for one more bum. I see now you're able to take care of yourself. That's perfectly agreeable to me, but I just want to make sure you stay out of my business. You do that much and I'll keep clear of you."

"Say the rest of it," said Goodnight.

Boston Bill gave Goodnight the benefit of his hard blue eyes. "The rest of it is that you've been bumping into me and I have not called you. Thereby you may be misjudging me. I don't believe you know my style. I'm not one to go harum-scarum into a fight. I never fight except for a purpose. So far you have not really provided me with a purpose. If you ever do I shall certainly fight you."

"You could have said it in less time," observed Goodnight.

Boston Bill showed him a thin smile. "You have never run into a man like me and therefore you misjudge me. I'd suggest you leave the Sun outfit."

"I'll be going back there," said Goodnight.

"I hold your future in the palm of my hand," pointed out Boston Bill reasonably. "If I ever swung the old man against you, you'd never live to leave the place."

"You've tried," said Goodnight, "and no luck."

Boston Bill halted his horse and swung it, directly facing Goodnight. He was alert and he was angry, but he continued his cool way of handling Goodnight; his mind controlled his temper. This man, Goodnight understood, was not the kind of fighter and not the kind of simple bad one with which he was familiar. Looking into the man's eyes Goodnight had an odd feeling that he saw there in the coolness and the brightness the dull shadow of something ruined and dying. This man had an education and came from a good place; but he was here now, far below his station, somehow corrupted.

He said to Boston Bill, gravely, with deliberation, "Only one thing I'm not sure of about you. Whether you'd give a man warning or crack him from behind."

Boston Bill's ruddy cheeks showed a sharper color at once and the anger in him slipped its control and shaped his face with arrogance. He searched for an answer to that charge but apparently the streak of fatalism in him knocked the answer aside. Turning, he rode back toward the ranch.

GOODNIGHT left Sun Ranch around ten o'clock. Running downgrade, now on the road and now in the shelter of the timber, he reached the break of the hills—with the housetops of Sherman City below him—near four. It was still three hours until sundown and although the message from Rosalia Lind was urgent enough to make him restless, he could not shake away his suspicion; therefore he made a wide detour to avoid entering town from the upper side and presently cut the road which led out upon the prairie. Dropping back to the trees he sat against a pine until the sun fell and the shadows began their inward night tide. He rose and crossed the road, coming upon Sherman City from the lower end. Reaching the old shanty where he had met Niles the night before, he left his horse and walked behind the line of buildings.

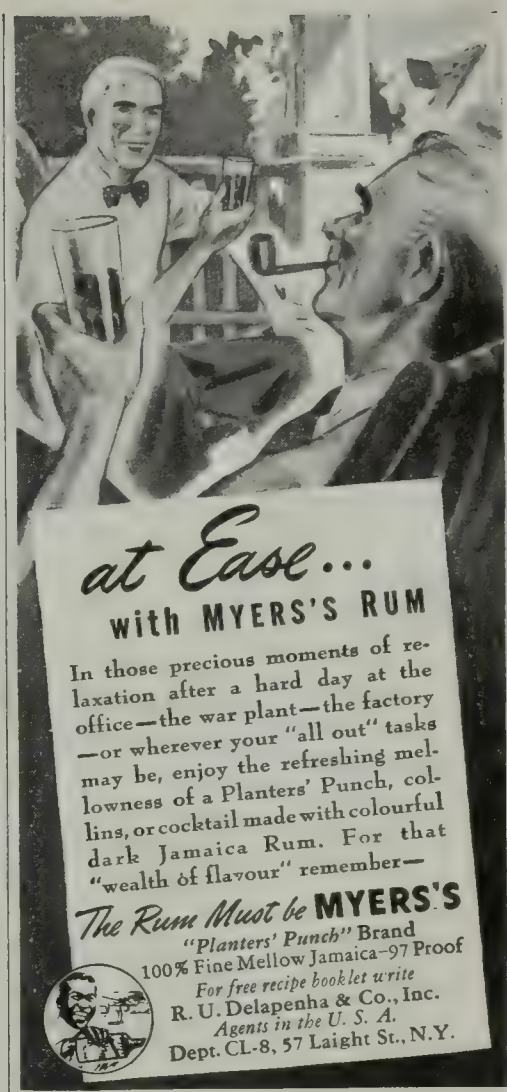
He came to the rear of Rosalia Lind's house and he stood well covered by the darkness of the house adjoining. A light came through her window and painted its dim yellow cone on the muddy night. He stood still, watching the window and then he noticed that the back door of the house stood open; and as he watched this, the light went out and he heard a voice grumble, "What's the matter?"

It sounded like Niles Brand's voice. He moved through the yard toward the door; he came soft-footed across the small back porch and found a shape in the doorway. He took one step aside, still keyed to danger, and then he saw Rosalia's face move forward. She whispered something under her breath and her hand reached to him and drew him in. There was a complete darkness in the house, and the sound of a man's heavy breathing, and then he heard Niles speak again: "Where'd you go to?"

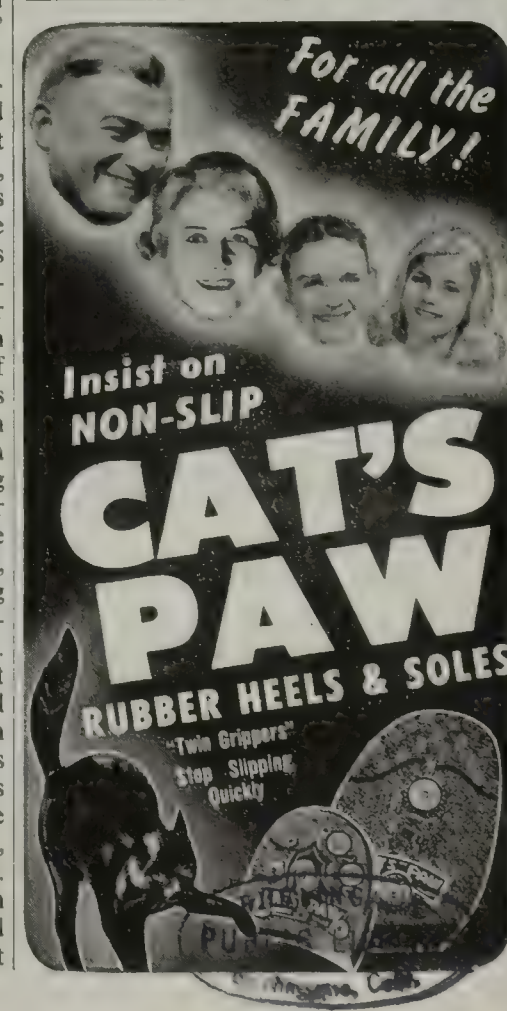
SHE still held Goodnight's arm, the pressure of her fingers speaking for her and her presence sending its warmth against him. She waited there, saying nothing, arresting him with the unseen sweetness that came so powerfully out of her. He put his arms around her and felt her lips come up quick and eager. It was like falling into softness, through layer upon layer of softness, all of it closing about him warm and painfully good. The feeling of it was a sustained wave through him, this same goodness without shame; and when he stepped back he heard her let out a small sigh and he thought she was smiling although he saw nothing of her face. Her finger tips brushed across his lips and she swayed until she was against him again, whispering into his ear: "I've been waiting for you." She pulled away and in a moment found a match and lighted a lamp.

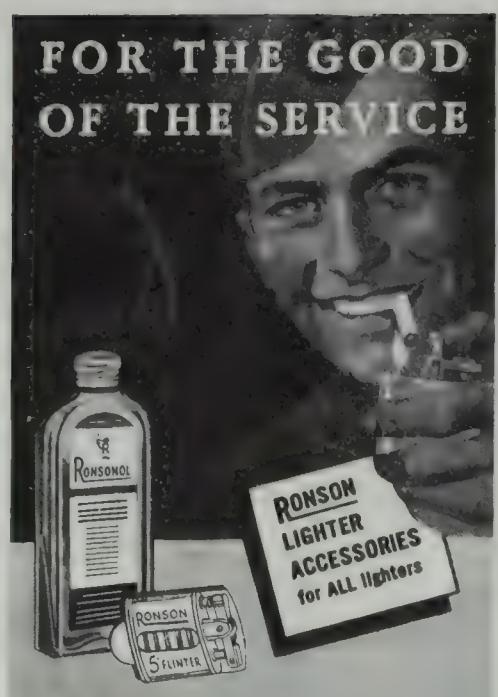
He closed the rear door, standing against it, watching her go about the room to pull down the window shades. She faced him over the room's length; he saw happiness shape her lips, he saw the glow of her eyes as she watched him and remembered the kiss. Light and shadows lay against her, darkening her eyes, rounding her shape. Her lips moved slightly, speaking to him without sound and she turned lovely and alive before him. She moved her head at

"I have a device that makes it possible to walk in a blackout"
COLLIER'S LEO GAREL


at Ease...
with MYERS'S RUM
In those precious moments of relaxation after a hard day at the office—the war plant—the factory—or wherever your "all out" tasks may be, enjoy the refreshing mellowness of a Planters' Punch, collins, or cocktail made with colourful dark Jamaica Rum. For that "wealth of flavour" remember—
The Rum Must be MYERS'S
"Planters' Punch" Brand
100% Fine Mellow Jamaica—97 Proof
For free recipe booklet write
R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc.
Agents in the U. S. A.
Dept. CL-8, 57 Laight St., N.Y.

TRUCKING TO TUNIS
Because MARLIN BLADES are popular in the armed forces, we suggest—make *yours* last longer!
THE MARLIN FIREARMS CO.





AVOID INFERIOR IMITATIONS

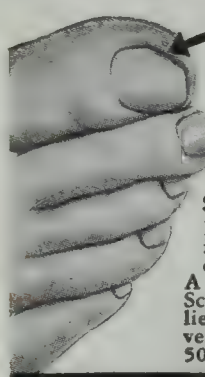
ASK FOR

RONSON REDSKIN 'FLINTS'. The distinctive **'REDSKIN'** coating is your guarantee of high quality—extra length, tempered hardness, showers of sure-fire sparks, freedom from powdering and from other deterioration.

RONSONOL Fuel—quick lighting, clean burning. **RONSON Wicks**—high absorption, long service.

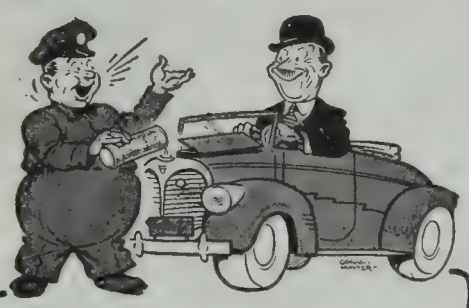
If your RONSON needs attention, send it to RONSON (Service Dept., Newark 2, N. J.) for servicing at minimum cost.

RONSON
LIGHTER ACCESSORIES
by RONSON, World's Greatest Lighter



Painful
TOE NAIL GROOVE
Inflamed, Irritated, Sore or Calloused Here?
Pressure of the great toe nail into the sensitive nail groove causes this painful foot trouble. A few drops of soothing Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL quickly relieves soreness, pain; helps prevent infection; aids healing. Only 50c at Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores.

Dr Scholl's ONIXOL



CLEANS RUST OUT OF RADIATORS

Dissolves rust and scale quickly, safely. Requires no reverse flushing. It stops overheating. Increases engine efficiency, also saves gas and oil.

DU PONT
Cooling System
CLEANSER

the open door of another room. "In there."

It was a bedroom, with Niles Brand lying on the bed. A harness of cloth, looped around his neck and around his chest, anchored a bandage against his left side. He had one arm thrown back over his head, grasping the bedpost. He said to Goodnight, "Nice weather, pilgrim," and tried to grin away the hurt of his injury.

"Bullet?" asked Goodnight. "Where'd it land? Who did it?"

"Shaved a rib, or broke a rib—or somethin' like that. I was crossin' the street from the stable. The thing plowed downward across my flank. So it was fired from above me. I was facin' the hotel. So it came from the hotel, second floor. That's all I know about it. I told you this was a queer town. This girl and an old guy with whiskers pulled me off the street." He looked at her. "What did you bother for?"

She stood by the bed, her manner of dark assurance returning. "You're this man's friend, aren't you?"

"That's the reason?" Brand asked, in a puzzled tone; and he looked at her close and carefully. She was a mystery to him, not smiling at him and making no attempt to please him. She had helped him, but the help was not for him. He saw that and shrugged his shoulders, and the shrug brought on a fresh stab of agony in his side. He bared his teeth and gripped the bedpost more tightly. "Give me two or three days, Frank. But meanwhile, where do I hang out?"

"Here," said the girl. "You're safe here. Nobody would dare touch you in my house."

"You big enough to hold 'em away?"

She showed both men a lift of her chin and an imperious gesture with her hand. "You're safe here."

Goodnight said, "No reason for you to be potted, Niles, unless somebody knows you are tied up with me."

"That was known half an hour after you came," said the girl.

Niles gave her a bright-sharp stare. "You got your fingers on a lot of things."

"Two men riding into Sherman City, a day or two apart, would be suspected. This place is full of men who know all the tricks. You couldn't fool them. I know who shot you. I know why. I know more than that. You stay here until you can take care of yourself. It will be a week, and not two or three days."

Goodnight said, "If you're safe here, I'll have to duck back into the hills."

"You find out anything?"

"Yes," said Goodnight. "It's only a question of time."

Niles said in a gritty voice, "Do it and be done with it."

THE girl stepped from the room, both men listening to her footsteps recede toward the rear of the house. Goodnight bent down, murmuring, "He's on Sun Ranch. He won't run. I'm going back there. When you're ready to ride, ride back home."

"You fool," said Niles, "you think you can get out of here alone? We're both in trouble. I don't think we could ride out if we wanted. It's—" he scowled at the ceiling, seeking words, and added, "just too many things workin' too many funny ways."

The girl came back with a drink of water. She stood over him, supporting the glass while he drank. Water spilled down his bare chest and he squirmed on the bed and tried to smile again. "Remember how a cow tries to get out of quicksand, Frank? Same thing. We're in quicksand. Maybe you could turn down that light. Believe I might be able to sleep. Sorry I got your bed, lady."

She took up the lamp and moved from the room with it, Goodnight behind her. She put the lamp on a table, turned down the wick, and swung to face him; all her austere self-possession went away in that one moment, leaving her a beggar waiting his nod, his word, his summons. Heat lay heavy in the house, swelling through him; he dropped his head, thinking of the suddenness of their meeting and the rashness of his first impulse toward her. And he wondered now at the strange things she did to him, making the moments sharp and all his appetites keen. She brought him back to his older days of carefree thinking, when all the world had been good. She brought that back.

She came across the room, touching his arm, moving with him back through the house and out to the rear porch. She sat down in the deep shadows, pulling him beside her. Her voice dropped low: "You're safe on this porch, Frank. There are three men in those shadows. Nobody could get into this back yard."

"I got in."

"You were permitted in," she told him softly.

"Odd thing."

"Not odd. My father started this town and left many friends when he died. You're walking on my ground, anywhere you walk in Sherman City. I have men who'd never let you leave here, if I said so. Perhaps," and her voice held its secret amusement, "I'll have them keep you here. What are you going to do now?"

"Back into the hills."

SHE remained silent over a long period, bent forward, her arms across her knees. She looked into the darkness, indrawn and sober.

"Go there," she said slowly, "and you'll never get out of trouble."

"Why?" he asked again.

Her voice stiffened. "Do as I tell you. Isn't that enough for you to know?"

He rose and stood close beside her, smiling through the shadows at her. He denied her authority over him with a smooth murmur:

"So long until I see you again."

He laid his hand under her chin, lifting it. He bent and kissed her. She pulled back from him, staring at his face. "Ah," she sighed, "how funny. The men I like are all headstrong. Why is that? Do you hate a woman giving you orders?"

"No," he said. "I've got to go back. That's all there's to it."

"Not tonight," she whispered. "Not tonight."

"Be good to Niles."

She said, "I could lift my voice now, and you'd never leave town."

He ceased to smile. He said, "Don't interfere."

She stared at him a long while, troubled for him and angry with him and yet drawn to him; and at last she shrugged her shoulders.

"So long," she said. She watched him swing from the porch and cross the yard; she watched him disappear in the shadows and she listened to his footfalls die sudden-out. She drew a long breath and put a hand on a breast and pressed it tight, and turned into the house.

Goodnight reached his horse and made the wide circle of town again. When he got into the timber he traced his way to the main road and rode slowly.

He was five miles into the hills when he heard the first rumor of another rider in the night, coming behind. He turned off the road and waited until the man went by at a punishing pace. He stood still, realizing that his own dust wake must have been a warning to that rider; but the rider's echo was a steady abrasion in the night, presently dying. Goodnight swung back to the road.

Midnight brought him to the mouth of a canyon somehow familiar and shortly he recognized his previous night's camp spot, whereby Virginia Overman had met him; and he was here when he caught the first distant break of guns.

This was from higher away, from the Sun Ranch meadow; and these sh and came down to him with th wind, making faint flutters in the was in the notch of the canyon, t rough walls holding him strictly road.

He had half a mile of this, a membered, and urged the flaggin to a quicker pace. The firing staye not heavy volleys, but as spotted sh lowing one another at intervals.

Halfway up the canyon, with a mile still to go before reaching the of the timber, he heard the firing a silence made hollow by the racke had gone before; and after that he the on-traveling murmur of hors was still trapped in the canyon ar brought down his spurs, sorry for hi as he did so. The horse jumped dispirited run, its shoes striking against the rocky underfooting of th the canyon wall began to drop Ahead of him a ragged burst of broke the lull, the last rear-guard ac the fight, and then that ceased and party ran at him.

He looked anxiously at the sha bank to either side and knew he cou yet climb from the road; nor had h now to turn and run, for the head oncoming column was a vague moti fore him. Someone in that party sh "Harry, hold it," but the column ca at an easy run. Goodnight shov horse flat against the left-hand bank to be absorbed in the black shadows He heard the man cry again, "I can't it, Harry."

The column was dead on him, sla ing speed. It ran abreast of him, the est rider within arm's reach. Sor said, "Hold up," and the column and turned back upon itself; one swung about, his stirrup touching G night's stirrup. "Who's hit?" said tha

"Me," said a voice in a steady f tone. "I can't make it back. I—"

"Grab him before he falls," sai voice.

"Come up—come up," said the hur and after that Goodnight watch shadow waver and sink away. He the man strike ground and grunt. column turned into a close bunch and got down, working their way throug horses.

"Dead?" said the voice.

"No," said somebody.

"Yes," another voice added.

"Who is it?"

"Charley Tevis."

Goodnight found himself boxed ag the wall of the canyon, a rider cross before him, a rider behind him. When group moved on again he would be i current, moving with it and unabl break clear of it without being obse The collection of men and horses ch this narrow way, swaying in confused tion, men riding back and forth restle

A rider drifted forward from the he came coasting up beside Goodn He bent nearer Goodnight. "Match?

"No," said Goodnight.

Harry Ide was speaking again to men around him. They had the man on a horse, tied to the saddle. "Th enough," Ide said. "Let's go."

GOODNIGHT delayed until the so of the last rider had dropped t scuffling murmur. Thereafter, he tur upgrade again and came presently to head of the canyon.

The road at this point reached l ground, passed through a short belt timber, and came upon the meadow of Ranch; and in that belt of timber, he knew, some of the Sun Ranch crew wo be stationed, waiting for trouble. He the road and cut a considerable cir reaching the meadow at a distance fr the house. There was a light inside house and as he watched he saw a d come open and men move awkwar

A
Collier's

SEPTEMBER 11, 1943 TEN CENTS

© THE CROWELL COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

DO NOT CUT, TEAR OR DEFACE BOOKS OR MAGAZINES.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERWIN BLUMENFELD

The Truth About Our Oil Supply
BY FRANK B. TAYLOR

SICILY WASN'T EASY
Radioed from the Figh
QUE

Quiet Please—
A Young Man is deep in Thought.
An Eager Mind is Growing,
A Character is Taking Shape.

And we see him a Man whose Wisdom and Understanding show in his Smile—a Smile that owes much to Ipana and Massage!

HERE IS AMERICA! Here is the future of our country! For in this small boy, and in millions of youngsters like him, lies the promise of fulfillment of all our hopes, our plans, our dreams!

Thoughtful teachers and devoted parents have given America's children every advantage of health and education—have prepared them to face their future—strong and happy and *smiling*.

Yes, *smiling!* For even their smiles have the best of care. Today, in classrooms all over the land, youngsters are being taught a lesson many parents have yet to learn—the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

These young Americans know that today's soft foods rob our gums of work and stimulation. They know why gums tend to become soft, tender . . . often signal their sensitiveness with a warning tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush . . . *see your dentist right away*. He may simply say your gums have become tender because of today's soft foods. And, like many modern dentists, he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the health of the gums as well. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Adopt the sensible, modern dental health routine of Ipana and massage—for firmer gums, brighter teeth, a sparkling smile!

Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

VICTOR RECORD GUIDE

HEAR THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ON VICTOR RED SEAL RECORDS

Werner Janssen conducts the Janssen Symphony of Los Angeles in a deft and dramatic performance of Beethoven's great "Jena" Symphony—a work which had been lost until 1909 when it was discovered in Jena. This is its first recording in America.
Album DM-946 (or M-946)..$3.50*

Swarthout sings "Bless This House." With simple and touching sincerity, Gladys Swarthout sings one of the best-loved songs in her repertoire, "Bless This House." Then, with equal charm, she sings for you "Ah, Love, But a Day" —a Browning poem set to music.
Victor Red Seal Record 10-1050, 75¢*

A song program sung by James Melton. Eight grand old songs you love have been recorded by the rich tenor voice of James Melton. They include Miranda; A Ballynure Ballad; The Low Backed Car; The Little Irish Girl; Mah Lindy Lou; Kitty, Me Love, Will You Marry Me?
Album M-947.....$2.75*

Just released!

Prelude and **Hula** (Dai-keong Lee). National Symphony Orchestra, Hans Kindler, Conductor.
Victor Red Seal Record 11-8452, $1.00*

Don Quichotte Suite (Telemann). The Arthur Fiedler Sinfonietta, Arthur Fiedler, Conductor; Erwin Bodky, Harpsichordist.
Album DM-945 (or M-945)...$2.50*

Scherzo from Symphony No. 2 (Vierne) and **Toccata** (Thou Art the Rock) (Mulet). Virgil Fox, Organist.
Victor Red Seal Record 11-8467, $1.00*

Suggested list prices exclusive of excise tax

To help us make new Victor Records, sell your old ones to your dealer!

BUY WAR BONDS EVERY PAY DAY

TUNE IN! RCA's "What's New?"

—a full hour of sparkling radio entertainment every Saturday 7 to 8 p.m., EWT, Blue Network

RCA

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
W. B. COURTNEY	European War Theater
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Russia and Far East
KYLE CRICHTON	Articles
HERBERT ASBURY	Articles
DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
ALLEN MARPLE	Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Articles
HENRY L. JACKSON	Wearables
WM O. CHESSMAN	Art
CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AMY PORTER	Articles
GEORGE CREEL	Washington
WILLIAM HILLMAN	Washington
FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
FRANK GERVASI	Middle East War Theater
JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
GRATTAN O'LEARY	Ottawa
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
U. L. CALVOSA	Photographs
GEORGE DE ZAYAS	Hollywood
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

ANY WEEK

AN ARMY AIR FORCE sergeant notifies us that a flying colonel addressed a flying captain thus: "Captain, you are to go on tomorrow morning's sortie. Briefing at five A. M. I do hope you will manage to interrupt your literary efforts, writing your book of your personal experiences, long enough to fly with us. This sortie may give you some very sensational material."

A LADY we know, who is having a pretty nasty time keeping servants in the house, told us about a cook she hasn't got any more. The cook was Irish and well recommended. One day madame came home with three pounds of sausages, displayed them triumphantly to the new cook. But the latter was not impressed. "They'll not go far in a family the size of yours, madame," said she. Nevertheless, she was told to cook them for dinner on the following Saturday night. On that night the cook brought in the sausages, five of them, well cooked. As there were six persons at the table they represented something of a problem. Madame went to the kitchen, reminded the cook that there had been three pounds 'Wasn't I tellin' you," said the cook, "that they'd not go far in a family the size of yours? There was hardly enough for meself."

MOREOVER, we're still getting quite a few letters from servicemen deploring the commuting of the hanging sentence of Max Stephan, the Detroit restaurant proprietor who was convicted of treason. We aren't eager to continue the controversy but we have one from a soldier that warrants quotation. "Here in the Army we're taught to kill without mercy," writes he. "On the home front a lot of pot-bellied softies plead for the life of a man whose deed was more dangerous than anything the enemy soldier offers. The government condones the treachery of a Teutonic parasite posing as an American citizen but trains us to kill men who have the honesty to be our enemies in the open. If I remember right, the German democrats were merciful to a little beer-hall plotster they should have shot for treason. And look what happened."

MRS. ERNESTINE P. BULLWINE of Chicago, Illinois, has withdrawn her support of Vice-President Wallace. She says that she has always respected Mr. Wallace as a "true friend of President Roosevelt and not one to bear a grudge even if the President did fire him from his job with the BEW." But now, Mrs. Bullwine finds that "Mr. Wallace has been out this way making speeches in favor of the old-style New Deal and, in a roundabout way which I do not like, asking people to elect Mr. Roosevelt for a fourth term. This coming from Mr. Wallace will do Mr. Roosevelt no good and we friends of the President resent it."

THIS just goes to show you that when something is published in this magazine, it's not forgotten. It's different with other magazines although we won't go into that. We're modest that way. For example, 'way back in the misty past we published a piece about Army chow. Therein it was told that in the ration of the Yankee soldier in the War Between the States, as we always call it, there was an issue of one gallon of vinegar. A great many people read that, said, "Well, well," and passed on to other remarkable facts with which, as we remember it, that issue of Collier's was rife—as usual But Mr. Everett G. Reid of Howell, Michigan, was not to be distracted so easily. Since then he has read volumes of history and has triumphed. "I find," writes he, "that they used the vinegar to boil the meat of a cow which they had stolen. They dipped the meat in vinegar for as long as it lasted, by which means the meat was kept fresh I have a lot of vinegar. Do you happen to know of any secessionist who has a cow?"

THE latest political innovation suggested to this office comes from Mr John J. Nuffelt of Seattle, Washington Mr. Nuffelt wants nobody in public office older than twenty-five. "They can't do any worse than their elders," thinks Mr. Nuffelt. "Also, the mistakes they will certainly make will be bright, fresh ones and not the same old corn." . . . W. D

Vol. 112, No. 11 Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1943, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

Collier

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publ
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Edit
JEROME ELLISON Managing

THIS W

SEPTEMBER 1

SHORT STORIES

GALE WILHELM
A Lot of Questions. But sor boy knows when not to ask th

MacKINLAY KANTOR
Miracle from Heaven. His co something more than the retur

MOSSER MAUGER
The Virgin and the Dynamo. commentator take time out for

MARK HAGER
Granny, Git Your Gun. She jus some soldiers and shoot one sh

THE SHORT SHORT ST
Poor Tonton, by David Davidso

SERIAL STORIES

ERNEST HAYCOX
The Wild Bunch. The third of

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Corner of Heaven. The sixth of

ARTICLES

FRANK B. TAYLOR
The Truth About Our Oil Suppl serves are good for twelve ye about the future?

DREW and LEON PEARS
The V.P.'s Victory Garden. Wa kept Henry Wallace's hands o

STANLEY FRANK
Brough is Rough. But Louise ma our next national women's tenr

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Sicily Wasn't Easy. If you thin asking one of the men who we

ROY PINNEY
Worrywart Wehrmacht. Our era no punches in giving the boys

CHARLES DEXTER
Mr. Brooklyn Goes to Bat. Leo his ups and downs—hero one da next.

JIM MARSHALL
Going Up. Pioneer exploration sphere makes it possible for fast to fly above the weather.

•

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World

WING TALK.

DAVID O. WOODBURY
Your Life Tomorrow.

THE WEEK'S WORK.

THE GUILTY (Arthur Seyss
Profile of Axis Terrorist No. 6.

EDITORIALS
Simple Taxes, Please.
Let Both Sides Be Heard.
Better Ration Rail Travel.

COVER ERWIN BL

n Venezuelan Oil Fields, Oil-Resistant SYNTHETIC RUBBER lasts 10 times longer!

HIS is a story that begins back in 1939, two years before Pearl Harbor had rned America's thoughts to synthetic bber. The scene is Venezuela, in one of e world's richest oil fields.

wn there, oil men were having con-nt trouble with a small but essential bber fitting, known as a slush pump lve insert, used on every well. Even nen made from the finest natural rub-r, these inserts were failing after a few urs' service — due to the highly abra-e nature of the sand-oil mixture circu-ed through the slush pumps, extreme at, and the natural disintegrating effect oil upon rubber.

A large manufacturer of oil field specialties brought this problem to Goodyear. Laboratory experiments indicated that a valve insert made of Chemigum-N — the oil-resistant type of synthetic rubber patented by Goodyear in 1927 — would give better results. But the customer wanted proof in the field.

CHEMIGUM

Accordingly a year's test was made by the customer in the Venezuelan oil fields. At its conclusion a Chemigum insert had been developed that averaged *ten* times longer service, under these exceptionally severe conditions, than the best natural rubber product. Today Chemigum slush pump inserts are giving similar performance all over the world.

The "know-how" that produced a superior oil-resistant synthetic rubber for this difficult service — *two years before the war* — explains why Chemigum-N is now used for so many military products where resistance to oil is essential. When peace comes, both industry and the public are going to have many new Goodyear products built of Chemigum that will excel the best natural rubber in many ways.

Chemigum (pronounced Kem-e-gum) —T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

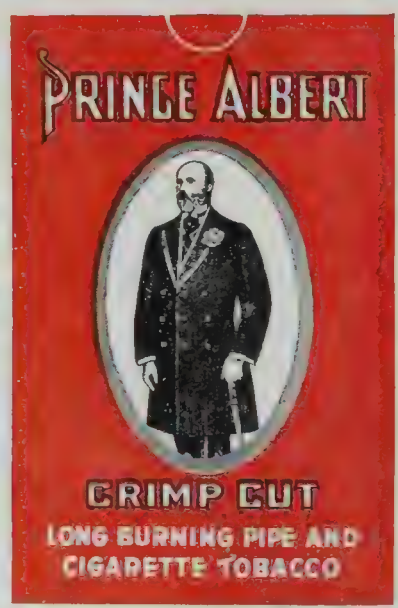
GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

Life smiles on the man with

*Pipe Appeal

BLONDE or brunette—they prefer the man who smokes a pipe! But don't let 'em down! Follow through—with true PIPE APPEAL! Put Prince Albert in the bowl. FRAGRANCE to *keep* 'em smiling—on a date—at home—in the office—anywhere. GOOD TASTE to keep *you* smiling—rich taste, yet *mild* and *mellow,* easy on your tongue. P. A. is no-bite treated, crimp cut—the world's largest seller. Keep 'em smiling with Prince Albert Tobacco—PIPE APPEAL for all!



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

*PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

70 fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

IT'S THE NO-BITE SMOKE — THE RICH TASTE COMES THROUGH MILDLY!

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

A new liquid white enamel, applied and removed like nail polish, is used to coat teeth and give them a uniform and glossy appearance.

Most banks make no profit carrying ration stamp accounts, being obliged to operate approximately at cost for the OPA, which regulates and pays for the service. In some banks, this business is tremendous, one in New York City, the Manufacturers Trust Company, handling stamps and checks that represent an average of 243,700,000 points a week.

The microhardness scale of the National Bureau of Standards, recently computed by a new and highly precise method of measurement, gives these degrees of hardness to the world's four hardest substances: diamond 6,500, boron carbide 2,300, carborundum 2,150, and sapphire 1,900.

While the United States has become an industrial nation, the proportion of its land devoted to farming has increased from 15.6 per cent in 1850 to 55.7 per cent in 1940.—*By George Stuart, Camp Wheeler, Georgia.*

The largest sum of money ever sent by telegraph money order in the United States was the $250,000 paid by Western Union to a New Yorker in 1932.—*By Lila Lee, New York City.*

In the past four years, Axis submarines and warplanes have made more than 40 attacks on Allied hospital ships, severely damaging or sinking many of them, although they were painted white and marked with large red crosses in accordance with the Geneva Convention. In several cases, these outrages were followed by the machine-gunning of survivors in boats.

Every American battleship has at least 30 radio operators sending and receiving messages on each watch. . . . Between 1900 and 1940, the number of drugs and medicines for sale in this country has increased from 3,000 to nearly 100,000. . . .

Human quadruplets may b in any of 22 combinations, s two pairs of identical girls, identical boys and a girl or tw tical girls and two fraternal One of the rarest of the combin is four fraternal boys; such a occurred in a family named cone on a farm near Beau Texas, on October 31, 1929.

When called upon to transp many as 60,000 soldiers and al equipment in a single troop ment, the largest so far, Am railroads were obliged to use passenger cars, 3,600 freight ca 330 baggage cars, the last grou ing employed as kitchens.—*By sign Jack Ormsbee, Boston, Ma*

A New York City apartmen cant and with no prospects of rented owing to its size, cann made into smaller apartment cause the cost would be abou times the ceiling of $1,000 whic been placed on a building alter Occupying three floors, this contains 54 rooms, 17 baths, 31 ets, 68 house telephones, a 10 bottle wine safe, a dining ha accommodate 200 guests and a refrigerated vault for the storag flowers for parties.

Since 1928, the Archives of Ar can Folk Song in the Librar Congress have made and prese recordings of more than 25,000 songs created by and characte of various cultural groups of country, among them being cowb "hillbillies," Indians, Creoles Negroes.

Eire is the only neutral cou now operating an airline to Engl . . . One firm that is not listed in *& Bradstreet* is Dun & Bradstreet The British not only rescued 202 of their own soldiers at Dunker but also saved 123,000 Frenchmen

Five dollars will be paid for each intere or unusual fact accepted for this col Contributions must be accompanied by factory proof. Address Keep Up with World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighte Collier's, The National Weekly. None of items may be reproduced without express mission of the publisher

Ve never knew till now how much enjoyment i FM radio-phonograph could give us!"

car's in the garage. Shoe leather is scarcer. ybody's staying home more now—and it's turn- out to be fun!

nd you are doubly fortunate if you own a General tric FM radio-phonograph.

his electronic instrument is two instruments in You flick a button, and in comes the news of world, a play, a comedy, a symphony orchestra, nce band.

our mood changes. You want another kind of xation. So you flick another button, put on the rds, settle back, and the *permanent* treasures of world's music are at your command.

What endless hours of delight await you then! The great symphonies of Beethoven, Brahms, Schumann. Glimpses into fairyland on children's records — the story of Red Riding Hood, and Babar, and Sleeping Beauty. Gems of jazz, and historic moments such as Congress' Declaration of War.

All the inspiration, the entertainment of recorded music, plus the eventful happenings of our day — in one glorious instrument!

General Electric is building radio for military purposes alone now. But after Victory, the General Electric radio-phonograph with FM (Frequency Modulation) will be available to every one, at a modest and reasonable price. It will be a finer instrument than ever before, because of wartime developments in the science of electronics.

FREE: Send for the fascinating 32-page book in full color: "Electronics—a New Science for a New World." Tells the story of FM radio. Hundreds of thousands of copies have been printed. Write for a copy to *Electronics Department, General Electric, Schenectady, New York.*

Tune in "The World Today" *and hear the news direct from the men who see it happen, every evening except Sunday at 6:45 E. W. T. over CBS. On Sunday listen to "The Hour of Charm" at 10 P. M. E. W. T. over NBC. Buy War Bonds today for the better things of tomorrow—including a G-E FM radio.*

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Leader in radio, television, and electronic research

170-810

Every General Electric radio is an electronic instrument

Radio is a product of electronic research. The newest kind of radio is FM (Frequency Modulation) which brings you "Natural Color" reception—with all the *overtones* that you miss in conventional radio.

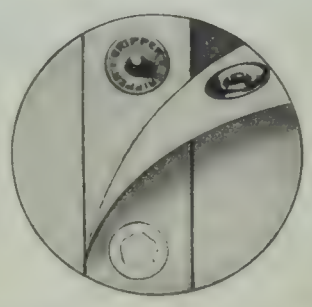
Button-bother has me sore . . . has me

buyin' bonds for war! . . . bonds for guns

and planes and tanks . . . to bring

back GRIPPERS . . . and the Yanks!

Don't forget . . . Gripper fasteners will be back on a greater variety of merchandise than ever when the war is over. Until then all our equipment is working for the government producing vital war materials.



GRIPPER* FASTENERS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**The snap fastener that ends "button-bother"*

MADE BY SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, WATERBURY, CONN. · AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF SNAP FASTENERS

WING TALK

BRITISH

"Today's fliers," says Brig. Gen. Ira Eaker, "think about the war they're in." Here the general talks to men back from a mission

AN EIGHTH AIR FORCE STATION IN ENGLAND: The biggest skip in your heartbeat when you live at a combat airfield—that special thump behind your ribs—comes when you see all the "combat kids" of a station, officers and men, gathered to meet their top man, General Eaker. There are homely boys and handsome, tall boys and short, eagle-beaked Westerners, sultry-eyed Southerners, cod-cheeked Down Easterners, all having in their faces the common qualities of alertness, intelligence, thoughtful enthusiasm and abundant health. In their wholesomeness lies no sign of education in mass death and devastation. They don't have to be brutalized, as you've seen otherwise nice young Germans brutalized. These lads aren't killers. They're highly skilled young professional men of the first wholly technological war. Their particular importance is that they're only Yanks who have not yet carried the fight to German home soil. They with their comrades of the R.A.F. are one of the chief reasons why Germany has lost this war. They are indeed America's secret weapon—forged in American homes by American mothers and fathers, who can be proud of them.

General Eaker, as he climbs back into his fast plane (he is as hot a pilot as any youngster in his force), seems deeply moved by what he saw in all the young faces. He comments upon one significant difference between today's boys and those of the last war: "These boys *think* about the war they're in."

THERE are other differences which a general can know only by hearsay, because naturally he can't enjoy certain vantage points into which you—lacking stars, bars, and dignity—can go. Today's Yanks in England didn't come over, as most of us did a quarter of a century ago, to a tea party with chips on our shoulders. Perhaps it is because they're a full generation away from old-fashioned history books. More likely it is because the famous traditional international comradery of flying men—of which the co-operation between General Eaker and Air Marshal Harris is the outstanding example—has set the tonic for all branches. But intraservice black eyes have diminished like the U-boat menace.

Not that there isn't a good deal of healthy give and take. A couple of Yank fliers wandered into a pub recently. "Hi, Yank!" called a Briton over his evening's second beer. "Did you hear abo new book one of our generals in has written? How Green Was My it's called."

The Yanks stared at each other i prise. Then one remarked loudly, how quickly these Russians pick up lish!"

SO THOSE shiners, busted collarb skinned elbows, bloody noses, spr thumbs and gimpy knees you see at air stations don't mean differences of ions with comrades in arms. They're "pub crawling," a national sport by w the English achieved a combination o best features of indoor and outdoo ercise. It means progressing, usually bike, from pub to pub in the course c evening's sociability. In peacetime y see people in evening dress pedaling convivial rounds. Yanks have take this sport with gusto—but with one d back. We are not a bicycle-conscious tion. Many Yanks never rode bikes they came here. But even those who experienced get into jams. Bicycles G. I. for Yanks and also can be bough rented, but they're English types brakes on the handle bars. When tro looms, a Yank instinctively presses b on a pedal, only at the last instant rem bering the handle bars; then he applies brakes with desperate suddenness. bike stops, the Yank doesn't. Eng farmers spend their evenings pick Yanks out of ditches, hedgerows and fr behind stone walls. Airfield command overlooking daily sick reports, wish fli had checked out with bikes as well planes before leaving home. The lone s vivor of the General Andrews crash Iceland had been released from hospita zation due to a bike accident just befo the ill-fated take-off.

England's country pubs are not saloo in any poor sense the latter word may co note for some of you at home. They clean, orderly, innocent, well-regulat inns; neighborhood clubhouses, real We have no equivalent. Most have pi turesque names, many have romantic hi tories. Here you play darts, which is n just a matter of bull's-eyes but a game wi complicated technique and unfathomab scoring. Our own Walter Davenpo added to the traditions of the renowne Fitzroy. He is the only man who eve aiming at a dart board at one end of

(Continued on page 64)

Night Shift

ECKON the night shift's just coming on, home. Old Joe, and Butch, and Dugan his walrus mustache . . . wonder how 'd like it out here. This heat gets you a while . . . and the mosquitoes . . . and knowing when the next dirty little snip- going to start popping at you in the dark. ny, I used to be scared of the dark when as a kid. Always pulled the covers up over head before I could go to sleep.

Old Joe, and Butch, and Dugan . . . I'd to see 'em and swap a few yarns. Only right this minute they'd be a heap too busy. I bet they're rolling out twice as much stuff on the night shift now! That gang'll bust a gut to give us all we need.

"A great bunch—the guys I used to work with. Most of 'em would rather be out here fighting Japs, only they're more use where they are. And look at the Bonds they're buying! Lucky stiffs . . . if I can squeeze a little one out of my private's pay every month, they must be putting half their wages into Bonds! What's that if it isn't helping win the war?

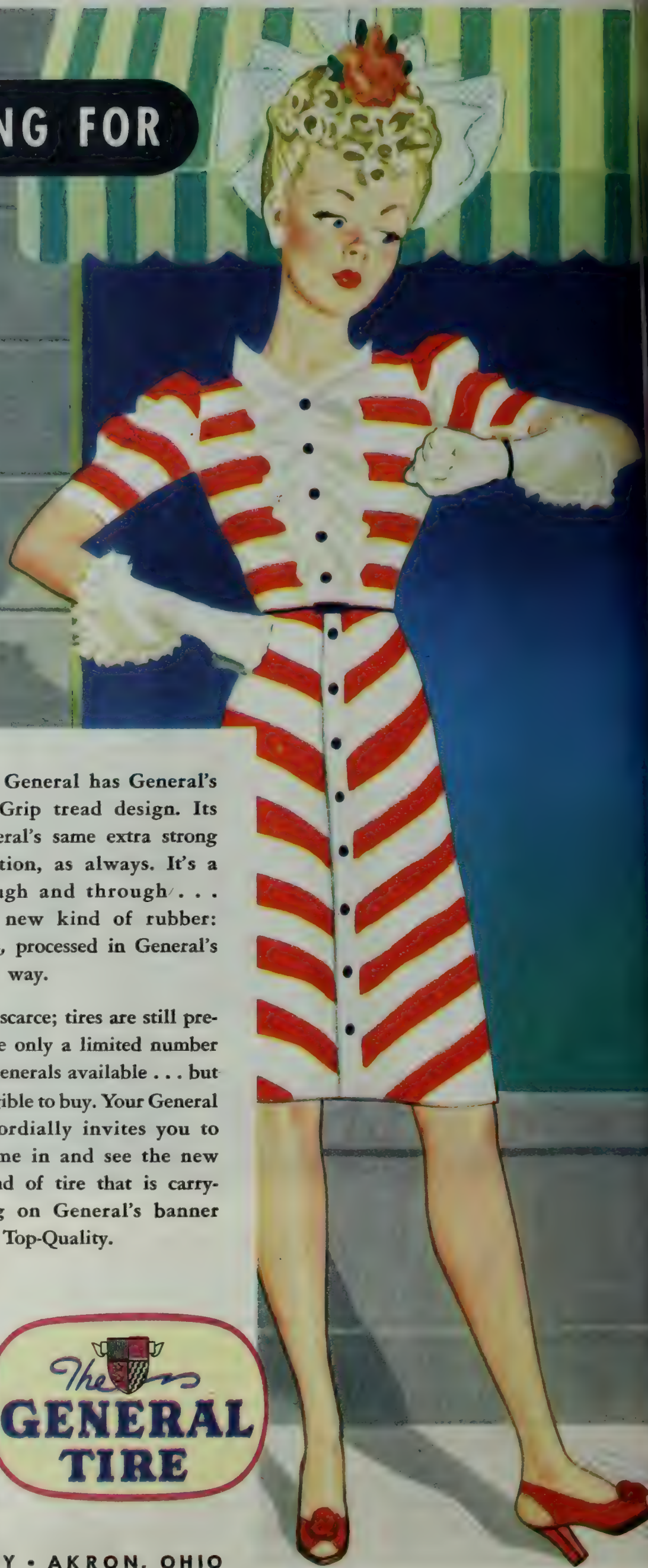
"Butch always wanted his kids to go to college. Dugan wanted a place in the country where his old lady could keep chickens. Well, with the dough they're salting away in those solid old U. S. Bonds, they'll both get their wish. And they've earned it, working overtime and all. If I get home when this is over, I'm going to thank those guys for the job they've done. They're what I call real Americans!"

• • •

Will he still feel that way when he comes home? No matter what you've done before, it's time now to go all out in your Bond purchases. BACK THE ATTACK—BUY WAR BONDS!

CONTRIBUTED TO THE WAR EFFORT BY CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO., PEORIA, ILLINOIS

WELL WORTH WAITING FOR



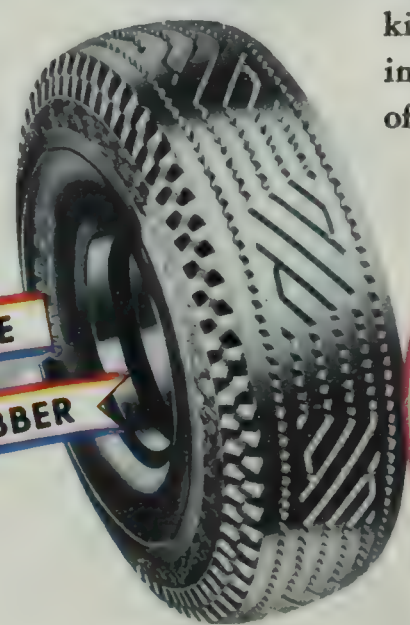
You bet he was worth the wait . . . just as was the new General Tire built with American-Made rubber. On display now at your General Tire dealer's, you're invited to drop in and see this new-day Top-Quality General for yourself . . .

General's research chemists, engineers and production specialists are rightfully proud of today's new Top-Quality Tire, built with *American-Made* rubber.

It represents relentless, untiring effort on their part to conquer America's rubber problem, backed by a quarter-century of experience *solely* with *Top-Quality.*

This new-day General has General's famous Silent-Grip tread design. Its body has General's same extra strong cord construction, as always. It's a General through and through . . . built with a new kind of rubber: *America's own,* processed in General's special *quality* way.

Rubber is still scarce; tires are still precious; there are only a limited number of these new Generals available . . . but you may be eligible to buy. Your General Tire dealer cordially invites you to come in and see the new kind of tire that is carrying on General's banner of Top-Quality.

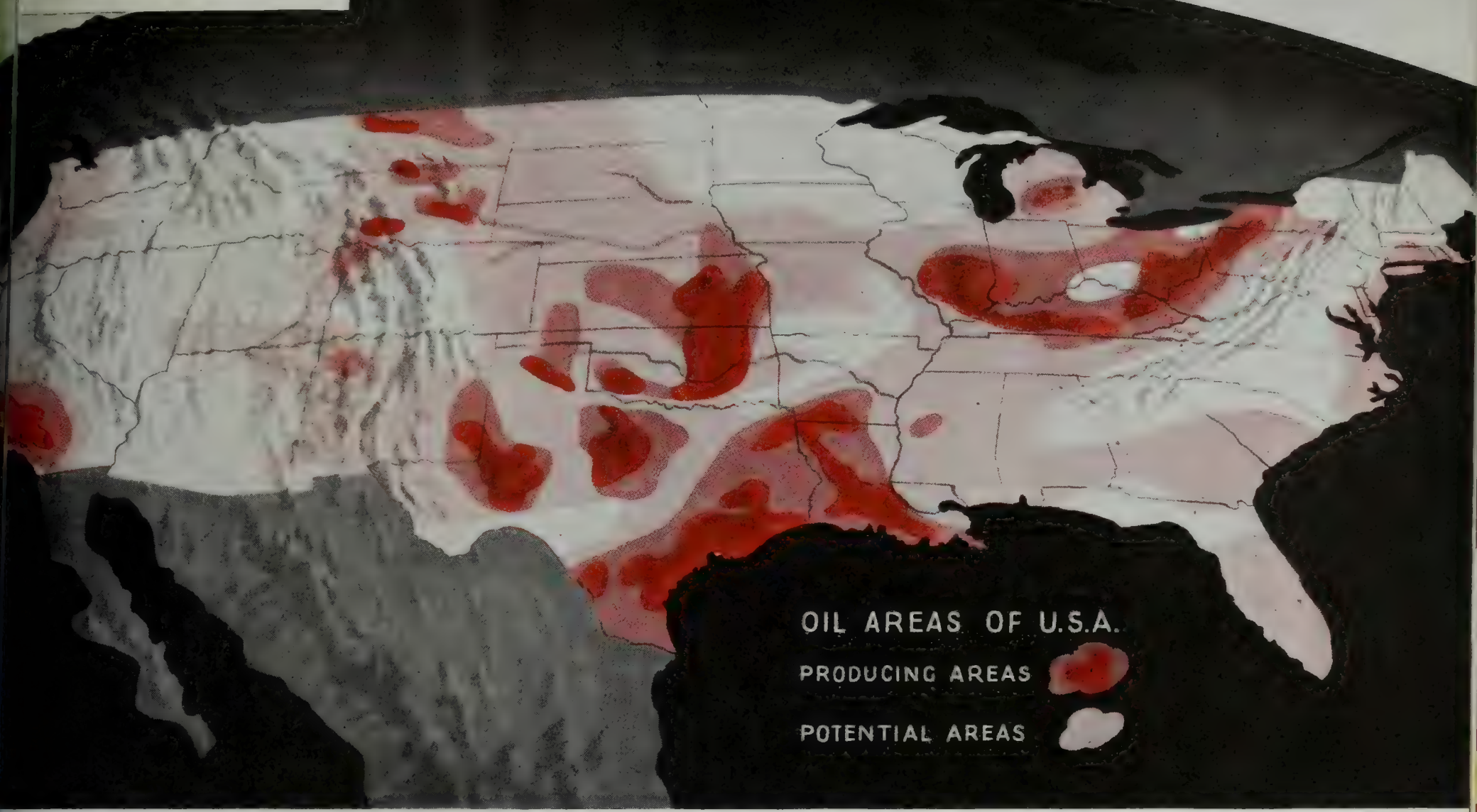


BUILT WITH AMERICAN-MADE RUBBER

The GENERAL TIRE

THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY • AKRON, OHIO

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR SEPTEMBER 11, 1943



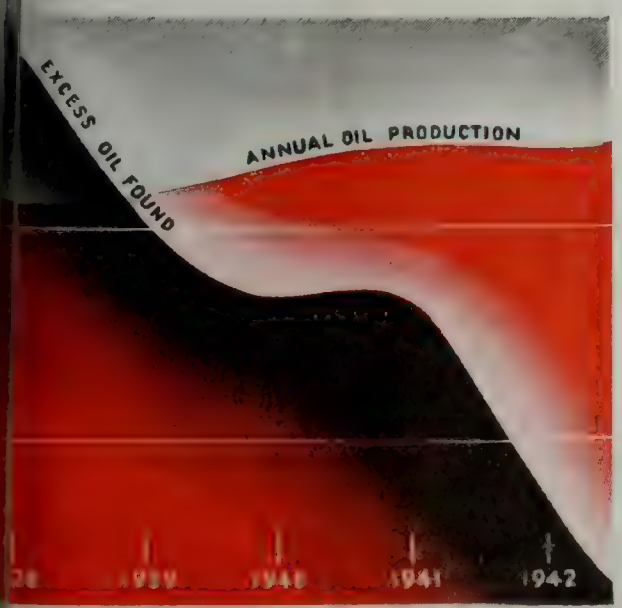
The oil areas of America—both producing and potential—are shown here. They look heartening. The truth is, they're disheartening

The *Truth* About Our Oil Supply

By Frank B. Taylor

DRAWINGS BY KENNETH THOMPSCN

il fields hold enough black gold t about twelve years. Unless we er new oil-rich areas, or substitute our economic gears must come asping stop. A man who knows . S. oil industry paints the dark pic- andidly, and adds a touch of hope



the past five years, oil production has climbed. cess oil found—that is, oil in the bank—has len. We're burning it faster than we find it

WHILE the vast resources of America are being brought to bear upon our enemies, the most basic of all these resources is showing definite signs of weakening. The oil industry is growing short of oil. The bald facts are that we are using our petroleum reserves far more rapidly than we are finding new reserves.

If you continually take from a barrel without replenishing—sooner or later that barrel will be empty. The same holds true for our oil reserves. If it were possible for us to draw from these reserves as we might need them, yet fail to find new fields, we would totally exhaust our oil by 1955—a mere twelve years.

Rationing has little to do with it. Even the weight of the war is a small influence. It is a critical situation within the industry itself, and it means that an industrial revolution is daily gaining momentum.

In the House, California Congressman Clarence F. Lea said:

"The normal drainage of these known reserves would require about 40 years to reach exhaustion. The waste of oil, due to maximum production under forced measures, would reach 20 to 50 per cent in some of our most productive fields. A careful review of the present situation indicates that we will reach the decline in the productive capacity of American oil fields in one year."

This doesn't mean that the oil industry is going to the dogs. Nor should you dash to your broker and sell that oil stock you have acquired. It does mean that the petroleum industry is entering a new phase—a phase that will inevitably affect the lives of every one of us. It means that we should be given a frank appraisal of the situation—and this appraisal should be made now.

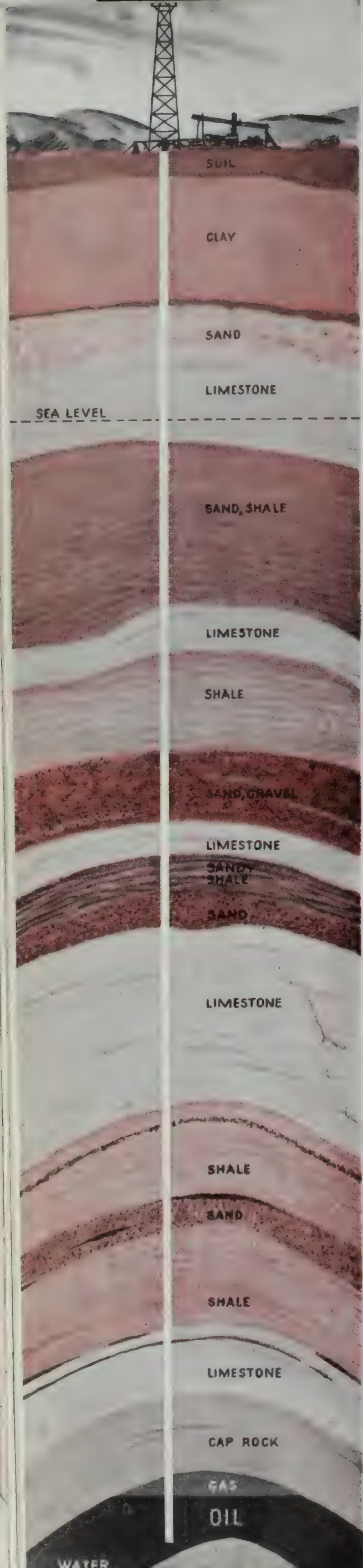
The fact that we have a total reserve, including oil still underground, of 20 billions of barrels should be reassuring. We do not have to look forward to the early depletion of our reserves, for we will continue to find new fields, even though the rate of finding may be far slower than in other years. Our current situation does not mean that our war effort will drag, due to lack of oils or gasolines.

One out of every four of our daily production of 4,100,000 barrels is earmarked for the military. The industry sees its way clear to supply this life blood of mechanized warfare. But there is no room for revision of our war demand much farther upward. The vast fleets of warplanes and air transports proposed for the future are completely out of the question if only for the simple reason that we do not have the oil.

It is hard for the uninitiated to realize what a tremendous volume of oil the nation demands each year. If you drive 2,000 miles during the year you use 135 gallons, and still this is just a little over three barrels. But here is the catch—multiply this by our 30,000,000 cars and trucks, then add the fuel oils, the lubricants, the high-octane aviation fuels, tractor fuels, industrial fuels, kerosene, waxes, and the myriad of petroleum by-products—by this time the total is terrific. In fact, in 1941, production in the United States reached an all-time high of 1,402,228,000 barrels to supply these demands. And this year, under the impetus of greater demands, we will set a higher production peak.

These demands would be all right if we were finding new fields at a rate equal to or exceeding our with-

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.



drawals. Instead of this, for the past four years we have continually lost ground by our inability to keep pace with production. *In 1942, the new oil located failed to equal the oil produced by more than half a billion barrels!*

Of course, our reserve of 20,000,000,000 barrels provides us with a comfortable drawing account. Unfortunately, the figure has been misinterpreted. The truth of the matter is that oil exists in porous rock formations much as water is contained in a filled sponge. The exploratory work of finding these formations is called wildcatting. The waters that are also contained in these formations have been migrating slowly about for millions of years as the continents writhed and convulsed to their present forms. By this action, the oils, being lighter than water, were flushed about until caught in natural traps where they accumulated. These traps are known to the petroleum geologist by such names as domes, anticlines, fault zones, pools, nosings, stratographic traps, etc., according to type. It is in the hope of locating such a pool that the wildcat well is drilled.

When the field is first drilled, the oil is usually under gas or water pressure and squirts out of the formation as the water would flow from the sponge if pressed. Soon, however, the well no longer flows. Then it must be pumped. But by this method only a limited volume can be produced daily. This depends not only upon how much it is physically possible to lift, but also upon the rate of flow of the crude as it seeps into the hole from the oil-bearing formation. In most cases, the ultimate recovery from the well or field is reduced if wells are produced too rapidly.

New Fields a Necessity

This oil reserve, vast though it is, can only be produced a little at a time. This means that we can actually be short of oil in a period of months. It means that we absolutely cannot delay vitally needed oil exploratory work. We must have new fields *now*.

In 1859 Colonel Drake drilled the oil well that launched the petroleum industry. When he found production, he was credited with discovering a field. Also, and this is a point that must be kept in mind, when Drake started his well, there were only a fixed number of potential oil fields in the entire United States; and when he completed his well as a producer, he had decreased that number by *one*. Every successful wildcat well after that further reduced the number of undiscovered fields. *And every unsuccessful wildcat reduced the potential by one.*

The industry has no idea how many fields there were to start with, but it is definite that the number has not increased. Oil is not formed in the lifetime of man. Oil is irreplaceable. Once produced and used it is utterly gone—and another barrel does not spring up as one stalk of corn replaces another.

For some years following Drake's discovery, oil wildcatting was entirely and joyfully haphazard. The oil men punched holes down for any reason at all—dreams, the forked twig of a peach tree, an omen, anything. Then it was recognized that certain conditions of surface rocks usually indicated a subsurface accumulation of oil—and the famous "anticlinal theory" of geology came into existence. A vast search was immediately under way for these anticlines or domes, and such fields as Spindletop, El Dorado, Glenn Pool, Teapot Dome and others were discovered. But by no means all of these favorable locations were actually found to contain oil. Many were drilled and found to be entirely dry

Petroleum geologists combed the nation's surface and naturally found the most apparent structures first. Then the search became difficult. Exploratory tools were required to aid in the search for new fields. The "cream of the crop" was gone. The seismograph, making use of reflected sound waves, helped the geologist study deep-seated formations. With this aid he found many fields that lacked any surface indication. Also, the petroleum geologist adapted other tools to assist in the search. The gravity meter and the magnetometer, the core drill, air mapping—all helped to find new fields.

Each new tool or geologic aid was put to use the instant its worth was proved. And where the previous instruments had failed to detect oil, the new tool might find a new prospect. Each successive development enjoyed an initial success.

Soon, however, the use of the tool became routine—not because the instrument was becoming less effective, but because it had already found most of the favorable conditions possible for it to detect.

The search went deeper. Drake's well was only 69 feet deep. Today's deepest well is Continental Oil Company's KCL-4 in California, drilled to a depth of 15,004 feet. As the search continued for these new fields, and the t were drilled deeper and deeper, and exploratory eq grew in complexity, the cost of finding new wells But this didn't particularly matter as long as the sea successful. That is how the industry built up the res are now drawing upon.

And here we come to a new set of facts. The rate ing new reserves has reversed itself. Instead of findi and more, we are finding less and less. Not only l did we fail to locate ample new reserves, but we ha ally been finding less and less new oil since 1937. W this mean?

It means that the various exploratory tools of the try have already served their maximum usefulness. I new or greatly improved exploratory tools must be so that the remaining oil structures can be located. I industry, there is not a single exploratory tool that is of detecting oil directly; every method is designed t the condition favorable to the accumulation of oil.

If we allow our nation's petroleum reserve to d during the present critical period we must expect seri sults in our postwar period. The industry is entering of near-stabilization in which a never-ceasing effort n made to retain our reserves at as high a figure as p We are entering a period in which we will be consta tempting to close an ever-widening breach between demands on the one hand—and diminishing reserves other.

This does not mean that no important fields re be located. Not at all. It means that the discovery fields, large and small, will become more and more d The array of prolific discoveries is definitely beh Judging by the experience of the past six years, the a pool discovery will continue to decrease in size. This illustrated by showing the relationship between the n of new pools discovered since 1937 and the volumes of added to the nation's oil barrel by the finding of the fields.

Year	New Pools Found	Estimated Re of New Po
1937	221	928,742,0
1938	256	810,493,0
1939	254	340,667,0
1940	304	286,338,0
1941	341	429,974,0
1942	348	260,051,0

Geologists are none too optimistic about new d eries. To quote the Honorable Wesley E. Disney, of homa, "Oil cannot be discovered at will." It takes pla research, surveys, and money. It takes more than mere price of the average wildcat well—which is $50,000 which may be anywhere from $1,000 to $500,000. It exploration expense to find a geologically favorable si which to locate a test well.

No Pay-Off in Prospecting

Why hasn't this exploratory effort been made? F number of reasons. In the first place there has been an nomic uncertainty created that has retarded this type c vestment. Then there has been an actual shortage of cr materials—some of which are required in oil explora and not enough of these materials have been marke the oil industry. With so many men entering the servic paralyzing manpower situation has developed. And t heightened by war industries that pay wages higher those the government allows the oil firms to pay. C bine this with the fact that it is becoming increasingly difficult to find new fields and you have a good part o answer.

The rest of the answer lies in the price of oil. Whil operating and exploratory costs of the industry have st ily risen, an avearge increase of about two cents a *barr* the price of crude oil has been available; and that onl some few areas where it was granted as an "adjustment

To carry on our war, the Petroleum Administration War wants 4,500 wildcat wells to be drilled during 1 Actually, the figure will be closer to 3,300, about 75 per of the desired total. In 1942 the industry drilled 3,166 w cat wells against 4,000 asked by the government.

A price increase would greatly stimulate the explora effort, and there are two other beneficial results that w immediately obtain. The first would allow the produ well of today to be operated further toward total exhaust By this means the greatest ultimate recovery would be tained before the inevitable abandonment of the well. other immediate result would be the development of m semidepleted oil areas as secondary recovery projects, which methods additional oil can be obtained at gre expense.

Meanwhile, the big companies are increasing their serves in the most logical manner. Not by exploration. T is too expensive with the present price of crude. They purchasing as many independent *(Continued on page*

The average oil well in the East Texas field is about a mile deep and takes a month to drill. A few wells have taken as long as six years to drill

Lot of
ıestions

ALE WILHELM

TED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

ory of a boy who found
hough there are questions
cannot be asked, they will
mes answer themselves

E small boy sat with them at the
r drinking a tall glass of lemon-
e through two green straws. He
ver his glass at her face reflected
ack-bar mirror and she smiled
t far away from him, and said,
od, darling?"
dded to her face in the mirror and
hat's the name of yours, Mum?"
with his eyes to her whisky and

t drink it too fast," she said. Mr.
. sitting on the other side, gave
garette and held a match for her.
." she said, the words and the
oming out of her mouth together.
, why don't you drink both of
one glass? What've you got them
lasses for, like medicine?"
it that way," she said, turning to
Mr. Cherrick. In the mirror the
Mr. Cherrick laugh with his teeth
heard him say, "What d'you ex-
He looked quickly at his mother
her shrug her shoulders, and her
slipped back a little farther.
atched the barman stirring some-
a big glass with a long-handled
He drank again from his glass
nade, watching the barman. Mr.
k was talking softly to his mother,
boy thought that in the mirror
ked just the way she looked when
at her dressing table and he stood
her looking over her shoulder.
nes he stood there looking over her
r for a long time before she saw
fore she lifted her eyes to his and
Why, hello, darling!"
took another sip of lemonade
the straws. He had tried to drink
slowly, but he saw now that the
as almost empty, so he held the
in his mouth and just pretended to
nd he saw someone go over to the
ted box at the end of the bar and
ne money in it and it began to play,
e a radio but very loud.
apped his feet to the music against
s of the stool and looked at his
in the mirror. She was sitting with
ows on the bar and her chin in her
nd she wasn't talking, she was lis-
to Mr. Cherrick.
n the music ended he said, "Mum,
u tired?" and Mr. Cherrick looked
in the mirror they looked at each
for a moment and he wished they
finish drinking their drinks so they
go. He didn't know why it took
o long to drink a little drink. And
n't know why they had to stop so
times just to get a drink and not eat
ng. They had stopped four times
hey left San Francisco.
Cherrick slid something along the
ward him. His mother didn't move.
." Mr. Cherrick said, "go put these
juke box." There were two nickels
along the bar under the tip of his
ger. "Go on," he said, nodding to-
the big lighted box.

"All right," the boy said. He looked at his mother, but she didn't look up or say anything so he guessed it was all right to take the money. He got down off the stool and went with the two nickels to the big box with the red lights in it. He didn't know where to put the money, but he stood there looking and after a moment a man came over and said, "What you wanta play, buddy?" and he looked up and said, "I want to play the jute box," and held out his hand with the two nickels on his palm.

The man was tall, taller than Mr. Cherrick even, and he smiled and bent down and took the nickels and put them into a slot and then pressed two buttons with numbers on them. "That's the way you do it," the man said.

They stood there together, waiting. The tall man had on a big hat like a cowboy's. After a moment the music started and the boy looked at the tall man and smiled. "Thank you," he said. He went back to the stool beside his mother and found someone sitting on it. He started to speak to the man who was sitting there, but he touched his mother instead and she turned quickly and Mr. Cherrick turned and said, "*Now* what do you want?"

"I don't want anything," he said, looking at his mother. He tried to show her that somebody was sitting on his stool but she just looked at him, almost as though she were surprised to see him there, looking down over her shoulder like a cat, the way a cat looks at you with its eyes like buttonholes.

"What time is it?" she said suddenly.

Mr. Cherrick looked at his watch. "A little past eight and we just got here."

STILL looking at him his mother opened her bag and said, "There's a restaurant next door, right through that door there. You go in and order yourself a milk shake or something, anything you want."

Mr. Cherrick said, "That's the idea," and started to give him some money but his mother said, "I'll do this. Here. Pay for it with this. Are you hungry?"

"Yes," the boy said, "I'm awfully hungry."

"You'd better get something to eat," she said, giving him a dollar. "When you finish, come back here and we'll go. Eat something hot, some soup or something."

"All right," he said. "Don't you want any dinner, Mum?"

"Sure she does," Mr. Cherrick said, smiling. "Out of a glass. She's having it now."

Mr. Cherrick was talking softly to his mother. The boy thought that in the mirror she looked just the way she did when she sat at her dressing table and he stood looking over her shoulder

He saw his mother turn her head slowly, as though it had to go a long way, until she was looking straight at Mr. Cherrick. "That's enough of that," she said. "You knew how it would be when we left. What do you want to do, lock him in the car every time we stop?"

"Now listen," Mr. Cherrick said. "I didn't—"

"You keep still," she said in a low voice, barely loud enough for him to hear. "You take what you're getting and keep still or go the rest of the way by yourself."

"Okay, okay," Mr. Cherrick said quickly. "I was only kidding."

They turned back to their drinks. The boy waited behind them for a moment and then he went across the room to the door that opened into the restaurant and went in, pushing hard against the door to make it swing, holding his dollar. The door shut behind him.

(Continued on page 80)

THE V.P.'s VICTORY GARDEN

BY DREW AND LEON PEARSON

Despite Washington's efforts to change him, Vice-President Wallace still clings to the soil. And during the sweltering midsummer days in which he assiduously cultivated his Victory Garden, the soil clung to him

THE time is 7 A. M. The place is behind the palatial lawns of the Swiss legation. The sun is high enough over the oak trees to cause a dark blue mark between the shoulders of the light blue shirt worn by the gentleman on the compost pile. It is sweat.

The Vice-President of the United States is at work on his Victory Garden, standing on top of the pile, throwing compost down on old pea vines. The pea crop has been harvested, and he has torn up the vines and tossed them against the pile.

Henry Wallace is really happy around his compost pile. For ten years now, Washington has tried to change him, without success. He still refuses to smoke or to take a cocktail; in fact, he won't even drink coffee, for all his Pan-American good-willing. And more perversely than anything else, he clings to the soil.

By odd circumstance, the Vice-President's Victory Garden is on foreign soil. His sister Mary is the wife of the Swiss minister, Charles Bruggmann, and Mary suggested that Henry have his garden on their grounds, only five minutes' walk from the Wardman Park Hotel, where the Vice-President has an apartment in the same wing with Cordell Hull and Clare Luce.

So, according to international law, the soil is foreign. But there is nothing foreign about the labor. Most of it is Vice-Presidential, with regular help from Mrs. Wallace, irregular help from sister Mary, but no help at all from the Swiss minister.

If you want to quibble with the Vice-President, you might insist that the "Harty sweet potatoes," as he calls them, were produced by hired labor, since they are the fond product of Harty, the Wallace chauffeur, who arrives a little early every morning to hoe them. When Wallace remarks that they are doing fine, Harty, dressed in a white shirt and black bow tie, beams with pleasure.

Chief difference between Wallace's and any other Victory Garden is that he brought back a lot of seeds from South America last spring, and the very same day he got off the plane in Washington, he hustled up to his garden to plant them. Corn was born in Latin America, but most Latin-American varieties are still scrawny. They need to be crossbred with something more virile, and the most virile stuff in his garden is Wallace's own "Hi-bred" Golden Bantam corn, which he intends to cross with Latin-American varieties, to produce a new "Pan-American Union."

Down at the south end of his garden, the Vice-President has a new interest—herbs. There he planted every variety he could find, including such old stand-bys as hyssop, camomile, thyme, basil, tarragon, chives and rosemary.

The herb garden occupies a very small corner, and the Vice-President spends most of his time on the cash crops—corn, tomatoes, potatoes, beans, peas, lettuce and broccoli. Except for the scrawny corn imported from Chile, everything is flourishing.

The tallest corn in the garden is not his Iowa corn, or his North Carolina, Louisiana, Puerto Rico, or any other of his nine varieties of corn, but the variety he brought back from the high slopes of the Andes, in Cochabamba, Bolivia. Grown 9,000 feet above sea level, it is producing tall stalks on the banks of the sluggish Potomac, but there are no ears, and so the Vice-President wants to use the pollen to cross on his Iowa corn. He thinks the Andean corn knows how to resist certain types of corn diseases.

There is room for all Mr. Wallace wants to plant in his 150- by 50-foot garden, and for more than he can consume. Mrs. Wallace is a little worried about the tomato surplus.

"I'm afraid," she says, "that Mr. Wallace has overdone the tomatoes. Look at them all. I counted the plants the other evening, and there are 480." ★★★

JERRY COOKE-PIX

MIRACLE FROM HEAVEN

BY MACKINLAY KANTOR
ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

Distinguished American storyteller sets down the record of one evening in the life of a prodigal who returned

WHEN Johnston Bush got off the evening train at Cool Meadows it was dark, and seven o'clock. A wind was blowing as he walked along the platform, carrying his one small bag. There were lights over on the main street; a lot of lights in the Big-Time Drugstore on the corner, and the platform in front of the pool hall was also brightly illuminated. Johnston was walking against the lights, facing them, with his back toward the railroad yard from which the train was already laboring away. He could not clearly recognize the figure approaching him from the main street, but he thought it was Mr. Shannon from the bank, and immediately he experienced a feeling of shame for vandalisms which he had committed when younger.

One Saturday night he had thrown a rock through the window of Mr. Shannon's bank. He had done it intentionally.

His grandfather was forced to pay for the window, and Johnston himself spent two days in jail before his mother could persuade the authorities to let him come home.

This wasn't Mr. Shannon whom he met now, however. It was the Reverend Charles Hood of the Christian Church.

"Why, aren't you Johnny Bush?"

Johnston halted, grinding his fingers around the handle of his bag. The minister came back to shake hands. "I thought maybe that was you, coming from the train. We knew you were due home."

Johnston said, "Evening, Reverend."

"It's wonderful," said the Reverend Hood, still holding the boy's hand. "You picked your time right—or had it picked for you. Got back for Thanksgiving."

Johnston hadn't thought much about it before. He had thought about Thanksgiving sometimes, but not just recently.

He wanted to tell the Reverend Hood that it seemed unbelievable to be welcomed back to Cool Meadows thus heartily; but he had never been easily articulate, and a weight of emotion kept him from saying things which the Reverend Hood might have enjoyed hearing.

"It was in the newspapers, Johnny."

Johnston Bush and the minister released the grip of their hands simultaneously. "Well," Johnston said, "I guess you know where I been."

He wanted to say a great many other things, but the cat got his tongue. He wished that he might tell the Reverend Hood and all of Cool Meadows how much he had learned, how much he had changed. . . . He wished to declare his skills and newly acquired wisdom. Johnny wanted to say, "Look at me—I'm what you might call a changed character. Never again will I throw a rock through the bank window, no matter how broke we Bushes get! Never again will I fight the marshal. Never again break a billiard cue over Jud Axline's head. Never again take Grandpa's .45 and try to shoot up the town. Never—"

BUT he could not say these things, nor could he say anything else. He merely shuffled his new stiff shoes; and the Reverend Hood knew that Johnston Bush wanted to hurry along.

So the minister said, "I pray that you and yours will enjoy a happy Thanksgiving. God bless you, my boy."

Johnston said soberly, "Thank you, Reverend," and turned toward the lights.

He walked on to the main street, remembering now that they had always called it "the main drag," and he wondered why main streets in little towns were called main drags.

He didn't care to enter the drugstore; there would be a lot of people in at the drugstore, and a lot of the younger fellows, probably, at the pool hall. So he kept to the opposite side of the street, striding west, his hard heels clicking sharply on new concrete before one series of stores, and then making a momentary thunder as they trod the hollow wooden sidewalk in front of Harney's Furniture and Undertaking.

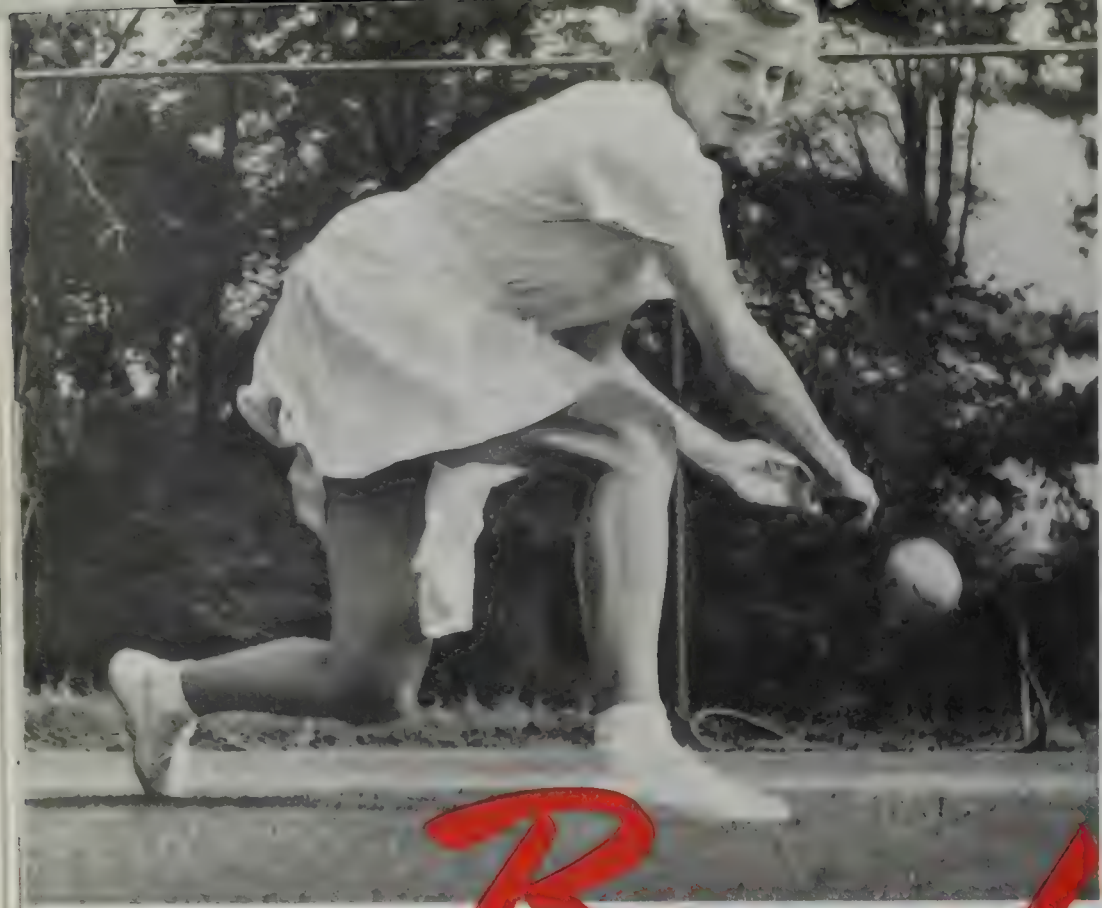
There were lights over on the main street. Johnston was walking against them, facing them, his back to the train, which was already laboring away

He wanted some cigarettes, and before he reached the end of the block he crossed diagonally toward the yellow, steamy front of Nick's Café. That one wide window was exactly the way he remembered it, exactly the way he had thought about it when he was hungry. Yellow glow came through the flat-painted letters of the word "Café," and the letters, deep red in daytime, always looked orange at night.

Inside the restaurant, Johnston put his bag on a stool next to the glass cigar case where the cash register stood.

Nick himself approached slowly in his greasy apron behind the counter. Johnston looked down the room, and everything seemed just the same: salt and pepper, and little triangular sheaves of paper napkins at strategic intervals. All except the catsup bottles. There were no catsup bottles any longer. Catsup was almost impossible to get, in many of these little towns, and

(Continued on page 73)



Brough IS ROUGH

BY STANLEY FRA

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY K

At fourteen, a girl had to evade piano practice. Louise Brough found escape in a "sissy" game —tennis. Now, five years later, her smashes whistle by the best lady tennists, and record keepers expect her to crack some of the Lenglen and Moody marks

THE defeat of Miss Louise Brough in the final round of the women's national tennis championship at Forest Hills last September was singularly reassuring to the experts. Until that time, the experts were not quite sure that it was sporting of Miss Brough to promote Darwin's theory by making monkeys of her fellow females in public. She didn't belong in the same league with the girls; she hit the ball hard, and her smashing style was as aggressive as a man's. And then, in the most important match of her career, the blond Miss Brough showed she was only a nineteen-year-old girl, after all. She blew up.

Unbeaten all season, winner of every major tournament held on grass and seeded No. 1 in the nationals—an unprecedented ranking for a player who had not advanced beyond the second round in three previous attempts—California's Brough merely had to go through the vigorous motions for another fifteen minutes to become the youngest champion since Helen Wills. Opposed by Miss Pauline Betz, whom she had licked decisively in the Rye and Manchester tournaments, Miss Brough again was outpointing the 1941 runner-up with ease. She won the first set 6-4, and when she broke through Betz's service in the opening game of the second set, it appeared that she had one foot on the throne for the coronation. At that point the balloon went up, carrying Brough on a nonstop flight of jitters.

Lady tennis players are unstable creatures, who need emotional prim fore their imaginations can accept

Old campaigner Helen Jacobs the handle in all directions at Win in 1935 when she flubbed, at matc an easy smash, her best shot, that have defeated Helen Wills Moody Jacobs had devoted practically he career finishing runner-up to Hele and when she finally had her nem the sack, she collapsed under the overwhelming realization that the moment was at hand.

Miss Brough was betrayed by th tical symptoms at Forest Hills las She was in complete charge of the while it was a struggle and she had t centrate on winning. As soon gained the heights overlooking the ised land with the break-through of service, she busted loose like a alarm clock. Betz, a tenacious com with great experience, promptly reel six straight games for the second se Although Brough rallied fitfully i decisive set, she could not recaptu touch and she lost, 6-4.

"It sounds silly and maybe con of me to say it," Miss Brough co "but overconfidence rather than fright lost the match for me. As so I took the lead in the second set, I t myself into being too tired to tr every shot. I just lay back and exp to get the breaks. It won't happen a

People who know about these t regard Miss Brough, with the inevi attack of buck fever behind her, as a fire, can't-miss bet to win the nat singles this year. The experts are intrigued, however, by her future. believe she has the physical and tech equipment to approach more closely any other girl of the last decade the c ing superiority that marked Wills M and Suzanne Lenglen.

When a woman player is outstan she is invincible. Save for injury o disposition, Wills Moody and Len never—absolutely never—lost a match rarely dropped a set once they had rea their peaks. Even on their off days, w they occasionally were carried to e games, they were not in the sligh danger of defeat. Everyone is unanim on this one point: Brough is the

(Continued on page 41)

Louise Brough's backhand (upper left) is made like Don Budge's. She's no gazelle when scrambling for hard shots (upper right). Her overhead smash (below) is lightning

THE VIRGIN AND THE DYNAMO

BY MOSSER MAUGER
ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

d boys will tell you mbridge girls are a adoffish. We submit ory as a refutation

NY RHYNO said into the e, "You're on, Mr. Willowby." mouth twisted downward. He rtured mobile mouth strangely with the smooth chin and his rolled reddish-brown hair. "What m Washington, Mr. Willowby?" Lord, Johnny!" The phone wire with the older man's surprise. e you?"

fine. No temperature since yes- The doctor says he thinks we've hing licked—if I stay quiet."

you'd better not talk to me."

n," Johnny Rhyno said, "are you of a broadcasting company or are you going to get that Rus- sport for me or not? I'm asking

"I've an appointment in the morning. I'll get to the bottom of it."

Johnny Rhyno did not say, "You are a rabbit. You will get to the bottom of nothing except maybe some cabbage leaves." Johnny sighed gustily. "All right, Mr. Willowby. Everything else okay?"

"Don't worry, Johnny. You keep that fever down. You trust me to handle Washington."

"Sure, sure. Goodby."

Johnny Rhyno put the phone down in its cradle conveniently by his side on the bed and looked reflectively up at the ceiling.

He'd come to Cambridge five days ago with the idea of talking with Dr. Thomas Pramberton for maybe fifteen minutes at the most, between trains. He had had to be back in New York for a broadcast that evening.

The streets were silent and the afternoon shade deep along the sidewalks. He'd had no trouble finding the house. Everybody knew Pramberton. Even across the world they knew Thomas Pramberton, a professor at Harvard, a man without personal ambitions, an authority on Russian history.

Pramberton gripped Johnny's hand and said, "Call me Pram. Everybody does. Everybody says give the Pram a shove and he's happy as a baby." Pramberton's dark, deep-set eyes peered wisely from behind gold-rimmed spectacles.

JOHNNY RHYNO asked a question about Russia. That was shove enough. The quiet library lulled the words and when Johnny Rhyno remembered again to look at the clock it was after four. His program was at five.

Astonishment sickened him. Johnny Rhyno began yelling for a phone; he must call his office.

The sickness increased. He was helpless and lost and there was no bottom to the blackness. There was no bottom anywhere.

When Johnny came to, they had him in Pramberton's room spread over the enormous bed. Pramberton and several doctors stood around him. Johnny Rhyno had had a relapse of malarial fever, caused by too much work, the relaxation, and then the sudden violent excitement.

All night long he'd dreamed wildly of the peaches that used to grow in his grandmother's back yard when he was a boy. It was forbidden to eat the peaches. All night long he had struggled in his dreams to climb a ladder for one of them.

At last the fever abated and he slept deeply. When Johnny Rhyno woke, the nun-white curtains at the tall French windows had been drawn against the light. There was the morning fragrance of dew from the garden. The girl on the low chair by the bed was fast asleep.

Johnny Rhyno eyed the girl carefully. Her mouth was a little open, her head tilted back against the wall, her hair, which was golden and willful like a baby's and worn obviously upswept, had come loose and wisps straggled around her face.

(Continued on page 61)

Ann fed him ice cream with perfect composure, completely unself-conscious. Johnny thought of telling her his troubles. But something held him quiet

GRANNY, GIT YOUR GUN

BY MARK HAGER
ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

Granny was listening to the radio, waiting for the boys to get mad. "It's a sin to fight when you ain't mad," Granny said. And so she went to town to tell 'em

THE spring after Pearl H
thought Grandma was
mind. "I want that radi
room," she commanded. "I w
the news when our boys git m
worth settin' up to listen at . .

We had to just turn the ra
Grandma's room upstairs—by
where the limbs of a decaying
tree kept up a constant pawing
ing around the window, and y
hardly sleep for the apple tre
wind blew.

The truth was it got so after
bor that none of us could ever
the radio, for Grandma listeni
boys to get mad. But the news
that spring didn't suit Grandma.

"Confound it!" she'd say, sla
cane. "Ain't nobody ever gon
in this war?"

And if you came in and starte
some of the folks would warn y
stay out of Grandma's room; s
news; she's mad, and she'll pok
on the bean with her cane."

Which was the truth. When
heard bad news and got mad, sh
first thing that got in reach of
whether it was the cat, dog, or
the rest of us. We even got a li
of Grandma that spring. Once w
with Grandpa's old Civil War p
and she'd be talking to herself
"I'd just like to git one shot in t

And when the news kept telli
the Japs taking this and that, s
"Now maybe that'll make someb
that ought to start shootin'. Y
fight none worth speakin' of le
git mad."

She would throw that at us boy
snap her eyes at us and say, "I
boys when you git in the Army; it
be mighty hard on you tryin' to fi
devils when you ain't mad. Bu
you git mad, it comes perfectly na
like it did to your Grandpa Henr
War Between the States."

And you didn't dare touch th
tree, either. No matter how old a
ren it got and dying, twig by tw
hollow at the ground, and the limb
ing at the window all night, you ha
count sheep and try to go to slee

"Let it scrape," she'd say. "It c
there the year your Grandpa He
mad at the Yankees and went off
'em."

THE truth was, Grandma claime
old thing on the place. She did
much about the new improveme
anything. She claimed things li
oldest fruit trees, and the barn w
sagging mossy roof, and the sugar t
in the sugar orchard because they w
things that were there when G
Henry went off to the Civil War, a
claimed the fruit from the old tre
the sugar from the sugar trees each
when we tapped the trees and made

But now that was natural, and it
right, and we didn't worry none
Grandma's mind while she claimed t
things and wore black dresses.

But that spring she was getting
She got clear by us that morning w
got the truck out to bring a few thi
town and see the soldier trains. We a
picked a day when soldier trains
come through, because they stopped
half an hour for water, and we cou
to see and talk to the soldier boys
maybe see tanks and guns and things.

So when I started up the truck

(Continued on page 51)

**As the train pulled away, the high-s
band struck up a tune and it was I
and Grandma just stood there wit
faded gray breeches across her shou
and the muzzle of the pistol still sm**

HE Wild Bunch

Y ERNEST HAYCOX

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

Story Thus Far:

ANK GOODNIGHT learns that Theo McSween—a drifter who had run away with his and, before her death, cruelly deserted her living near the frontier town of Sherman He leaves his home in the Oregon high t country, with the intention of finding McSween and killing him.

rived at Sherman City, he has a talk with ld friend, Niles Brand; who tells him that ble is brewing between two rival cattle fac- : the "desert crowd," led by a man named y Ide, and the "hill crowd," led by Hugh man. Niles says that McSween is in the working with Overman.

short time after the interview (a secret one), wo hostile factions clash in the town. While hing the fight, Goodnight saves a girl from ible injury when a horseman almost runs her n. The girl is Rosalia Lind, an orphan, who s the town's one hotel. She attracts Good- t strongly—so strongly that he yields to a en impulse and kisses her

rm in his resolve to "get" McSween, Goodnight leaves Sherman City and rides into the hill country. Before he does so, however, he makes a number of enemies, including "Boston Bill" Royal, a "hill man" who is in love with Rosalia.

High in the hills, Goodnight encounters another girl—Hugh Overman's daughter, Virginia—who, knowing that her father is in need of "hands," takes him to "Sun Ranch," her father's headquarters. There, he meets Overman, who gives him a job; and there he meets two enemies: Boston Bill and McSween! He does not shoot McSween on sight, as he had planned to do; but he does administer two sound drubbings to the scoundrel.

While he is getting settled at Sun, he receives a note from Rosalia Lind, who asks him to hurry back to Sherman City. He rides back, goes to Rosalia's home, where he finds Niles Brand suffering from a gun wound—someone, firing from a window of one of the rooms of the hotel, had tried to assassinate him!

Goodnight has a long talk with Niles and the girl. Then he rides back to Sun. He finds Virginia in tears—her father has been killed! He does his best to comfort her. After a time, she composes herself, and tells Goodnight that she wants to have a talk with him. Goodnight follows her into a room; he closes the door, waits for her to say what is on her mind.

III

VIRGINIA was in a corner of the room, waiting for him, stony-patient. "You've met Mac somewhere before?"

"No."

"Why ride him then?"

"I can't tell you that," he said.

"I can. Just to be top dog. You hate anything that won't buckle under. I thought you were cruel, but then I thought you might have something better in you. I guess I was right in the beginning. Well, that seems to be all that counts here. Do you want to stay on?"

"Yes."

"You know what's happened?"

"I got mixed up with Harry Ide's bunch when I came up the road."

"So it was Ide?" she said. "I knew they would be from the desert, but I wasn't sure he led the party. You see what it's like. Where are your sympathies—or does it matter?"

He could have told her that her hurts mattered, but he did not. All he said was, "It doesn't matter. They've probably got me tagged as against them anyhow, since I'm here."

"I've got to keep this ranch. I don't want to be driven away."

"We can try," he said. "There ought to be men enough in the hills to lend a hand."

She said, "That's what I fear."

He studied the answer. He pointed to the lamp on the table near her. "Turn that down," and he gave a glance roundabout to the windows of the room. She lowered the wick, throwing the room into half-darkness as he said, "I'm not certain of Mac."

"Do you doubt he'll try to kill you now?"

"He'll try," said Goodnight. "I was just wondering which way he'd try."

"Tell him to ride on if you want."

"I want him here. If he leaves I'd have to go after him."

She made nothing of that and shrugged her shoulders. "How far do you have to follow a man if he won't bend to your liking?"

"I came to introduce you to this man. He's working for me," Virginia said. "For you or your old man?" Ned asked. "My father is dead," she said. "Harry Ide's crowd shot us up last night"

He said, "You're worried about Boston Bill."

She showed him an expression that meant nothing to him. The man's name affected her or had power to disturb her, and when he realized it he looked at her more carefully, not so sure as he had previously been of her attitude. He said frankly, "Or maybe it isn't worry."

SHE avoided answering the implied question by changing the subject: "My father tried to play the kind of game he wasn't meant to play. Other men influenced him too much. I don't want it to be that way with me. All I want is to keep this ranch."

"Boston Bill is willing to help you do it," he reminded her.

Her voice revealed some strain. She kept stubbornly to her point: "I want to keep this ranch and I want to run it. You're brutal enough to make men mind you. How would you like to be foreman?"

"If I'm supposed to keep off the thing you're afraid of," he said, "maybe you better tell me what that is."

"You'll see."

(Continued on page 32)

SICILY *wasn't easy*

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

RADIOED FROM AFRICA

To the tablecloth strategists, Sicily wa touch for our boys. The doctors wor an olive grove didn't think so. Neither kid who fought a Tiger tank with a gun. And Collier's correspondent s snowy crosses, and couldn't sleep for th

THIS hill now was like a thousand other h in northeastern Sicily. The natives cal Rosso hill, but on the military map the had spread before him it was called Hill No. 3 troops themselves, swearing at it, called it simply Ridge. It was two miles ahead of us, and two co of our 45th Division were trying desperately to They had lost it twice this day and now as a bla prepared to cool itself in the horizon of the Me nean to our left, our boys had regained it.

A mile back of us our 155-mm. guns (the b them the Long Toms) were walloping away at a four hundred yards beyond San Rosso. The h higher than San Rosso by perhaps a hundred fee Germans had a lot of artillery there and were it down on the crest of San Rosso. They were th 88s, machine-gun fire, and that six-barreled roc they like so much—and that was bad. We cou this and see the top of the hill crowned with smoke, yet San Rosso had to be held at all cos tomorrow the hill beyond, where the German were, would have to be taken.

"Over in North Africa," the colonel said b "they're probably saying we're having no trouble in clearing out Sicily. They're probably saying th thing in Palermo and, for all I know, in New York as

An All Too Popular Delusion

"I don't know about New York," I told him you're right about North Africa and Palermo. just come from Palermo.

"I wish those who say that were out there o ridge with my boys," the colonel said grimly.

The Long Toms back of us roared, and even t you knew these were friendly shells, you couldn' but wince at the devilish whine they made as cleaved the protesting air over your head. Your knows those shells won't explode until they have eled another two and a half miles, but your body d know this and your body instinctively tries to That's how it is with me, anyway. But I may ju getting gun-shy.

"We're going to try to close in on that farthe tonight," the colonel said. "We've got to take that before we can take San Stefano, before we can g to Messina. And we'll have to fight every inch o way. No, Sicily isn't quite as easy as some people th

The boys had just brought in some prisoners. were a tired lot, many of them wounded. All of were Germans. This sector was too important t defended by Italians, although, if you're up agai black-shirted Fascisti regiment, you've got a t proposition on your hands—not as tough as Gerr though.

These prisoners—some thirty of them—were c tioned. Fifteen had belonged to Rommel's crack A Korps. Ten others belonged to the Twenty-ninth torized Division, and they told us proudly that they formerly belonged to the Seventy-first German R ment, the regiment which was so valuable that the man High Command withdrew it from the Stalin front just before the Russians encircled the city. I heard of that regiment in Moscow.

Well, that's what our boys were up against here. surly Nazi soldier allowed his wound to be treated then he volunteered the information that this was fourth wound. He'd got it once in France and twic Russia.

And our boys? Well, this 45th Division had or nally been an Oklahoma National Guard outfit. T when war came, men from New Mexico, Arizona, New England states and New York were attached t For the most part, they were tall, sun-tanned lads wh year ago were strumming guitars and punching cattl the Southwest; they were working in filling station

ACME

Yanks waiting to disembark at a Sicilian beach h the transport crew to hoist two wounded men aboa Some wounded were flown to African bases. Casualt were light for an operation like the invasion of Sic

rque or in Worcester, Massachu- ey were clerks in Wall Street or in at New York University—hell, we doing everything that normal Americans do. They weren't be- ed for professional murder.

day they are fighting against men years had been trained to be pro- murderers. And these kids of we beating them at their own game. y were being hurt doing it. The fresh graves there in the olive ose to the shore of the Mediter- showed that.

was an advance medical station regimental headquarters, and the d were brought here. It was well aged by olive trees, and the trucks erating tent were covered with etting. Doctors were operating almly, unhurriedly, ignoring the our own guns to the rear and the ns ahead. I tell you these boys of eived as careful surgical and medi- ntion there in that Sicilian olive s you'd get in your expensive city

boys lay there after their wounds ressed, smoking usually and not much, because they were still a bit rom the pounding they had taken dy Ridge, and the noise of the guns g in their ears.

ed one of them how he had got it. morning," he drawled in his New accent, "we took that damn' ridge, n they counterattacked like they do and kicked us out. We went them and they raised a white flag. rse, we thought they were sur- ng. We should have known better unis, where they used their own booby traps, so that when we went y them, we would get blown to

way, we went up the hill and we alfway up when they pulled down ite flag and let us have it. They sixteen of us. Nice guys, these The British are right about them. y the only good Hun is a dead Hun. no rules in this war. Well, if they fight it like that, it's okay with us."

No Sleep at the Front

as hard to sleep that night. Not be- he ground was hard and we had no Not because the flies and mosquitoes ad. Not because two German planes above all night hoping to draw our they could locate our antiaircraft es, which were waiting for bigger han two reconnaissance planes. Nor e roar of the Long Toms or the flashes which lighted the heavens they fired, bother you much.

as hard to sleep because you kept ng of those kids on San Rosso hill o miles ahead; you knew they were king it. It was hard to sleep because, g at your watch and remembering fference in time, you realized that e were just sitting down to dinner in York.

u could almost hear the tablecloth gists gathering in the bistros and hear saying complacently, "Now my idea t we'll clear out Sicily in another lays. It's just a matter of mopping Yes, sir, the whole operation was easier than I anticipated. Sicily was h-over. Now, when we finish with , my idea is . . ."

s, it's thoughts like that which keep awake at the front. Somehow, you get accustomed to seeing your own trymen killed. You know that it is ssary surgery our Army is doing and know that they are doing it with a mum of casualties, but, lying there e shore of the Mediterranean, that n't help you sleep. And then all night you hear the heavy rumbling of

(Continued on page 69)

INTERNATION

After the hill is taken, there is always another hill ahead. These infantrymen move down the slope slowly, quietly. The artillery behind them will soften the next hill before they deploy for attack. These men have been seasoned under fire

The American Seventh Army needs ever-increasing amoun of ammunition, food, water, guns, medical supplies. Behir it on the Sicilian beaches, the LCT barges roll sluggish shoreward in the surf, loaded with supplies from Afri

EUROPE

The "Nazi" acts his part in the chow line; his main dish is kraut and frankfurters

WORRYWAR
WEHRMACH

BY ROY PINNEY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

Private Blow swears that real Nazis car much more obnoxious than the "German toon" the U. S. Army maintains at Fort

AT THE Armored Force Replacement Training Fort Knox, Kentucky, they like to tell the newc story of Joe Blow, buck private rear rank, and Joe is a legend, dreamed up to show what happens to aleck in the U. S. Army. He had finished his 13-weeks reported with his unit at Knox. When they told him to or the Nazis would get him, Joe laughed. But a few ho he was at hard labor behind barbed wire in a "German tration camp. Here's how it happened:

It was morning, and Blow was lined up with his uni Willard Bass walked up and down before the green comp he told them as plainly as he knew how, that he was Battle Executive Officer and that battle conditions would exist from now on. While he was talking a platoon of "Nazis," with coal-scuttle helmets and swastikas marched across grounds. Joe's eyes bugged.

The major said that, under the direction of Major Charles L. Scott, he had organized this platoon of Germa ing American soldiers in order to put some war realism camp. He said they acted like real Nazis, that they wer mentally and physically, and that they were about as trus as rattlesnakes with peptic ulcers. Whereupon the German marched through the ranks, knocking the helmets off Blow buddies, and booting the boys who bent over to pick them they fled, they dropped tear-gas bombs.

Joseph's officers posted guards and broke out shelter After that, Blow was ready to eat. But the "Nazis" had c the cooks and disappeared into the woods. Our boy had his tinned rations.

He was still hungry when he and four others were butt in a tank and told to take a stretch of woods. Blow prom four "land mines," then drove into a camouflaged ditch. H back to requisition help, but he was told that battle con prevailed and he'd have to get that 30-ton tin buggy out himself.

He went back just in time to hear the musical-saw wh machine-gun bullets. Real ones. Blow flattened. He c retrieve the tank until he silenced the machine gun. So he c on his belly for forty yards, with his face in the dust. Behi in front of him, officers exploded harmless bombs. He didn lift his head and he had to watch for booby traps.

By the time he got to the machine-gun position—prayir the "Nazis" would stay for a moment longer—they had gon didn't know it, but the officers had been watching with field for signs of hysteria. There were none.

When he came back to his tank, Joseph was a much s soldier. Before he even tried reversing the treads, he a buddies dug foxholes. They came in handy. A formation c dium tanks came toward them, and Blow and the boys dug watched the treads clank over them.

He fixed his tank and got it back to his company positio the evening, he was sitting soberly cleaning his .45 when he the call of bluejays. It was a pleasant sound—that is, until it close and he saw two squads of "Nazis" aiming bayoneted ri him and the other tank mechanics. That's how Blow got cap —and all the mechanics of his unit.

They were brought before Lieutenant Seymour Steinbe Staten Island. He's head of the Nazi platoon and he wears th form of a Wehrmacht officer. He asked Joe a lot of quest Blow answered the ones he thought were innocent. Then he yanked out and tossed into "Schickelgruber's Pokey." Tha concentration camp with barbed wire sixteen feet high arou

"The object of the two weeks' course," says Major Bass, make the soldiers so alert to detect Nazis that they will be saf real combat."

Joe isn't mad. If his teeth are ground down to the gum now, that's only because of anticipation.

Americans captured by the "Germans" are taken to platoon quarters for questioning exactly as they would be in a warfare. The "Nazi officer" talking to Joe Blow is Lt. Sey Steinberg of Staten Island, commander of the platoon. Lt. S berg wears a German uniform and acts and talks like a

of our objects," says Major Willard Bass, who organized the platoon, "is to make soldiers alert to detect real Germans"

Sleepy Americans who haven't been keeping a close watch are captured by "Nazis" on night patrol. They'll wind up in the "Pokey"

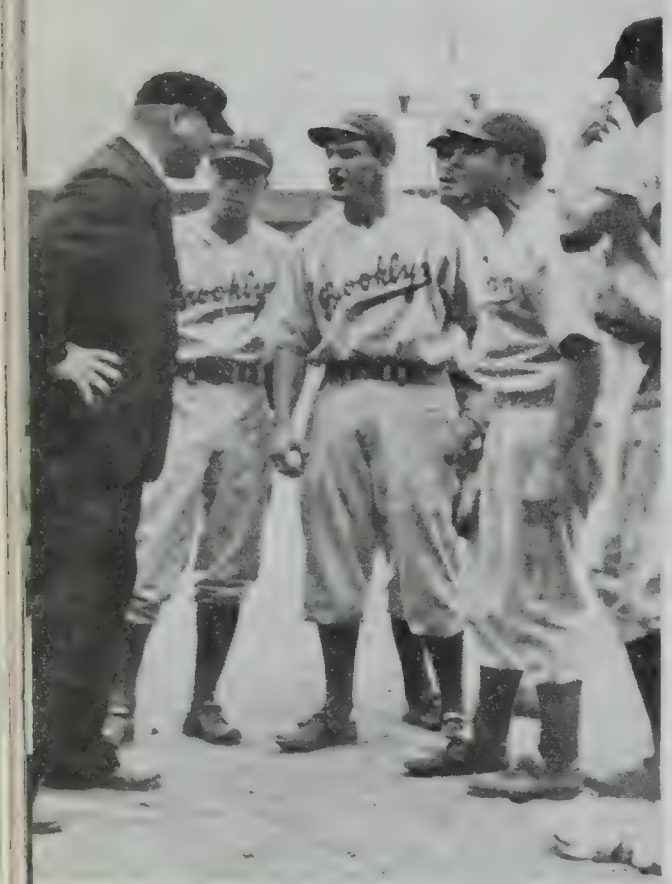
ured" Americans are marched into "Schickelgruber's Pokey," the concentration camp, and imprisoned behind sixteen feet of wire

These crawling "Nazis" are preparing to stage a surprise attack on a tank which has broken down and is being repaired by its crew

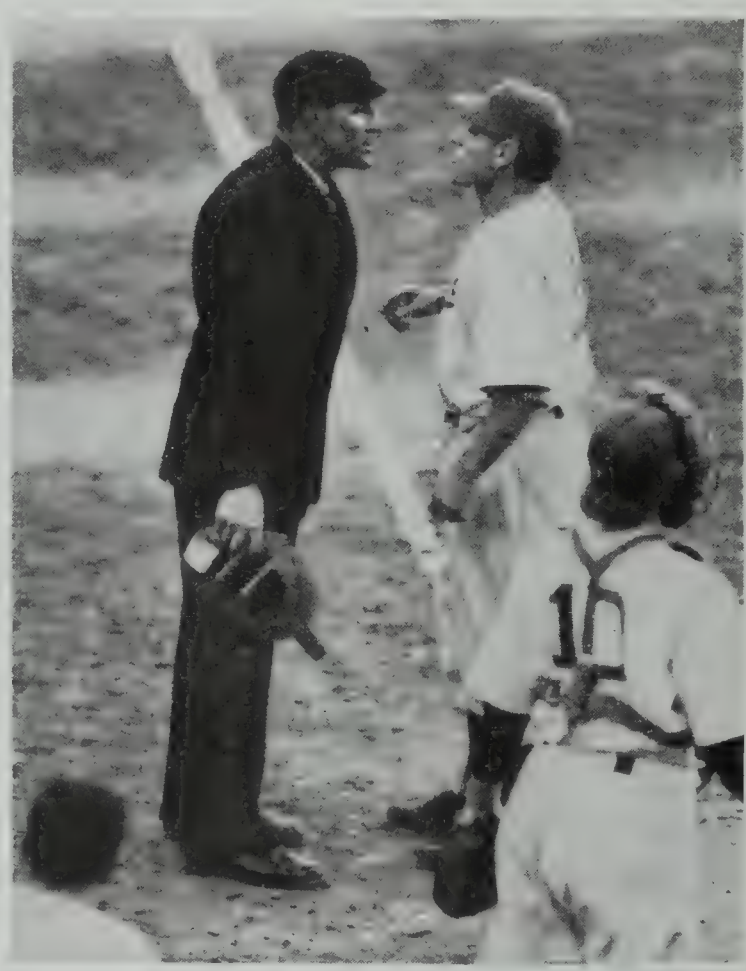
It's a simple matter to poison a poorly guarded camp's drinking water. This "Nazi" soldier, with a harmless dye, shows how it's done

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.



PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.



INTERNATIONAL

WIDE WORLD

ACME

Mr. Brookl Goes to Ba

By Charles Ext

The incredible Leo Durocher—k wn friends and detractors alike as the Li survived a revolution of the Palace He has had more ups and downs tha vator. At the moment, he's up. Here's

IT WAS a sunny day in Brooklyn, and the pire thought it would be fine weather for t ers to play the Pirates—as the schedule a —if only someone could find a few Dodgers w play. The game was a half-hour late and, do dressing room, Manager Leo Durocher, he of lip and the short temper, was trying to quell big-league revolution with: "Aw, come o Who'll play ball?"

The Lip doesn't talk like that. Ever. The bellow: "Hit the road, bums!" or some suc admonition to go out and play ball. But he plead. He fights umpires, sports writers, ba (his own or anyone else's) and front-office edi

Well, he did plead that day. If he ha Dodgers could feasibly have busted up the League by breaking up into snarling, no cliques. And it all happened over a pass Catcher Bobby Bragan let it get through him. O Newsom pitched it. The bases were loaded with and Elbie Fletcher was at bat. Fletcher had far what should have been the third out when you gan permitted the toss to go between his ankle

It lost the game for Bobo. In the dressing Durocher laced into Bobo and accused him of to show up the kid by tugging at your cap." suspended Newsom ". . . for the season, if I can stick." The next day, it was changed to "three least." The players began to take sides. A meet scheduled before game time, and Arkie Vaughan in his uniform—automatically suspending himsel Vaughan is a star infielder and, what's more imp a level head. He walked out. The players stare and silently as the Lip talked. They had read a s an afternoon paper about what Leo thought of and they didn't like it.

Dixie Walker, most popular man on the Br team, said he wouldn't play. The Lip softene looked at his watch and wanted to know who play. He talked defensively. He asked for team Walker saved the Lip's baseball bacon by melting other players took their lead from Walker.

"I don't want to play because you suspended Vaughan," said Walker.

"But I didn't," whined Leo. "He suspended hi He walked out because Newsom was suspended. a voluntary act."

Dixie Walker looked suspicious. Then he shru "If that's the way it really was, I'll play."

Several others nodded and adjusted their s The Palace Guard revolution melted on the warn of the playing field. The game began an hour late. the Lip had come through his greatest crisis.

The front office stood by Leo, and sold Bobo t lowly Browns. Vaughan came back to play top- ball.

It has ever been thus. For sixteen major-league sons, Leo Durocher has been a hero one day, a vi the next. He rode to dizzy heights as crack shor of the champion Yankees of 1928. He teetered to scurity as the ostracized outlaw of the last-place cinnati Reds in 1930.

Up he went to a boisterous pennant and W Series with the Cardinals of '34. Three years later was a fading veteran on the tattered Brooklyn Daffi Boys, and by '41, he was Leo the *(Continued on page*

Durocher has been banished to the showers more tim than B.O. Here, he's shown losing decisions to umpir Pinelli, Klem, Magerkurth, Goetz, Stewart and Grie "Right or wrong," he says, "I always back my boys

YOUR battles, too!

Service men wear these decorations of honor and campaign ribbons proudly. Each colored ribbon tells its own story of sacrifices . . . of brave deeds . . . of battles fought.

But don't forget, the battles they stand for were your battles, too. Perhaps you helped win them.

Perhaps that pint of blood you donated to the Red Cross saved a boy's life at dawn in a New Guinea swamp. That rubber you saved may have fought at Jebel Tahent or Mateur. That gasoline *you* didn't use may be helping our armies drive on to Berlin.

There'll be many more battles for us civilians to take part in. It's more important than ever to buy that extra bond . . . a few more war stamps. Conserve all the food, and rubber, and gasoline we can.

We men and women of The Texas Company are helping to win battles, too, by producing millions of gallons of 100-octane gasoline . . . toluene for explosives . . . high quality lubricating oils for our fighting forces.

The proven valor of our fighting men deserves the best that we at home can give.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF & SKY CHIEF GASOLINES • HAVOLINE & TEXACO MOTOR OILS

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY

...YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed—So Free and Easy On The Draw

POOR TONTON

BY DAVID DAVIDSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

S reading a chemical analysis of ous samples of cinchona bark to ound in the vicinity of Panta when ga, bookkeeper of the American sing mission to which I was at- came into my office. He asked if l like to see Tonton.

ed, "What, is he here in Panta?" iboga was tall, spare, and goateed, ways wore black suits. He carried as if there were a cloak thrown s shoulders.

iboga said, "Yes, señor. He is at lroad station. You know who Ton- "

course," I said. Tonton was one or six sad little movie comedians ere each called by their admirers harlie Chaplin of South America. you wish to see him, señor, serve lf to come with me to the railroad n."

nta must be honored," I said. "Ton- a great artist."

e do honor to each other," the book- replied. "Panta is the firmament, onton is the star that glows in it." s speech was just a normal sample ntanese. Every man in Panta was a o, a knightly poet who knew how lect on the tragedy of life and the ry of death. This, of course, made tough for an American mission ad come to Panta to buy quinine in ry. Panta wasn't sure that it liked us, ed how badly we needed the quinine ia and North Africa.

e Germans, until they had been ex- l from the country, had been much er than we. Berlin had sent tourists could quote Lope de Vega and Gón- by the yard. In Panta, the legal r was reflections and meditations.

iriboga was standing and waiting, ndee with a pencil in his ear. "If it orms now for the señor to come to the ad station—"

pointed politely to the report on my "If Tonton is only waiting for a connection," I said, "he may be gone before we get there."

"His connection is tomorrow," said Chiriboga.

"Surely he doesn't intend to wait in the station until—"

"To him, time is only a dream. That station is only a dream. Panta is a dream. In the end, what is life itself but that? And dreams themselves are only a dream."

I thought for a moment and then said, "Calderón de la Barca."

Chiriboga looked surprised. "You know that?" he asked.

"We read him in our Spanish classes in North America."

Chiriboga flushed. "You do? I did not mean to represent the reflection as my own. In Panta we suck in Calderón with our mothers' milk." He waved ceremoniously toward the open door. "Have the kindness, señor—"

When we got to the railroad station, Chiriboga led me toward the freight room. Through the door, in the half-darkness, I could see a little group of men gathered in a corner. They turned and gave me quick glances over the shoulder.

I stopped at the threshold. Suddenly I got the feeling that this was some kind of test. I wished I had not come, but now there was no stepping back. In the circumstances I was not just one gringo. I was the United States of America.

"Shall we go inside?" I asked, thinking of all the serene white buildings in Washington.

"How not?" Chiriboga waved me before him into the freight room. It was cluttered up with half-finished hides, bales of sheared wool, eucalyptus timbers and crates of mountain fruit. That was all, except for something in the corner around which four men were standing. A battered five-gallon gasoline tin, and inside it—

It appalled me to think that a man could be reduced to so little. Inside the gasoline tin was a nest of bones, terribly clean and white, surmounted by a skull, also clean and white.

I closed my eyes quickly. "Tonton?" I asked.

"Eleven kilometers from here is a cliff," said Chiriboga. "The descent is sudden and long. You did not hear how, on his way from Quito to La Paz, Tonton disappeared? That was six months ago."

"I didn't hear," I said. "At the time I was in North America."

"The place where he fell was difficult of access," said Chiriboga, "except to the carrion birds."

There was a long silence. Then I became aware that everybody was looking my way. Finally I got the point. I was expected to pronounce an elegy. I couldn't think of a thing.

Finally Chiriboga broke in, giving me a breather. "Naked," he said, "of his flesh and all pretense—that is how man goes back before God."

Another voice followed. "To the buzzards it was all the same, Tonton or a common thief." I looked around. This was from Fernando, the station porter.

"His house now will serve another, and his horses, and his wife." This was Joselito, the cab driver.

I had a feeling I'd been through this once before, but I couldn't remember where.

"He was hurrying," said the stationmaster, "hurrying to become a corpse. Life is a strange railroad. Each voyage terminates in wreckage."

This topped everything, a penetrating thought and in perfect character with the speaker. There was a murmured applause.

NOW it was back to me. The government of the United States couldn't pass twice. Five skeptical faces aimed at me.

"You were saying something, señor?" the stationmaster asked.

Now I had it. I started quietly. "One time," I said, wishing I were better at sight translation, "that skull contained a tongue . . . and was able to sing."

Five pairs of dark, knightly eyes were judging me. All right for a start, but proceed—

I drew a deep breath. "Alas . . . poor . . . Tonton . . ." I went on. I wondered what Secretary Hull would have thought. "I knew him, Chiriboga."

Chiriboga nodded. "How not?" he intoned.

"A fellow of—of endless jokes," I continued.

"Clearly," said Joselito, coming in softly.

The next was almost a stumbler, but I worked it out. ". . . a fellow of fantasy of the first order." I leaned forward slightly. "Tell me," I asked the skull, "where do your gibes encounter themselves now?"

"Exactly," sang the stationmaster.

"What has become of your tricks?"

"Listen . . . listen!" whispered the baker.

"Where now are your songs?" I asked. "Your sparks of humor?"

"Indeed . . . indeed," said the cab driver.

"Once they were in the custom of making the whole theater to laugh." I counted five to myself. "Now," I said, "not one remains. Alas, poor Tonton."

This time I counted ten, then nodded to everybody in the room and walked out. Chiriboga came with me. Behind us I heard approving whispers. I noticed that Chiriboga was studying my features. "Your mother was possibly Spanish?" he asked.

"No," I said, "not possibly."

"Possibly German?"

"No," I said, "pure Anglo-Saxon American. On both sides."

He nodded to himself. "I think," he said, "that you will be able to obtain all the cinchona bark you desire."

"Good," I said.

I didn't think it was necessary to tell him that in Anglo-Saxon America, with our mothers' milk, we sucked in Shakespeare.

"Readin, Ritin and Rithmetic"

No longer are district school lines determined by the distance a pair of youthful legs can travel. The one-room country schoolhouse with its pot-bellied stove, wood box and water bucket has been largely replaced by the modern, completely equipped Consolidated School. For this, we can thank the motor bus.

More than 43,500 schools depend upon bus transportation. The nation's 85,000 school buses roll up more than half a billion miles a year. The number of school children traveling by bus each day is greater than the total combined population of Los Angeles, St. Louis, Boston, Washington and New Orleans.

The transportation of school children is one of Highway Transport's biggest and most important jobs . . . for the right to educate our children is one of the principles of democracy for which America is fighting.

Joseph B. Eastman, director of the Office of Defense Transportation, recently stated: *"Automotive Transportation is absolutely essential to the winning of the War. Goods must reach their destinations and workers must get to their jobs...on time."* Join the U. S. Truck Conservation Corps and keep your trucks in best possible condition. Your GMC dealer is pledged to help you.

Pledged U.S. TRUCK CONSERVATION CORPS

INVEST IN VICTORY... BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK & COACH

DIVISION OF YELLOW TRUCK & COACH MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Home of GMC Trucks and Yellow Coaches . . . Manufacturer of a Wide Variety of Military Vehicles for our Armed Forces

GOING UP

BY JIM MARSHALL

ven miles above the rth, busy Boeing crews ith stratosphere secrets hat you'll fly with speed safety after the war

Data of great value to the fliers is obtained by scientists in the cold room. A complete refrigeration plant produces accurate temperatures at any given altitude

VE THINK we have freedom of movement. We can travel thousands of miles in some directions hout too much discomfort. But up and n, we can travel only a few thousand ds. Three thousand yards off the earth we're panting and listless. Ten thou- d yards, and we can't live; no oxygen, nse cold, kill us in a few seconds.

till, it would be fine to travel up there, seven or eight miles above the earth, if ay could be found to do it and still . Usually it's calm, and always the air o thin that we can go much faster and e a lot of time on long journeys.

ver since men started to fly, they have d to fly higher and higher, for sport, scientific investigation, for more speed nd for greater deadliness in war. In early days, sometimes the ships quit ore the pilots; sometimes the pilots led before the ships. But those who naged to get into the upper reaches ne back with strange tales about what it s like up there.

It was dry and fantastically cold; this d that happened to your engines and ur body; light acted differently; there re no clouds to speak of; usually you slid through an eternal silent calm—but not always. The reports jelled into a theory that *if* you could design a plane to fly up there, and *if* you could fix up a cabin to reproduce livable conditions for fragile human beings, it might be worth while. Flying would be faster and smoother than on lower levels. *If* . . .

The First High Flier

Many concerns started experimenting, but the outfit that went at it harder than others was Boeing, of Seattle. In 1936, Boeing engineers really got flying high; by 1939, they had found out enough to build the first stratoliner. It had blowers and heating devices that kept its crew and passenger spaces livable at 20,000 feet.

After tests, this ship and its sisters went into the passenger business and proved that, within limits, the higher you got the faster and smoother was the flight. But somewhere up above, it might be still better; the test crews kept on trying. From what they found out, it became possible to build the high-flying Fortresses that could get above antiaircraft fire and sometimes above fighter planes; also the big Army transports that are today flying long routes in the stratosphere.

After the war if you fly in air limiteds on thousand-mile trips, probably you will fly around 35,000 feet. This sounds like a lot of height, but comparatively it's getting up only four feet to travel two hundred yards. For hops of under a thousand miles, there is not much point in getting into the stratosphere. Present Civil Aeronautics Authority rules limit the climb of a passenger plane to three hundred feet a minute, although most people can take a thousand without discomfort. To climb to 30,000 feet, under the rules, takes an hour and forty minutes, in which the plane might travel four or five hundred miles. It would no sooner be up to its limit than it would have to start down.

With pressure cabins, of course, planes could climb much more rapidly, and postwar ships may climb a mile a minute, which would shorten the distance in which stratosphere flying would be economical.

To travel upstairs we have to do a great many things besides regulating cabin pressures and temperatures. We practically have to redesign most of the ship's machinery and equipment from tiny electric motors and radio gadgets to propellers and the shape of the fuselage—which has to be circular to handle the pressure. For one thing: What sort of material are you going to use for a window that has to take an outside temperature of 100 below and an inside of 65 or 70, plus pounds of excess pressure—without cracking? Lose a window up there, and the chance of getting passengers down alive is pretty slim.

Finding out what goes on at 40,000 feet isn't just a matter of hopping into a plane and going up. High-flight test pilots, engineers and crews have to go through weeks of intensive training before they are ready. Finally they spend hours in a steel chamber called a stratotrainer, living and working under the same atmospheric conditions they'll find eight miles up—where there is a margin of about thirty seconds between life and certain death.

(Continued on page 54)

CORNER OF HEAVEN

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

COPYRIGHT, 1943, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

The Story Thus Far:

FOLLOWING the death of her grandfather, with whom she has lived since the death of her parents near Washington, D. C., Griselle Mountjoy goes to the Coast and becomes a student at the University of California.

She knows one person in Berkeley: old General Cruickshank, who had been her grandfather's best friend. The general's nephew, Dr. Sam Cruickshank, and Mollie, his wife, run a boardinghouse for girls in Berkeley. Griselle takes a room at the Cruickshanks'.

Back East, Griselle had met, and fallen in love with, a Californian: Captain Alan McIntyre, of the U. S. Army Medical Corps. Alan had given her no encouragement, although he had liked her, admired her. Still, when he shows up in Berkeley, shortly after her arrival, she is thrilled!

She soon learns, though, that Alan loves someone else—Mitzi Armitage, the general's niece. Mitzi has a husband, David Armitage, who is with our Navy, overseas. She professes to adore "dear David." But, as she admits to Griselle, she is "crazy" about handsome Captain McIntyre.

Possessing a sensitive conscience, and the right sort of code, Alan struggles against his emotions; and, after a hard fight, he convinces himself that it is Griselle he ought to love, not Mitzi! He even goes so far as to ask Griselle to marry him. Then, shortly before the time set for their marriage, he sends Griselle a letter in which he tells her, as gently as he can, that he has made a "mistake."

When Griselle reads the letter, Alan is no longer in Berkeley—obedient to orders, he has gone away. Heartbroken, Griselle has a long, frank talk with Mitzi, who stresses the point that Alan loves *her*, not Griselle; and that she, Mitzi, can marry him, if she only cares to get a divorce.

Utterly wretched, Griselle calls o mother and brother, Steve, a cripple about in a wheel chair. To her delight, Steve a charming companion; he give sympathy and understanding she nee word has come that Mitzi's husband, "missing in action" in the South Pacif is now a widow—free to marry Alan!

VI

GRISELLE saw much less o in these days, being rather than otherwise, when sh phoned, to be told that Mrs. A was away with friends in the city Burlingame or up at Lake Tahoe. ing Mitzi only gave her pain; it was not to see her. For Mitzi was be subdued, picturesque in her youn owhood, and Mitzi too obvious now that she held all the cards in h hands.

One afternoon Griselle went up the old general to play backgammo him. She found him in the cool v outside the dining room and with minute's delay brought out the topped table and the big board. while, the dice clicked steadily a big, smooth counters moved to an and the conversation was casual an eral.

But suddenly, as Griselle r hunted in her bag for fresh nickel dimes, the old man demanded: "S liked young Captain McIntyre, too.

Griselle sat back, her throat sud thick and her heart missing a "Alan!" she said.

"Yes. Nice fellow. I've only see a few times. Mitzi seems to be tre dously taken with him," the old man on musingly.

"Oh, yes. They're—they're in love —he naturally felt—he felt that sin knew her husband it made it all the —his liking her, I mean. He met both down South, just before David to sail, and he drove up here with remember? That was the beginning. of course, David's death changed all t Griselle said somewhat confusedly.

"How d'you mean—changed all t

"Made it all right. I mean, when comes back, she'll be free to marry."

"But she isn't going to live on a tain's pay, or what a young doctor m at the outset, either," said General Cr shank shrewdly.

"No; but Mitzi has some money."

"Well, she has a couple of hundr month," he said, unconvinced. " wouldn't take her very far. She's not ing to settle down and run any m house on a budget."

"She says she is."

"But what's this she was telling about his liking you? She says th she hadn't cut in on you, she believes and he would have been married be he went away."

Griselle began to set up the men the new game.

"We might have," she admitted; " he wasn't in love with me. He wante he wanted not to go on caring for M —to get away. I knew how it was. I willing."

(Continued on page 44)

"I knew it, I knew it!" Mitzi said bri and abstractedly. Griselle followed through the open hallway to the libr

"LETTUCE BEET THE AXIS!"— say the 5 Crowns

With hoes and with rakes
We've done what it takes
To keep our production unswerving.

And now as we plan
to "can what we can,"
It's freedom itself we're preserving!

THE FINER
Seagram's 5 Crown

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

1. I'm Minerva, goddess of Wisdom. That's me on top of the bus, keeping an eye on another gal named Minerva who's filling the job of a man gone off to the wars.

2. After driving this bus all day, this other Minerva dame doesn't sleep a wink all night. At 3 A.M. last Wednesday, when she ought to be sawing wood, I catch her sittin' up knittin'.

3. Listen, Min, I say to her. You'll wreck that bus of yours if you don't get some shut-eye. And you'll be sabotaging instead of helping your Uncle Sam's war effort.*

4. Trouble with you, Min, is that you're one of those people whose nerves are upset by the caffein in coffee. Get wise! You can enjoy coffee without being company for the owls.

5. All you have to do, I advise her, is switch to Sanka Coffee. Sanka is *real* coffee, fine, delicious coffee—with *97% of the caffein removed.* This heavenly beverage lets you sleep in clover.

6. Next night I go back to Min's place for another sales talk. But she must have switched to Sanka that day, because she's fast asleep. No wonder I'm Head of the Wisdom Dept.!

SANKA COFFEE

ALL-PURPOSE GRIND . . .
VACUUM PACKED IN
GLASS JARS

SLEEP ISN'T A LUXURY; IT'S A NECESSITY. DRINK SANKA AND SLEEP!

*WOMEN! FIND YOUR RIGHT WAR JOB. Check the want ads; go to your local U. S. Employment Service Office for advice. The More Women at Work—The Sooner We'll Win!

The Wild Bunch

Continued from page 19

He turned to the door, but he changed his mind and crossed the room and went through the kitchen and left the house by the back way. Stepping cautiously he reached the edge of the yard and found McSween in the middle of the yard, facing the porch with a rifle in his arm.

The girl had turned up the house lamp and she had opened the door to let out the day's heat; and therefore McSween was a revealed shape in the yellow glow.

Goodnight stepped into the yard, lifting his gun on McSween. "Stand fast," he said. "Drop the rifle."

The sound of his voice made McSween flinch. Goodnight noticed a short, stiff shudder go through the man. McSween stood rooted, not turning his head as he grated back his answer: "Why didn't you do this square and meet me headfirst? I was right here where you could see me."

"Drop the gun," said Goodnight.

McSween let the gun fall and then turned. His face was old and showed something close to despair. "When do I get the chance?" he said. "I got it coming to me."

"When you can find it," said Goodnight. "Get into the bunkhouse, lady-killer." He walked past McSween and picked up the rifle. McSween stood indecisively in his tracks, watching Goodnight with his balked glance. Goodnight rammed the muzzle of the rifle into the man's back. "Move on," he said. The pressure stirred McSween. He marched to the bunkhouse with his fists doubled and swinging; he went into the bunkhouse and moved like a man half asleep to his bunk in the corner; he sat down on its edge, still staring at Goodnight. The other three had turned in for the night, but they were awake, watching this scene.

"Who lent this greenhorn a gun?" asked Goodnight.

Bob Carruth said, "It's my gun."

"Man should be more careful with his weapons," said Goodnight. "By the way—who's been foreman around here?"

"I been."

"Hope you liked it while it lasted."

Bob Carruth took the news with his usual grave and indifferent manner. One eyebrow lifted, opening one eye fuller; the other was a streak of light between closing lids. Finally he turned over on his bunk, putting his back to Goodnight. "That's fine. Now you can do the talkin' when Boston Bill shows up tomorrow."

BREAKFAST was done and Goodnight had gone for his horse when he heard the onreaching running of horses coming from the ridge trail. Coming back to the yard he found Boston Bill at the porch, talking to Virginia Overman. Half a dozen of Boston Bill's men sat asaddle, waiting.

Carruth stood in the bunkhouse doorway, watching this with his usual cool reserve. Carruth murmured to him, "Now you can figure this one out," and seemed amused.

Goodnight thought of something. "Where's Bill's headquarters?"

"Back on the ranch that used to be Clark Morphy's. Two miles up."

"He could have heard the shooting last night."

"He could have," agreed Carruth.

The idea stuck with Goodnight as he went over the yard; and another idea came. Looking at Boston Bill's crew he saw no particular weariness on them. It appeared they had slept well, either at their headquarters or somewhere. These two things made a piece of a story, and the story had a possibility to it. Boston Bill, at the moment, reached out and touched Virginia's shoulder and spoke to her: "All you need to do is tell me what you want."

Goodnight observed the half-rel interest on the girl's face. Bill's pr and his personal attraction reache even against her judgment. Bosto swung around to meet him, the fading. "You're back?" he said, anc thought of something else. "You fight last night?"

"No."

"That's right," said Boston Bill. were in town." He turned to the "Don't trust men you don't know."

His charm returned as he looked and Goodnight saw her eyes drop. said hurriedly, "Frank is foreman Bill."

Bill gave Goodnight a steady "That trip to town saved you a trouble."

"Where were you last night?"

Boston Bill said, "That's none of business." Then he remembered the and gave a better answer, grudgi "We just got back to our place after a ride. Otherwise we'd been here."

GOODNIGHT looked back at the ers still sitting asaddle and sav night weariness on them. What was man trying to avoid? Meanwhile Bo Bill put his hand on the girl's arm and "I want to see you alone a moment." led her inside and closed the door.

Goodnight got out his tobacco sack poured a cigarette. He drew a long br of smoke and he watched Boston men and was aware of their covert am ment. McSween appeared and stood side the stirrups of one of the riders watched him with a hungry anticipat as though he saw the chance for whic waited. Over by the bunkhouse the other Sun men held their places, watching and judging him. This w scene made him or broke him as the ments ran on.

The door opened and Boston Bill ca out, "Virginia wants her dad buried to her mother—over there beyond trees. Get busy on it, and send someb to Roselle for the minister."

It was Boston Bill's signal that he posed to take control. Goodnight nu the cigarette, saying nothing and d nothing. The mounted men got down started toward their chore. . . .

A minister came out of the hills so time before noon on an old gray ho conducted the funeral and took his din and went away. Goodnight said to Carruth, "Where'd he come from?"

"Roselle."

"Where's Roselle?"

"Summit for the Pass Road. Was a m ing town."

Goodnight went back to the corral a took seat on the top bar. He had a vi of the main house whose door was ag closed. Boston Bill's men sat around yard in the shade and in the sun; the d inched along, meaning nothing to a body. This was one of those times wh as in a poker game, luck ran low and players sat disinterestedly by, waiting a break to come, for a fat pot to build He realized he had taken a bad beati during the morning. In the space of t minutes before the critical audience B ton Bill had cut him down so that he w a lesser man in the eyes of all of the Boston Bill was clever and fought wi many weapons.

Goodnight had stood back in the cro at the funeral and he had watched the gi she had shed no tears and it seemed to h she had changed greatly. Her way standing, her gray eyes looking down the earth, her fixed composure—the things reminded him somehow of her f ther. He thought of her very steadily as

nced on the corral bar and watched house.

Meanwhile, Boston Bill sat on the cor- of the living-room table, inside the se and considered Virginia Overman. sat in a corner of the room, perfectly posed. Not once during the funeral, not since, had she given way. She had ellent control of herself, a thing which ressed him. He spoke softly even as critical eyes searched her:

It is very tough. You know very well do whatever chore you want done. I've you that before."

Yes," she said, "I remember."

Virginia," he said, "how are you going un things?"

As they have been run in the past."

You must be aware of the difficulties. kind of men we have to use around do not take to a woman's instruc- ns."

he looked at him intently. "A woman do things a man cannot."

He smiled with some indulgence. "A man's knuckles were never meant for ght."

A woman has a smile," she said. "I ld smile your whole crowd away from ."

Why," he said, "what goes on in your d?" He was sober now, and he thought efully of what she had told him.

Bill," she said, "I can read your mind. u're sorrowing with me today and do- it well. You do many things so well. t tomorrow or the next day, or next ek, you'll suggest how lonely it is for and you'll propose. That's about right, t it?"

HE STARED at her, considerably sur- prised at her cold and rational analy- of him. It irritated him to know that had played with him precisely as he d played with her.

He said pointedly, "The truth is, Vir- ia, you're not particularly forlorn be- se of your father's death."

'I will do what my father did not do."

"You will do it with my help," he said, r you will not do it. Don't let your cies get the best of you."

She studied him over a thoughtful in- val. "You're pretty blunt when you n't feel you have to be charming. Sun nch is mine. You had a better grip on father than you have on me. He was a simple man, and you studied him and knew him, and used him. Had he lived, you would have made yourself so necessary to him that he could have done nothing without you. I'm different. You don't know me as well and you'll never be certain I'm standing where you think I am."

"Is this what has been going on behind your smile all these months?" he said. "You sound as though you despised me."

Her glance ran over his face and a flicker of expression came to her lips and eyes. Then she looked down. "No, Bill," she murmured, "I don't hate you."

He was trying to judge her and having a poor time of it. She had changed on him, throwing his reasoning out of line; now he tried to re-establish her in his scheme of things. "It would be foolish of you to send me away, Virginia. Where will you get other help?"

"I'm not sending you away. I only want it clear about Sun Ranch. You can change your plans."

"What plans?"

"You're not the usual kind of brush jumper. You ran away from something much better than the average man. I think you sometimes hate yourself for running. You are very proud of your brains and you have a contempt for most men around you. Well, here you are. You think you could make a little world of your own and run it as a perfect king."

"Sun Ranch," he pointed out, "is just a mountain meadow surrounded by trees. You could make it bigger if you wished. You could have cattle over half the mountains, if you wished."

"Cattle rustled from the desert?"

"How does that matter where we get our beef? These men will take what they can from us. We can take what they have, with equal right. Sun Ranch could stretch from summit to the desert. It could go out upon the desert twenty miles."

"All that is nice to dream about, Bill. You're a great one to dream and talk."

"I can draw twenty or thirty men to me," he said. "What's to stand against us? It won't be hard to knock out the ranchers who have been trying to ruin Sun. Once they're gone, who cares? If it were back East we'd have some kind of law on our trail. But this is different."

"You've been here long enough to have tried it. Why haven't you?"

"I came here green," he said. "I had to

COLLIER'S "Your voice sounds as though I've been drinking, Loretta" GARRETT PRICE

LIGHTER MOMENTS with fresh Eveready Batteries

"Private Jones is now pitching for Company E!"

The armed forces right now are taking enormous quantities of "Eveready" No. 6 Dry Cells to operate field telephone units. This drastically reduces the civilian supply, so buy only when necessary and use sparingly.

The words "Eveready" and "Ignitor" are registered trade-marks of National Carbon Company, Inc.

EVEREADY TRADE-MARK

Choice of Junior Yanks

For school and casual wear these Reliance made garments are preferred by active boys. We've built extra service into these good-looking clothes, so that parents can outfit young Yanks thriftily. Pictured (left to right) are: A Yank Jr. Corduroy Jumper with Matched Jacket. A Yank Jr. warm Plaid Shirt, in-and-outer style, and Corduroy Slacks. Get Yank Jr. clothes at better dealers everywhere.

RELIANCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
212 W. Monroe St. • Chicago, Ill.
New York Offices:
200 Fifth Ave. • 1350 Broadway

MAKERS of Big Yank Work Clothing • Aywon Shirts Yankshire Coats • Universal Pajamas • No-Tare Shorts • Kay Whitney and Happy Home Frocks Yank Jr. Boys' Wear • Parachutes for Men and Matériel

learn. I had to build up my crowd. I've built it."

"You always talk well. You started out to catch Harry Ide. You didn't do it."

"This stranger rode up and spoiled my play."

She said, "What really made you go to see Ide?"

He gave her a strange look. "I have told you."

She watched him so steadily that he grew impatient and afraid. He held her glance, knowing he could not show weakness now, but the effort was hard and he broke it up by bringing a smile to his face. "You're touchy."

"Go back and do what you intended to do. Then I'll listen to you."

He said slowly, "You're asking me to go kill Harry Ide?"

"Yes," she said.

"I realize how you feel. This thing has hit you hard and Ide deserves to die. He probably will in due time. But I hate to hear you speak so coldly."

"Now you're just talking again. If you're afraid, don't bother. All the hill outfits are friends of Sun. They will do what you haven't done."

"I do not like to hear that from you."

"For that matter," she said, "Goodnight will take care of Ide for me. You can ride along on your own business, whatever it is."

He said angrily, "I don't want him around."

She swung about, her will as strong as his. She flung her question at him: "Why didn't you settle that also when he stopped you at Ide's?"

He said, very slowly, "Are you asking me to go out there and draw on Goodnight?"

"No," she said. "Let him alone. But, don't talk of things you never mean to do."

He said, "I'll see you again in a day or two," and left the house. She followed to the doorway, watching him swing to his horse and wait for his men to gather. Presently he wheeled and led his outfit away.

"Bob," she called, "saddle up for me." She let out a long sigh. The stiffness on her face, the cold containment, slipped. She was tired and showed it and she was thinking: I shall have to handle him better than that or he will slip through my fingers, or destroy me. He is a clever man.

Bob brought her horse forward. Going to it, she spoke to Goodnight who still roosted on the top corral bar: "I wish you to ride along, Frank." She waited until he had joined her and afterward turned to the meadow road.

He said nothing to her. Depression obviously chilled her spirit; the meeting with Boston Bill had left her displeased, and he had also noted that Boston Bill's expression, on leaving the house, had been stormy. These two had clashed. He put the information away.

THEY came to a summit of the trail. Here she stopped and pointed her hand down a ravine, at the lower end of which a small meadow opened. Following her gesture, Goodnight noticed a log house and a weather-gray barn sitting in the meadow.

"That's where Boston Bill stays," Virginia said. "I wanted you to know where it was. This is not the closest road to it. The best road goes straight from Sun. Remember that."

She went on, crossed a short bare bench and reached timber, again climbing. She appeared pressed for time and she drew back again into her thoughts and made no further attempt to talk to him. Half an hour onward, they came upon a narrow footbridge slung over a canyon thirty feet wide and sixty feet deep, at the bottom of whose dark slice, water boiled. Somewhere near by, out of sight, a falls made a steady racket and the mist of its spraying lay damply in the air. Now the road reached a clearing scarcely more than a foothold at the base of a cliff and ended in front of a cabin and a corral and a log lean-to. Behind the cabin rose a cliff, gray and weathered and cracked. In all other directions the pines marched away in ragged up-and-down formation, covering the sharp breaks and ridges round about.

A mustard-colored dog, long and lank, scuffled around the cabin with his teeth showing, and a man as lank as the dog stepped from the lean-to, holding a rifle loose in one hand. A short beard covered a face that might have been old or young; he had a hatchet chin and agate black eyes and a faint streak of a mouth. He was about six feet tall, nothing but bone and hide, with the round shoulders of one who bent to watch the trail as he walked or rode. His voice, when he spoke, was an old man's voice: "Git down, Virginia."

"Just came to introduce you to a man, Ned. This man. His name is Frank. He's working for me."

"For you or your old man?"

"My father is dead. Harry Ide's crowd shot us up last night."

The old man stolidly accepted the information. He shrugged his shoulders and his lids crept nearer together, accenting the beady brightness of his eyes. "We can remember that," he said. "One day Harry Ide's goin' to get what's comin' to him." He looked at Goodnight and said, "Whut about this feller?"

"If he comes up here for anything, remember he's from me." She turned to Goodnight. "This is my father's oldest friend—Ned Tower."

Ned Tower laid his glance on Goodnight like the edge of a knife, motionless but ready to cut. He nodded his head: "I'll know him if he comes, Virginia. That all?"

"All now," she answered.

"No," he said, "it ain't all. Whut you goin' to do with Boston Bill?"

"I'll use him," she said.

"Will you now?"

"I'm not as easy as Dad," she said.

"We'll see," he said. . . .

Goodnight took his seat at the fo the supper table; Virginia and the were already seated. Goodnight "Where's Mac?"

Bob Carruth looked up, gray an interested and reserved. "Left."

"Left for where?"

"Didn't say."

She watched Goodnight grow grow keen. "Which way did he go?"

"That way," said Bob Carruth waved his knife. "Toward Roselle. the mountain."

Goodnight started for the door. ginia came around the table to halt "Where are you going?"

"After him."

"Then that's what brought you Why didn't you say so? And if you w him, why didn't you take him when had him?"

Goodnight went by her without ans ing. Carruth called out, "Hope you him. He took my forty-four."

Goodnight reached his horse. Tur in the yard, he looked at Virginia. She at once, "Will you come back?"

"Maybe," he said and rode away.

TWILIGHT came on, lingered bri gave way to dark. Goodnight rea the end of the meadow and rode on tween black hedges of pine. Now and he pulled to a walk and gave his hor breathing spell, but he hated the delay scarcely could abide it; for the fea losing Theo McSween dominated him he cursed himself for ever permitting man out of his sight.

He was two hours from Sun Ra when he caught the dull shine of h lights, thus coming upon Roselle.

He drifted forward with caution, serving that this town was nothing b huddle of old shacks split by the r which went straightaway through. W he reached the side of the nearest house stopped in the shadows to have a l before him; a two-story building st ahead of him with an outside stair leading from street to second floor. Th seemed to be a saloon on the ground fl with a few horses standing before

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE by ALAN FOSTE

"We found it inordinately hot in Washington this summer"

COLLIER'S

Cadillac

Our fourth year..."*in the Army*"

When war clouds over Europe cast their first long shadows on the American continent, industry was called upon to help speed the armament program, and Cadillac "enlisted." That was back in March of 1939.

Our first assignment was to build vital precision parts for the Allison—America's foremost liquid-cooled aircraft engine—and we've been at it ever since. Today we are producing such important units as the crankshaft, the camshaft, the connecting rods, the reduction gears, the piston pins, and in addition, more than 170 other vital parts for the power train. The parts we make embody some of the finest precision work achieved by American industry. In many instances it calls for tolerances as close as three ten/thousandths of an inch.

But that is not the full story of what Cadillac is doing. We also build the new high-speed M-5 light tank containing two Cadillac-inspired innovations entirely new to mechanized warfare. They were adapted to tank use by U. S. Army ordnance engineers cooperating with Cadillac engineers. This M-5 light tank has been in volume production on Cadillac assembly lines for many months.

We are not only building to the finest standards we have ever achieved—but we are keeping abreast of every assignment made to us.

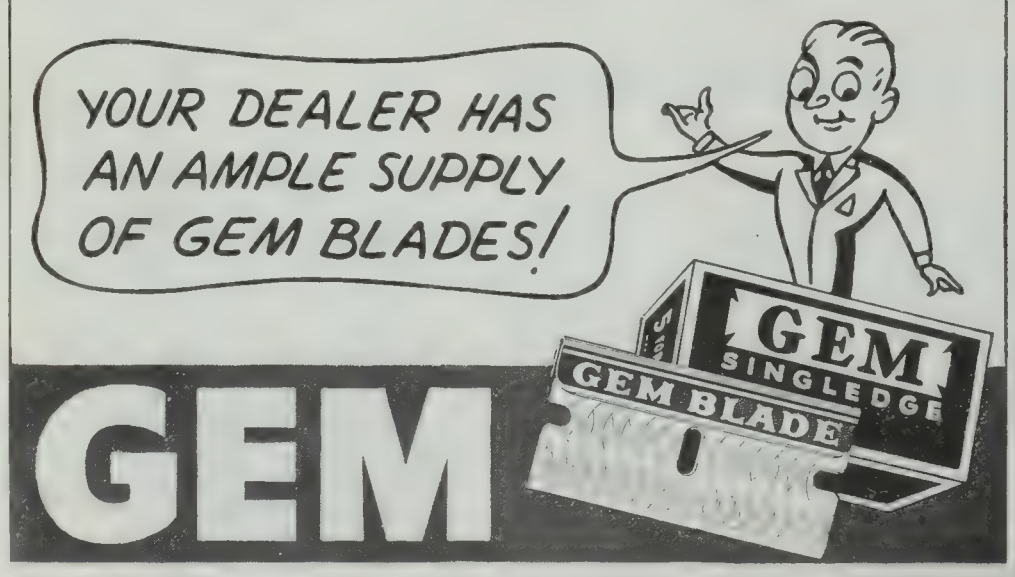
CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

LET YOUR DOLLARS WORK, TOO—
BUY
WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

WE'RE AGAINST '5 o'clock Shadow'!

1. **Take It from the Girls** in blue and khaki that women like men who keep chin-smooth *all* the time. What unsightly "5 o'clock Shadow" does to your appearance shouldn't happen to you—ever!

2. **Be Fair to the Fair Sex** . . . Shave with a genuine Gem Blade and stay face-neat all day long. Made by the makers of your Gem Razor, Gems *must* fit precisely, shave perfectly. Try a pack today.



Your Gem Razor must last you for the duration; dry it carefully after each shave.

across the road from it was another large building whose windows and doors had been removed.

He studied the horses and did not identify McSween's mount. Dismounting before the saloon, he stepped inside the place. Four men sat at a table, playing poker; and all four ceased playing and looked at him with a dead steadiness. One of the four rose and moved behind the small bar; he lifted a bottle and a glass and set them on the counter.

"Where would a man eat?" said Goodnight.

The saloonkeeper pushed his thumb behind him. "Go sit down in the back room. I'll fix it."

"Where would a man sleep?"

"Take your blanket up the outside stairs and pick a bunk."

"I'll eat first," said Goodnight and poured himself a short drink. He held the glass between his hands a moment. The bartender now did a queer thing; reaching down, he got an empty bottle and turned and banged the bottle's bottom against the wall at his back.

"What's that for?"

"Tellin' my old woman to fix another supper," said the bartender.

GOODNIGHT held the drink in his hand and moved quickly to the door of the rear room. He threw it open before him and saw a table with a red oilcloth top. There was a plate on the table with a steak half cut through and a cup of coffee half emptied. A chair stood away from the table, as though a man had hurriedly kicked it aside, had hurriedly departed. An open door at the rear of the room showed the direction of his departure. Goodnight turned back and laid his whisky glass on the bar. The barkeep said: "You want that meal now?"

"Fry it up," said Goodnight. He went rapidly over the saloon to the front door, and cast a sudden backward glance at the three men at the poker table as he left the place. They were sitting by; they were not in this deal. The bartender had given the signal to the man eating in the rear room, but that was probably only the kind of protection he would have given any stranger on the run—just a rule of the house. Coming to the road, he looked to both directions, made a quick decision and swung to his left, running the front width of the house and turning the corner of it sharply. It brought him to an alley lying between the saloon building and a small adjoining house. He saw a shape weave at the far end and he heard the ragged run of steps; he followed the alley and came out at the back edge of the town. He heard the faint crush of a foot somewhere to his right, and looked that way and saw nothing. The man had disappeared in the darkness but a horse stood to Goodnight's left, behind the hotel and saloon. He hugged the hotel wall and stepped toward the horse. When he came upon it and looked closely at its markings he knew he had caught up with Theo McSween. He was on the near side of the horse and reached out and untied the latigo and hauled off the saddle and carried it on until he came against a pile of boxes and rubbish behind the saloon's rear door. He dumped the saddle in the pile. If McSween ran away now it would be bareback; he wouldn't get far before being overhauled.

Goodnight paused a moment, trying to guess the man's actions. McSween was behind him, moving toward the other end of the building line, circling and retreating and trying for a fair shot. Therefore Goodnight continued on until he reached the corner of the saloon building and crept along the side of its wall until he reached the road and the front edge of the building. He looked down the street and saw nothing and observed that the few lights which had been in this town when he had entered it were now dimmed down. Roselle, living on the trade of fugitives, ga[illegible] customers an even break—no mo[illegible] no less. One dull lance of light f[illegible] through a crack of the saloon's [illegible] door; directly across the street a di[illegible] low stain of light showed on the [illegible] shade of a window. That was all. H[illegible] Theo McSween were alone on the [illegible] maneuvering and creeping while th[illegible] of this town watched the game go o[illegible]

He still stood at the side of the s[illegible] thereby exposed if McSween backtr[illegible] and came upon him from the rear. H[illegible] slid around the edge of the saloon t[illegible] front side and stood there, watchin[illegible] lower end of the road. He was deb[illegible] If McSween crossed over the road he [illegible] somewhere in the shadows of the op[illegible] buildings. If he hadn't crossed he [illegible] waiting at the lower end of town, or c[illegible] ing back for a surprise play. There w[illegible] way of knowing. He could wait and [illegible] the other man's nerve, he could [illegible] McSween move and betray himself, c[illegible] could start hunting.

It was not in him to wait. Turnin[illegible] rounded the corner of the saloon [illegible] quietly retraced his way down the [illegible] of the building to the rear; and hu[illegible] the back wall as he moved toward [illegible] lower end of town. He passed McSw[illegible] horse and he reached the narrow [illegible] between the saloon and the next b[illegible] ing. He stopped here to listen, [illegible] crossed the mouth of the gap in three l[illegible] soft steps. The next houses sat close [illegible] gether; at each between space he pa[illegible] and looked along it to the front—to [illegible] road whose deep yellow dust threw u[illegible] faint glow.

The end house was two hundred [illegible] below the saloon and when he got to [illegible] edge he faced the irregular floor of [illegible] short meadow upon which Roselle [illegible] The road's yellow streak of dust ran [illegible] back toward Sun Ranch, and the near [illegible] hills lay above him, ragged against the s[illegible]

He rounded the corner and crept to [illegible] road and stood at the house's edge, c[illegible] sidering the short row of buildings acr[illegible] the way. Three small houses squatted l[illegible] in the night before him; the windowl[illegible] and doorless two-story building faced t[illegible] saloon with its black, blind eyes. Watchi[illegible] it, he saw a faint glow in the second-flo[illegible] window, like the low burning of a cigare[illegible] tip, and he stared at it steadily until it [illegible] curred to him that this was the night's d[illegible] light catching on a splinter of glass s[illegible] hanging to the window frame. The wi[illegible] dow, he now observed, commanded t[illegible] road and the housetops of the town. Fro[illegible] that position a man might see many angl[illegible] he could not see from the street level.

HE BACKED away from the edge [illegible] the house and retreated to the deep[illegible] shadows. He crossed the road and circle[illegible] behind the buildings on the north side an[illegible] came against their ends, now again lool[illegible] ing down the between spaces as he passe[illegible] them. When he reached the rear of th[illegible] two-story building he spotted a doorwa[illegible] and moved to it and listened inside.

The smell of an abandoned place cam[illegible] out to him, musty and dry, with the rem[illegible] nant odors of a thousand things once hel[illegible] within the place still clinging there. H[illegible] looked at a farther partition which seeme[illegible] to divide the lower floor and he saw an[illegible] other doorway in that partition, its black[illegible] ness less than the blackness of th[illegible] partition. A rat ran across the upper floor [illegible] producing a scurried, gritty wake of sound [illegible] That was the only sound.

Goodnight set one foot forward an[illegible] down, testing the floor. He let his weigh[illegible] fall easy and slow, and tested with anothe[illegible] foot; and found there was no floor bu[illegible] only hard-packed earth. He slid on until his foot struck a sill and, small as the echo was, it seemed to swell and grow large. He stopped dead and he listened and caught nothing, but coolness of some kind ruffled the back of his neck and all his nerves

ted thin. He reached the doorway ou the partition and stepped over otr sill and found himself in the ford alf of the lower floor. Onward he y e dull gray square of the door and ndows to either side of it—these eng on the road.

Hooked to left and right and made ihg, but he knew there had to be a irry or the remnant of a stairway me here close by. He made a guess and rne to his right, still treading hard rth and put out his hand. Another o aces onward his forward-stretched ige tips brushed a board slanting upard before him. He came near it and ehssly explored with his hands and ite steps; and when he slid his hand ro one of the steps he touched a damp, ldbject that made him jerk his arm wa His wrist struck the edge of the sit producing a definite noise. A voice rn straight down on him:

"at you, Goodnight?"

Godnight stood rigid. It was McsWeen's voice, and it came again: "That's ma in't it?"

"ome down out of there."

"our last name's Goodnight, ain't it?" ridcSween, doggedly curious. "You're fa Goodnight's brother, ain't you?"

"ome down," said Goodnight.

"here was somethin' about your face ttothered me—ever since you hit Sun ah. Three hours ago it just came to

"n coming after you," said Good-

"verything's been bad enough without ha said McSween. "I wish I had never ou our sister. My luck changed the day da her. It just ran out and nothing went ol afterwards."

e emptiness of the building diffused ween's voice so that it was hard to ty where the man stood. Goodnight dfo the front side of the stairs and laid veight on the treads. They gave and ned, but they held him. He went slowly, flattened as he climbed. He d McSween's body move; he heard boards of the second floor whine. ween's voice came louder at him. Mcn's words fell out, hurried and breath-

he came of her own accord. I didn't her away. She was old enough to w what she wanted to do. Why blame an for that?"

oodnight's hands touched the sec- floor's level. He paused, still unain of McSween's whereabouts. He heard the man breathing and he heard the boards whine. McSween was doing a strange thing—backing away into the blackness without a shot. Goodnight lifted himself out of the stairway in one sudden spring, whirling away from the stair wall. He stopped, he stood fast, listening into the fathomless black. McSween's breathing was swift and short, somewhere ahead.

"I wish," groaned McSween, "I knew what happened. When I touched her I lost track of everything. I knew something would happen. It just came over me. So I hit the trail, but there never was a minute I didn't know somethin' was comin' behind. If you was any other man I wouldn't run."

Goodnight pulled up his gun. He pointed at the sound and he fired. He heard the bullet smash through wood and brick. He heard McSween shift direction.

"Listen," sighed McSween, "I'll never touch another woman."

Goodnight fired again. He fired four times and somewhere in the heart of the racket he heard McSween shout up a great cry, and then sound and cry faded and the stink of powder swirled around him and he heard the shallow, slow guttering of McSween's breath. He stood still, cold and waiting to put in a last shot.

McSWEEN groaned and his body twisted against the rickety floor, sending vibrations through the building. "A man and a woman," he sighed. "A man and a woman—"

He ceased to speak and Goodnight thought he had died. But McSween caught his breath and went on: "A man ought to be free. But he can't do without a woman and the woman takes his freedom. Your sister smiled back at me, Goodnight. Now I'm dyin' because of it. Is that fair?"

Goodnight said, "You'll be in hell a long time, remembering that you took her away and left her to die."

"Ever kill a man before?"

"No," said Goodnight, "but I've got no regrets over this. I'm happy it's done."

"You'll be in hell, then, a long time before you die," said McSween.

He had been slowly stirring on the floor, and now ceased to move. Goodnight listened and heard no breathing, and went forward cautiously. His foot touched McSween's body and he bent over the man, shaking him with a hand and feeling the lumped looseness give and fall back. He thought of Carruth on Sun Ranch and reached down and got the gun from Mc-

"I see you did some week-end driving" G. FRANCIS KAUFFMAN

Doctors report on PHILIP MORRIS:

PROVED FAR LESS IRRITATING TO THE NOSE AND THROAT!

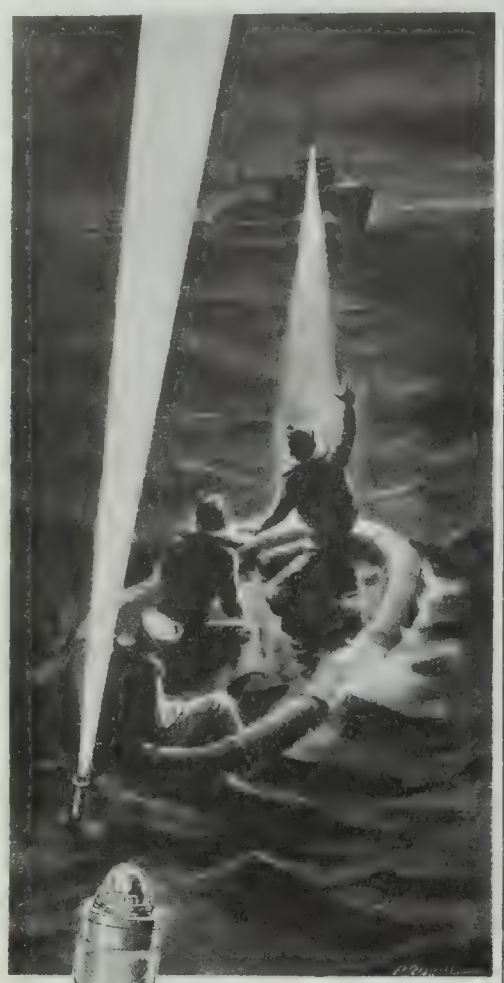
WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, *EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!*

—Facts reported in medical journals on clinical tests made by distinguished doctors . . . *proving this finer cigarette is less irritating—safer—for the nose and throat!*

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

Finer flavor . . . less irritating . . . America's FINEST Cigarette

Lights THAT SAVE LIVES



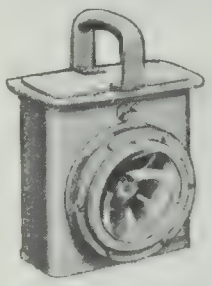
Many sailors and airmen who find themselves afloat on darkened seas, today have a better chance for rescue because of new and ingenious life-saving devices now issued by the Navy and Coast Guard.

One of these devices—a Delta electric Float Light—floating beside a raft or rubber boat, shoots a piercing white ray skyward, visible for miles. Completely automatic, it lights itself the instant it hits the water—floats upright—extinguishes itself only when inverted. Good for 22 hours of light life.

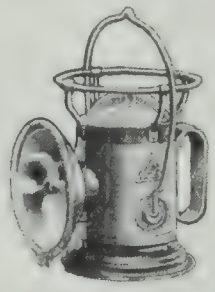
Working with government engineers, Delta has provided the skill and experience to produce unusual lighting mechanisms of many types for the Navy, Army, Air and Signal Corps. Some are utterly new, involving new manufacturing techniques and design which undoubtedly will be reflected in Delta lanterns and bicycle lights for peace-time.

Delta Float Light Balanced design to float in upright position. Is battery operated. Absolutely waterproof

DELTA ELECTRIC COMPANY
Marion, Indiana



A powerful, heavy duty Delta electric lantern for Navy and Coast Guard. Moisture-proof. Practically indestructible.



Delta 2-lite Powerlite 6-volt electric lantern. An emergency light in innumerable places for our armed forces.

Delta

Battery lighted Lanterns and Bicycle Lights

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Sween's hand and climbed down the stairs.

He made his way to his horse in front of the saloon. The door was open and the saloonkeeper stood in the light. Looking around, Goodnight noticed other men now showing in doorways. Lights came on again from house to house and a woman's pale face appeared at a window. He got to his saddle.

"You want that supper?" asked the saloonkeeper.

"Hold it for the next brush jumper comin' through," Goodnight said.

He turned and rode away, Roselle behind him, and two hours later reined in at Sun Ranch's yard. The echo of his horse on the meadow road had run ahead of him. Carruth came to the bunkhouse doorway and Virginia stood at the break of the main house porch, watching him as he rode over to Carruth. He handed down the gun McSween had borrowed. Carruth took it and had a look at the cylinder. He gave Goodnight his gravely disinterested stare. "It was loaded when he took it. Empty now."

"He had his chance," said Goodnight.

"I guess," remarked Carruth, "he wasn't the shot he thought he was."

Virginia called, "Come inside."

"I'm going to town," Goodnight told her.

"What's there for you?"

"A bottle of whisky," he said.

"There's a bottle here."

"I never get drunk on the ranch I work for."

She drew herself straight, hating him for his stubbornness. She said, "If you find comfort in her, go on. You're of no use to me."

He turned away, easing his horse into a slow canter. He heard her call after him in another voice: "Will you be back?"

He didn't know and therefore he didn't answer.

HE REACHED Sherman City before midnight, left his horse in the stable and strolled as far as the hotel corner. He wanted to go directly to Niles Brand but he knew it would be best to be seen by Rosalia's men before attempting to enter her house. Therefore he loitered a few minutes, crossed to The Trail for a drink, and came out again to find Rosalia's chore man, Gabe, standing on the corner staring at the sky. As he went past, the old one murmured, "Go into the back door of the hotel and turn right." Then the old fellow resumed his absent-minded study of the stars.

Goodnight moved toward the screening blackness at the street's end. He reached the shed whereby he had earlier met Niles, turned it and came back along the rear side of the row of houses. He crossed Rosalia's yard and let himself into the back door of the hotel. A spot of light came through the keyhole of another door directly to his right. He hit it once with his knuckles and stepped inside. Niles Brand sat up on a bed, propped against pillows. Rosalia stood at the corner of the room.

Niles Brand said in a softly ironic voice: "Well, Frank, how's the big world?"

Niles was cheerful and grinning, but it appeared he had been through his torment. There had been a doctor working on him; he was properly bandaged and he wore his shirt.

"You eatin' well enough now?" asked Goodnight.

"Appetite came back today, like a rain on a dry land."

"What you doing in this room?"

Niles showed a bit of embarrassment. "I wouldn't take a lady's bed from her."

Goodnight looked at the window, at the door. He said, "Not protected much."

Rosalia moved over the room and opened its door. Goodnight looked across the hall to another room whose door also stood open. A man sat in a chair, facing them with a rifle over his knee. She closed the door, making no comment at all.

"You see?" grinned Niles. "There's another fellow outside by my window. This lady owns the town." He had been studying Goodnight all this while with the critical and experienced eyes of a friend, and what he saw took the cheerful grin from his face. "Somethin' happened in the hills?"

"Yes."

A glinting expression showed on Niles' face. "Catch him?"

"Yes," said Goodnight. "That's done."

"Then," said Niles, "we can turn around and go home."

He had no direct answer from Goodnight. Goodnight showed him nothing; he was dry and tired, and beyond that lay some kind of unpleasant feeling. Niles said, "Better get a room and go to bed. Then we can play rummy a couple days until I'm ready to ride."

"I'll see you tomorrow," said Goodnight, and turned out. His steps struck the hallway floor, going forward to the front of the hotel. The girl listened to them thoughtfully.

"Not like him," said Niles.

"What has he done?"

"Killed a man," said Niles. "A man that ran away with his sister and left her dyin' somewhere out in Nevada. Been a hell of a long trail and I'm glad it is over. But he don't take it right. He ought to be pleased."

She turned back to Niles. "Then he never was running away from anything?"

"He's an honest man," said Niles. "But there's something wrong."

"What was he like? Before all this happened to his sister?"

"Everything," said Niles, "was fun. Always smilin'."

"I've never seen him smile," she said. She stood soberly by the bed, looking at Niles. But it was now as so often before—she looked at him without seeing him.

"I don't know what's workin' on him," said Niles.

"I do," she said. She turned out his light and left the room. She stood in the darkness of her own yard and she called, easy-voiced, "Syd," and waited until a shape drifted up from some yonder patch of blackness. "Go to The Trail," she said. "There's a man in there—you know the man—and he'll be getting drunk. Don't let anything happen. When he's drunk, bring him to me." . . .

Goodnight walked straight to The T[illegible] He was nursing a very odd feeling, an[illegible] drink he swallowed did not mate[illegible] help. This mood, this irritable and u[illegible] isfied and formless feeling would not [illegible] solve; it had come upon him at [illegible] moment of McSween's death, and had [illegible] den all the way to Sherman City with [illegible]

He stood loose in his joints, his w[illegible] largely on his elbows. He took a se[illegible] drink, and a third, aware of a new [illegible] quietly come to the saloon. He looke[illegible] the man and thereafter ignored him.

He reached out with his thought to [illegible] old carefree times. He said silently to [illegible] self, "I can go back to everything that [illegible] to be." But somewhere after his fo[illegible] drink he understood he could never re[illegible] to his old days. The time never wo[illegible] come again when, riding the trail with [illegible] whole day before him, he could sing [illegible] dream and never care where n[illegible] brought him. He wasn't the same m[illegible] He was another man standing at the [illegible] eyes half closed to catch the smoky [illegible] light streaming through the pony [illegible] whisky.

A MAN said to him, from a long [illegible] tance, "Your treat, ain't it?"

He turned and saw the man—the sa[illegible] one who had so quietly entered the sal[illegible] a long time before. "Sure," he sa[illegible] "there's the bottle. Barkeep, bring [illegible] other glass."

The barkeep came up with the glass. [illegible] said, "I got to lock up, Syd."

Goodnight turned. He stared at [illegible] barkeep. "What's the time?"

"Two o'clock," said the barkeep s[illegible] lenly and moved away.

"Plenty of time," Syd said, and dra[illegible] his drink. He was heavy at the shoulde[illegible] he had white heavy teeth and his grin w[illegible] white against the mahogany burn of [illegible] skin.

"What's on your mind?" said Goo[illegible] night.

The heavy one looked at him with son[illegible] care. He was sly and he moved easil[illegible] studying as he moved. "When you' [illegible] through here," he murmured, "she'd li[illegible] to see you."

Goodnight stepped away from the b[illegible] and stood a moment. "Let's go see her." he said.

They walked down the street. Sy[illegible] paused at the alley behind the hotel an[illegible] gave a sharp look around him. He mad[illegible] a signaling duck of the head to some un[illegible]

"It's nice, men, but a simple, temporary structure would have been sufficient"

COLLIER'S MARTIN GARRITY

THE TIRE OF TOMORROW IS HERE TODAY!

AGAIN Firestone is FIRST with the BEST! new Firestone DeLuxe Champion Tire is as American as the stars and stripes. It is built American-made synthetic rubber and rican-grown cotton by American workers. s the famous Gear-Grip Tread, the patented -Lock Gum-Dipped Cord Body with Safti- d construction and many other exclusive tone features. This new Firestone DeLuxe mpion Tire is now ready for eligible car ers as released by the Government. And in age, in strength and in safety it upholds the stone tradition of "Best in Rubber — hetic or Natural."

APRENE—*The SYNTHETIC RUBBER Created By* FIRESTONE

f the Butaprene being produced today is being used for war rials and essential civilian goods. But in the wonderful world norrow, Butaprene will be a vital new material which will e source of hundreds of amazing new products that will make asier, more comfortable and more enjoyable.

BEST IN RUBBER
Synthetic or Natural

THE NEW Firestone *DeLuxe* CHAMPION

UILT WITH AMERICAN-MADE SYNTHETIC RUBBER

Copyright, 1943, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

Surface varicose veins no longer slow their fighting pace!

In America's homes and farms and factories . . . in hospitals and Red Cross groups . . . *women* are working at important tasks . . . working as they never have before, to bring Victory closer.

Thousands of them *couldn't do* their vital work unless they wore Bauer & Black Elastic Stockings. These lightweight *Lastex* hose end the crippling, throbbing pain of surface varicose veins . . . permit otherwise inactive women to lead normal, busy lives. They firmly support the weakened veins. Their two-way stretch and fashioning eliminate wrinkles . . . assure sleek conformity to the leg . . . their neutral shade makes them inconspicuous under sheer hose.

If you own a pair of Bauer & Black Elastic Stockings . . . *treat them gently*. Wash them only with *mild* soap in *tepid* water. Dry them *away* from heat or sunlight. Elastic yarns are doing vital war tasks now . . . and only limited stocks of Bauer & Black Elastic Stockings are available.

But Bauer & Black Research goes steadily ahead . . . and from it will come even finer elastic stockings for the comfort and beauty of your legs . . . after the war is won.

Surface Varicose Veins Need Not Mar the BEAUTY of Your Legs

The Bonds you OWN started the INVASION. The 3rd War Loan will keep it rolling.

FIRST IN ELASTIC SUPPORTS

BAUER & BLACK

Division of The Kendall Company, Chicago

ELASTIC STOCKINGS
TENSOR BANDAGES
ELASTIC ANKLETS AND KNEECAPS
BRACERS FOR MEN

Elastic
STOCKINGS

seen man in the predawn blackness and entered the alley. When he came to Rosalia's rear yard he stopped and touched Goodnight's shoulder. "Go on in," he said, and faded away.

She was on the porch waiting for him. He stumbled on the top step and she caught his arm and drew him on into the house, her voice murmuring at him. He stood still in the house's darkness, hearing her move away, and then a lamp's light came on and he caught the outline of her face as through a film. He knew then he had taken too much whisky, but even with the dimness of her face he noticed the long line of her lips and the dark, deep color of her eyes as she watched him.

"You wanted to see me?" he asked.

SHE came forward and took his arm again, guiding him into her bedroom. "You shouldn't be alone in town tonight."

"I'll crawl into the hotel."

She said, "Lie down there," and put her hand against his chest. He dropped back on the bed. He pulled up his feet and lay on his back, his eyes closed. "Late for you to be up," he said.

"It took you a long time to get your drinking done, Frank."

"You been waitin' for that?"

She didn't say anything for a while. Presently he opened his eyes to find her looking soberly down, darkly in thought. Light from the lamp glowed through her hair; light drew a full encircling pair of shadows across her breast. She was thinking of him and those thoughts showed, even though the film remained in front of his eyes. Her voice took a faintly rough edge:

"I had to wait, didn't I?"

"No."

He had closed his eyes again; he was falling asleep. Tenderness showed on her lips and then vanished, and a dark wave of harshness caught her face—and then that too vanished. She spoke in a whisper, as if afraid he might hear, yet wanting him to know: "You could make me lie down in the mud and wait for you."

She knew he hadn't heard, and the tenderness came again. She moved to the foot of the bed and pulled off his boots and laid a quilt over him. She stood at the bed's side, her absorbed glance upon him—upon the width of his chest and the tanned smoothness of his face.

She stood by and watched him fall asleep. Presently she left the room and made a bed on the couch in the living room. She blew out the light, hearing afterward a slight tapping at the back door, which stood open. "Ma'am," said a voice. "What you want me to do?"

"He stays here tonight, Syd. Where's Harry Ide?"

"In the hotel asleep. Room's dark. Those other two fellows that came with him are bunkin' in the livery stable."

"Get Gabe to watch the street. You go to bed, Syd."

Syd said doubtfully, "Ide ain't here for fun. He's been lookin' around. You know what I think? I think he figures Goodnight's in the hotel. He thinks it's Goodnight instead of Niles Brand in that room. He's lookin' for Goodnight, shore enough. You know why, don't you?"

"I know why, Syd. Ide thinks Goodnight is going to run things at Sun now that the old fellow is dead. Get Gabe to watch. You sleep until breakfast."

HARRY IDE kept a rented room in the hotel the year around. Sometimes it served him as a place to stage a roaring poker game with the owners of other desert ranches, sometimes he used it as a shelter when, full of liquor, he could not make the long ride back to his own place; and sometimes, fearing ambush on his ranch, he came here temporarily to hide away, to watch his enemies.

He was in the room this afternoon, seated before the window, and th Boston Bill arrive, and he spent t two hours watching Bill drift int disappear, and show up again. At time Ide went down the back sta ate in the kitchen, and climbed b his room. When he stepped ins found Boston Bill waiting for him.

It gave him a start, although he too cool a hand to let Bill see this re Bill lay stretched out on the bed, sm a cigarette; and Bill grinned at h

"This makes me one ahead of y

"My turn next time," said Ide, n himself agreeable.

"It should demonstrate something Bill. "Anybody can get the drop o body else at any time. So why sho fight at all? You've got your busine I've got mine."

"That's right," said Ide.

"A proposition then?"

"Depends on what you want."

"I've got what I want," said Bill. stay away from Sun. I don't care else you go."

"That," said Ide, "is a bargain."

Bill got off the bed. "You'll hav more trouble from Sun. You may trouble from some of the other hill fits."

"I'll take that in hand."

"It would be a good idea."

"For both of us," agreed Ide. "W ever I do up there will also help you. T why you suggested it, isn't it?"

"Sure," said Bill and moved to the

Ide said casually, "You're a cool tomer, Bill."

"It may be," assented Bill. "I lik do things the easy way. A shooting foolish thing between us."

Ide nodded and watched Bill go. listened to the tall man's steps drop d the stairs. He went to the window and Goodnight go into The Trail and, af ward, half an hour or more, he saw Go night on the street. Ide thought: V cool—too cool. I cannot depend on h It will be only a matter of time before wants me out of the road. Same as wanted Overman out of the road. He try it himself, or he may talk this Go night into trying it.

He thought the whole thing over v carefully as he sat before the window w his cigar.

SOMEWHERE during the night a flu of sound struck down through woolly layers of sleep to reach Goodnig He heard it as he would have heard sounds of a dream, and then it faded and when he awoke he remembered no ing.

He looked around him and was pu zled; he saw his bootless feet showing b yond the bottom of the bedcover. H mouth was dry and his surroundin strange and he lay a moment, backtrac ing his memory. He was in a room who door was closed, with the sharp mornin chill in it and the smell of coffee and bacc strong in it. Someone moved around ou side the door.

He got up and put on his boots and s on the edge of the bed and rolled a cig rette. He remembered the saloon and h remembered something about a man talk ing to him; he remembered the night a and the alley—and then he knew where h was. He got up and looked at himself i the bureau mirror and found himself rag ged and needing a shave; but his head wa clear and he felt fine, he felt fresh an sound and ready for anything. He opene the door and walked across Rosalia's liv ing room to the kitchen. She stood ove the stove, making up breakfast. She hear him and came about, as grave as he ha ever seen her.

"Niles," she said quietly, "was killed last night. Somebody got to his window and shot through it. He was asleep."

(To be continued next week)

Brough is Rough

Continued from page 16

ignicant new face in tennis since Alice Marne, the last consistent champion.

These kind words leave Miss Brough unimpressed. "Marble wasn't too good," she says severely. "There's so much room for improvement in every girl player I've seen that I don't feel flattered when I'm compared to anyone."

These remarks do not carry overtones of off-stage meowing. Brough is rough on the girls, on and off the court. She doesn't think much of them as tennis players and she is candid enough to say so. She includes herself in this criticism, admitting that she can beat a fair, second-flight man once in fifty times.

"Considering the time and effort they put into the game, most girls are pretty awful. I can understand why men sarcastically call them fugitives from a kitchen stove. The trouble is that they're too darlike. They're so concerned about looking pretty and making every move a pose that they forget to sock the ball."

Brough will never be accused of that oversight. Power is the keynote of her game, and she doesn't let her personable appearance interfere with it. She sticks out her tongue and makes funny faces while unloading her service, her best shot and as severe a stroke as any woman player ever had. Although her hair sometimes falls in her eyes, her backhand is the listaff counterpart of Don Budge's, reputedly the best. She is not always a gamble in rushing to the net, and she falls with a loud impact in scrambling after balls, but she usually gets the ball. And that is the big idea.

Apart from her resolute attitude toward tennis, Miss Brough has the normal interests and hobbies of the average college girl. A junior at the University of South-ern California, she is majoring in market-ing and merchandising. She collects phonograph records and is fond of dancing to a "smooth" orchestra like Freddy Martin's. She adores crimson lipstick and apples made with chocolate. Her weight, 1[illegible] pounds, is a problem, but she thinks sweets keep up her strength for tennis. Louise was born in Oklahoma City and moved to Beverly Hills only six years ago, but she is a professional Californian and does not descend upon the Fifth Avenue shops with shrill, ecstatic cries.

"All I ever buy in New York is a couple of sweaters," she says.

The Love in Her Life

Somewhere on her inevitable sweater she wears a concealed fraternity pin belonging to a military secret, otherwise identified as an Army trainee in the ROTC school at Michigan State College. She met him at the university, and they have what is known as an understanding, but there will be no serious talk of connubial bliss during the war. Everything is in favor of this romance. Miss Brough's beau is not a tennis player and has no delusions of grandeur to be shattered.

California and the piano were the paradoxical parlay that led to the emergence of Miss Brough as a rising, shining tennis star. In Oklahoma City, where her father was president of the Carroll-Brough-Robinson wholesale grocers, Louise was a tomboy inclined to sneer down her freckled nose at tennis and piano playing as sissy. But the piano moved to Beverly Hills with the family, and Louise was disappointed to discover that all the girls were mad about tennis, a California tradition nurtured by May Sutton Bundy, Mary K. Browne, Wills, Jacobs and Marble.

Louise, who fancied herself quite an athlete, had a go at tennis merely as an excuse to dodge piano practice. She was trounced soundly. Brooding over the indignity she had suffered, Louise tried again and got a series of good, swift kicks in the seat of her pride.

"I really hated tennis then," she recalls; "but I made up my mind to keep at it and retaliate some day by beating those girls in love sets. Although I never did, I feel pretty sure I could now." We nominate this as the understatement of the year.

The frenzy and frustration ended for Louise on her fourteenth birthday. A friend was taking tennis lessons, and her mother persuaded Mrs. Brough that the best birthday present she could give Louise was instruction in how to play the game correctly. Mrs. Brough consented.

Louise needed only one break to make her career, and she got it when she was taken to Dick Skeen, professional at the Beverly Hills club, for the lessons. Skeen is regarded as the best women's coach in the business, a reputation he would have earned if Brough had been his first and last pupil. Beneath the new girl's furious floundering Skeen saw a vein of pure, natural ability that would assay richly with co-ordination and control.

An Eye for a Champion

Skeen began to pound home the idea that Louise should be the national champion at eighteen. The Broughs smiled knowingly, thinking such talk was propaganda for more lessons at so much per hour.

Within the year, Louise was on the way. She won the Southern California interscholastic title at the Ojai tournament near Santa Barbara, the traditional debut of Coast champions. She was so green that all but her first match went three sets.

"I thought you were supposed to rest after winning the first set and let the other girl wear herself out in the second set," she says. "Then I would be fresh for the third set. It took me some time to get that cockeyed notion out of my head."

The aggressive game—the girls call it offensive—that is Skeen's signature on all his pupils began to sweep the court clear of opponents for Miss Brough in 1940. She won the Southern California junior championship from Pearl Harland of Santa Monica, 6-1, 6-1, and defeated the same player for the national junior singles. The Blond Bombshell—a nickname that was as inevitable as "Curly" for a bald-headed gent—was still eligible for the Southern California junior set in 1941, but she had compassion for the girls and entered the senior division, which she won easily before going East to take the national junior singles and doubles titles.

Several minor mistakes cost Miss Brough an all-winning season last year on practically the last bounce. She was overtennised as well as overconfident. It was apparent, before she lost to Miss Betz, that she was in a slump when Mary Arnold and Helen Bernhard carried her to three sets before succumbing. Miss Brough will not stub her toe on the threshold again. She treasures the championship for sentimental reasons and for its trade-in value at the gate in the event she becomes a professional.

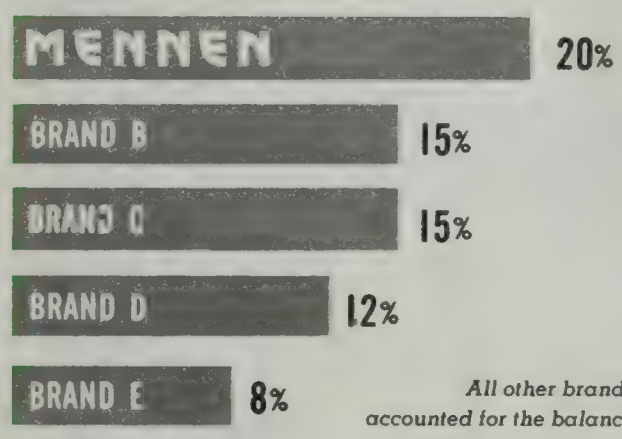
"I suppose I will turn pro," she says, "but I'll wait at least a year. It's only fair to give someone a chance to win the title from me."

This sounds pretty sporting and noble of Miss Brough until she goes on to say that she is just beginning to hit the ball hard and has every intention of improving during the next five years.

THE END

MENNEN LATHER SHAVE WINS DERMATOLOGIST POLL

In a recent nation-wide poll, more dermatologists say they use Mennen Lather Shave than any other brand... one third more than the next leading brand! Here are the final poll results:



All other brands accounted for the balance

This clear-cut preference on the part of these distinguished physicians is real evidence of the superior quality of Mennen Lather Shave. When buying shave cream for your own use, why not be guided by the personal choice of America's highest authorities in care and treatment of the skin.

—both in jar and tube

AME
GREAT AUTOM
GIVES TOTA
FOR TOTA

**. . . with "*Work Together—V*
Together" as the universal ba
cry of the day**

**Chevrolet always has been proud of its member
in the automobile industry—but never before c
so proud as it is today. . . . For motor car ma
facturers have performed miracles on behal
America's war effort, and they have accomplis
these miracles by utilizing their skills, their experie
and their resources to turn out the maximum of
material for the common cause. . . . For its o**

BUY WAR AND U.S. BONDS STAMPS

CHEV
D I V I S
GENERA

A'S
VE INDUSTRY
OOPERATION
ICTORY

Chevrolet is glad to report that it is serving , just as others are serving Chevrolet—and all e advancement of the war effort. . . . Major actor, building aircraft engines, anti-aircraft high-explosive and armor-piercing shells, military s and other products for our armed forces—olet also is a major supplier, manufacturing parts e million for more than 120 other important war ucers. . . . Total cooperation—total teamwork—key to total victory for all of us.

★ ★ ★

products illustrated are only a few of the great produced by the Automotive Industry.

LET
O F
MOTORS

BUY WAR BONDS AND U.S. STAMPS

You always get a rise out of a pipe-fancier when the fragrance of Briggs tobacco wafts under his nose. For that glorious aroma is a tip-off on the grand, rich flavor, the gentle enjoyment lavished on the smoker. (It's the result of Briggs being cask-mellowed for years—longer than many costly blends.) If *you* haven't yet had the pleasure, speak up, man! Ask for a package of Briggs *today*.

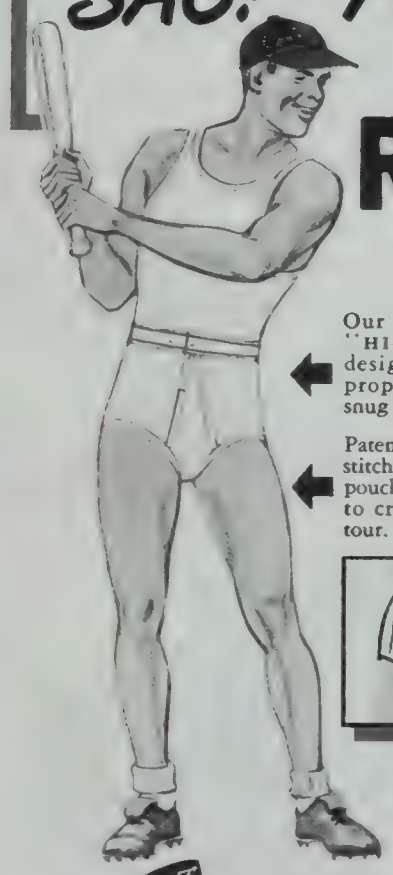
The Smoke with a Smile

PRODUCT OF P. LORILLARD COMPANY

NO SAG! NO PINCH! NO BIND!

NEW CROTCH COMFORT WITH

REIS *Scandals*



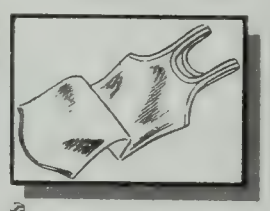
Our exclusive "HI-WAIST" design insures proper fit and snug support.

Patented *Dart*-stitched non-sag pouch conforms to crotch contour.

• Enjoy the freedom, comfort, *extra support* found *only* in REIS Scandals! Only Reis gives you the patented *Dart*-stitched, non-sag pouch . . . "Hi-Waist" design . . . extra seat coverage. If your favorite dealer is temporarily out of Reis garments, ask for them again. Every effort is being made to supply the demand of our Armed Forces, and to take care of the ever-growing popularity of Reis shorts and shirts at home.

← Rear view shows extra seat coverage — no seams to sit on.

Matching → shirt shaped to follow "legline" of shorts.



★ Five styles — year 'round weights ★

CHANGE TO **REIS** FOR GREATER COMFORT

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

UNDERWEAR
SPORTSWEAR
PAJAMAS • HOSE

ROBERT REIS & COMPANY 2 PARK AVE., NEW YORK CITY

Corner of Heaven

Continued from page 30

"You were willing to marry him, knowing he liked her better, eh?" the old man murmured, half to himself. "Liked him that much?"

"As much as anyone can," Griselle said simply.

"And Mitzi got him away from ye, did she?"

"She didn't get him away from me," Griselle answered with dignity, her pride a little hurt, "because I never had him. And, anyway, she can't help it. It wasn't anything Mitzi did; it was just that he—he met her, down at Coronado, and he liked her, and that was that."

And she inverted her dice box firmly and looked down at the board.

"Double five," she said. "You love doubles. All right, here's my nickel."

"D'you suppose that Mitzi expects to get all my money?" General Cruickshank stopped at a crucial moment in the play to ask her.

"Well—some of it—if ever you make up your mind to leave us," Griselle answered, slightly embarrassed, but managing a cheerful little laugh with the words.

"I'm eighty-two," he said abruptly. "I've got a bad blood pressure. She knows she'll get something. D'you suppose for a moment," he broke out irrepressibly, after another interval devoted to play, "that Mitzi'd marry that feller if she didn't think she'd have plenty of money? How'd she know what I'm going to leave, or to whom?"

"Well," Griselle countered, taking the delicate matter as boldly as she might, "suppose she does think so?"

"Mind ye," the general said, "it was my patent that her father sold; he'd nothing to do with the invention. He was a lawyer. But he went to Washington; he went to the factory and told 'em how to make it; he protected it; and we went fifty-fifty as we always said we would. He had his share; lost it all in the depression. And I told him when he was dying that I'd take care of Mitzi."

"I DON'T know that I'm especially counting on your dying, General," Griselle said, with her disarming, honest smile, "but I have hoped sometimes that when you did, you'd not forget Doctor Sam. He's always in money trouble."

"Always will be." The general spoke so abruptly and briefly that Griselle thought in panic that he was angry. But immediately he said musingly, "You think I could do something for Sam and Mollie, eh? You know," he went on more briskly, coming out of his moment of abstraction, "I've helped Sam out more than once. I'll take care of that new mortgage. But suppose—suppose now, Griselle, that I was to drop a hint to Mitzi that a good cut of what I've got would go to Sam? Why, she'd drop that What's-his-name McIntyre like a hot brick."

"Why, General, that's sadistic!" Griselle said with the shocked laugh he loved to hear from her.

"No, no, no; it's fair," he answered.

"Her dropping Alan like a hot brick," Griselle said sedately as the play went on, "wouldn't mean that he liked *me* any better."

"Might," he said, shaking his dice.

"No, no, no," she reproved him, "you can't do that to Mitzi. It wouldn't be fair. But to get Aunt Mollie out of debt and clear off the mortgage and— We're cheerfully talking about what will go on after your funeral," Griselle broke off to say, "and I don't like it!"

"Well, I'm glad you don't. But you watch Mitzi Cruickshank White Armitage for a few days, my dear," advised the general, "and you'll perceive a change in her tone when she talk newest affair. I'll tell her—I'll imp way—that I have very little to le that I've come to the conclusio since Sam and Mollie have had ha and their boy is away in the se would be only fair—especially a proposes to marry again—to le bulk of what I've got to them. Y to dinner tonight," he ended, "an hear me mildly broaching the subj

"Your idea of mildly broachi thing makes my blood run cold, triguer, you schemer," said Grise

Old Andrew Cruickshank gave lighted laugh.

"Your play," Griselle remind returning to the game.

"I rather think it *is* my play!" swered with a chuckle.

WHEN Griselle went up to room to freshen up for din found Mitzi in a new mood.

In her luxuriously appointed be midst the daintiness and perfum were always part of her environm flung herself down on a couch load cushions, locked her hands behi head and stared at the ceiling.

"Griselle," she said solemnly, "th a lot of things in my life I'm sor I've not been good; I've not liste my own soul speaking. But one smallest, the pettiest, was to let my on caring for Alan when I knew w meant to you."

"Alan met you and fell in lov you and that's all there is to it," said coldly.

"No; but I was a married wo Mitzi reminded her. "I had no b to let myself fall in love with hin hadn't, he would certainly have tur you. Why, you were actually talk getting a license, getting married away!"

"I know we were," Griselle ad in a low, thick voice.

"*If* he didn't care," Mitzi resum it was just my feeling in this matt go away. I would, really. I'd lea field to you. But he does care. An there's another thing, Griselle," she affectionately, coming to face Gris the younger woman stood up, smo her dress about her. "I'll be able t him. I don't talk of it; I don't even of it. But Uncle Andrew is nearly three. Nearly eighty-three."

"I know," Griselle said, with an u fortable recollection of her talk wit same old man that afternoon, "b may not—sometimes people don't may not leave as much money a think they will."

Mitzi put her two hands on Gri shoulders, held Griselle away fro and laughed. She tossed back her m corn-silk hair.

"I know all about *that!*" she "He'll remember the servants, yes. C Sam will get something. But I'm worried on that score!"

Griselle quietly moved her sho away from the firm hands, went t door. "I told him I'd come dow have a game before dinner," she

"Oh, you and your backgamm Mitzi said scornfully. "I—someho many things seem to have faded from me, seem not to matter any m she added. "David's going—my regr him, my passionate regret that I h loved him better, that I *couldn't* lov better—it's been my baptism of fire. you're still playing games! Go alo your silly game!"

"I hope I don't hate her. It's aw

a/one," Griselle said to herself on w downstairs.

t dinner, however, her spirits suddenly ve For the old general did not for- his promised threat of gently suggest- to Mitzi, "by innuendo," that the pos on of his money might be a little e verse than she had expected.

ri lle had felt a chill of apprehension n e had suggested it, fearing that his ns old perceptions might crash bu Mitzi's dream of inheritance and e tzi might be betrayed into some ere of anger and disappointment.

ut is approach was diplomatic in the ver. "When'd Mollie put that second ge on her house?" he demanded of ve, as he helped himself to cold ke and avocado salad.

t asn't a second mortgage, General. cleared up the old one, and this ew one. They took it out before I e winter before last. Two thousand, ll. It was when Aunt Mollie's had pneumonia and they had a e in the house for seven weeks. becoming very businesslike," Gri- ent on, laughing to cover the secret sness that the topic induced. has taken to a budget like a duck er, and everything's quite—quite now."

n that's your influence, Griselle," . "I remember that your grandfa- ade you keep books."

do you remember—dear old y!" she responded, her eyes sud- tender. "Books! I should say he he poultry book and the dairy book e garden book. I *worked*."

nning, eh? And reading to him. as a great old feller," Andrew shank said, half to himself. "Well, take care of Mollie," he went on . "She's been a good wife to Sam."

ey're good people," Griselle said. re awfully good to everyone."

HEN it comes to dividing the little you've saved up—and, of course, ies eat into it, they eat into it," the l said; "what with inheritance taxes, w war taxes and income taxes, why, n't feel it's very much for anyone."

time, I suppose," Griselle said, on round for the moment, "nobody'll lly rich."

, no, no; I wouldn't want to make and Mollie rich," the general pro- Griselle could tell from his tone e was thoroughly enjoying himself.

"I'd want them to feel that they needn't worry," he added.

"They never worry," Mitzi said, a trace of uneasiness making itself heard under the scorn of her voice.

"When Mitzi here gave me to understand that Captain McIntyre was the man, I knew she would be cared for the rest of her life," Andrew Cruickshank said. "Fine feller, that. Inspires you with confidence. And nothing," he went on impressively, "nothing would hurt a man like that more than to feel that he was dependent for anything on his wife. Fine war record, fine history in his own profession; he'll make his way, that lad will. This girl of mine," he added, with a glance for Mitzi, "mustn't make another mistake. She wants happiness; as all women do, and I believe she'll find it with him."

"Supposing, of course, that he comes back from wherever he is, Uncle Andrew," Mitzi said in an oddly hard voice.

"He'll come back. He'll come back, and Griselle and I'll dance at the wedding, eh, Griselle?"

"It seems a little early, so soon after poor David—" Mitzi began stiffly. She put her elbows on the table and dropped her face into her hands and began to cry.

"Well, well, well," said the old man soothingly, "it *is* a little early. But you told me, my dear, when we had that long talk a while back, that you had written David that you were afraid your marriage was a mistake."

"But that if he didn't feel so I would do whatever he thought best!" Mitzi said, looking up suddenly, bright-eyed and angry.

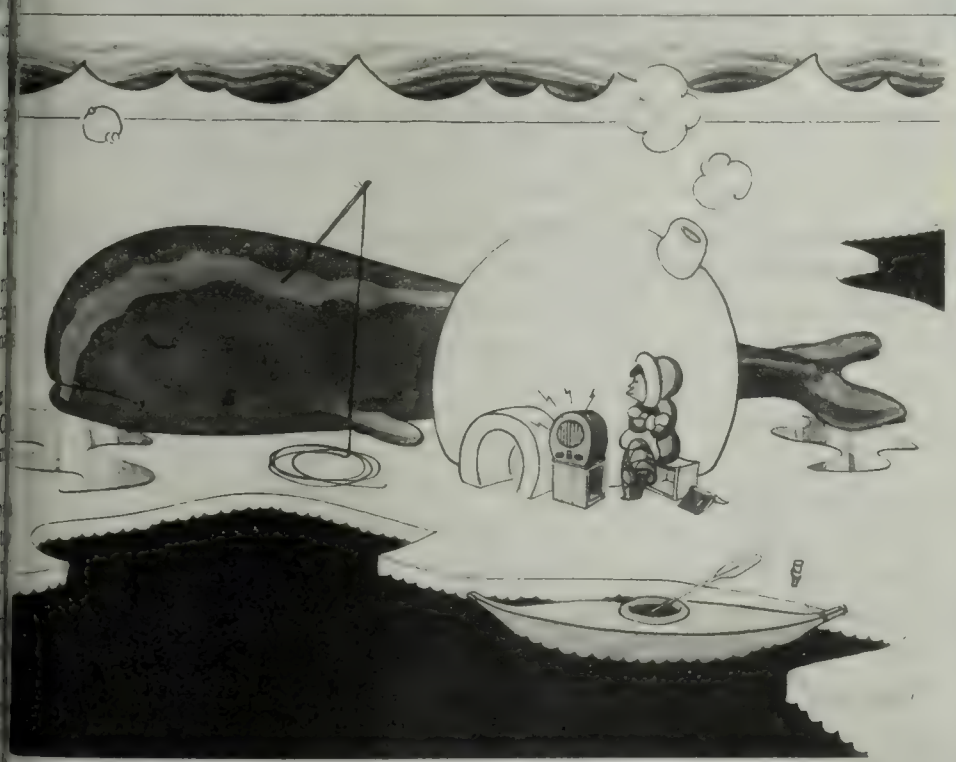
"I know. But it makes it a little less tragic, your being widowed," her uncle reminded her mildly.

"Nobody knows what a widow goes through!" Mitzi said passionately.

Griselle could not see the application of this; but she looked at Mitzi in respectful sympathy.

"What I would like, my dear," the old man said courteously in a moment of silence, "is to see you happily married to a man able to arouse the finest things in your nature—loyalty and devotion and true companionship. Too much money would overbalance such a relationship—make the man feel that his wife could do as she pleased. To such a man that would be deeply humiliating. Well, we're on a rather deep subject, aren't me? We don't have to settle all this now."

When Griselle was going away an hour



"Your neighborhood butcher has been asked by the government to make his shop a receiving center for whatever fat you can spare. Drain the fat into any clean, wide-mouthed can and keep this in a cool place until you have accumulated at least a pound. . . ."

OLLIER'S AL KAELIN

LEE Water-Bloc* HATS

HAT SALESGIRL—*"This is the new Lee Pre-Blocked style—already shaped and creased, just the way you want to wear it."*

Becomingness is in from Crown to Brim

Yes, the new Lee Pre-Blocked hats *are* becoming. More than that, they're shaped and creased to stay becoming as long as you wear them. See the new Fall colors and styles at your favorite men's shop. Try on the PRE-BLOCKED and your hat problems are over.

LEE ALSO MAKES: Aetna, the insured hat by LEE $5.00 and LEE Hats for Boys

Obtainable at all leading dealers, or write us giving size, style and color

LEE HATS

358 Fifth Avenue • New York

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Buy War Bonds

TODAY— HELPING SAVE LIVES OF THE WOUNDED...

TOMORROW—This Miracle can Revolutionize America's Post-War Heating!

"THE WOUNDED can't wait" applies to other things than medicine. Heat, for example. During last winter's African desert fighting, nights were cold, wet, frosty. And hospitals were camouflaged tents, hastily set up as the fighting shifted many miles in a day.

The answer to this need for "heat in a hurry" was a little miracle heater employing a brand new heating principle—a principle that after the war can revolutionize our whole conception of heating in homes, business and industry!

This heating miracle was born when American aircraft engineers sent our combat planes to unheard-of altitudes—and encountered problems no one had faced before. Problems including that of generating large volumes of heat at heights where an open flame dies from lack of air.

In the famous South Wind car heater of peacetime, Stewart-Warner had perfected a new "sealed-flame" heating principle. And now, in closest cooperation with aviation experts, they succeeded in meeting many of aviation's new heating needs by ingenious application of this principle.

Because this principle permits little, lightweight units to produce more heat than the furnace of an 8-room house, these South Wind "flying furnaces" have been drafted for many war-time jobs . . . Helping to start plane motors . . . Heating hospital tents . . . Riding in the wings of fighter planes . . . And performing other, still-secret tasks.

When victory is ours, the South Wind's amazing war-time heating developments will turn to peacetime tasks—and serve you not only in your car but in ways you've not yet dreamed of!

THE CAR HEATER THAT WON ITS WINGS

This is the daddy of today's heating miracles—the famous South Wind car heater in which the "sealed-flame" principle was first used. "Hot heat in 90 seconds" won it a place in a million cars. If your car doesn't have one, there is a limited supply of these heaters still available. First come, first served. See your dealer now before the small supply is gone. The South Wind is easily installed in any make of car—gives unmatched cold-weather driving comfort. If your dealer can't supply you, write or wire us direct.

Another Product of STEWART WARNER

South Wind Heaters

Stewart-Warner Corporation, 1835 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

ARMY E NAVY

Mitzi walked with her to the gar-

"You heard what he said," Mitzi be- quite unashamedly. "Do you sup- can possibly be thinking of his will? He wouldn't have any but he might."

"He have a right to," Griselle pro- her downright fashion. "It's his after all. And if he left *some* to Mollie and the rest to you, that'd enough, wouldn't it?"

"WELL, no, it wouldn't," Mitzi argued eagerly. "Between dividing it and being a direct heir and taxes, it turn out to be hardly anything! I that all David had," she went on, bitter note coming into her was what his father gave him; I'd as his widow, to anything at all. think is downright unfair, for if father had died first, I would have claim to a lot of it! Now, listen," said, leaning on the gate, her face earnest in a blot of summer moon- m not mercenary, and you needn't am. I never have been. All I want *city*, and I certainly have worked ough to get it. But what Jeff gave that robber Teuffelmann in New st for me; he was a broker the woman I know had, and she sent him, and he was an out-and-out So all I have of that is about two d a year. Then David dies, leav- nothing but government insur- His father sent me a check, but nly for once; and now Uncle An- lks as if he was going to let me oo!"

"Think the general wants you to marry and settle down," Griselle of- omewhat hesitantly; "I think he said that if you had too much you'd not be so apt to—to try e a go of it," she finished some- mely.

"Well, I wish he would mind his own s!" Mitzi said hotly. "How does w what I'm planning to do? Alan ever come home, any more than did. Uncle Andrew may live for rs!"

"I think he may just have been hinting that he hoped you really knew your own mind now," Griselle went on.

"I've always known my own mind! I knew perfectly well that I wasn't crazy about David and that I'm perfectly cock-eyed about Alan! You don't suppose he will actually send for Walter McMurray?" Mitzi said uneasily.

"Who's Walter McMurray?"

"That's his lawyer in San Francisco. I'm going to ask Lee Hing to keep his eyes open," Mitzi said, narrowing her own eyes, and speaking in a shrewd, suspicious tone, "and if Uncle Andrew telephones Walter McMurray, I'm going to be here! He won't, though," she added, trying to reassure herself. "Only," she went on discontentedly, "it makes me feel as if I couldn't go on week-end visits or be away for any length of time, or anything. As if I hadn't troubles enough, just widowed— Oh, I know how it sounds! You think that because I was going to divorce David, it makes a lot of difference. Well, it doesn't. It's just as much of a shock to think of him going down in all that water! Here I had all his trunks, his heavy coats and sweaters and his golf clubs! I tell you it's *gruesome!* If Alan were here I'd feel as if I had someone to rely on. As it is, I have nobody—except Uncle Andrew talking about leaving his money to Aunt Mollie! Why doesn't he divide it in three and leave *you* a lot?"

"He is going to leave me something. He said so," Griselle said. "A ranch somewhere, he said, for one thing."

"Oh, that ranch out beyond Sutter Creek!" Mitzi said scornfully. "Nobody wants that! But why on earth he should suddenly get this idea, unless, of course, his mind is softening, and I believe it is!" she added incoherently. "It's just taken his fancy that I should marry a doctor with no practice, as yet anyway, and raise a houseful of children on nothing!"

"When the doctor happens to be Alan—" Griselle began dryly.

"It doesn't matter who it happens to be," Mitzi interrupted tartly; "if I can do a thing, I can do it, and if I can't, I can't!" She paused. "By the way, Griselle—I want to meet Alan's mother and brother. Let's call on them. Soon."

"All right," Griselle said, as she started home. "I'll introduce you."

"Mitzi won't like Alan's mother," Griselle said to herself. "And Steve won't like Mitzi, and will shut up like a clam. And Mitzi will make everything at their house seem so poor and shabby."

However, there was no dodging Mitzi, and Griselle was not entirely surprised to find herself waiting for Mitzi at the Cruickshank gate, two or three days later, with a call on the McIntyres in prospect. The afternoon was burning hot; not a leaf stirred on the great trees that arched the shabby street; vacation stupor had fallen on the college town.

Mitzi duly came along in her little cream-colored roadster, and Griselle got in the seat beside her. Mitzi was lovely to look upon, and in subdued yet cheerful spirits.

"I had quite a talk with Uncle Andrew," she began at once, "and I think I spiked the dear old man's guns."

"How d'you mean? About his money?" Griselle asked.

"Well, I didn't *mention* money," Mitzi said. "I talked about Aunt Mollie, and how generous it would be of him to leave her enough to clear off the mortgage and put the house in shape, and then I spoke about this little ranch he has, up around Sutter Creek somewhere, and said that I wished he'd leave it to you, because I'd never have any use for it."

"You didn't have the nerve!"

"Oh, yes; I did. Not flat out, you know, but sort of intimating this and that." Mitzi spoke with amused complacency. "He's as transparent as glass," she said. "He said right away that he had been very fond of your grandfather; in fact, that he'd been your grandfather's best friend. Then I went on to say how I'd changed—and, Griselle, you know I *have* changed!" Mitzi broke off to say challengingly. "Did you ever know me to be in love before?"

"Well, no; but then I haven't known you very long."

"Yes; that's true. But nobody who knows me," Mitzi said, "could believe that I'm as changed as I am. I tried to get Uncle Andrew to see that, and I think I did get him to see it. I said—and it's true! —that I'd marry Alan McIntyre if I had to take in back stairs to scrub to do it. But I said that it would make me very proud to be the one to help him, to give him the sort of house a doctor should have, to make a success of our lives."

"MITZI, your work is so—so open-faced," Griselle said, with a scandalized laugh, "that I wonder someone doesn't bawl you out. But men seem to fall for it," she added simply.

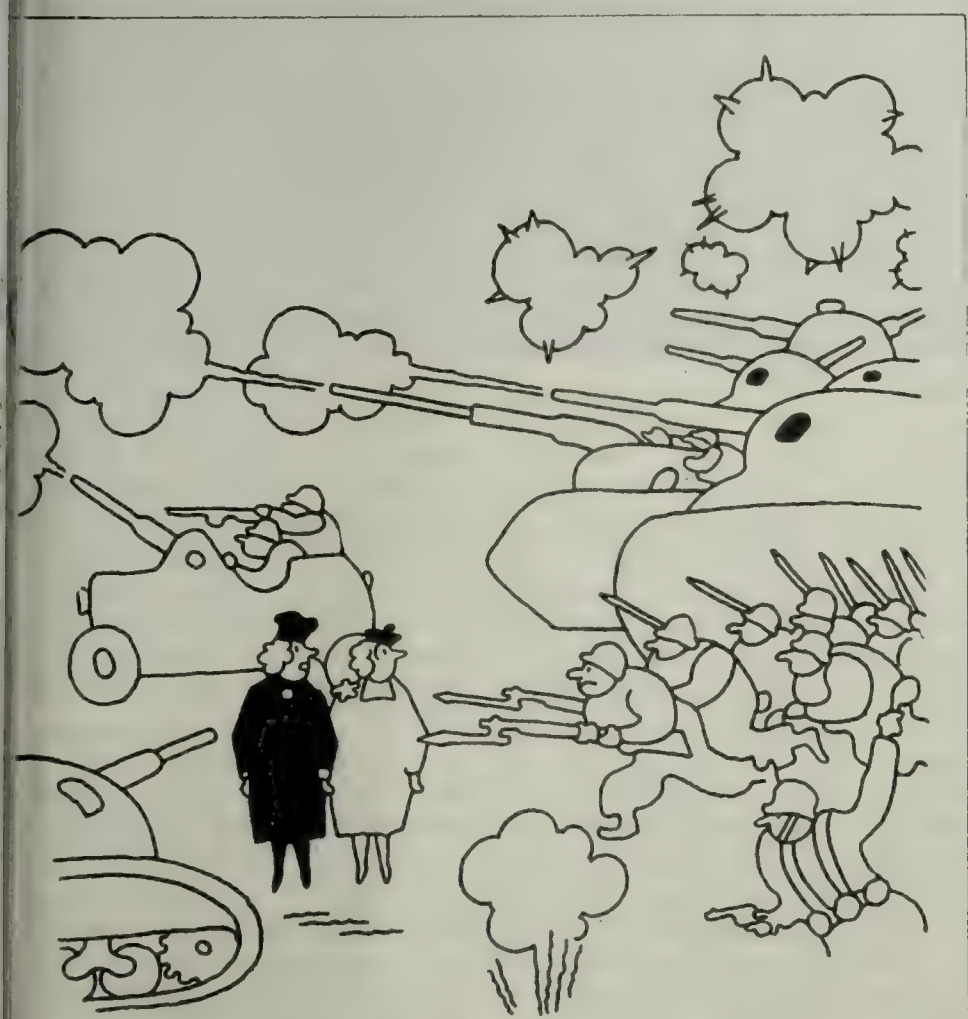
"It wasn't open-faced!" Mitzi protested. "He was sitting by the fire looking into it after Admiral Cutter went last night, and I came down in my housecoat—"

"Hair all loose on your shoulders."

"Well, I was brushing it. I came into the library and said, 'Oh, Uncle Andrew, still up? I came down to put out the lights!' and I sat on that buttoned leather seat, you know, right at his knee, and told him everything—said that these months had meant more to me than any in my life, and that I felt that God had been very good to me, and that I was starting over—things like that! I got away with it," said Mitzi.

"Well, get away with this. This is the McIntyre's place," Griselle said. "Right here, this white gate. Steve's always out in the back yard, so we might as well go 'round the side way. Hello!" she said to Steve and his mother, coming up to them under the apple tree. "This is Mitzi Armitage, Mrs. McIntyre. Alan's mother, Mitzi, and his brother Steve."

"I've been wanting to do this for such a long time!" Mitzi said, sitting down, fixing her round blue eyes upon Mrs. Mc-

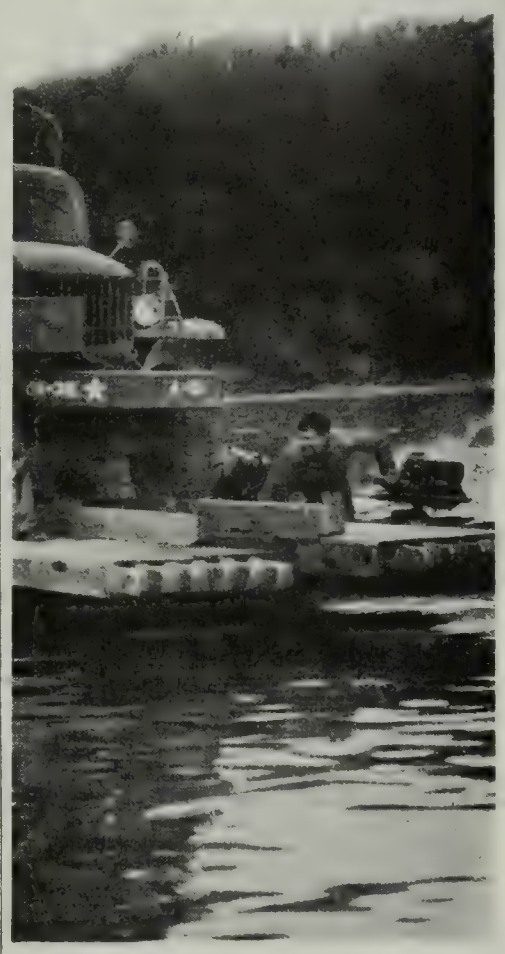


"Pretend not to notice anything, dear. They may be secret maneuvers"

GARDNER REA

DO YOUR DUTY — BUY WAR BONDS

PUSHIN' THE BRUTES AROUND



IF you've been inclined to look upon outboard motors only as vacation equipment, take another look. Outboard motors have come of age. Years of development have made them mechanical marvels—and today they are doing man's work in the armed services everywhere.

A few pounds of metal, fashioned into a modern Sea-Horse, provide power to handle *tons* of equipment and supplies and men. With dispatch. And with DEPENDability.

Johnson has made the outboard motor an instrument to be reckoned with—in industry as well as in war—and an instrument of infinite pleasure for days of peace. Development goes on. Someday, after the war is won, you'll see even finer models—lively, rugged offspring of the grand Sea-Horses that are in the war today.

JOHNSON MOTORS, WAUKEGAN, ILL.

JOHNSON SEA-HORSES

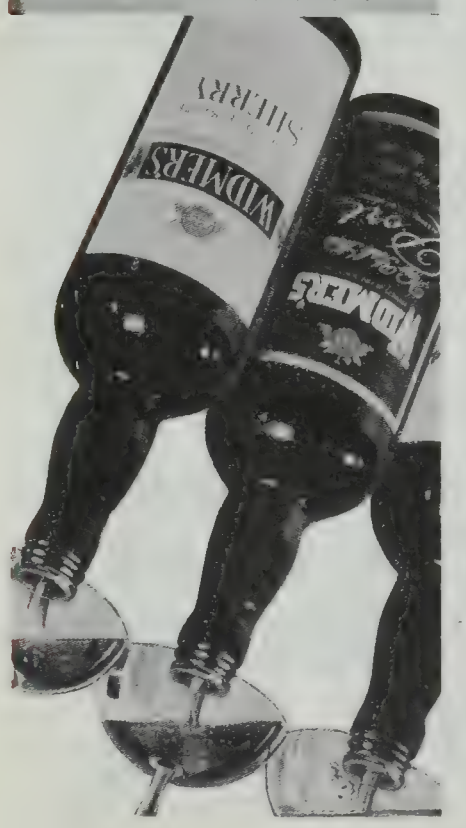
for **DEPENDABILITY**

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR EXPERIENCE

From the Widmer vineyards and the Widmer cellars on the hillsides of Naples, New York, come some of America's finest Wines and Vermouths—famous since 1888.

NEW YORK STATE
WIDMER'S WINES
and Vermouths

Vintners of Fine Wines Since 1888
WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, Inc., Naples, N. Y.



Intyre. "But I wanted to be sure you were settled."

Griselle watched them all as they talked, her heart sinking. It would have been natural for her to carry the conversation; she was the person known to all three and managing these introductions. But instead, Mitzi lightly and charmingly took control. She had just the right thing to say; just the right cadences in her voice; they liked her. They were liking her.

Mitzi wore a gown of delicate frail silk. Her face was a trifle pale from the heat, and the paleness seemed to make her blue eyes bluer and her childish mouth more red. Griselle knew that it had taken Mitzi two hours to get ready for this call, but the effect was that of an extremely lovely and natural child—a faint spattering of pale freckles over her little, white, upturned nose, and little damp gold curls pressed against her blue-veined temples.

"If Griselle hasn't told you terrible things about me, she's more loyal than anyone ought to be!" Mitzi was presently saying, with disarming frankness. "I've made the most terrible botch of my life so far; my father spoiled me and everybody spoiled me, and I jumped into a silly marriage at nineteen, and altogether the most dreadful things you could say about me are true. Then I got a divorce and married again; Griselle tell you that?"

"I think perhaps Alan told me that," Steve said in his deep voice, with the familiar undercurrent of indulgence and amusement in it.

"And now poor David Armitage—who had his faults but was one of the bravest men—and nice, too, wasn't he, Griselle? Now they've written me, notified me—" Mitzi's voice thickened and her eyes filled. "This is very silly," she said unsteadily, "because I wasn't—I wasn't by any means the wife he should have had—"

Griselle thought: How do you *do* it, Mitzi?

THERE was a moment of silence, then Mitzi caught at a kitten that had been walking up and down the table, and held it to her face.

"You little fool, you," she mumbled, "you little silly fool! I'm mad about cats," she said to Mrs. McIntyre, laughing with wet eyes.

"Steve has a dog, but they get along real well," Amanda McIntyre, who had taken but a stiff and uncomfortable part in the conversation so far, said in a toneless voice. She had been informed by Steve, just before the call, that Alan was not really in love with Griselle, that he had practically jilted Griselle, that he was infatuated with this Mrs. Armitage who had just been widowed and that he, Alan, was probably wretchedly unhappy about the whole thing. She was still quivering from the shock. Her Alan, her magnificent first-born, falling in love with a married woman, and blind to the quality of Griselle! It didn't sound like him, and she wouldn't believe it.

"Alan must be losing his mind if he thinks he's ever going to find anyone like Griselle Mountjoy again!" she had said indignantly to Steve, only a few minutes before the callers' arrival. And to this Steve had returned only a brief, "Looks that way."

After a while, Mrs. McIntyre brought out glasses of lemonade and cookies. Mitzi said she simply adored lace cookies and finished her drink with great appreciation.

Her farewell to Steve was businesslike, friendly. "I'll come again—if you'll let me!"

"Sure, we'll let you," he said.

Griselle hoped she was right in thinking the tone just a little too bluff and easy. Mitzi gave Mrs. McIntyre both her hands; Amanda held them awkwardly, not knowing quite what to do with them.

"I want terribly to have you like me," Mitzi said. "I'm going to like you a lot!"

"Well, thank you," Alan's mother said. "We missed you yesterday, Griselle," she added, going with them to the gate.

"Oh, now that school's closed, I'll be here every day," Griselle answered.

"You see them a lot, don't you?" Mitzi said, driving home.

"I often do my themes there."

"He's got a terrible case on you, I suppose?" Mitzi pursued.

"Stephen?" Griselle was displeased and her voice showed it. "We like each other very much," she said.

"Will he always be like that?"

"Yes. It's been that way for years without any change. But he's building himself into a real position, into a very full life; he's happier than lots of other people I know."

"Never to go to a show or a night club, never to dance," Mitzi said half to herself. "If I were you, I wouldn't go there, Griselle. He'll only fall in love with you."

"I think perhaps I know him better than you do," Griselle observed, on a note of anger.

"But I know men," Mitzi countered airily. "Don't get mad, Griselle; I'm only trying to save trouble. He's the kind, if he thought he was standing in the way of his brother's happiness, who would simply take an overdose of something. I'd have taken it long ago! To be poor, with your mother doing her own work, going to market and pricing pork chops every day, and to sit in a wheel chair."

"She'll have her good times later when they're both successful doctors. They think nothing's too good for her," Griselle said.

"Where'd she ever get a son like him?" was Mitzi's only reply to this.

"Like Steve?"

"No; like Alan, like Alan, like Alan!" Mitzi repeated impatiently. "Little hot back yard and cheap house," she went on. "Why do people live that way? That's the sort of thing—it isn't begging in the streets or being cast away on a desert island; I'd take my chances on that! But living in a row of hot cottages and turning on the radio and putting what's left of the stew into the icebox—it drives me crazy to think of it! I would rather be dead."

"Hundreds of our wounded are coming back from the war to spend the rest of their lives in wheel chairs in cottages like that, and you ought to thank God," Griselle said passionately, "if they *do* have mothers to buy pork chops and make stew, and if they *do* have radios and iceboxes! The men who come back home in Europe are coming to heaps of ashes and hundreds and thousands of graves! No iceboxes and million-dollar programs for them!"

"Well, don't get mad, don't get mad!" Mitzi said lightly. "It's good if they can stand it; I couldn't. Jerry Coates now," she went on, "he's a producer—he produces all Naomi Younger's things and lots of others; he brought Yolanda Kern over here; he's stone-blind. But he has this magnificent place up the Hudson, and there isn't a Metropolitan singer who doesn't go up there, or a Hollywood star, either. Everyone is just crazy to be asked up there. His wife is perfectly adorable, and everyone knows that he and Daphne Chessey—I mean, Jerry's alive. He can have anything he wants, go anywhere he wants. They always went to Biarritz until he lost his sight. He's been married three times, and I know several women who are perfectly cracked about him. But when you have to count pennies— I suppose," Mitzi broke off, struck by a new thought, "I suppose Alan would go right on helping them, if he married?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"All the more reason for Uncle Andrew—" Mitzi did not finish her sentence. but Griselle perfectly understood i you come up to the house for a Mitzi asked.

"I promised Mary Polhemus stop for some Red Cross mater she's right next door to you," said. "Yes; I'll come up and see eral for a minute. The doctor ar all alone tonight unless Fred home. Aunt Mollie and Dodo ar over to the city to see a movie, young doctors are gone. A new g be there; she wants to do some c before term starts. But I've go aspic from Sunday," Griselle muse I'll throw everything into the sa make spoonbread. And we can fi the frozen peaches—that'll be eno her— What is it?" she broke off suddenly, for they had reached gate now, and Mitzi was studying that was parked in the driveway.

"Who's that, do you suppose?" said sharply.

"Just someone from town to general," Griselle said.

"Come in! I knew it, I knew it!" spoke briefly and abstractedly.

GRISELLE followed her throu wide-open, airy hallway to brary, to find a tall, thin gray-head in a light gray summer suit in consu with the general.

"How do you do, Mr. McMu Mitzi said, holding out her hand selle recognized the name at onc was the old general's lawyer. Wh was introduced, he smiled at her.

"Go ahead and tell her, Walter Andrew Cruickshank said.

"Then I may tell you, Miss Mou said the stranger, "that I came on a ant little bit of business that co you today. General Cruickshan some time has owned a little ra Contra Costa County. He made mind a few days ago that he would give it to you now than have yo until after his death. So I broug deed with me today, and in a we two, you'll have a very delightful pr

"Ah, General, no!" Griselle said had kissed him before in the old girl Maryland days, but she had f shy and too strange to go on wi little caress since coming to Calif But, stirred and pleased now, she to him spontaneously, and half-kn and half-crouching by his chair kissed him warmly, her arms abou laughter and tears both in her eyes. I going to have a California ranch own?" she stammered.

"Not a very big ranch, Griselle. big is it, Walter? Fifty-two acres, pl to apricots and peaches mostly. It's up on a hill; you've got a well a couple of springs, and some sort house. I only saw the house once."

"There's a tenant house, too, wit barns and outbuildings," Walter Mc ray said. "A fellow named Frost there with his wife and children. run the place on a share basis, and never have any trouble with your even if you don't get much more!"

"But a ranch! Ah, that was a *da* thing for you to do!" Griselle, still br less with surprise and pleasure, ga joyfully.

"It occurred to me the other day Sam and Mollie wouldn't want it," drew Cruickshank said, "and Mitzi isn't ever going to be the farmin' ty forget what I paid for it. Took it an Oakland houses in exchange for the house, didn't I, Walter? I suppose worth—what? Sixteen or seventeen t sand? Not much of a gift, my dear. you'll drive up there some day and s and come back and tell me what it's l

"Oh, I can't believe it! I'm a pro owner! I'm landed gentry!" Gri chanted, still at the old man's k

Below Deck on a Navy Ship just in from patrol duty

In return for what they're going through for us—here's one thing we can do . . .

Send them snapshots from home. They're home boys, and home means more to them than they've probably ever let on. They say now, in their strange new surroundings and life, that these little pictures taken around home are more important to them than almost anything else.

It's hard for you to get film, the Army and Navy require so much. Dealers have been rationed. But get what film you can, and make it go as far as you can in getting new snapshots to send regularly. Make your letter "a snapshot visit with the folks at home" . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Visit him in SNAPSHOTS

Kodak

Enhanced by each passing year is the fame of this distinguished Kentucky whiskey

THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

OLD CROW

BOTTLED·IN·BOND

To taste Old Crow today is to savor the same perfection in whiskey which generations of critical drinkers have known and applauded

The Old Crow whiskey you buy today was distilled and laid away to age years before the war. Today the Old Crow Distillery is producing only alcohol for war purposes. So be patient if you can't have *all* you want of Old Crow *when* you want it. We are doing our utmost to distribute our reserve stocks so as to assure you a continuous supply for the duration.

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y. • 100 Proof

crouching back on her heels, but with her radiant face turned toward Mitzi and the lawyer.

"And I had to do something for Mitzi, too," said Andrew Cruickshank, thoroughly enjoying himself. "Couldn't do somethin' for one of the girls without rememberin' the other!"

Mitzi had been sitting back in a big chair, looking on at this scene with a smile that indicated both scorn and amusement, but now, as General Cruickshank's hand was extended toward her with a small box displayed on the palm, her expression changed, and she reached eagerly for the box.

"Yes; it's my wife's emerald," her uncle said. "Lyddy'd want one of you girls to have it. Have it reset—have it changed—do what you like with it—"

"Oh, Uncle Andrew!" Mitzi said, completely taken by surprise and unable, for once, to show anything but what she really felt. "It's simply beautiful! I've often wondered where it was and if you had given it away. I'd rather," she added, with a smile for Griselle, "I'd rather have it than ten Contra Costa County ranches."

And she, too, went over to kiss the old man gratefully.

But she was not quite reassured and the next day she asked Griselle if she had heard McMurray say anything indicative of a change in the will.

"No; you heard everything I did, Mitzi," Griselle answered uncomfortably.

"Didn't he say that some paper hadn't come from the East yet, and that when it did, he'd bring something back for Uncle Andrew to sign?"

"Oh, Mitzi, you are too suspicious!" Griselle said, laughing.

"No; but didn't he say that?"

"Well, mightn't that be the deed to the Contra Costa County place?"

"That wouldn't come from the East. Didn't you hear him say, 'All the others are to be as I noted them down'?"

"I think I did hear something like that. But I don't see what it could mean."

"It could mean all the other legacies, all the bequests to the servants and so on—couldn't it?"

"Honestly—" Griselle drawled, sc dalized.

"Yes, I know; yes, I know!" Mitzi s defensively. "But it's darned import to me to know where I stand. David le ing me *nothing*, all my plans upset, knowing what to expect—"

"Oh, nonsense!" Griselle said bold "You've had two rich husbands, a you're practically engaged to a third m who will always support you comfo ably. You ought to think of some of other women in the world who actua don't know where the next meal is co ing from!"

"If anyone mentions the Chinese or Finns to me again, I'll go off and someone," Mitzi exclaimed resentful "As for supporting me, much as I adc him, I can't see Alan supporting me for long time, with his mother and broth a dead weight on him. You have to practical about things like this, Grisel no matter how much in love you are! don't know how Alan feels about Dav death," she added fretfully.

"How should he feel?"

"Well, you know what a—what ridic lous old-fashioned ideas he has, ho shocked he was by the whole busine For all I know," Mitzi said, "he'll thi we have no right to be happy now th Dave's given his life for his country, a all that sort of thing!"

"AS SOON as you see Alan, all that w clear up," Griselle assured her. S hoped in her heart it was untrue, but Mit was mollified and was silent for a whil busy with her own thoughts.

"He takes those capsules every nigh anyway. His doctor knows that," Mit said suddenly, out of thought.

"Who? The general?" Griselle wid ened her eyes, slowed the car and gav Mitzi a startled glance. "What of it? she said.

"Don't go into the gutter," Mitzi, wh was teaching her to drive, said sharply "I was only thinking. I was thinking tha if Uncle Andrew did die quietly in hi sleep, they'd blame it on the pills."

(To be continued next week)

"Why didn't you tell me we were having company? I'd have baked a cake!"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

Granny, Git Your Gun

Continued from page 18

d it out of the shed, why, out steps ima with her Sunday black dress on, she didn't like, and a red bandanna erchief tied around her head.

et my box of tree sugar, Jimmy," she "It's packed and ready, and I intend to town today in that truck and sell gar and buy me a cedar chest to put ings in; and, besides, I intend to buy flowered spring dress like I wore the henry went off to the war. I'm tired s black."

was sort of twirling her cane, and napped her eyes at us all as if daring object.

didn't; we all just stood there and d at each other and at Grandma. convinced us she was losing her

en one of the folks ventured to say, right dress! Why, Grandma! You're up in ninety. Would you look natural ight flowered dresses?"

he old apple tree does," Grandma "It's just sixteen years younger'n and it puts on a mighty bright dress spring. Besides, me and that old apree's gonna soon have a new springanyhow . . ."

e turned and looked at the old tree the dying twigs. "It may bloom this and it may not," she said. "And I not live to see it bloom, which is why nt to see some soldiers of this war, sort of git ready for my new spring- . . ."

SOUNDED crazy to us. But it was use to argue with Grandma when set her head. So I got her box with the sugar in it and put it in the truck bed, Grandma climbed in the truck seat me. I recollect how proud she was to started, and how she threw back her d bandannaed head, and just a little y hair showed around the edge.

t's the first time I've been out in twenty s," she said, and feasted her eyes on gs along the road.

t don't go where it used to," she said. used to be down there by the creek didn't go so fast, and a person could in the shade and git a drink of water."

e just kept mumbling on, talking tly just to herself, and remembering gs I didn't know about.

Look there, now. If my mind serves right, there used to be a big sweet aptree in the corner of that fence. I won- if they let it die a natural death like should, or did they cut it down 'cause ot old and didn't bear much fruit. Milt ett's painted his barn and housetop Such a pretty color for barns."

didn't remember much about the gs she talked about along the road, wasn't interested, and maybe didn't r a lot she said. But I was thinking. at I was worrying about was what to with Grandma when we got to town maybe her losing her mind, and how keep her from hearing the Japs had k something else that belonged to us, she'd get mad right in a crowd with cane in her hand.

Before we got there, I told her. I said, ow Grandma, don't talk about the war h everybody on the street, and don't try trace up kinship with 'em, 'cause people the city don't do that like country lks do . . ."

She snapped her eyes at me. "Now you t never mind about me, Jimmy. urchill ain't so young, and if he can ep Hitler and his whole army out of gland, I can take care of my own self, d handle the sellin' of these sugar cakes d buy me a spring dress . . ."

When we got to town, I said, "Grandma, 'll park the truck here by the railroad station; and while I'm selling the sugar and things, you can stay in the truck and see the soldiers when the train comes; then I'll take you overtown to the store to pick you out a dress."

"I hope the train comes," she said. "I want to see our boys and if they've got mad yet or not like your Grandpa Henry did when he fit in the War Between the States."

We drove up and stopped by the curb, and I saw a boy, about ten, standing around, and I offered him a dime to stay with Grandma a while.

"I'll pay him," said Grandma, with a twinkle in her eye, and I knew what that meant; she wanted to give him a cake of tree sugar, and the boy bounced up in the seat by Grandma, and I went on overtown. I guess I was gone an hour or more, and when I got back, Grandma had got out of the seat. She was back in the truck bed, sitting on one end of the sugar box. A train had come in and fifty soldiers had gathered around the truck, and Grandma was cracking sugar cakes with the hatchet we always carried with the truck and passing the sugar out to the soldiers, and the soldiers had took up with her, and were calling her Grandma, and she was pleased, and I'd never seen her look so happy. But still, it convinced me she was slipping in her mind.

I didn't want the soldiers to hear, but I slipped up to the truck bed and whispered, "Grandma! You won't have any sugar left. What about your spring dress?"

She snapped her eyes at me again. "I can't help it; it'd be a sin not to give it to these boys; it's all I've got for 'em."

She just kept on cracking sugar cakes, and the civilians, they crowded around the truck and watched her, and I could hear them wondering who the queer old soul was.

I didn't want to try to explain who Grandma was and her ways, and I edged back into the crowd and didn't let on I was with her. And then the band quit playing and gathered around and watched.

And they talked so much in low conversation about who she was, that one soldier said, "Grandma, why don't you tell 'em who you are? Make 'em a speech."

I could tell Grandma liked that; she straightened up there in the truck in her black dress, and she was tall, only the up-in-ninety years had stooped her shoulders and made her face look a little like the jutting brown rocks along the river. She rested her hand with the hatchet on her hip, and she took off her glasses so she could see at a distance. She looked at the crowd.

"It sorta reminds a person o' the feedin' o' the five thousand," she said.

THE crowd surged in closer as if they were about to listen to the sayings of some old prophet.

"The tree sugar," she said, "it's all gone now, and it ain't no time for any more sugar. What we need to do now is to git mad, not sweet; we got to git fightin' mad . . ."

She looked awful old and feeble for such words. She hesitated there and reached down in the box. I didn't know she had brought anything else in the box; but she had: she lifted from the box a wooden leg, which I had seen once before when she opened an old trunk up in her room. It had a piece of old sheepskin on the place where the leg rested, and the sheepskin was golden with age.

"This," she said, "was Henry's—my husband's. Henry got this in the Civil War. I recollect when it broke out, and when people come and told Henry what the Yankees was doin', oh, it made Henry so

EVERY WOMAN IN A VITAL CIVILIAN JOB IS A SOLDIER IN THIS WAR!

Every day, hundreds of men are leaving important civilian jobs to join the Nation's Armed Forces. In their places, women are "carrying on"... doing work that *must be done* to keep America's war program going at top speed.

These women are soldiers, too . . . doing their bit by doing a job that is helping America win the war.

And like so many of their "buddies" in khaki and blue, these busy soldiers on the vital home-front find delicious Beech-Nut Gum helps rest and refresh them while they work.

Naturally, the needs of the men and women in the Armed Forces come first of all. So, if your dealer's supply of Beech-Nut Gum is short at times, we know you will understand the reason why.

The need for women to replace men in necessary civilian jobs of all kinds is an unusual opportunity for patriotic women everywhere to serve their country. Investigate at your nearest U. S. Employment Service office . . . even though you have never worked before!

Beech-Nut Gum

The yellow package . . . with the red oval

HANDKERCHIEF TEST PROVES VITAL ZONE
Spotless
NO MATTER HOW OFTEN YOU SMOKE IT
HESSON GUARD
MILANO $1
IT'S CUSHION SEALED
NO GOO CAN PASS HESSON GUARD
STOP GOO

CONSERVE
Shoes-Tires-Time!
-with our CENTRAL DOWNTOWN LOCATION
HOTEL
Mayfair
ST. LOUIS
FROM $3.00
HELP ASSURE VICTORY
Buy War Bonds. Comply cheerfully with Rationing. Save all scrap. Avoid waste.

Brenda—Will You Step Out With Me Tonight?

I know I've been an awful grouch not taking you any place lately. But after standing all day at my new job, my feet darn near killed me with callouses and burning. Now I've reformed—or rather my feet have—thanks to the Ice-Mint you advised. Never tried anything that seemed to draw the pain and fire right out so fast—and the way it helps soften callouses is nobody's business! Been able to get some extra overtime money—so what do you say, let's go dancing tonight. You can step on my Ice-Mint feet all you want.

JOHNNY SHOEMAKER SEZ..
"THESE WALKING DAYS" ARE TOUGH ON SHOES. MAKE SURE OF MAXIMUM WEAR WITH HOOD RUBBER HEELS
SUPREX
ASK FOR HOOD RUBBER HEELS & SOLES

all-fired mad. He was the maddest man! I said, 'Henry, a man as mad as you ain't fit for nothin' only to fight; gimme them plow handles, and git your gun.'

"Henry did; he got his gun and lit out. I recollect that fight. They fit hard because they got mad. It made us so mad for them Yankees to come down in our territory . . . so mad we whupped 'em nearly every time. But Henry . . . he got his'n when our army went up North. If you wanted to make a Yankee fightin' mad, just git over on his side with a gray coat on; Henry couldn't stand it; he hated gray . . . And we hated blue . . ."

Grandma hesitated again. I could tell she was getting mad. I could see the scraps of leather and the old wool quiver on the wooden leg.

"A person hates certain colors," she said. "I hate this black dress. I come to town today just to see you boys and get me a bright spring dress. I want a bright flowered dress like I wore when Henry come home with one leg, and I said, 'Henry, we've got another volunteer.' I recollect how he hobbled out to the side o' the house and I showed him a little apple tree that had come up after he left . . . It's still there . . . old now, and it scrapes on my window, and makes me remember, and it blooms out in white every spring . . .

"But as I was sayin', when these boys in gray got over on the blue side, it made the Yankees mad. Henry, he got this when he went up the hill with Pickett at Gettysburg that day. Him and Pickett's other men, they clim' the hill; but Henry said after he come home, 'Amy,' he said, 'we handled 'em purty good down on our side; but when we got up there, they fit . . . they fit like devils . . .'

"And that's why Henry and the rest o' Pickett's boys couldn't stay on the same hill with the Yankees; they had to come back down . . . And Henry got out of it with one leg . . ."

GRANDMA laid down the wooden leg. She fumbled in the box again, and I could see her black arm sleeve quiver, and people just looked at one another, and swallowed without saying a word, and stretched their necks to see what else she got out of the box.

She pulled out Grandpa's old gray breeches, and she unfolded them easy-like, and she held up the faded gray breeches, and said:

"These was Henry's. If I could crawl back a few years to where I could balance myself on one foot, I'd put 'em on; but I ain't steady like I used to be . . ."

She reached down again and I wondered what on earth else Grandma had put in that box. She got out the old cap, and seemed like it still had the shape of Grandpa's head, and you could see the color of sweat. She put the cap on.

Then she run her arm up one of the breeches legs, and stuck her fist out at a hole about the knee.

"This is where it hit him," she said. "The minnie ball made this hole. Now the Yankee that fired that shot was fightin' mad . . . so Henry always said.

"But still, it was funny how Henry felt about his wooden leg and the fightin' Yankees. Always seemed to like the North better after that; said havin' a leg up there somewhere made him feel he had interest up there, and he always had a hankerin' to go back. I recollect he told me, he said, 'Amy, it was mad fightin' that stopped us, and I reckon I was lucky to git away with one leg.'

"And Henry, he was *so* proud when he'd walk down the aisle of the church with his leg tappin', and him knowin' everybody was seein' him.

"But, now, you can't have a wooden leg to be proud of if you don't git mad and fight. And you won't have no scars, and no interest up North or down South like Henry had, and the sassafras bushes will grow on your grave, and they won't be even a sheep path leadin' up to it.

"And it ain't just the blue or just the gray that's got to git mad; we got to git mad together. All I ask of you boys is to git mad at them as we did at one 'nother that time when Henry got this wooden leg, and Grandma'll be listenin', and the news'll be good."

But then came the call: "Board! Board!"

There was a movement toward the train steps, but Grandma called again, and the soldiers lingered.

"Before you go," she said, "I want to leave an old sound in your ears. It's a sound from Gettysburg . . . a sound with spirit in it, the kind of spirit that makes fightin' a pleasure. . . ."

Grandma reached down in the box again. I wondered what on earth else she had in the box, and I wondered about the sound from Gettysburg.

But then I saw. She got Grandpa's old Civil War pistol out of the box, and she pointed it up and fired, and a streak of red flame came, and sound, and the sound seemed to bounce back from the walls of the buildings, and then get over them and roll away and search the distant hills.

"Now that's it," she said. "It's got spirit in it, and where there's spirit, there's smoke, and it leaves wooden legs wherever it goes. . . ."

Then the engine sneezed and yawned and the wheels rolled and the soldiers made for the train steps, and Grandma watched the waving hands and she held one hand to her ear to hear the calls, "Goodby, Grandma. Thanks. We'll fight. . . ."

As the train pulled away, the high-school band struck up a tune and the song was Dixie, and Grandma just stood there with the faded gray breeches across her shoulder, and the muzzle of the old pistol still smoking.

I saw her take out her tiny lace-hemmed handkerchief from her black dress pocket. I wondered if she was about to cry, which wouldn't be natural for Grandma; I'd never seen her cry.

And she didn't now. I recollect some women standing near me and one nudged the other and said, "Wouldn't you like to hug her neck?"

I never saw Grandma look so good as she did then. I tried to remember when I had last hugged her neck; but I couldn't, and it made me ashamed. I felt the coming of a spirit. A creeping spirit it was, that seemed like it had been stirred up from a grave where it had been sleeping; it seemed to come from some gone-by time and place, and I felt it crawl up my breeches leg.

I wondered if it was just because she was my grandma; but that wasn't it, because I saw some chins shaking eyes watering. Grandma must 'a too, 'cause she smote the edge of bed with her cane, and said smote the rock to bring forth w we must smite to bring fight."

And before the blue powder s cleared, the crowd made for t and it seemed like they jus Grandma out of the truck and kind of a car she'd never been i and they took the cap and the and the band followed, and was gone, and I got back in t seat and wondered.

Over in town I could hear t moving slow along the street thought of sounds and bright co spirits and smoke, and of ancien and Scriptures about once yo now old, and once a man and child, and of the Wise Men and try into Jerusalem, and of Moses staff. But I couldn't think of an or words of prophets that would Grandma and her ways, or the of the spirit I felt there in our o farm truck.

SHE was gone a long time an they brought her back, she step in a bright-flowered dress, and on a new hat and it had a feather that stuck up, snow-white and qu and her eyes beamed when she sa

"That old apple tree; it ain't gon nothin' on your grandma this sprin

I saw they brought a neatly d package tied with red, white and b bons, and after Grandma got back seat, I whispered, "What's in the package?"

"Oh, them's just your gr breeches and cap and my black

She looked back and watched pack the wooden leg, the old pist the package into the cedar ches brought.

Grandma took out her handk again when they wrapped the che flag. She squeezed the handkerch her hand. The sleeve of her flowere shook and the plume quivered; b held her head high and proud a water came out of her eyes.

But when they finished and got o punched me with the cane she had her lap. "Step on it quick," she pered.

I did, and after we got away fro waving and goodbys, Grandma sai might' nigh got me then. It might got me over at the station when first hit Dixie. The spirit come ov . . . a fightin' spirit it was, and I glad I come and got to see the so and shoot one shot in this war. . . .

THE END

COLLIER'S "It's the local chess team, lady, breaking training" GEORGE LICHTY

True Yesterday—

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE "R

In Trust for Tomorrow

PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION
"BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS FOR VICTORY"

GOODYEAR NEWS SERVICE

Tomorrow's portable home will accommodate a family of four, cost under $2,000, can be placed anywhere

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

By David O. Woodbury

Homes for the Footloose

MILLIONS of people tomorrow will own their own homes but only rent the ground they stand on. As a man's job changes, he will change his location to suit, simply loading his abode on a truck and moving it to new rented ground.

Although the movable home may tend to increase America's nomadic spirit, the house itself will not be flimsy. It will be a substantial year-round bungalow designed to sit snugly on the ground like a permanent house. It will have two bedrooms and a combination living-dining room and kitchen alcove, as well as a full-sized bathroom and generous closet space. Four people will live in it comfortably; the owner who does not want to migrate can occupy it for a lifetime in one spot.

The bungalow will be made of metal-faced plywood-plastic with insulating qualities equal to 18 inches of brick, and will sell below $2,000. When moving day comes, walls and windows will be telescoped past one another to make a compact package for shipping. Most of the furniture, being built in permanently, will remain in place. The whole house will weigh less than two tons.

Once the portable dwelling has been generally adopted by working families, large factory and agricultural communities will establish group homesites to accommodate hundreds of them in well-landscaped surroundings. An owner can then move into his new location in a few hours, sign his lease for the land and hook up to standardized electric, water and sewer mains for a nominal sum.

Knives That Never Get Dull

You are going to have a carving knife that will never again mutilate a week-end roast for lack of sharpening on Sunday morning. Not that father will have reformed, always remembering to do the job without being told. But thanks to a new process of chrome-alloying, that cutting edge will not need resharpening for years. In fact, your kitchen drawer will carry an assortment of cutting tools, large and small, that will refuse to get dull no matter how much they are used.

There will be chrome-treated scissors, too, and pocketknives, and very likely a package of razor blades in the bathroom cabinet that will last well-nigh a lifetime.

Surface chromium alloying is a trick just discovered to break the bottleneck in war-plant cutting tools. When that duty is done, the process will be used everywhere that fine steel edges must stand up against severe wear in home, factory and farm. One of its brightest promises is for a lawn mower weighing only a few pounds that can be pushed around with one hand, shearing the grass as cleanly as a razor.

Magic Carpet, Plastic Style

Stains from ink, liquor, paint and chewing gum will lose their terror for tomorrow's housewife when upholstery fabrics are woven from a plastic that will glisten like silk but refuse to absorb spots of any kind. The new plastic will be produced in every conceivable color and can be woven into an endless variety of patterns, either as cloth, synthetic rattan or smooth flexible sheets. The worst stain will come off with soap and hot water without damaging the material.

Velon fabrics will be especially valuable in automobiles, on theater and train seats —anywhere that exposure to dirt and wear now renders present-day materials shabby. They will also make shoes and handbags that will not soil; window screens that will not rust or stretch; hospital curtains and upholstery that can readily be cleaned.

Economy Note

Future typewriter ribbons will not be thrown away when the ink gets dim. A small mechanical device will replenish them and extend their usefulness many hundred per cent. The re-inking will be done in a few minutes without removing the ribbon from the machine.

Wartime necessity will leave behind it many new food habits, especially in fish. Some kinds of sea food that will be counted as delicacies tomorrow: menhaden, rosefish, dogfish, catfish, hake, skate, ray. Prejudice gone, these and many more will make fish the equal of meat throughout the country.

De Luxe Roof for Your Home

Roofs of tomorrow will be covered with stainless steel, laid in sheets and welded or cemented into a continuous waterproof covering. Much cheaper than copper, this noncorrosive material will be entirely fireproof and will last longer than the house without a cent for repairs.

But no one will think you have gone back to the old-fashioned shabbiness of the "tin" roof. Stainless steel will give a blue-gray luster to your house. Moreover, its untarnishable polish will reflect back most of the sun's heat and will keep upper rooms and attic as cool as the interior of an aluminum-painted blimp. This is another example that illustrates how utility and smartness can be combined by the techniques of tomorrow.

Biological Vistas of Tomorrow

The two separate worlds of inanimate material and living tissue have drawn closer under modern biochemical research, leaving only a single element of transition between them. But scientists agree that this one unknown is the greatest gap in all scientific knowledge. Once it is closed, biologists will be able to explain how life originated on earth and how the millions of different species took form out of the lifeless raw materials of the universe.

No vague matter of speculation but a field for accurate chemical study, tomorrow's biology will use every latest triumph in war chemistry as a background. The new knowledge of high-octane gasolines, synthetic rubber, and plastics will help to answer the question, "What is life?" and we ourselves, rather than our world, will be improved.

When the great chemical chasm between the lifeless and the living has been bridged, enormous advantages will come to the human race. The enigma of the chemical viruses will be solved, pointing the way toward cures of infantile paralysis, meningitis and the common cold. The riddle of heredity will be cleared up, so that the races of the earth will have the power to produce only high-grade individuals and eliminate the unfit. The mystery of old age will be understood, and bodily decay prevented or greatly retarded.

Going Up

Continued from page 19

For your benefit, since you ju the experience, we'll assume you k about aerodynamics, physics and other things, and take you upstai Boeing Field in a Flying Fortress gadgets instead of guns, carrying instead of bombs.

First, Doc Irwin will look you heart, blood pressure, sinuses. H you not to eat food that makes and you'll find out why pretty soo fore you fly, you'll have to get a p education in the stratotrainer; the no time to teach you upstairs.

First, you'll have to try on vario gen masks, learn how to connect t the supply tanks, and how to chang one kind to another. And fast. Yo all this and say, "Okay, let's go you've only started.

"Now you have to be denitroge says Doc.

"Huh?"

"Have to work the nitrogen out o blood, so you won't get what dive the bends. Forty-five minutes' p catch will do that. Come on."

Behind a hangar, there's a big tank on wheels with long tube c tions. You and seven other men c your masks and get your first taste c oxygen. It's sweet and dry as you it through your mouth—*not* your Then you all play handball for for minutes. After that, you walk over attached to the oxygen supply, wh rolled along with you—to the stratot

Three Thousand Feet a Minut

You hold your breath and q switch from the rolling tank to the s inside the steel drum. The other m in and the door clangs shut. You' ting four on a side and through th dow you see Doc watching you. Th a soft whir and the dial of the alti moves. You're "going up" at 3,000 minute. For a minute or so, you j there—and then you yawn. Every yawns.

This is not from boredom; it is lieve the pressure on your ear canal 15,000 feet you are uncomfortable; stomach has swelled out, you loosen belt and get rid of some interna There's a red toy balloon hanging i trainer; it swells and swells just as stomach is doing. Finally the ba bursts, having no outlets as you

The altimeter says 25,000 and there a while. Psychologically, you you're really up there—until you see Irwin's grin outside the window. practice changing your oxygen s from the main tanks to the small e gency bottle in your flying suit. neighbor stages a faint and you qu change his supply for him and bring back; he does the same for you.

Up to now, you have been brea "demand oxygen;" you inhale what need. Now, as we go up to 35,000 fe more, you switch over to the "con flow" system, which feeds oxygen your lungs under pressure. Despite you still feel bloated, tired. A heavy seems pushing the back of your head

Through the phone, Doc asks how feel. You point to your tummy, you bows and your shoulders. Your are starting to ache because they are getting enough blood. Doc nods; y okay. The dial registers 40,000; you tice changing masks again. Every m ment is tough; you have to force you to move. Finally you are in your bai mask, drawing oxygen from the gency bottle in your suit. Down we

The drop is three thousand feet a

In the days when a Zero was a score!

were the years when international contests were fun. carried mallets instead of tommy-guns . . . and they hands when the game was over.

se were the days of plenty, when Old Charter started be the noblest whiskey of all. Nothing was spared to this goal . . . neither skill, money, materials or time. lay Old Charter is available for your enjoyment . . . waiting to remind you for a fleeting moment of good things in the past, good things to come.

We invite you to try it . . . and we ask you to remember that, because it was laid down before Pearl Harbor . . . it has not interfered with our only job today, working for Victory!

Let's speed the return of a better America, by buying war bonds and stamps . . . as many, as often as we possibly can.

OLD CHARTER

A Superb American Whiskey

WHISKEY IS 7 YEARS-OLD • STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 90 PROOF • BERNHEIM DISTILLING COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

E IN! SCHENLEY'S "CRESTA BLANCA WINE CARNIVAL" WITH MORTON GOULD ORCHESTRA. REFER TO YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPER EACH WEEK FOR TIME AND STATION.

ute to 22,000 feet; your sinuses hurt like fury, and Doc slows up the descent rate to fifteen hundred until we hit the ten-thousand-foot level. From here on down, a thousand feet a minute is the pace. . . . Finally, the steel door swings open and you step out. You're thirsty; you're hungry; you ache here and there. You feel: Well, that's over!

Actually, it's just the beginning. Tomorrow, you're really going up. As yet you haven't experienced that eighty-below-zero climate that's waiting seven miles aloft.

Back in the office you talk to Wellwood Beall, who is vice-president (engineering) for Boeing and knows more about stratosphere flying than almost anyone. Someone has told you that the Germans had planes over London a couple of years ago at 50,000 feet.

"Maybe," says Beall, "and maybe not. Most air people doubt it. We can go that high, but for transport purposes there is no need for it. From twenty-eight to thirty-five thousand, depending on wind currents, probably is plenty."

Just how fast a plane can be flown six miles up, no one knows, but with the same fuel consumption it'll fly "a great deal faster" than it will five miles nearer the earth. You're more likely, too, to find yourself a tail wind that blows steadily and adds that much to your speed.

Next morning you're at the field again at an hour you think is bright and early. But the pilot, crew and engineer have held a long conference, worked out a flight plan and given each man a list of his duties. Today, we're going to test a new carburetor, a modified propeller and an electric motor. It won't matter if these don't work at 40,000 feet; there'll still be three spare engines.

You don your oxygen mask again, couple it to the field tank, toss the ball around for forty-five minutes, get into your heavy, high-altitude flying suit and climb aboard the big Fortress. You put on your earphones, plug into the intercom system and—here we go!

The ground falls away and you climb fast. Puget Sound is below, a silver-blue blur amid the dark green of the sunlit forests of western Washington. Over to your left is the white summit of Mount Rainier; you're about level with it. You glance at the altimeter: 14,000. The mountain measurers and the instrument makers get a check on each other: Rainier is 14,408 feet high.

Colder Than Sixty Below

It's cold now. You watch the gauges. One goes up, the other down. Twenty thousand feet—zero. Thirty thousand—twenty below. Thirty-five thousand—forty below. Forty thousand—sixty below.

"Had it colder than that up here," says Pilot Elliott Merrill. "This is practically a heat wave."

Still, you do *not* shuck your fur-lined suit or mop your fevered brow.

The pilot's voice sounds thin and high. You have all the sensations you had yesterday in the trainer—only this time, you remember, it's the real thing. Better test that oxygen line. If it goes out and no one discovers it within thirty seconds, probably you never will get down alive.

The recording cameras are spinning, photographing varied dials. Engineer and crewmen are checking on the new propeller, the new motor, the trick carburetor. Man is checking against machine, and vice versa. This flight is costing $1,000 an hour and every minute has to count.

"Forgot to tell our guest," says the high voice of the pilot, "that if he has to bail out—which he won't—he'd better fall free for the first two or three miles and get that part over as quick as possible. Don't waste any time getting down to twenty thousand feet or you'll likely freeze to death. Open your chute at twenty thousand. Okay?"

"And I'm sure, my dear, that my best fiscal years are ahead of me!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

"Yes, sir," you agree, in your own personal squeak. You try to clear your throat. No go. To yawn. No go. To whistle. Heck, you can't even whistle—not through fright, but simply because there isn't enough back pressure. A hero couldn't whistle, up here.

A Seven-Mile Drop

Flying back and forth at the various levels at which things are tested, the pilot tells you about Doctor William Randolph Lovelace II of the Mayo Clinic, now a lieutenant colonel of the Army's aero-medical laboratory. Doctor Lovelace invented a new oxygen mask and thought he ought to test it. So he put it on and stepped out of a Fortress at 40,200 feet—nearly 26,000 feet above the crest of Mount Rainier. He came down nearly twenty-four minutes later in a wheat field over in mid-state, said it was quite an experience and, if nobody minded, he would just as soon not do it again.

First, his chute came open with a jerk that kayoed him; three gloves he wore on one hand came off. He half came to at thirty thousand, but fell in a daze for twenty-two thousand more. At fifteen thousand feet, his emergency oxygen gave out and he came the rest of the way on his lungs, with a frozen hand.

"But don't worry," reassures the pilot. "You won't have to bail out."

At forty thousand, you're in a new world. There is no rain here, ever; no snow. You can forget about icing; there is no moisture to gather on the wings. The sky is dark blue in the eternal sunshine.

Suddenly, inside the cabin, it is dim twilight. A wing tip has come between sun and ship. There is no moisture or dust in the thin air to diffuse light rays, and only the direct rays can reach you.

It isn't always smooth flying. We run into air that shakes the plane like driving a car over a corduroy road. Then the air is smooth again and the big ship drives on without a tremor.

The new propeller is acting efficiently; so is the trick carburetor. The little electric motor is sluggish—one kind of metal in it is contracting faster than another in the bitter cold. The engineer makes notes.

Crewmen are working in pairs, watching every few minutes to see that their companions are all right. Each m that, in an emergency, his buddy to do something, and do it right, few seconds. Or else.

It is hard to talk, to hear. Yo half coma, wishing you had a dri ing you could fall asleep. Yo pounds, trying to pump mor around. The air up here is only o ter as dense as down in Seattl miles below.

The ship starts down, out of twilight, through the high clouds lower strata, dodging the thund You yawn to take the pressure ears. A few thousand feet up, y off the oxygen mask and gulp in again. Fresh air is something you' quite appreciated before. You real that there's only a very thin lay around the world—and you hope there.

At the field once more, the re film is taken to the darkrooms fo opment. The crew goes to a con room to hand in performance figu cuss the flight—and plan the next has cost $4,000, and a great man of study and experience, to find o a few gadgets work seven miles up— you'll be flying in a warm, comf passenger liner not so far in the

To build a ship that will fly at feet, almost everything in it or on to be altered. Lubricants that w lower levels freeze solid in the sphere; motors have to be fed m like passengers. Radios have to designed; instruments fixed to mak function. Boeing today has five c experts finding out about flying mainly for war purposes. But wha are finding out will be available for time uses in the future.

Air Leviathans to Come

After-the-war planes are going much bigger. On the drafting boar in full-size models stowed away hangars at a score of plants are sh big as a couple of Pullman cars— with two and three decks; ships figure-8 fuselages instead of the 0 se ships big enough for half a dozen fa to set up housekeeping in. Some of will be successful; some will be fa as some of today's biggest ships are p failures.

It's a common belief that, after the a lot of bombers can be converted passenger and cargo ships offhand. not true. It will be cheaper and fas convert present cargo carriers into senger planes; that may be done in weeks. But it takes a year, at least, to vert an idea in a designer's head i flying plane.

It is possible to build in auto gadgets to maintain a sea-level atmos continuously as the ship rises. Bu practical purposes if you can kee pressure level at what it is at ten thou feet, no one will suffer unless he tri do a lot of hard work. As long as sengers stay put and don't move much, they will be comfortable.

Even today, hundreds of cargo ship flying far above the weather—and th emy—to all our battle fronts, car loads that would have seemed fantas few years ago.

After the war, you'll board the Mo Express in New York or the South Limited in San Francisco, climb thr the clouds into the dim blue twilight skim along to your destination faster smoother than you now hop from c to coast. Mainly, that will be becau handful of men are going upstairs after day, risking their necks to find how you can live up there while b speeded here, there and everywhe comfort and safety.

THE END

"And as we wander leisurely through this paradise of pristine beauty, the glories of nature's tropical fairyland unfold miraculously before our dazzled eyes!"

COLLIER'S MISCHA RICHTER

ibute to the brave men of the fighting Army Ordnance

"ORDNANCE DOCTORS" OPERATE UNDER FIRE

WITH JEEPS FROM WILLYS-OVERLAND

THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE MIGHTY JEEP

UT there where the fighting is toughest . . . amid bomb bursts and shell bursts . . . under planes that eam down from hot desert skies . . . or in the clutching d of rain-lashed jungle . . . you'll find them . . . the octors" of the Ordnance Department . . . "operating" the "casualties" of Uncle Sam's mechanical equipment.

Our men of the U. S. Army Forces look to the Mainte-nce Units of the Ordnance Department to see that ery gun, small arm, machine gun, every truck, tank, ep or tank killer disabled in battle shall go back into tion at the earliest possible moment.

Repairs must be made on the spot . . . wherever that ot may be . . . on any terrain . . . in any weather . . . with pable hands and calm steady nerves, though death reams by on every side.

Like the unit depicted here . . . throughout the battle d beyond it . . . yesterday, today, tomorrow . . . the men the Ordnance Maintenance Units must answer the call to hundreds of trouble spots on hundred-mile fronts.

"Though dog tired, after heroic service all day in a dozen hot sectors . . . the tough ordnance officer and his crew who figure in this incident responded at once to our hurry-up call," said the tank officer who told us the story on which the above picture is based.

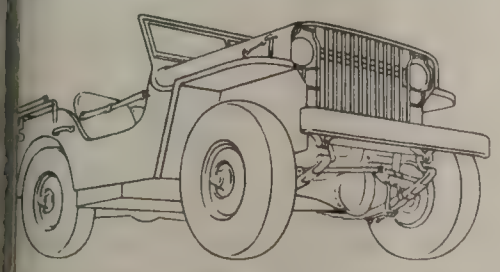
"As they gunned their Jeep back into the thick of it, enemy shelling was at its peak", he said.

"They roared down the shell-strafed road and across the open desert to us, with no defense except the speed and agility of their Jeeps. The one in which their Commanding Officer was riding came up spattered with shell fragments. The other Jeep, carrying the repair equipment and spare parts, was also hit and damaged.

"The Ordnance 'doctors' started their operation on our tank track under a hellish aerial bombardment. They worked fast, but with as steady a nerve as if they were at home on Main Street in a peaceful garage. Seven artillerymen died as an enemy shell burst on a gun position a hundred yards away. Wounded and killed were falling all around. The Ordnance 'doctors' worked on.

"In an amazingly short time they had the damage repaired, and before we mounted our tank to go back into action, their trusty Jeeps were already high-tailing it across the sand and down the flaming road to their base for the next assignment."

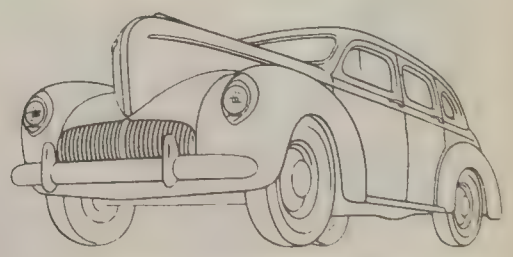
Wherever U. S. Army Forces are operating, they will tell you there's no service more important to them than the Maintenance Units of the Ordnance Department. These indispensable crews of "Ordnance Doctors" and their every-ready faithful Jeeps are on the job to "keep 'em rollin'." In these Jeeps of the Ordnance, the power, speed, agility and amazing dependability are guaranteed by the Willys-Designed "GO-DEVIL" Engine, the design of which was perfected and is owned exclusively by Willys-Overland.



U. S. ARMY JEEP

WILLYS

MOTOR CARS TRUCKS AND JEEPS



AMERICAR—the People's Car

THE GO-DEVIL ENGINE—power-heart of WILLYS CARS and all JEEPS

YELLO-BOLE

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Half Bent Shape, $1

the honey-cured smoke

The yellow lining in the bowl, prepared from a blend of Sage Honey, Clover Blossom Honey and Honeysuckle Honey in the proper thickness, and found exclusively in Yello-Bole Pipes, provides a fragrant "curing agent" that (1) cures the pipe of any trace of "breaking-in" and (2) cures the bowl itself instead of allowing it to burn and char which causes bitterness in some pipes. Get a Yello-Bole today for a real good smoke.

YELLO-BOLE STANDARD $1

YELLO-BOLE IMPERIAL $1.50

YELLO-BOLE PREMIER $2.50

YELLO-BOLE
630 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N.Y.

The Truth About Our Oil Supply

Continued from page 12

small producers and producing properties as they can. And due to maladjustment in the excessive burden of taxation, the small operators are finding it desirable to sell. W. S. Hallanan, president of Plymouth Oil Company, and a member of the Petroleum Industry War Council, in addressing a convention of oil men at Bradford, Pennsylvania, last June, stated that two years ago, small operators controlled 50 per cent of America's reserve. Today the same operators control 25 per cent of these reserves. It is good business for the big companies, but is it a healthy situation? This trend would come to a natural end with a price adjustment sufficient to make it desirable for the majors of the industry to find their own reserves instead of buying out the little man.

Oil's political setup in Washington is one of these integrated, complex, top-heavy affairs, supported by politicians and directed by practicing economists. Transportation, production, price—all are irrevocably interrelated except in Washington, and here each division has its own bureau. Heading the Petroleum Administration for War is Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes. Ickes was a little too much for the oil men to take when he was appointed controller of the oil industry by the President. The industry, individually and collectively, fired both barrels at Ickes time and time again.

Then at an American Petroleum Institute convention in California in November, 1941, Ickes spoke. He made the kind of talk oil men understand. He spoke straight. He called a spade a spade. There was no clouding over of facts. He asked for the support of the oil men—and he got it. The industry reversed itself overnight. To this day the men of the industry are still with him, although some still keep their fingers crossed.

Ickes can't grant a price increase for oil. Such power is not vested in the Petroleum Administrator; instead, it is over in Price Administrator Brown's OPA. So PAW asked OPA to raise the price of crude a minimum of 35 cents a barrel. OPA Administrator Brown on May 4th issued a long statement rejecting the recommendation, and, in the same decision, indirectly admitted the necessity of a price raise by offering government financial aid for some conditions!

Government Control is Taboo

The offer of aid was actually a subsidy. And the oil industry wants nothing whatever to do with this. The oil man is skeptical of subsidy in any form. Government control is abhorrent to him.

The government is itself seriously to blame for public apathy on the question of oil. It delayed correcting the impression that East Coast rationing was necessary because of a shortage of oil. It wasn't long before it became known the shortage was actually due to a lack of transportation between the producing areas and the East. Next, the people were led to believe that the military requirements necessitated rationing. Then the fact came out that it was necessary to ration mileage to conserve rubber. And now, while we are aware that military requirements are great, we are told again that an actual petroleum shortage impends. Is there any wonder that the public is baffled?

But why is the question of price so vital? It is vital because it is the quickest and surest way to find new and badly needed oil to support our sagging reserves. This is important because as a nation we are totally unprepared for a shortage of petroleum in any degree. It is a shock to know that rationing may have to be continued on the basis of actual shortage, not on the basis of military priority.

Then, too, there is another profile of the impending shortage that needs to be recognized. Not only has the molecule of oil been reduced and changed to provide the best aviation fuels in the world, but the same molecule has been stretched into rubber that is even better than the unobtainable latex. It has been combined and changed to provide an endless series of new and useful compounds, and the list is growing daily. Moth balls, plastic stocks, anesthetics, toluene, bug spray, perfume, antifreeze compounds—all and many more, some that are war secrets—are being derived from petroleum and its partner, natural gas, by the new science of petrochemistry.

The industry has chosen today to expand into these new fields. The choice in time is inopportune, but is merely a chance step in the uninterruptible march of progress. The multitude of new products will mean a richer, more pleasantly satisfying life in the future.

Technique developed for the manufacture of 100-octane aviation fuels will be utilized to make new and more powerful automotive gasolines that will deliver more miles per gallon. This will be a saving; also, it might be that tomorrow's car won't depend exclusively on this super-fuel. It could be constructed with two fuel tanks, one to contain the high-octane gasoline; the other to contain a cheaper grade of fuel, a substitute, or some type of blend that could be used in ordinary driving after the motor becomes warm.

If the oil business is to continue, "heavy" industry of the East Coast area should be fed more and more by imported crude—now, and in increased quantities later, as transportation is available. As reserves further diminish, additional imports to other areas will be necessary. This will not find favor in one branch of the industry but it is the only solution.

The prediction that we may become oil-dry at an early date cannot be justified. Research will be directed toward making new fuels available to industry and the public. A new source of power is needed and it might possibly be found in atomic power when experiments are renewed after the war. If such a source of cheap power is found, then the petroleum refiner will be frantically reversing himself in an effort to provide lubricants for industry's wheels rather than fuels to turn the wheels.

Primary methods of producing oi be increased in efficiency, and th methods of secondary recovery fr pleted wells must be applied. In t spect the various oil-producing should provide some legal vehicle s properties adaptable to seconda covery methods can be combine unit operation.

Direct Control by Congress

The industry itself must strive for ter understanding with the public, every time some political opportunist his finger, Mr. John Public won't be s ious to jump down the oil man's thro price increase, not a subsidy, is nece The industry must remain as indepe of bureau control as possible. *Such c as may be required must come di from Congress in the form of laws.*

In the matter of substitutes we are tremely fortunate. The most impor reserve we enjoy is the inventive ingen of the American to solve any prob With this ability we can confidently ex synthetic fuels from a number of stocks, including agricultural mater Coal, of which we have a known su sufficient to last 3,000 years, can be tu into fuels and lubricants by proper p essing. Lignite represents another po tial source of liquid fuels.

So far in the history of the petrole industry, we have produced a total of 000,000,000 barrels of oil from Un States fields. This volume is only a li more than one eighth of the 200 bill barrels estimated to exist in oil shales the nation, and this is sufficient to last 50 years at our present rate of consu tion. In western Canada, a single sh bed is believed to contain at least 27 lion barrels. But this oil cannot be rec ered at the present price of $1.25 barrel. Instead, the difficulty of obtain the oil from this source would increase value to $6 or $7 per barrel.

When it is necessary to turn to n sources for our petroleum, we will counter costs per barrel that right n seem prohibitive. Substitute fuels will available at less cost, but they will be satisfactory by providing less mileage our cars and less power in our industri We must keep these eventualities as removed into the future as possible anticipating them now.

THE END

Have a "Coke" = Welcome, Friends

...or how to get along in Alaska

American soldier in Alaska meets up with y things that remind him of home. One hem is Coca-Cola. *Have a "Coke"* says he stranger, and in one simple gesture he has e a friend. In three words he has said, u and I understand each other". *The pause refreshes* works as well in the Yukon as it s in Youngstown. From Atlanta to the Seven Seas, Coca-Cola has become the high-sign between kindly-minded strangers, the symbol of a friendly way of living.

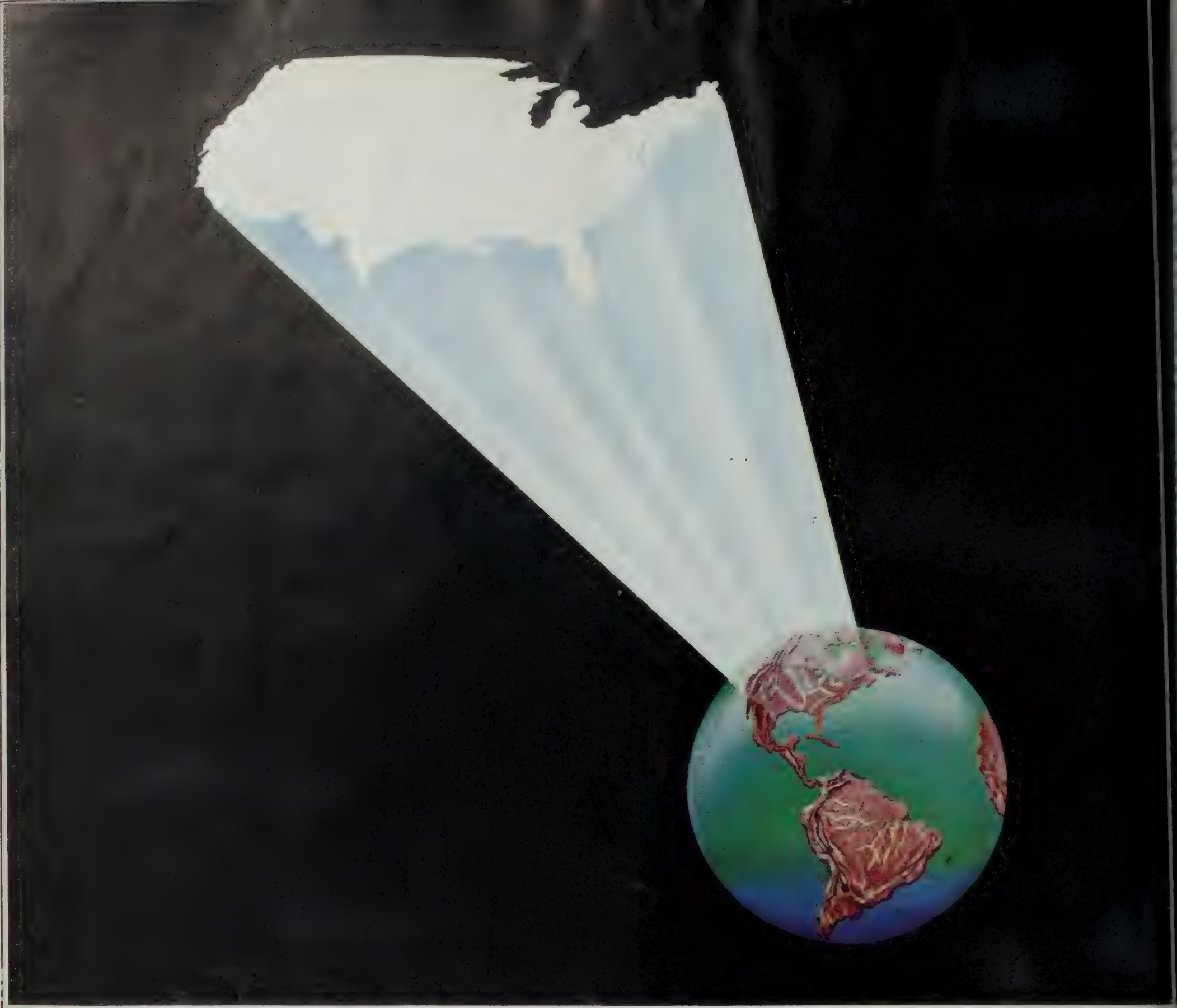
* * *

Next to mothers, wives, sweethearts and letters from home, one thing our soldiers overseas mention most is Coca-Cola. So you'll be delighted to know they frequently find it—bottled on the spot—in over 35 Allied and neutral nations 'round the globe.

"Coke" = Coca-Cola

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

COPYRIGHT 1943, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY



WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE

AIR is said to extend 21,000 miles from the earth in all directions.

That means we "own" an incredible amount of air over continental United States, billions of cubic miles of it.

All of this air is not usable for transportation because planes cannot fly that high. However, select heights at which planes do travel now, and still the airspace over U. S. A. alone exceeds many times the surface area of the entire world, although U.S.A.-air is only about 1.5 per cent of all air.

Physically, air is indivisible and omnipresent. Air is not *divided* into separate shafts over individual nations as in the above illustration. Therefore air does not have boundary lines as nations do. Nature does not discriminate between United States-air and Canadian-air, or Mexican-air, or British-air, or Russian-air.

That is why the use of omnipresent air for vehicular traffic creates a totally new problem for *all* of the earth's inhabitants. The new conditions of our air-world, the cancelling of old time-and-distance handicaps, mean that the decisive factor in the peacetime future of t United States is *commercial air power.*

For centuries the status of nations was mea ured by their leadership upon the earth's su *face.* International air transportation chang that. It compels a new outlook upon life, bo domestic and foreign. There is now pressit need for our nation to *expand* its Airlines t meet the challenge of world-air transportatio

Therefore we believe that the extent to whic Americans profit from the use of *world-air* afte this war, depends upon how effectively we us the air *over the United States,* first.

ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS UNITING CANADA, U. S. A. AND MEXICO **AMERICAN AIRLINES** *Inc.*

The Virgin and the Dynamo

Continued from page 17

F ling his gaze, she came awake effort- ess. Her eyes were brown and liquid, nd ery wide.

"e you the nurse?" Johnny Rhyno id.

S sat up straight and shook her head, nd laughed. "I'm Ann Pramberton. a's daughter. I live here."

S volunteered nothing else. Content- he watched her as she moved around e om. She pushed wide the curtains at the sunshine streamed in.

"la will bring your breakfast."

Jnny Rhyno collected himself. Vo's Ella?"

"la is the maid. You'll like her."

ut, good Lord! I've got to get out of I—"

e girl said, "I'll tell Daddy. You talk to Daddy."

a was tall, all bones, with a ruffled n for afternoons and a strict, definite on for every occasion. Her eyes ed and her tongue bit with spice; Johnny Rhyno would stay there, in bed, until Ella had decided with the rs that he was well enough to get up. t what about his broadcasts? He d do them from here. Yes, lying right in that bed. Johnny Rhyno pro- d. Johnny Rhyno was not heard.

Course you got to broadcast," Ella "I couldn't get along without you g me every evening what to think e next day's news."

ADIOMEN came. Pramberton went off to class and Ella accepted every- g as natural and necessary. They told Ann had gone off to her work at the ery school.

ohnny Rhyno'd read the news reports written his script in longhand, ped up on pillows, a thermometer in mouth.

ohnny Rhyno had been in Berlin, ly twenty, studying, loafing around his grandmother's money, now and n he'd acted as legman for a day for of the INS correspondents, when the fumes became overwhelming. He got Paris late in August. Two days later the ld was at war.

o there was autumn and winter, and n there was spring and the Germans ning over France. Johnny Rhyno got England. But he still wanted to study. went down to Oxford, fleeing feverish London streets. He came up to Lon- n to see the blitz and he stayed to t it. Then he began broadcasting for American network.

His life since then had been a succes- n of places; he had lost count of the ces. He had been in China and briefly Java and briefly in Australia, and more ly in Africa. Johnny Rhyno con- cted malaria somewhere along the way. And now here he was five days laid low a house in Cambridge. And they were five happiest days of his life.

Happy? It was the peace and the quiet; was the way the sunlight reflected itself the ceiling in late afternoon; it was la and the round, slow movement of the nutes; it was Pramberton talking, talk- g, talking, a man who had the answer only you were big enough and deep ough to absorb it; it was longing and lfillment all in this one room in a house Cambridge, U. S. A. It was Ann.

He shut his eyes, thinking of Ann. He d not want to think any particular thing out Ann. It was all a pleasant jumble. e way her face always looked scrubbed ean. The way she wiggled her toes out her shoes and read Shelley in a flat fortless voice. He did not like Shelley; liked her voice. The way she never ked his opinion, never waited for his decision, knew always what she was doing and why she was doing it.

"Hi!"

Ann stood in the doorway. Large red roses were in her hair. She carried a tray with a glass bowl. Her dress was slender and long and white to show the tan of her hands.

"All dressed up," Johnny Rhyno said.

"It's very old," she said. "Daddy likes to see me covered up once in a while." She laughed. "We're having guests for dinner. Family, mostly."

"I thought I was family."

"Well, you know. Aunts and uncles."

There was that between them. They talked easily. They did not jar upon each other. Ann came across the room holding the tray just above the level of Johnny Rhyno's eyes.

"Guess," Ann said.

He tried. He said resignedly, "Custard."

"Oh, no." Delight swung wide in her voice. "Look!"

It was fresh peach ice cream. He could smell the faint bittersweet tang of the peaches. He said, "But, gosh! I thought you couldn't buy ice cream."

Ann said triumphantly, "We made it."

She put the tray down beside him, waiting anxiously for him to begin.

"Aren't you going to feed me?" Johnny Rhyno said.

"You're lazy."

Johnny Rhyno said, "Ella spoils me."

She fed him ice cream. She did it with perfect composure, completely unselfconscious. He thought of telling her his troubles, of the call to Washington and that Willowby was a rabbit. She would understand. But something held him quiet.

He had to leave tonight: that was settled in his mind. He must get down to Washington and look after the passport problem himself. Nevertheless, it was impossible for him to say, "I will leave after the broadcast tonight. This is over."

Johnny Rhyno said, "How were the brats today?"

"The what?"

He grinned. "Maybe you don't think they're brats. Maybe you think they're darlings."

Understanding came. "The children?" Ann scraped for the last of the cream in the bowl. "Children are people. Not grown-up people—sort of like you."

"Me?"

They laughed.

JOHNNY RHYNO sobered. Johnny Rhyno wanted to say something to her, leave something with her. "You're a funny kid, Ann," Johnny Rhyno said.

"Yes."

"You know, I can't make you out. You don't add up to any of the women I know, except maybe my grandmother."

Ann put down the bowl and regarded him curiously. "She must have been very nice to have raised somebody like you."

"Me? I'm terrible. My grandmother gave me up for lost when I was ten years old."

"I will tell you a secret," Ann said, standing with the tray balanced in her hands. "I am happy. You are happy, too. Only you don't know it." Ann smiled gently. "That's the difference between us."

Johnny Rhyno poked his knees up under the covers. She was already at the door. "Hey, not so fast," Johnny Rhyno protested.

"I'm sorry, I must go. We're having dinner on the terrace, so that you can see us easily from the window. You won't be lonesome."

"Ann!" But she was gone. . . .

Stuffing another pillow under his head, Johnny Rhyno watched the little stage

YOU DON'T NEED A *Fortune* TO BUY A WAR BOND

$18.75 is all you invest and you get back $25!

The money you invest in War Savings Bonds will be used to buy the bombs and bullets our fighters so desperately need. You will help speed the day of Victory and, at the same time, be investing in your own and America's future. Don't delay, buy a Bond today!

STEP INTO THIS *Fortune* FOR A WEALTH OF LASTING COMFORT

Style 6100, from Fortune's "Townstreet" series. Your Fortune dealer has this and other handsome styles for town and business wear.

$5 *to* $5.50
SOME STYLES HIGHER

You'll be investing your ration coupon wisely when you step into a Fortune. At a sensible price you can easily afford, Fortunes will give you the snug-fitting comfort and long mileage you need so much in these days of extra walking. Before you buy, give Fortune a try . . . dollar-for-dollar you can't buy better.

FORTUNE

Shoes for Men

★

RICHLAND SHOE CO • A DIVISION OF GENERAL SHOE CORP • NASHVILLE, TENN

EYES UPSTAIRS!

On many fighting fronts of the world, our tank destroyers often count on the Piper L-4 "Grasshopper" to help spot enemy tanks. Serving as the "Eyes Upstairs," the Piper L-4 flashes instructions by radio to the tank destroyers, directing their courses and fire.

The plane's ability to fly low, land quickly almost anywhere and hide easily enables it to play an important part also in the Artillery, Cavalry and Infantry. It acts as a scout, directs troop movements, transports officer personnel and delivers messages.

The advantages of the Piper L-4 in wartime will prove invaluable also in peacetime. Then, in your smart, new Piper Cub you'll hop around the country on vacation and business trips with the greatest of ease, pleasure, safety and economy.

FREE BOOKLET ON HOW TO FLY. Send today for your copy of "You, Too, Can Fly!" If you also want the full-color Piper catalog, enclose 10c in stamps or coin for postage-handling. Piper Aircraft Corporation, Department R93, Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.

16mm. SOUND FILM—"The Construction of a Light Airplane." For distribution points write: Supervisor, Audio-Visual Aids, Extension Services, Pennsylvania State College, State College, Pennsylvania.

★ ★ ★

PIPER *Cub*

Points the Way to Wings for All Americans

play in the garden below. Ann sat at her father's right. All the others were elderly, the women badly dressed and the men inclined toward fat stomachs. Ella trotted back and forth, entering into the conversation now and then. Only once did Ann glance upward and wave and smile, including him in the friendliness.

After dinner, the whole company trooped into his room. Johnny Rhyno had not expected that. People in the mass bored him, especially badly dressed ladies and overstuffed gentlemen; he had no liking for the role of a trained seal.

Nevertheless, he found himself being nice. Ann sat on the edge of the bed, putting in a word now and then, not obviously, just enough to smooth the way; he got unaccountably stuck with her Uncle Roscoe. Three or four times Johnny Rhyno tried to shift the burden of the conversation to Pramberton, but Pramberton, smoking cigarettes chain-fashion, wisely was having none of it.

"Pram tells me you have some fairly excellent ideas," Uncle Roscoe said, "regarding the future of the—er—of civilization."

"Maybe not excellent. Maybe just crazy."

Pramberton said, "He's modest."

A ripple of laughter stirred the room.

"You think Russia has the—er—the answer?" Uncle Roscoe gulped.

"An answer," Johnny Rhyno corrected. "I'm not blind. I'm not deaf. I can see and hear. But I'm with Lincoln. We've got the last best hope of the earth right here, only we've an awful lot of spade work to do until Main Street goes from Washington to London to Moscow to Melbourne to Cairo."

"Yes." Uncle Roscoe breathed deeply. "Yes, I see."

"No," Johnny Rhyno said. "You don't. It's too close to you. Life is too damn' nice for you."

Aunt Minnie gasped, "Well, really."

"Look," Johnny Rhyno said, being the trained seal, enjoying the audience, "consider the things a man wants. Food. Shelter. A garden. Maybe a wife, and the promise for his children that tomorrow the garden will be there and the food and the shelter." He stopped. He glanced sideways at Pramberton. "That right, sir?"

"Very right."

"You ought to go out in the desert or down in the jungle; you'd know then," Johnny Rhyno said, "that what we in America have is precious beyond price and shining more than diamonds."

A comfortable silence came in the room. Eight heads nodded agreement.

Aunt Minnie said, "You talk very well, young man."

THE conversation became general; he failed to keep track of it. He had an inner thing to settle with himself. Looking from one to the other, from Ann to Pramberton, he knew that he could not say goodby. He could never say goodby to them. The words stuck in his throat and were like rocks in his throat.

Great black clouds came up. There would be a storm. Thin streaks of lightning laced across the sky with the wind. Radiomen arrived for the broadcast, and the guests, thinking of the coming storm, departed.

Lingering behind a moment to close the French windows, Ann looked down at him oddly.

"Perhaps tomorrow you can have a real walk in the garden." She tilted her head and amusement came to play with her rose-red mouth. "If you'll wait until lunchtime I'll escort you myself."

The engineer and the announcer both consulted their watches meaningly.

Ann said, "Good night, dynamo."

Johnny could not stop her. He did not want to stop her. It was too late now to leave anything but a note of goodby. . . .

Time went very slowly. The rai down in gusty squalls against th dows. He waited until all the sou the house were still and then he sw legs over the edge of the bed and to dress.

He could not find his shirts nor wear nor socks. Damn that Ella.

Hastily he composed a note. J Rhyno grinned wryly to himself, an a little ashamed, and was a little and was like a man escaping from h

He left the note on the desk an toned up his raincoat and turning o light made for the door, carryin shoes. He could hear the rain, warn intimate and endless upon the roof.

STEALTHILY Johnny Rhyno o the door. A pale last glow of ligh showed him the hall and the stairs le downward. Johnny Rhyno started forward and then suddenly Johnny R stumbled over something in the hall. shoes went flying thunderously. sprawled out on all fours, grabbing tically for his hat.

The object he had fallen over m and was alive and was Ann. She ca help him up.

"Ann!"

"Shhh."

"But, good lord, Ann! What gives

"Please," she said, "you mustn't everybody up."

He stood there stupidly while hunted around for his shoes.

"Ann—darling, darling," he said.

He was not awkward. He had kissed her before because he had afraid that he would be awkward with and he must not be awkward with He wasn't. He was gentle and sure, she fitted well against him, lightness softness and smelling faintly of w daisies.

She pushed away at last, and all of things between them were natural and evitable, all the things between them w without words and without need words. "Please," Ann whispered, " must get back to bed."

He said, holding her wrists, "Ann! have to go to Washington. I'm hav passport trouble, and Willowby is a sca rabbit like your Uncle Roscoe, only y Uncle Roscoe probably prefers lett Ann, Ann." He wanted to keep on say her name.

"It's raining, Johnny. You can't go in the rain. You will probably die if y go out in the rain."

"And who would care?"

"*I* would care, Johnny."

He said, "Don't you see?" He said sa agely, gripping her wrists, "I've got to now, or I'll never want to go. I like th But there is war and a man does not b long to himself. Ann, you don't want to be a coward?" He peered at her intent in the darkness, trying to make out t tilt of her chin.

She could not help what she was, s could not be less than she was. The mo he had of her the more he would want her. It quite overwhelmed Johnny Rhyn The rain was an excuse.

He said gruffly, "What were you doin here in the hall, anyway?"

There was a moment. There was An catching her breath and holding hers in and hanging on to her dignity for dea life.

"I thought you might leave tonight. I— wanted to say goodby."

"You're a silly infant."

"I know."

"You ought to be looked after."

"Yes."

"You need somebody trailing after yo every hour of the day telling you not t get your fingers burned. Really," h said, "you're not a fit character to have around."

"I know."

Johnny Rhyno released her wrists. "You're hopeless," he said.

"Undoubtedly," Ann said.

It was beautiful. It was wonderful, just standing there together.

He turned and went back to his room, Ann following, and snapped on the bed lamp. The light blinded him for an instant. Then he looked some more at Ann. She wore a quilted brown-flowered something. He would remember the flowers. He sat down on the edge of the bed and began unbuttoning his coat. Ann helped.

"You're feverish again," Ann said. "Where is the thermometer?"

He found it for her under the pillow and she took it gravely and popped it into his mouth. He sat there and she got his coat off. After a minute she looked at the thermometer.

"Four degrees," she said. "It's probably the weather."

He said, "Don't you give yourself any trouble at all?"

They laughed. They giggled helplessly, like children caught licking greedily at a hot pot. He saw that he was doing all right. He looked at the clock, and their eyes met again and they giggled some more.

NEXT morning the maid Ella came to wake him at ten o'clock, and thereafter complained loudly that she had never seen a man in so vile a temper.

He called Willowby three times and could not get him. He called another man in Washington he knew and said that he was through with broadcasting and what about another job?

The July sun was everywhere. He made Ella bring him his clothes and dressed against her protests and went to walk up and down in the garden, watching anxiously for Ann. Ann did not come.

It shocked him. Pramberton came.

"Doesn't Ann come home for lunch?"

"Not every day. Not on rush days."

Johnny Rhyno said, "Is this a rush day?"

Pramberton nodded.

They had lunch, and Johnny Rhyno discovered that his appetite was all right. Pramberton picked at his food, making a pretense to appease Ella, looking astonishingly old around the mouth. Johnny Rhyno tried some jokes. Johnny Rhyno was not feeling exactly gay but he had to make the effort. Pramberton responded gratefully; and Johnny Rhyno had another insight into loneliness. This man was starkly alone, in his mind.

The phone rang. Johnny Rhyno was free of the phone and paid no attention. Ella trotted to the rescue. "It's Washington," Ella reported.

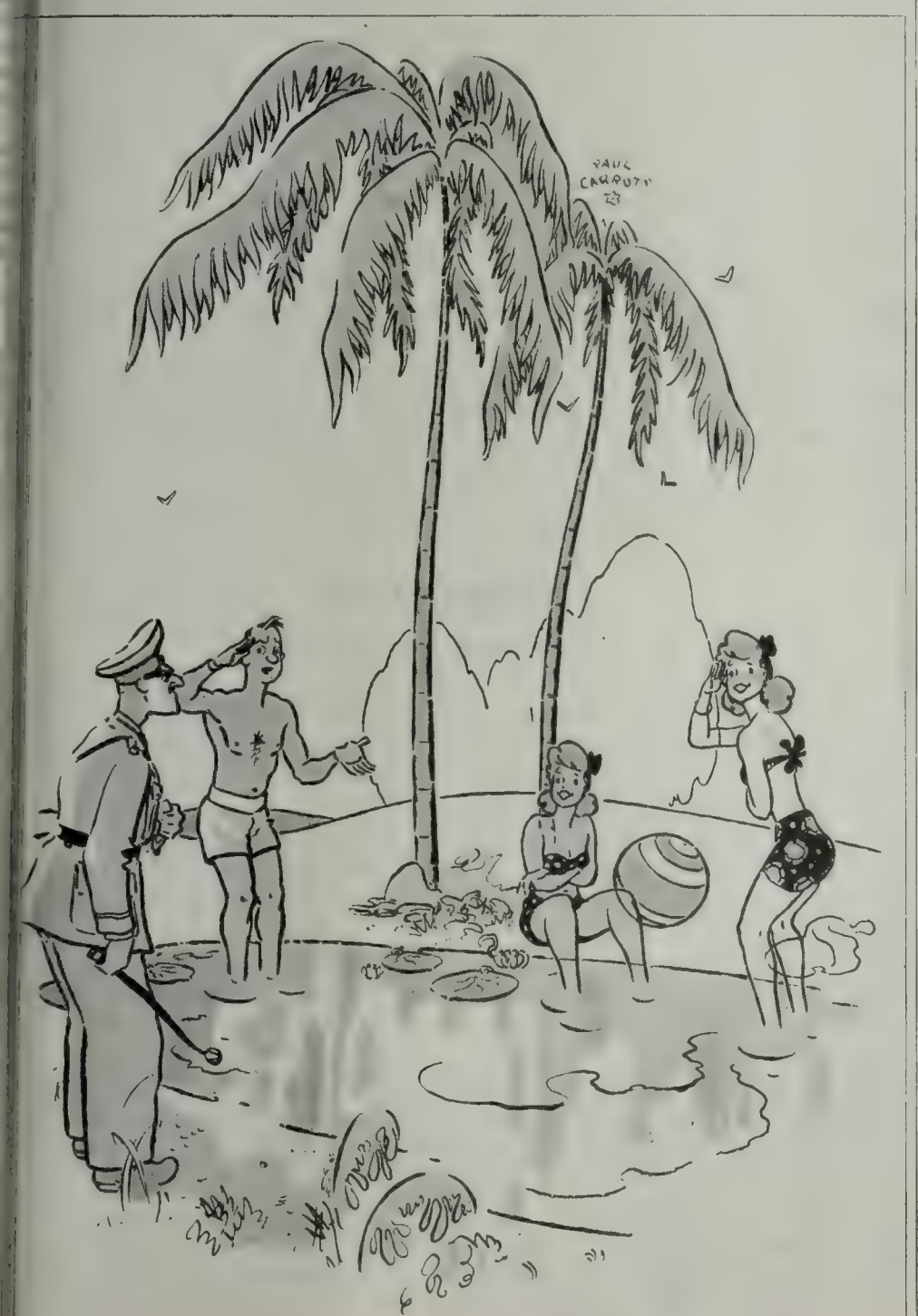
Johnny grunted. "Tell 'em I'm not here."

They looked at him as if he had gone mad. When it rang again within the minute and Ella reported the same, Pramberton said mildly, "Perhaps you ought to talk to him."

Johnny Rhyno said to Ella, "Tell Willowby I know he couldn't get the passport. He couldn't get an egg out of a hen."

Ella came back from the library flushed an excited pink. "You've got it," Ella cried. "You've the passport. He said it passed not five minutes ago. Oh," Ella said, "ain't that grand?"

It required several minutes for him to get used to the idea. He put down his



COLLIER'S "Honest, sir, the water is real but the girls ain't" PAUL CARRUTH

WHEN YOU MUST BUY LESS • INVEST IN THE BEST

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

Up-to-the-Minute Man

Every month he's on the dot with that 10% for War Bonds. Every day he's on the job, tackling the problems of a busy war plant v.p. For the latter role he likes the easy comfort of Pan American shetlands. Pan American is the suit for men who prefer their clothes on the casual side. The fabrics (all wool) are rough. The colors are rich and warm. And the wear Pan American delivers is unusual for this type of cloth. At your Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer's.

Now, more than ever... a small thing to look for... a big thing to find

BUY WAR BONDS... $87.50 BUYS A DEPTH BOMB

Sloppy weather? You needn't worry. Walk-Over Mudhounds have special Combat Soles. Outwear leather ones—resist cold and damp.

New Fall Walk-Over styles in oil-treated grain or smooth calf that dry out soft and mellow. All with famous Walk-Over natural fit and smooth-tailored Silver Linings.* Walk-Over prices $8.95 to $12.95. Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton 63, Massachusetts.

A willingness, on the home front, to get along with less than the customary amount of such preferred products as Utica Bodygard Underwear, is making it possible for industries like ours to give to freedom's fighting men the vital materials necessary to total victory.

UTICA KNITTING COMPANY · UTICA, N. Y. · ANNISTON, ALA

UTICA BODYGARD KNIT

BUY MORE BONDS

spoon carefully and looked searchingly at Pramberton. "You knew something about this?"

"Now, my boy, don't—" Pramberton chuckled. "It was Ann's idea."

Ann's idea. He called the nursery school; she was busy. He went from one room in the house to another, looking at things that Ann had touched, known, lived with. He went upstairs and looked in her room and it was a little room, neat and orderly with several boys' pictures on her bureau, two ensigns, a sergeant. He was instantly jealous and more furious than ever.

Ann found him there.

Johnny Rhyno said, "So?"

She smiled. She was lovely when she smiled. "Yes."

Johnny Rhyno said, "You're a scheming woman."

She laughed. "I can't imagine what you're talking about."

"Just for the record," he said, "which one was it?"

"Uncle Roscoe."

"Did it just happen that you have an uncle in the State Department and that he came to dinner last night? Or did you do a lot of work on him to convince him I wasn't too much a friend to Russia?"

The girl leaned a little against the table. An edge of color came in her cheeks.

Johnny Rhyno said, "I'm not going to Russia."

"I beg your pardon?"

HE LIKED her surprise. He liked her dignity and her calmness. He stayed where he was, rigidly away from her. "I'm tired of words. I want to fight. I have something to fight for. How would you like," Johnny Rhyno said, looking at her so that the color in her cheeks edged higher—"how would you like being the wife of a naval officer?"

She got her breath. He could take her breath away just by looking at her. She said, very fast, slurring the words at first, "There are two ways to fight: One is with the heart and one is with the mind. Some men have only heart. You have a mind."

"You're talking logic. I'm in love. Darling, I'm telling you I love you," Johnny Rhyno said.

A certain kind of strength came in her. She held herself straight. "You must go to Russia. You'll know how Main Street must look and you must tell us here at home. Somebody must tell us here at home. You know how the Chinese hang out their wash and how little boys go to school in England and the way green in a park in Melbourne."

She was throwing him to the d was saying, "Go away, go away," reality, when deep in her heart, s that all that mattered of her would him if he did.

Johnny Rhyno said, moving tow "I'd never get home. I'd never have

"You might get to Berlin."

"The hell with Berlin!"

He kissed her, and she wanted was wholly with him; it was all t before and all the years afterwa Johnny Rhyno thought of the hist had gone before, of the seas that h sailed and the young men dying women with tears and the wom laughter and the wars—all so could stand in a sunny room and with a girl who was alive.

"You see?" she said. "You m You do not belong to yourself."

He could not argue. She knew h ter than he knew himself.

She comforted him. She touch hair and comforted him. "Some da said, "you will write your memoi there will be two lines in it abo 'Once,' it will say, 'I met a happy gi was not very pretty. She was even boring. But she was the only girl w no to me.' "

He was trying desperately to d how many minutes twenty-four hou "No," Johnny Rhyno said. "There four lines." He said, "Darling, d don't cry." He held her tightly him, so that he could not see the te that he would not remember the te

"It will read," Johnny Rhyno " 'Once I met a happy girl. She w pretty because she was beautiful, married her one day in the evenin left for Russia the next morning. Ar father gave her away and her fath never regretted giving her away be she is still happy.' "

"Johnny, Johnny—" it was the fa tion of their names; they could n done saying each other's name. " we?"

"Of course," he said. "Naturally said. He stood away and looked a sternly. "There is one more thing."

"Yes?"

Johnny Rhyno said, "You must p ise to buy a copy of that book."

Ann shook her head. "Ten," Ann "At least ten. One for each of our g children."

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

room, impaled the bustle area of a lady customer at the opposite end of the bar. Cozy pubs around airfields have naturally become favorite off-duty hangouts. One genial publican here has practically adopted the Eighth Air Force. He invites each new flier to write his name upon the beech-paneled walls and makes him promise to return armistice night when each signature will be honored by drinks on the house. It would be a military secret, probably, to tell you how many thousands of Yank airmen have signed. But if only one in a hundred is able to keep his promise at the coming of peace, it will mean bankruptcy for this publican.

Wisecracking by Yanks—especially airmen whose neology has been vastly energized by war—admittedly is a trial to Britons. For instance, there was a Yank flier whose first experience of being on the receiving end of a raid came simultaneously with one of those bang-up English thunderstorms. He stood at the door of his outfit's favorite pub scratching his head and trying to decide which was flak and which lightning, which was thu and which bombs. Finally he asked s English onlookers: "Say, what the he this—a thunderstorm?"

As to airmen's jargon, an outsider ting at a bomber crew's table feels vinced that he has blundered into Tower of Babel. Engineers, bombard pilots, waist and tail gunners, radion all maintain a cross fire of slang th largely unintelligible between groups. always the navigators, however, who, sheer devotion to shoptalk and the fan tic abstruseness of it, paralyze compani into moody and perhaps envious spe lessness. Two of them conversed at the ble the other night in such terms that exasperated mates, unmindful of their offenses, turned upon the navigators howled them down until the navigat finally threatened to desert such un tured fry and go form a table by and navigators alone. "Okay, bubble chase said one of the pilots, "only be sure table you get is near the door—so you find it." . . .

W. B. COURTNE

MESSAGE FOR THOSE ENTITLED TO BUY "PRESTONE" ANTI-FREEZE

The W.P.B. has tried to protect your needed equipment - have you?

THE WAR PRODUCTION BOARD has limited the sale of all-winter anti-freezes. This means that "Prestone" anti-freeze, the world's finest, is no longer available for use in passenger cars, station wagons, or taxis.

The purpose was to reserve the remaining supply to protect the tools needed for America's wartime production and commercial transportation.

To you who are eligible for "Prestone" anti-freeze we say:

The W. P. B. has acted to protect your equipment. Have you?

In time of war, supplies of anything are unpredictable. No better way of assuring yourself of this vital winter protection than by laying in your next winter's supply right now!

SAME AS LAST YEAR
O. P. A. Retail Ceiling Price
$2.65 per gallon

SAME PRODUCT AS ALWAYS

WHO CAN BUY "PRESTONE" ANTI-FREEZE

As of the date this advertisement goes to press, you are entitled to buy "Prestone" anti-freeze for use in essential equipment as listed below:

TRUCKS
BUSSES
TRACTORS
SNOW PLOWS
DELIVERY CARS
STATIONARY ENGINES
GASOLINE SHOVELS
AIR COMPRESSORS
BULLDOZERS
ETC.

CAN'T EVAPORATE OR BOIL AWAY
PROTECTS AGAINST RUST AND CORROSION
ONE SHOT LASTS ALL WINTER—YOU'RE SAFE AND YOU KNOW IT!

The words "Eveready" and "Prestone" are registered trade-marks of National Carbon Company, Inc.
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation
UCC

PRESTONE ANTI-FREEZE

TRADE-MARK

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Sweetheart

FORD MASS-PRODUCTION LINES DELIVER FLEETS OF WEAPONS

JEEPS • AMPHIBIAN JEEPS • M-4 TANKS • M-10 TANK DESTROYERS • PRATT & WHITNEY AIRCRAFT ENGINES • ARMY TRUCKS
CONSOLIDATED LIBERATOR BOMBERS • TRANSPORT GLIDERS • UNIVERSAL CARRIERS • TANK ENGINES • TRUCK AND JEEP ENGINES
ARMOR PLATE • GUN MOUNTS • AIRCRAFT GENERATORS • TURBO-SUPERCHARGERS • RATE-OF-CLIMB INDICATORS • MAGNESIUM CASTINGS

This list does not include other important Victory models now in production that cannot be named due to wartime conditions.

FULL PRODUCTION FOR VICTORY

of the A.E.F.!

"Roughriders" of America's Armed Forces Admire the Tough, Sure-Footed, Ford-Made Jeeps and Amphibian Jeeps—Built to Charge Roughshod Through the Toughest Going Any Army Ever Faced!

JUST as a trooper loves his horse and a sailor his ship, America's fighting men in this mechanized war have come to think the world and all of the rough-and-ready, game little Jeeps! Mass-produced on the same lines that turned out automobiles, Ford has made thousands of both land Jeeps and Amphibian Jeeps, each built with the traditional precision and cost-saving skill acquired in producing more than 30,000,000 Ford cars and trucks.

They're sweethearts, say the soldiers! And it's no wonder they're hailed with affection by our armed forces everywhere in this global conflict! Fast, durable and mule-footed, Ford-made Jeeps are ruggedly built, and have the stout-hearted capacity to smash through to their objective no matter how tough the going.

They charge roughshod through thickets and jungles that would trap a less formidable vehicle. With their four-wheel drive, they nimbly scale slippery banks and steep hillsides, "turn on a dime," do fifty over corduroy roads and shell-pocked terrain—and do it all with a minimum of care and attention!

Together with such other battle-tried products as M-4 tanks and M-10 tank destroyers, Liberator bombers and heavy horsepower aircraft engines, these Jeeps give practical expression to the Ford wartime creed of *full production for Victory!*

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

AMPHIBIAN JEEP

The Ford-Developed Amphibian Jeep is equally at home on water or land—can cross swift rivers, lakes and even traverse open seas for limited distances. If necessary the Amphibian Jeep can pull itself up a well-nigh sheer bank by means of a power capstan in the prow. The same steering controls are used without change for land or water operation and most parts are interchangeable with the quarter-ton Ford truck.

Ford

I speak for ROMA

WINES true to type . . faithful in flavor . . sound of character . . reasonable in cost . . America's largest-selling wines.

From the heart of California

ROMA WINES

Roma offers a wide choice of TABLE WINES—APPETIZER WINES—DESSERT WINES—

But, before you buy wine—buy War Bonds

TUNE IN to the Roma Wine Show. On your local Columbia Station—every Thursday night. Thirty minutes of fun and music by stars of the stage, screen, and radio. See your local

The Week's Work

MARK HAGER wrote Granny, Git Your Gun (page 18) without resorting to much research. "Seeing Grandpa's old Civil War pistol," he writes from Williamson, West Virginia, "and hearing Grandma complaining that they weren't fighting the way they did in her day gave me the idea for the story. It's a fine idea. While I was writing it, I felt it a pity it wasn't in the hands of an artist such as Stephen Vincent Benet. What he could have done with that theme!

"I was born and reared on a mountain farm at Rocky Gap, Virginia, a little ways from here. When I was four years old—1896, I believe it was—I was gouging in a crawfish hole with a broom handle when I heard and felt my first earthquake and, thinking I had destroyed the world, I ran and told my mother. I never felt so little as I did that day I thought I had caused the world to come to an end.

"A good deal later, from teaching, working at a sawmill and peeling tanbark, I saved me $200 and took a stenographic course and came over here and got me a job as a stenographer in the N. & W. Railway office. I figured out how I came to type 'cherry pipe' instead of 'cherry pie' in my manuscript for Froze in August (Collier's, July 31). I had been typing a shop inventory and for weeks after if I got as far as 'pi,' it was sure to end up as 'pipe.' "

Mr. Hager adds that he's married, has three children (one of whom hurried through high school this summer so he could join the Army), and he likes hunting, writing and being alone a lot.

JUST as most magazines, including this one, devoted their July 4th cover to designs incorporating or symbolizing the American flag, so are we co-operating with the OWI and the War Manpower Commission this week (see front cover) in presenting a new and important Labor Day theme: Women in Necessary Civilian Jobs. Considering that, by the end of this year, more than 17,000,000 American women will be holding down essential jobs, our Labor Day tribute is merely a lighthearted surface scratcher. We, nonetheless, offer it as a salute to the women who are so ably filling men's shoes.

By the way, we expect to be asked why the major general has submitted t shaved without first removing his If you have a good answer we'd glad to have it.

THE gentleman with the must David O. Woodbury, who h telling you for some weeks now— continue to tip you off—about Yo Tomorrow (page 54). Educated as gineer at Harvard, Leland Stanfo M.I.T., he has banged around in gineering profession and laborator years and has written several book what he has seen. Your Life Ton takes him into innumerable plants fices where he tries to persuade ind mighty to divulge something of the

Mr. Woodbury makes a hobby venting gadgets to ease mankind's bu but he reports that some of his co tions toward a better world don't p very well. Last summer, for instar put an outboard motor on his bicyc attained a speed of 35 miles per "However," he confesses rueful found it more restful to walk."

ANOTHER writer whose experi are not always successful is Fra Taylor. "I have a small laborator advises us from Tulsa, Oklahoma which my own ideas seldom work anticipated. In fact, as a result of o periment, I now wear a nice pair of g —and I'm lucky at that."

But Mr. Taylor knows what he's w about in The Truth About Our Oil ply (page 11). During most of his t eight years, he has been up to his n petroleum. His first oil job was i famous Salt Creek oil field of Wyo next door to the Teapot Dome; since he has worked in just about every de ment of the industry, from Canad Mexico, and for more companies tha can recall at a moment's notice.

As district editor of the Oil Weekly Taylor has visited hundreds of oil an fields the last seven years, picking up terial for technical and operational cles. He wrote his article for thos you who have been wondering why whole business couldn't be explained s consumer could understand it. . . . G

Mark Hager

David O. Woodbury

© BACHRACH

Frank B. Tay

Sicily Wasn't Easy

Continued from page 21

ck n the near-by road—trucks going ay om the front toward hospital ships nd ou keep thinking of the men inside se ucks and wondering how many of m ou know.

Yo don't really sleep at the front; you all drop off into a sort of numbed po But let's leave my small sector of fr it alone for the moment. Let's take oo at the whole Sicilian operation and ju how much of a push-over it was. It as undoubtedly one of the most rin y conceived and brilliantly exe- ed ilitary operations of all time, with ne ans, British and Canadians work- in beautiful harmony. It was a text- ok peration, with the Tactical Forces ler der, in command) carrying out ry ing just as the Strategic Forces ise ower, in command) had planned. c ccess of the landing on "D" Day, iel was July 10th, and the rapid ad- nc hrough Sicily during the following ye r exceeded the hopes of our mili- y iefs. But it was not all as easy as it

Oc sionally an Eyetie outfit laid down ca arpet and said, "We've been waiting fo u." But this was not universally true. Le look at the whole operation from be ginning, consider some of the diffi- lt which had to be surmounted, and er erhaps the tablecloth strategists six ar nd miles away won't be so glib with th racks about how easy it all was.

Ou Intelligence told Eisenhower that ere were about 335,000 German and it troops on Sicily. There was the th anzer Division, called the Sicily Di- sio by the Germans. This had been ra d to replace the original 15th de- ed in Tunisia. There was the famous er ann Goering Division, composed of fo rce, ground troops, infantry and ri Part of this outfit was the remnant o original Goering Division, which th e most part was captured in Tunisia. Ar was the crack 29th Motorized Di- sio , made up of Afrika Korps and vet- an of Russian fighting and there was ca alian Ariete Division. Eisenhower ne d to land about 95,000 men on "D" an nd then gradually increase his force ne ded.

The First Division under General Terry Allen landed at Gela on the southwestern coast. This is a great fighting unit which has even won Montgomery's admiration, and Monty is not one to toss bouquets around—even to his own troops. The weather when they landed was what the Navy boys call "force five," which meant that a thirty-mile wind was ablowin'.

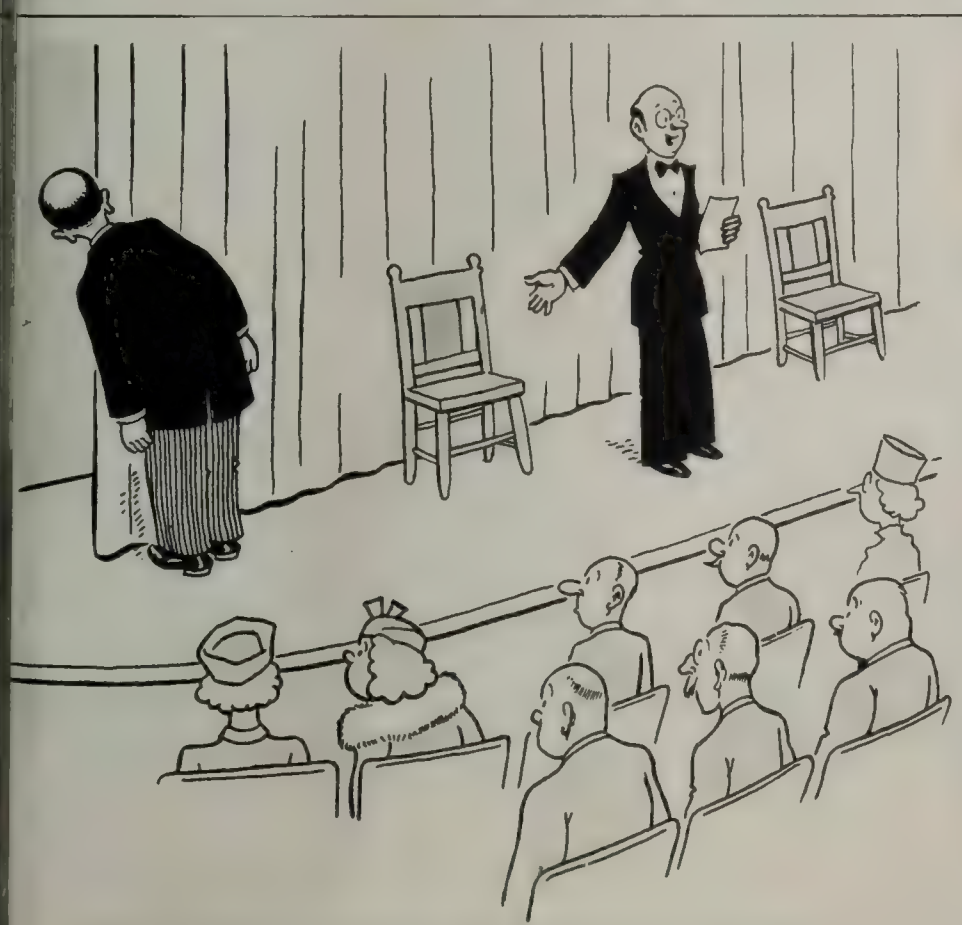
However, Terry landed his men on time as he always does, with colorful, loquacious but fantastically courageous General Teddy Roosevelt as second in command. Gela is an old historic city. It was here that the poet Aeschylus met his death. According to tradition the old gentleman was wandering about the fields minding his own business when an eagle, mistaking his bald dome for a stone, dropped a tortoise on it and fractured his skull. But no one thought about that legend on "D" Day. They landed and advanced rapidly against pillbox opposition which they soon smothered.

Cruiser Engages Tanks

Then the Hermann Goering Division came at them hell-bent with tanks. The First had to fall back to the beach where they would have fought it out to the end, and, against tanks, there could have been only one end. Happily, a cruiser offshore got word of what was going on, and opened up with its big guns against the tanks. It was probably the first time in military history that an engagement between tanks and a cruiser took place. Anyhow, they paid off on the cruiser.

Then the First went on back again. Our Rangers helped, and before the Eyeties knew what had hit them, the First was in possession of the airdrome at Ponte Olivo. The Second Armored had landed by now, with its medium tanks, and everything was just ducky. But they had a very tough few hours, and please don't ever say to a member of Terry Allen's mob, "That Sicily operation was a cinch, wasn't it?" Or, believe me, you're apt to get hit in the head with the nearest blunt instrument.

The original plan called for General Matt Ridgway's 82d Airborne to work with the First. However, on "D" Day



"I take pleasure in presenting Dr. Higgle, the noted explorer!"

OLLIER'S WILLIAM SPAAR JR.

THE ARMY ★ NAVY SCRAPBOOK

"From the men in the service for the folks back home"

"SINCE YOU'RE NEW AT THIS, ANDERSON—MAYBE YOU'D BETTER JUST TAG ALONG AND WATCH"

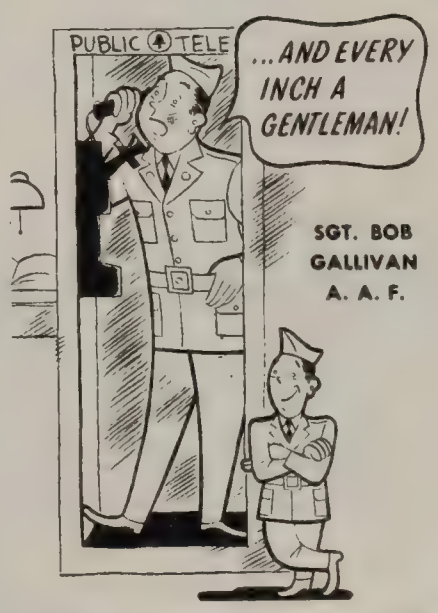
EUGENE F. McGRATH, Y 3/c U. S. N. R.

TRUE STORY of THE MONTH

A negro soldier down South is listed on his company's roster as D.C. Murphy, Jr., the best his commanding officer could do about his real name which is: "Daniel's Wisdom May I Know, Stephen's Faith and Spirit Choose, John's Divine Communion Seal, Moses' Meekness, Joshua's Zeal, Win the Day and Conquer All Murphy, Jr."

Pvt. MALCOLM A. DEANS A. U. S.

SGT. FRANK BRANDT, A. U. S.



SGT. BOB GALLIVAN A. A. F.

MEN AND WOMEN IN THE SERVICE! Payment is made for all contributions used in the Scrapbook. Address yours to "Scrapbook, Texcel, New Brunswick, N.J."

THE MAKERS OF TEXCEL, THE CELLOPHANE TAPE OF A THOUSAND USES, ARE WORKING 24 HOURS A DAY TO SUPPLY OUR WAR INDUSTRIES WITH PRESSURE SENSITIVE INDUSTRIAL ADHESIVE TAPES. SO IF YOU CANNOT NOW GET TEXCEL, PLEASE UNDERSTAND. AND WHEN THE WAR IS WON, REMEMBER TO LOOK AGAIN FOR TEXCEL, THE CELLOPHANE TAPE THAT HAS SERVED YOU SO WELL IN COUNTLESS HELPFUL WAYS.

INDUSTRIAL TAPE CORPORATION NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

TEXCEL CELLOPHANE TAPE

STICKS WITHOUT MOISTENING

THE Guilty

ARTHUR SEYSS-INQUART

VI

IF ARTHUR SEYSS-INQUART, Reichskommissar for Holland, cannot match torture camps and massacres with the German rulers of other occupied areas, it is from no lack of will. At heart, the Dutch insist, Austria's Judas is just as much of a murder addict as Hans Frank, Governor General of Poland, or Kurt Daleuge, the "protector" of Bohemia and Moravia. Differing conditions, they explain, cramp his style. Not only are the Dutch a sturdy people, admirably fitted to toil in the fields and factories of the Reich, but being Germany's next-door neighbors, transportation of them presents few difficulties. "Labor drafts" can be loaded into trucks or even driven on foot like sheep, herded by motorcycles.

Under strict orders from Berlin, therefore, Seyss-Inquart has been forced to deport rather than kill outright. According to latest figures supplied by the "underground," one million Dutchmen have been dragged away from their homes, and sent across the border to slave for German masters. A fairly dull business, but the Reichskommissar has contrived to enliven it with certain sadistic touches. The wives, mothers and children, left behind in Holland, are held as hostages, and when word comes from the Reich that a deportee has shirked or rebelled, a member of his family is murdered. Word of the death is then sent to the recalcitrant with the warning that another of his loved ones will be killed if he persists in "unpatriotic conduct."

Not that Seyss-Inquart is barred entirely from wholesale bloodletting. In the matter of non-Aryans, for example, he has a free hand, and authenticated reports confirm the Dutch contention that the ghettos of Warsaw, Berlin and Prague furnish no greater instances of abominable cruelty than the extermination of the Jews in Holland. There is also an open season on "intellectuals," so that the Reichskommissar has been able to go as far as he likes in the liquidation of teachers, writers, preachers, professional men and other leaders of Dutch opinion.

Working, however, with a population of less than 9,000,000, the "underground" points out that Seyss-Inquart cannot afford mass slaughter. Compelled to conserve his supply of victims, he kills singly or in couples, staging each execution with careful attention to dramatic effect. A rabbi has his beard plucked out, handful by handful, before hanging, and a priest or pastor is paraded through the streets with a rope around his neck.

Strangely enough, the Dutch stress the despicability of the man rather than his crimes. In no c they ever fail to emphasize his record. Mos chieftains were failures, embracing Naziism from obscurity and frustration, or else choice and training. Seyss-Inquart has no The son of a Moravian professor, he stu Vienna, and went on to attain high standin profession and the public life of Austria. him to enter into a deal with Hitler to betr try was a definite reptilian quality that lay mud of his soul.

Carefully, relentlessly, the Dutch set do ress in treachery. Even when neck-deep in no voice was louder in declaring that Aust ways be free. Responsible for the assa Engelbert Dolfuss, while the body still Inquart threw himself at Schuschnigg's feet serve his beloved motherland. First as C State, and then as Minister of the Interior, Internal Defense, he discharged and seduced key post was filled by a Nazi. Only when Hit the signal for invasion did he show himself colors, rushing out to open the city gates.

Made Reichsstadholder of the Ostmark, name for annexed Austria, the traitor's te less than a year. The sight of him, the sou kept the enraged Austrians in revolt, an finally recommended removal. Sent next to Deputy Governor, Seyss-Inquart proved a du lessness was in need, not treachery and cu until 1940, when the Germans overran Ho there opportunity to utilize his particular tale and Goering, with true German inability to other peoples, held to the fallacy that the realists, could be won to "collaboration." indeed, was a better man to lie and trick th Seyss-Inquart?

Confidently enough, as an expert in be new Reichskommissar set about his task. hands to heaven, he sobbed his love for the begged them to believe him their true friend. magnitude, for the "underground" scrawled on every dead wall. Lower than Judas, they for Judas had the decency to hang himself. deed, are the penalties for this defiance. A ported and thousands shot or hung, but the no regrets. Better the hate of Seyss-Inquart, than his loathsome, sniveling hypocrisies. ber him!

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

there was a hell of a wind blowing, and the lads who took to the silk were blown all over the island from Canicatti to Noto on the east coast. Instead of being able to consolidate according to plan, the airborne lads ganged up in groups of six to ten and just improvised as they went along.

The beauty of our Army, as I see it, is its infinite capacity to improvise. If the scheduled plan goes awry, the boys can dream something up on the spur of the moment. Mentally, our kids are elastic. That night the airborne boys just went awandering all over the landscape, popping off at anything they saw alive, and this considerably baffled the orthodox Eyetie and German defenses, which didn't think it quite sporting.

They tell a story of one of our airborne men whose name should go down in history. I have done my best to get his name, but although I talked to a dozen men who saw what he did, it was dark early that morning, and no one who witnessed it was able to identify him. He was standing there with his tommy gun when a Tiger tank approached down a road that he and his mates were guarding.

This kid thought he might put the enormous tank out of action by some sharpshooting. If he could send a flow of tommy-gun bullets through the slit in front of the tank, he might get the driver. He held his fire until the tank was 80 yards away, then let go. The tank approached steadily, throwing its small stuff. A stream of bullets blew the boy's right arm off and knocked him down.

A dozen witnesses say that he got up, grabbed the tommy gun with his left hand and kept on firing at the tank until it hit him and rolled over him. Oh, sure Sicily was a cinch! Nothing to it!

Let's go back and see what the 45th Division had to contend with. They landed all right, against only nominal opposition—which meant mortars, machine guns and a spot of air bombing. They proceeded to take the airfield at Comiso, which was their first objective. This wasn't exactly knocking off clay pigeons at a Coney Island shooting gallery.

Germans Always Counterattack

Tanks defended the airdrome, and the 45th had to knock them out with what they had. Well, they had mortars and antitank weapons, and somehow they did the trick. The 45th knocked out six tanks of 10 which defended Comiso, and then headed for the important city of Vizzini—important because it was on high ground commanding the adjacent territory. The Canadians had taken the city once and then been tossed out by the inevitable counterattack. The Germans always counterattack.

The Canadians attacked again from the west while the 45th continued on north, where it was given the difficult job of starting to clear out the northeastern section of the island, which we mentioned in the beginning of this story. During the later stages of the campaign, the 3d Division, which had now had some rest, relieved it.

Now let's see what part the 3d Division played in this dogfight. After it landed, it had the job of scurrying northwest to take the airport and city of Canicatti. From there, the 3d headed west again to take Agrigento. They fell on the old city like a ton of bricks, which didn't bother the old city at all, because people have been falling on it like a ton of bricks these past 3,000 years.

Back in 406 B.C., the Carthaginian General Himilco conquered the city, and 200 years later, the Romans took it and changed its name to Agrigentum, which a waiter at the local hotel told me means City of Many Temples. In 827, the Saracens stormed it (Whatever happened to the Saracens?) and changed its name to Girenti. It remained Girenti until 1928 when bashful Benito (Whatever happened to Benito?) changed it to Agrigento.

It is still known as the City of Many Temples, but when the 3d Division got through with it, the city fathers met and decided to name it the City of Many Headaches. Anyhow, on July 13th, when the 3d moved in, the boys really didn't give a damn about the history of the old city.

Now the 3d, together with the 2d Armored, the 82d Airborne, and a regiment combat team, proceeded to pull off one of the great military feats of all time. It marched from Ribera to Palermo, a distance of 72 miles, in two days. If you don't believe it, look at your map. This would have been a commendable achievement in maneuvers without any enemy opposition.

General Geoffrey Keyes headed this walking marathon. The terrain was difficult; sometimes hills as high as 3,000 feet barred their march, but they got there. They moved so fast that often the German and Italian antitank 88s which they captured en route, hadn't been pointed around or set up to shoot against them.

"They'll be studying that one in the textbooks when we're all dead," G George Patton chuckles. It was lucky Patton's luckiest and most b strokes.

They had some opposition n nished by the terrain, which is h some places and marshy in othe they did something the Italians hav done—they marched by night. The fight strict union hours from nine When the sun goes down, they quit thought it not quite sporting for ho Americans to barge into their cam when they'd got to sleep. Had it bee light, they might have fought. Bu ever thought of fighting throug Mediterranean nights which were dedicated to something much mo portant than fighting? General Key cepted the surrender of Palermo. city hadn't surrendered, Keyes woul blasted it right into its lovely harbor was done a full week earlier than the eral Staff had anticipated.

An Understandable Prejudice

Now, very sketchily, that is the of the American campaign in Sicil you think that I am blindly, hopeless pressed by, and devoted to these k ours; if you think that I am prejudice completely lopsided on the subject o American troops here in Sicily— you're absolutely right. For three I've been with every army but our and it is pretty exciting to see our k action and realize that they are as go better than any other army you've seen, and this includes the Russian as well as Montgomery's admittedly

"Off we go, into the wild blue yonder..."*

Valiant, indeed, are those who have made this song their battle hymn. Who of us can honestly say that he would not turn back time, given the chance, to be able to join their select company—to consort with avenging eagles? It must be a heady business, but it's not for groundlings like most of us.

Time and the strict measure of a man's physical aptitude make most of us unfit for their company, so all that we can do is go with them in spirit.

No, not in spirit alone, for we can and do go with them directly in proportion to the War Bonds we buy.

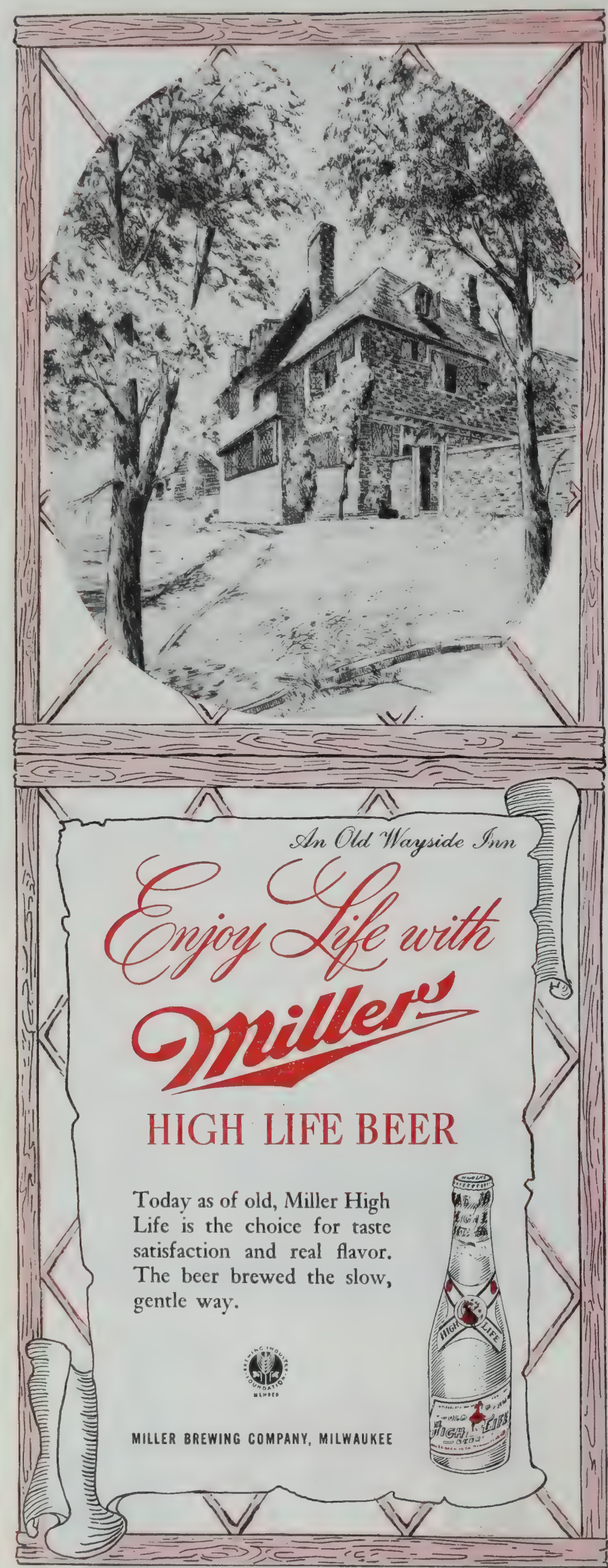
Then too, many like us, producing equipment for their use, have a hand in their welfare—the ability and determination to build something better so that they will be better equipped to triumphantly fulfill their missions.

Champion Spark Plugs are but one small, vital piece of equipment produced for the air forces. But vital they are, and so into them we pour all the skill of our thirty odd years in the spark plug business exclusively, plus that extra zeal for Victory which motivates all of us.

By special permission of Carl Fischer, Inc., copyright owner of "The Army Air Corps," Robert Crawford, Author and Composer.

ACK THE ATTACK—WITH WAR BONDS

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS



Eighth Army—I have traveled with both.

Any American who isn't deliriously proud of our Army should have his head examined. I am just trying to say that they took Sicily (I know the British and Canadians had important parts, but we're not considering them for the moment) against great odds. But let one far better qualified than I, have the floor. Alex Clifford is the war correspondents' war correspondent. This brilliant young Englishman, who writes for the London Daily Mail, has studied warfare the way Wrigley studied chewing gum. I knew him in France, and from there he went to Libya and he was at Crete and he was with the great victorious drive of the Eighth Army. In our profession, we rate Clifford right up there. He forsook the Eighth Army to land and follow along with our First Division here on the Sicily operation. He was with the First throughout its campaign (and still is).

"You know I got the surprise of my life, Quent," he said to me yesterday. "I have been with the veteran Eighth Army for a long time and naturally I didn't expect much from a comparatively green outfit like the First Division. You can only learn to fight by fighting. You know that. But somehow this bunch had learned it without having many fights. Yet, in action they were cool, absolutely, and they acted like veterans. When tough artillery fire came at them, they didn't bunch up as green troops of any country always do. They fanned out beautifully. Oh, they're good fighters, and cruel fighters, too, and they are the best disciplined outfit I ever saw. They storm a town and have a tough time with casualties and then they walk in. Instead of getting tough with the local inhabitants or with prisoners, what do they do? They share their chocolate, their cigarettes, with them when all their instincts must be to slaughter them, as they think of their own casualties. That's what I call great discipline."

Well, that's what a very expert British observer thinks of our Army. Who am I to disagree with him? The Eighth Army of Monty's (we all call him Monty here) had no cinch either, and we might consider their part in the show. The E[illegible] landed south of Syracuse. They he[illegible] for Catania. South of the city, the [illegible] showed lovely plains which should [illegible] been fine adaptable fighting terrain [illegible] Monty's desert-wise tank lads. But [illegible] The plains were too marshy for tank [illegible]fare.

Monty captured all the southeastern [illegible] ports and then he rested. Two weeks [illegible] by without Monty doing anything, [illegible] we knew there was a reason. We fo[illegible] out what it was when he dropped [illegible] Palermo and talked with us. Monty [illegible] cautious devil. He won't go off [illegible] cocked. He never moves until he is s[illegible]fied that he has the supplies which [illegible] enable him to win with a minimun[illegible] losses. He came to Palermo about [illegible] 25th, and when we asked him what [illegible] holding him up outside Catania, he [illegible] us he didn't have enough supplies as y[illegible]

Attacked on the Dot

"However," he said simply, "I s[illegible] have enough within a few days. In fa[illegible] have made arrangements to attack a[illegible] A. M. on August first."

He did attack at 6 A. M. on August fi[illegible] and the result is military history.

Now that, briefly, is the story of [illegible] conquest of Sicily. From a distance [illegible] 6,000 miles, it must look ridiculously e[illegible]

Here on the island, we occasion[illegible] hear American and British radio co[illegible]mentators talk smoothly of "Rapid pr[illegible]ress and lack of opposition."

That kind of talk has hardly endea[illegible] the prophets of the air to the men w[illegible] have had to take this island foot by fo[illegible] stopping only long enough to bury th[illegible] dead.

The next time you hear someone s[illegible] that the taking of Sicily was a cinch, thi[illegible] of that obscure ridge in the northeaste[illegible] part of this island which the natives c[illegible] San Rosso and think of a white flag he[illegible] up treacherously by the Germans. Thi[illegible] of that, and realize that Sicily was [illegible] cinch. No, believe me, Sicily wasn't ea[illegible] Hell! I was there!

THE END

"I couldn't get beef, lamb or pork, so I bought three pounds of animal crackers"

COLLIER'S JAMES GIBSON

Miracle from Heaven

Continued from page 15

ohn on had been surprised when he un that out.

N was about five steps away before e r ognized Johnny Bush. There were m young kids sitting away back at the the end of the long counter, and they ad urned to gaze silently, as Cool fea ows people did at the approach of ra ers. It was easy for them to hear ha Nick said

H exclaimed, "Johnny!" and beamed l er his fat, stubbled Greek face. Then c ed in a low voice, "What you know? Wh you know?" as he kept pressing oh y's hand between his own two fat ne

T restaurant smelled of fresh hot ra and fresh-cooked eggs. It was a co smell. Johnny thought that he might t wn and have an egg-on-bun. . . . No, c uld wait and eat something when he ot ome.

"e heard you was coming, kid."

"re glad to be home," said Johnny. e sked for a couple of packages of ciga- ett.

"hey treat you good?" asked Nick, as t the cigarettes. "Not so good, huh? look mighty thin. Maybe they don't you good where you been? Your ma ybe she put some meat on you, huh?" kept laughing, and at first he didn't to take any money for the cigarettes, ohnny insisted.

ICK wanted him to sit down and have a cup of Java on the house.

o," said Johnny. "I guess maybe I r get along home."

ck nodded wisely, and kept on beam- t Johnny while he put the packages garettes deep into his pocket.

ow maybe you be a good kid, huh? be you don't shoot and get drunk raise some troubles no more? I guess be this straighten you out, Johnny?"

ure has," said Johnny softly.

t this moment two young girls who been seated at the other end of the nter with a couple of school-age boys e up to Johnston Bush shyly. Johnny 't know who they were; but the one came first, the one in a pale blue ter and old leather jacket, looked like of the Blacks from over around Deep ch. She must have been just a little when Johnston Bush went away. Now was at least fifteen.

he said explosively, "You're Johnston h, aren't you? Well, can I—can we— e your autograph?"

ohnny felt all hot and red. He didn't w quite what to do, but Nick under- d easily. Nick tore a couple of sheets his little pad of restaurant checks, he gave a pencil to Johnny. Johnny te slowly and painfully. He signed his ne twice. In each case he made a "Jr." er the name.

Big Jack Bush, his father, had been shot d by the sheriff, eleven years before. nny wondered what Big Jack Bush uld think of his grown son, writing out ographs just like a movie star.

He swallowed, and muttered, "Okay, er," and shoved the little pieces of per toward the girls.

They went shrilling back to their stools, ling the boys they were with, "We got it. e got it. We got his autograph!" But hnny was out of the door and gone.

He didn't meet anyone else along the in street. He kept on west past the lum- r yard, and then turned south. This rrow street, this uphill sluice that wound rough the chilly night—it passed eight ten houses, and then became the Pretty cket road.

All the way out to the ridge where this ad intersected with the Deep Notch road, Johnny Bush kept thinking about food. Intermingled with visions of food were visions of his family. He saw his grandfather, old Albert Sidney Johnston Bush, taking a little sharp knife to trim closely against the round bone of a piece of steak, and declaring to the assembled grandchildren, as he always did, "The nearer the bone, the sweeter the meat."

He thought of infrequent delicacies which Henrietta, his mother, fixed for him when he was young. . . . Lettuce sandwiches she had made for him one time; that was the spring after his father had been killed, when Johnny tried to climb into a lumber wagon to tackle some boys who yelled an insult at him, and the man who was driving whipped up his team. Johnny fell off and broke one bone in his leg. While he was in bed his mother served him some lettuce sandwiches—thin leaf lettuce, deep green, with boiled yellow dressing spread over it, between slices of coarse homemade bread. Funny to be thinking about that on the eve of Thanksgiving.

He didn't meet a soul on the Pretty Pocket road. Up to the summit of the first ridge he picked his way carefully along the rutted buggy track. Then he came out past the last stockade of timberland and halted at the schoolhouse corner.

Johnston didn't know quite why he did it, but he found himself putting down his bag at the gate, and going up to the empty schoolhouse. Many-paned windows caught the lightness of open night. He saw stars in one of the windows as he came close, and he looked up to see how clouds were being torn apart by the cold wind.

Around two sides of the schoolhouse, almost to the woodshed at the rear . . . he turned and came back. He was having a vision—the kind of vision that experiences of the past two years had compelled him to have. He was seeing thousands of country schoolhouses scattered on ridges like this, or perhaps in valleys, throughout the United States. He thought of little kids trudging reluctantly up to all those doors every morning, and breaking forth with exultation at recess time. He wanted to cry when he thought of all those kids, going to American schools everywhere.

HE THOUGHT of the pledge to the flag; that was a tradition in each corner of the country, not only just in southern Missouri where he grew up. *I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States . . . one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.*

There were little things pasted on the inside of the windowpanes. Children had cut them out of paper, and colored them with crayons, just as they used to do fifteen years before, when Johnston was a shirttail kid in that school. Pumpkins and witches and things: those were left from Halloween. But also he could see the shapes of turkeys, and those turkeys symbolized the Thanksgiving season. Come Christmas, there would be bells and Santa Clauses, greasy with red crayon.

Johnny went out to the road again; he picked up his bag and started on down the ridge. His grandfather's place wasn't very far below. A little tune walked with him as he went. First he had only the music of the thing, suggested by his visit to the schoolyard; but soon the words were there, and he was singing them through his nose as he walked

"Over the river and through the woods,
To Grandfather's house we go.
The horse knows the way . . ."

A dog began to bark in the Bush dooryard. At first Johnston thought: Why, that

RING-FREE reduces motor friction
...removes carbon while you drive

Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil does a great job of motor lubrication. Here's why: (1) RING-FREE reduces motor friction, *fast*; (2) RING-FREE actually removes motor carbon; (3) RING-FREE saves gasoline; (4) it has great film strength; (5) high heat resistance; (6) long cling to metal and (7) fast penetration. (8) RING-FREE is non-corrosive and (9) is less affected by dilution . . . an important factor for you to consider in today's slow, low motor temperature operation.

If you've never used Macmillan RING-FREE, try it now! You'll *notice* the difference—*notice* it in a smoother, better operating motor—*notice* it in measurable gasoline saving. Start getting the full benefits of RING-FREE Motor Oil today.

G U A R A N T E E

Ring-Free Motor Oil is guaranteed to make your motor run smoother, give more miles per gallon of gasoline, reduce wear and repair; because it removes carbon, cleans the motor and reduces friction fast by thorough lubrication. Try a fill and if you are not satisfied that Ring-Free is doing these things, your money will be refunded by your dealer immediately.

Macmillan Petroleum Corp.
50 W. 50th, New York • 624 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago • 530 W. 6th, Los Angeles

Copyright 1943 Macmillan Petroleum Corp.

A·1 SAUCE

TRY, TRY AGAIN!

If A·1 flavor is missing from your meals have patience, please. We're shipping as much A·1 Sauce as possible in view of the demand for vital ingredients by the armed forces.

Keep asking for it—at your grocers, and at eating places. It'll be along from time to time, to perk up your wartime meals. *Send for free recipe booklet, G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn.*

The DASH that makes the DISH

THE Whittemore name has been a guarantee of finest quality for 102 years. Today, while huge quantities of Whittemore shoe dressings are going to the armed forces, we are also making the largest possible amount of polishes and dressings for civilian use. And now, as always, Whittemore's highest quality standards are being rigidly maintained.

WHITTEMORE SHOE DRESSINGS

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

AT TIMES YOU CAN'T GET

Wedgewood

PANETELAS

Our production is limited and we satisfy the demand of the boys in service, first.

BUT if your cigar store happens to have them ... and if your taste runs to quality rather than size, you may find a new smoking thrill in WEDGEWOOD.

A GOOD **5c** CIGAR

PENNSTATE CIGAR CORP.
ALLEGHENY AVE. & BOUDINOT ST., PHILA., PA.

ACCOUNTANT

BECOME AN EXPERT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $2,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A.'s. Placement counsel and help. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 940H, Chicago
A Correspondence Institution

HOT, TENDER FEET?

Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder quickly relieves hot, tired, tender, perspiring feet. Eases tight shoes. Soothing. *Send it to boys in Service.* 35¢.

Dr Scholl's FOOT POWDER

can't be Ranger! What's happened to Ranger? And then he remembered how his mother had written him a month or two after he went away, telling him that old Ranger had died. There was another dog now, a new one that didn't know Johnston.

The door opened, showing a beautiful light, and someone spoke to the dog. It was Grandpa all right, and the dog came up on the steps and stood whining as the boy approached.

Grandpa asked in his deep soft voice, "Is it Johnston?"

"Yes."

He heard his mother say, "Thank God, thank God." He was up on the step and inside; the room swam around him. New dog, new lamp on the table, all sorts of new things. His mother's hair was almost completely gray now, but her face was still hard and bright, though thinner.

Their hands touched him—his grandfather on one side, his mother on the other. . . . She threw her arms around his stiff young body and put her face against his shoulder. Grandpa rubbed his ragged white handle-bar mustache, and swung away abruptly and went over by the stove. Winking fast, Johnston could see the old man fumbling in his hip pocket, dragging out a crumpled bandanna. The old man blew his nose.

"For the love of mud," said Johnston.

His mother smiled. Her face was wet.

"Mabel," said Johnston. "I can't believe—"

Mabel stood bashfully by the table, though her face was twitching. She was trying to keep from crying. She wore a plaid dress, homemade, but quite pretty. She was all grown up as to face and shape and everything.

"Yes," said Johnston's mother, "that's your baby sister—Mabel. Sure enough."

"I'm seventeen," said Mabel shrilly. She came forward and allowed him to kiss her. She was wearing perfume, and it smelled good. The perfume made him think of another girl who lived near by.

THEY all stood off and looked at him. Then Grandpa said, "Well, I do declare, Johnston. Thought you'd be pale and puny, after where you been. You are skinny, but you appear real good."

Johnston Bush said, "Look!" and the word came out more sharply than he intended. He tried to make his voice seem lower and kinder, though firm.

"Look here, folks. Just one thing. Please —I wish you wouldn't right now ask me a lot of questions about—You know. About everything. How I felt, and what did they give me to eat, and everything that happened. All the details: what everybody did —everything that happened. . . ." There was sweat standing on the boy's forehead.

"Course," said his grandfather soothingly, and Johnston's mother said nothing, but patted his arm. She turned and ordered Mabel briskly, "Go see what we got in the pantry, and set it out."

"I wanted them to wait supper," cried Mabel over her shoulder, "but they said the evening train was always late."

"Not very late tonight. I was lucky," Johnny told his mother. "With Mabel practically woman-grown, I suppose Marvin and Braxton are off somewhere skittering around with some girls. Imagine them big enough."

Grandpa grinned at Henrietta Bush and showed his crooked teeth.

"Maybe they got girls," said Johnston's mother, "but they haven't got them in Nimrod County. They're not here, Johnston. Both of them are up and gone to the war."

Johnston stared in amazement. "Those little jerks? They're not old enough."

"So I told them, Johnston, but I might as well have been talking manners to a couple of tomcats."

Grandpa said, as he lighted his old yellow pipe, "Got to win this war. Reckon it will take Bushes to do it."

"Marvin's at an air place in Corpus Christi, Texas," said Johnny's mother. "And Braxton's clean out at San Diego in what they call the boot camp. He prophesies it won't be long before he goes overseas."

Johnston could only murmur, in the words of Nick the Greek, "What do you know?" He sat down at the table, ready and willing, as Mabel served him. There was fried ham, cold, but very good; there were apple salad and pickles and pie and cottage cheese, and plenty of homemade bread and butter. Johnston ate his head off.

"Had a real good year," said old A. S. J. Bush, with sock feet against the stove rail. "Pretty nigh worked ourselves to the bone, but you should see the corn we picked off of the two bottom pieces. . . ."

Johnston's mother smiled across the oilcloth. "Never a lazy minute around here, Johnny. Imagine Mabel riding a cultivator last spring!"

Mabel was fiddling with the old radio in the corner, but now she shut it off. "I hate field work," she said. "It's so hard on my hands. I wear gloves, much as I can."

"She's mighty vain of her hands," said Johnston's mother. "Same as me, when I was a young thing. Still, it's apparent that us women have got to work in the fields, harder than before."

"Yes, sir!" said Grandpa. "Food will win the war!"

The song was still singing in Johnston's head. *Over the river and through the woods, to Grandfather's house* . . . This was Grandfather's house all right, and his mother's house, and his own; and tomorrow would be Thanksgiving Day. A warmth struggled up within him, a peace and thankfulness; and yet, in the same moment, and for the second time that night, he wanted to cry.

Mabel came to take away the empty plates and sauce dishes. Again Johnny smelled the perfume of her hair and body. He rose abruptly and tore open a package of cigarettes. His black brows went together in a frown.

The family waited.

"I wonder," said Johnston, "if anybody is to home over at the Vanes."

There was a steady quiet in which you could hear only sounds from the stove, and the clock's ticking. "Johnny," said his mother, "if you mean Evangeline, I wager she might be there."

"What about her old man?" blurted out Mabel.

"I know," Johnny said cautiously. "Garrison Vane never did have much time for me."

Johnston's mother whispered, "[illegible] a right pretty girl."

Johnston was silent for a momen[illegible] "Is anyone in particular playing u[illegible] these days—I mean, going to mov[illegible] tures, and taking her around?"

"Tom, Dick, and Harry," said [illegible] glibly.

They waited to see what J[illegible] would say to that. His mother co[illegible] help but interpose: "Fact is, I don[illegible] she's too gone on any of them. F[illegible] one, then that. She asks about yo[illegible] often, when I meet her alone."

Johnston moved over to the cloc[illegible] The clock was on the verge of eight[illegible] He waited expectantly and in anoth[illegible] ment a little gong rang inside th[illegible] and imitation marble of the old [illegible] He turned and grinned at the family [illegible] makes that funny buzz, before and [illegible]

"Same old clock," said Grandpa. [illegible] old home place; same old Nimrod C[illegible] Only one thing seems to have ch[illegible] much."

"What's that?"

"Reckon you know," said Grand[illegible]

Johnston shrugged. "Where's th[illegible] tern?"

"Hangs on the porch."

JOHNNY went out to get the la[illegible] The dog put up its ears, watchi[illegible] doorway. They heard Johnny ba[illegible] around out on the porch; soon he [illegible] peared with the lantern. He raise[illegible] glass chimney, scraped the wick [illegible] match, and then lighted it.

He put the lantern on the tabl[illegible] turned around to get his overcoat an[illegible]

"You don't say much, you folks.[illegible]

"Long suit of the Bushes neve[illegible] talking, 'less they was drunk," [illegible] Grandpa.

Having put on his coat and cap, [illegible] ston stood with a big bony hand cle[illegible] on the wire handle of the lantern. "[illegible] he said, "we don't get drunk any m[illegible] none of us, I guess. Only it wasn't [illegible] ing that did it. Most folks drink an[illegible] have themselves. . . . It was just I al[illegible] felt kind of empty and angry, and [illegible] and quarrelsome. That's how I ma[illegible] out, thinking about it now."

He cleared his throat. "Reckon [illegible] was the trouble with my father. [illegible] spirits, and no money, and a willin[illegible] to fight. . . . Now, take us Bushes. [illegible] of us ever stole a dime from anyb[illegible] We just got in fights, raising a ru[illegible] That's all we did. But it was enoug[illegible] get us into trouble, and give us a [illegible] name. . . . Lot of young folks here in [illegible] country used to act the same way. .

COLLIER'S "Perhaps we shouldn't discuss politics any more" VIRGIL PARTCH

THE LONELY LIGHT IN THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR

It was a solitary light; the light in the house next door.

When I woke in the early morning hours of winter, I would see it shining from the kitchen when all the other houses were dark. When I came home late from a party, I would see it shining from the little sitting room; a light so tiny that it seemed almost to be the reflected light of the stars.

When I saw the light in the morning I knew that Mrs. Spencer, who was a widow, was preparing breakfast for the boarder who took the early train to the city. When I saw it late at night I knew that she was working on a dress for her little girl, or on a blouse for her boy, or on the plain sewing which she did for people in the neighborhood.

It seemed to me that the light was always lit; that Mrs. Spencer never slept.

* * * *

Drudgery such as Mrs. Spencer endured is rarer today. Today many women are helping to support themselves and their children and still enjoying some leisure simply because a life insurance agent advised the use of part of a life insurance fund to provide business or professional training if the need arose. And this is only one of the many ways in which life insurance is being applied through competent agents to the special circumstances which affect each family.

These circumstances are never static; they are constantly changing. And for this reason it is important to review your life insurance from time to time. Such a review is especially important now. All of us are faced with new responsibilities. One is to buy war bonds. Another is to try to make sure that these bonds will not have to be sold immediately in the event of personal disaster. Still another for most of us is to ensure that our children will be equipped through education and training to cope with the new and different world which the peace will bring.

Any John Hancock agent will be glad to help you adjust your life insurance to meet these and other responsibilities. The advice which he gives you will be sound because it will be based on the eighty years experience of this company in fitting life insurance to the specific needs and circumstances of millions of policyholders.

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
GUY W. COX, President

Now More Than Ever...

PROTECTION
by Simoniz

Saves Finish and Your Car's "After Victory Value"

The less you drive the greater is the need for Simoniz. Without its mighty protection the finish depreciates rapidly. So Simoniz your car! It's easy to do yourself. Clean the finish with the amazing Simoniz Kleener. It makes cars sparkle like new again. Then put on the famous Simoniz. It protects and preserves the finish. Makes cleaning easy. Keeps your car beautiful. Saves your pride and self-respect. Gives you more enjoyment per mile of "rationed driving." But, remember, the sooner your car is Simonized the more it will be worth when Victory comes. Get Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener today.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

makes me feel good to think of Marvin and Braxton, young as they are, gone into the service. It will do good things for them. Then they can do good things for this country."

He took his lantern and went out, apparently heading for the Vane place by a path that went through the woods.

Grandpa and Mabel and Henrietta sat quietly for some time. Johnny's mother was wiping her eyes. Then Mabel said pertly to Grandpa, "Thought you said the Bushes' long suit wasn't talking." She turned on the radio.

WHEN Johnny got to the Vane house he was greeted effusively by three dogs. He knew their voices, and the dogs decided that they knew him, too, when he spoke their names; and with wagging tails they escorted him across pebbly ground toward the front steps.

The door came open. Garrison Vane bulked there, tall and broad in his overalls, and with a stub of cigar in his mouth as always.

"Who is it?"

"Johnston Bush."

Mr. Vane drew a long breath. He muttered something which sounded like, "Thought it would be." Johnny put his lantern down on the bottom step, and waited.

Pretty soon he asked, "Well, do I come in, or do I go away?"

Garrison Vane moved aside from the doorway, but still held the door open. "Oh," he said, "I guess you come in."

Johnny blew out his lantern and put it on the porch. He entered the combination living room-dining room of the Vane house and Garrison Vane closed the door and then turned around to study him.

"Suit you?" asked Johnny.

Mr. Vane let his long chin quiver as if he wanted to chuckle. Johnny had seen him look that way at other people, years before, but he had never gazed on Johnny with such downright tolerance. "Far cry," Mr. Vane told him, "from the kid that was so wild and mean and tough."

"I was wild, all right."

"So they tamed you down, did they?"

"Meek as a lamb," said Johnny. He was ashamed to feel that there was sweat on his forehead again.

"Want a cigar?" asked Mr. Vane.

"No, thanks. I'll just have a cigarette," and Johnny took one out and tapped it against his thumb.

Vane asked, "You want to see Vanjy?"

"I didn't walk all the way over here the first night I was home," said Johnny easily, "just to chew the fat with you." Vane's face went into a mass of dark wrinkles as he laughed.

The tall farmer turned toward the closed kitchen door. He lifted his voice. "Vanjy, you got company." In a moment the door opened and Vanjy entered, followed by her thirteen-year-old brother and a yellow cat.

Vanjy had some sewing in her hands; she couldn't seem to make up her mind whether to hang onto the sewing or put it down on the table.

"The Mrs.," said Mr. Vane, "had a little cold, so she's gone to bed. I'll be going myself pretty quick. Don't you stick around too long, Clark," he told his son.

Vanjy and Johnston stood and looked at each other after the father had gone. The cat got up on the sofa; Clark waited awkwardly, grinning, in the background.

"You're sure a sight for sore eyes," said Johnny Bush to Vanjy. He wished to heaven that Clark would get out of there.

Vanjy had a pale skin, with quite a lot of freckles, but the freckles were pale in shade, too, and Johnston had always thought they were beautiful. Vanjy wore an old green skirt and a white blouse. She was still wearing the apron she had worn for dishwashing. Her hair, the color of fresh-cut cherry wood, was built into a high pompadour, and came down low and long and soft around her thin neck. Her green-gray eyes were startlingly large and clear.

She said, "It certainly is good to see you again. And everything. Do you want to sit down?"

"I wouldn't mind."

They seated themselves—Vanjy by the round center table, and Johnston in the biggest overstuffed chair.

"Would—would you like to play a game of some kind, Johnny?"

"I wouldn't mind," said Johnny. "Whatever suits you folks. I just came to make a friendly call."

Young Clark said, "Reckon we could play Millionaire. You know how to play Millionaire, Johnny? We play it a lot, of nights."

Johnny laughed. "Okay by me. I wouldn't want to lose my shirt, though."

Vanjy explained primly, "It isn't a gambling game, really. You use pretend money. It's here in this box. Clark got it for last Christmas."

The three of them gathered around the center table, and Vanjy opened the box containing the game of Millionaire. Her voice grew thinner and shriller all the time she explained the game. She kept her eyes down, not looking at Johnny Bush as she talked.

Just as they were preparing to roll dice for the first turn, there sounded a loud shout of, "Clark! You come to bed," from somewhere abovestairs. Clark muttered, "Shucks," but he got up dutifully, and said good night to Vanjy and Johnston Bush.

After he was gone, taking the cat with him, Vanjy sat toying uncertainly with the dice. Johnny Bush kept examining the flat cardboard chart, trying to remember what she told him about the game, but it had all gone out of his head.

"Oh, let's forget Millionaire!" he cried suddenly, and Vanjy giggled.

He could smell something lovely about her; it was perfume, and he choked to think how long he had gone in his young life without smelling a pretty girl, without even being near one.

He mumbled, "Kind of close in here, isn't it? Let's go out on the porch and get a breath of air."

EVANGELINE started to say something, but he didn't let her finish. He opened the front door and practically pulled her out on the porch with him. When he had shut the door she stood looking up through the gloom, and then he saw that she was smiling.

"You want me to catch my death of cold, Johnny?"

He said slowly, "I'll keep you warm. I'd be mighty good at keeping you warm." Then he lifted his arms and brought them down slowly across her shoulders, his hands locked across her slim, smooth back.

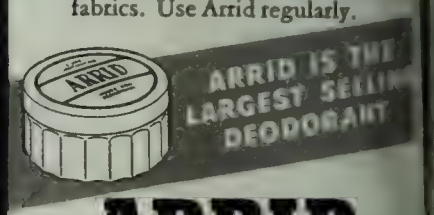
Vanjy pushed her face up toward his. . . . All the world became her face, an oval of paleness framed in soft hair, coming closer and closer as he bent toward it . . . diffused and marvelous. Her knees touched his. They both cried out softly and their faces were together. . . .

When at last he heard her chuckling and whispering delightedly, "Johnny, darling, let's come up for air!" he squared his shoulders and stood back a little, feeling that he could take the world and wring it dry. He heard himself saying, "Tomorrow's Thanksgiving. Reckon it's the greatest Thanksgiving I ever could have, in all this world," and in the same breath he realized that he had been thinking of Vanjy for many months. He had been dreaming of her, even though he hadn't realized it at the time. . . .

Back at the Bush house, very late, he put out the lamp which had been left burning in the center of the kitchen table, and went up the squeaky staircase to an open room at the head of the staircase, which had always been his. His bag was there; he almost fell over it.

New *under-arm*
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration

1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Safely stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Seal of Approval of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics. Use Arrid regularly.



ARRID
39¢ a jar
(Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars)
At any store which sells toilet goods

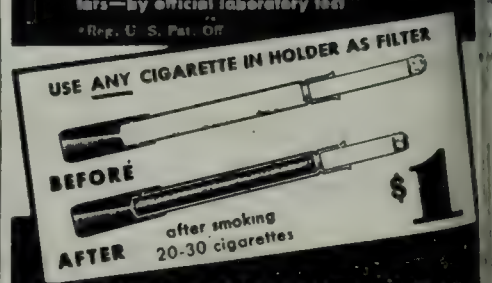
Help Kidneys If Back Ache

Do you feel older than you are or suffer from Getting Up Nights, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, Burning, scanty or frequent passages? If so, remember that your Kidneys are vital to your health and that these symptoms may be due to non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles—in such cases **Cystex** (a physician's prescription) usually gives prompt and joyous relief by helping the Kidneys flush out poisonous excess acids and wastes. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose in trying **Cystex**. Its iron-clad guarantee assures a refund of your money on return of empty package unless fully satisfied. Don't delay. Get **Cystex** (Siss-tex) from your druggist today. **Only 35c.**

Cystex Helps Flush Kidneys

Septic Tank Owners! You, too, can use Sani-Flush for quick, easy, thorough toilet sanitation. Tests by leading scientific authorities prove that Sani-Flush, used as directed on the can, is safe in septic tanks. Send for a *free* copy of their interesting report! The Hygienic Products Co., Dept. 136, Canton, Ohio. **Sani-Flush**

SMOKING TOO MUCH?
Get a **ZEUS** *Filter* CIGARETTE HOLDER
Eliminates major part of nicotine and tars—by official laboratory test
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"SMOKE ALL YOU LIKE —like all you smoke"
AT ALL GOOD STORES L & H Stern, Inc., B'klyn, N. Y.

He oved as quietly as possible while par g for bed, in order to keep from kin Mabel or his mother, but soon er h was in bed he heard the floor be- min to creak in the next room, and a y s pe materialized near the foot of bed It was his mother, coming to him her nightdress, with an old dressing k a und her shoulders.

She hispered, "You asleep?"

"Ju got in bed," said Johnny hoarsely. orry I woke you up."

"O I've been awake," said his mother. ve en laying there, counting my bless- s ust laying there thinking. . . . ho did you see Evangeline?"

Joh y said, "I sure did," and gave a poy runt and sigh, and thought about ing Evangeline again the next after- on, nd the next night, too.

"Jo ny, is everything—all right?"

"Ev ything's wonderful."

"H Y both listened to the chilly whis- p of night beyond the black window. ey ould hear a dog wow-wowing away er Deep Notch somewhere.

Pre ntly Henrietta Bush began to cry. bu stood it as long as he could; then w thed around and sat up in bed. oo here, woman," he said, "you're am wore out. You go to bed now. ju ot a big day tomorrow. A lot of ukg, I guess. Did you kill the old ro ster?"

Hi mother laughed through her tears. Ye ure did, Johnny. But he sprouted rig feathers before we killed him."

"Pl nty of onions and things in the fig?" asked Johnny hungrily.

"Pl nty, son. Plenty." Her hands were ma ing as they stroked his bare arm. Ev hispered, "It's a miracle from ow. You know, we thought you was all first off."

Jo ny said nothing. He couldn't say ng just then. . . . He had been a ro n. He had not lived up to the best at is mother tried to teach him. He d ways been in trouble, like his father to him; but now he was living in a w orld, and everything in that world ch anged. He was changed, too.

Ne e day possibly he'd have some kids. Th he would take good care that they didn't think they had to get drunk, and show off, and raise a ruckus all the time. He would—

His mother cried, "I know you don't want to talk about it, but it's just a miracle! Like Lazarus and— Oh, how did you get away? The papers just said you escaped, and then you did all those other things, but we didn't know just how it was."

Johnny watched her gray shape, rigid against the pale oblong of the window as she listened to him. He was listening to himself, too. It was like listening to a couple of other guys. . . . A couple of other guys were doing the talking.

They said, "Well, it was pretty tough being there, and we had to watch our chance. My chance came with one of the guards. It was just about dark when it happened. I got him down, and he had a kind of tommy gun, and I took it away from him. Then Palmer, and Epstein, and Donnelly and me—they were took prisoner the same time I was—they came right along. We kind of shot our way out of there."

The other guys went on and on, telling her about it. "During the night, the first Germans that caught up with us— We still had enough ammunition left. I got two of them, and the other boys got what weapons they had, and then we killed the rest. We were raring to go, by that time. Then we met that car full of German officers and— Oh, it's a lot of details," Johnny cried, softly. "A lot of military details. Let's not go into that now."

His mother murmured reverently, "A real miracle! Was it—was it true about, in the papers—they gave you a Distinguished Flying Cross?"

"Gosh sake, no!" he said. "Distinguished *Service* Cross, Ma! That's that extra ribbon on my coat—the one all blue in the middle, and white and red on the ends. I'll explain about them, one of these times. You know," he added, "I've got at least twenty-six days. Maybe more."

She whispered, "Good night, Johnny." Then she tiptoed back to her own room, and left him there, staring up at the friendly ceiling, thinking of the next day and the days to follow.

THE END

"Sometimes when he's out on a case and I'm here alone, I almost wish I hadn't married a doctor"

COLLIER'S ROBERTA MACDONALD

GOOD TASTE

...for gracious living

Wherever discriminating people gather—
in exclusive clubs, in fine hotels,
in gracious homes—there you'll find
Blatz Pilsener Beer. For this
superlative brew is the natural
companion of better living.
Try the distinctive flavor of Blatz,
dry but never bitter, full-bodied
but never sweet. Then you'll know
why Blatz is the natural choice
of those who know and appreciate
the best of everything.

Milwaukee's
Most Exquisite
Beer

BLATZ BREWING CO.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.
In our 92nd year

Buy
MORE
War Bonds

Blatz
MILWAUKEE

Mr. Brooklyn Goes to Bat

Continued from page 24

Conqueror, manager of the pennant-winning Dodgers, a man who could do no wrong.

He broke into the news on the first day he hit the Yankee training camp in St. Petersburg, Florida, in February of '28. Reporters said he thrust his hand into the big paw of Babe Ruth with a "H'ya, Babe!" Arrogantly, he boasted that the new shortstop of the champion Yankees would be Leo Durocher. At least that's the way the story goes.

In his first series on a major-league diamond—against the Philadelphia Athletics—Leo battled and licked none other than fiery old Ty Cobb, the terror of the American League. According to the published version, he gave Cobb the hip as the Georgia Peach rounded second base. Cobb was forced to run wide, and consequently was tossed out at third. Fists clenched, he is supposed to have snarled: "The next time you try that, you fresh busher, I'll cut your legs off!"

For two seasons, brash Leo took a merciless rap—not only from other teams, but from his own mates on the Yankees. They dubbed him the All-American Out, because his batting average was puny compared to that of brawny Murderers' Row.

Bob Shawkey, new Yankee manager, knew all the stories about Leo's penchant for gambling and bright lights. He noticed how Leo's teammates tried to make the little shortstop look bad on throws. He asked for waivers on the kid.

To Leo's chagrin, no other American League club wanted him. For $7,500—the waiver price—he was knocked down to the impoverished Cincinnati Reds of the National League. His pride was wounded, he was heartbroken, and he owed thousands of dollars to greedy I.O.U. holders.

For three seasons, he labored on the Cincinnati rock pile, buried on a last-place club. One May day in 1933, Sidney Weil, president of the Reds, informed him that he had been traded to the St. Louis Cardinals. "You'd better see Mr. Rickey. He's a fair-minded man," Weil suggested.

"Me see Rickey? He's head of a cheap, chain-store outfit. I won't play for him," Leo snapped.

Newspapers reported that a belligerent Durocher visited the head of the vast Cardinal chain in a New York hotel. Branch Rickey was ill in bed, it is said. Leo put dirty feet on a clean white counterpane and demanded a thousand-dollar bonus.

"That's a lie!" Leo asserts. "Mr. Rickey asked me: 'Would I have you on my team if I didn't feel you'd star for me?' He convinced me. I shook hands with him. The thousand-dollar check? Mr. Weil gave it to me as a parting gift."

One of the Gashouse Gang

He plunged lustily into the daily doings of Rickey's Gashouse Gang. Dizzy and Daffy Dean were blustery fireball throwers. Pepper Martin, Frankie Frisch and Jim Bottomley became his pals.

Late in '33, he met Grace Dozier, a sweet-faced blonde from Texas. She was older than Leo, a businesswoman with a 14-year-old daughter. He says he fell in love with her at first sight.

One evening, he happened upon Mrs. Dozier in a St. Louis hotel. He nodded. She nodded.

He relates: "The next morning I phoned someone who knew Grace, and finally got the number. At last I heard her voice. 'How about meeting me tonight for dinner?' I asked. She refused. I insisted. She refused again. The next day I phoned her morning and night. On the third day, she gave in."

Leo wrote love letters from the Cardinals' training camp every day that spring. With the opening of the '34 season, Grace began to attend a few ball games. That was the year the champion Giants and Chicago's Cubs battled for the flag all summer. In September, the Cards smashed into second place. Dizzy and Daffy Dean pitched every other day. In the midst of this sizzling pennant drive, Leo's team dropped a crucial double-header.

Afterward, Leo phoned Grace: "I played like a bush leaguer today. I can't field or hit when I'm dreaming about you."

She laughed. "I know what you mean, but let's wait a while."

Day after day, Dizzy and Daffy fogged speed balls over the plate. On the morning of September 26th, the Cards were two games out of first place. That afternoon, they were shut out with three hits.

Leo warned Grace, "It'll be your fault if we lose out."

"My fault? Why?"

"Winning means nothing to me unless I can give you the pennant for a wedding present."

She said no. Leo hurried to Branch Rickey's office. "I want to marry Grace Dozier tomorrow," he told his boss.

Rickey raised bushy eyebrows. "Mrs. Dozier? I know her. She won't marry you."

"Mr. Rickey," Leo pleaded, "if you can talk her into marrying me, I'll—I'll guarantee we win the flag."

Rickey picked up his telephone. "Get Mrs. Dozier on the telephone," he told his secretary.

The phone rang. Anxiously, Leo listened.

"Is it true, Mrs. Dozier, that you're thinking of marrying Leo Durocher?" Branch Rickey asked. Leo watched the expression on Rickey's face. Suddenly Rickey exploded: "Do you *know* what you are doing, madam?"

A weight lifted from Leo's heart. Rickey smiled.

"Well," he told Grace, "I do see a lot of good in Leo, but apparently you see more than I do." He offered Leo his hand. "Congratulations," he beamed, "you've won a wonderful woman."

Leo's pledge to his bride was fulfilled. The Cards won the pennant, then zoomed rowdily into the World Series. Leo fielded flawlessly, rapped three hits in the sixth game to turn the tide against Detroit's Tigers. Sweet was vengeance against the American League—which once had scorned him. The Lip, as Leo was now known, was at the top of his game. He led the league the next two years in fielding. He even batted a sensational—for him—.286.

Later in the season, his speed was fading; his batting average falling. Larry MacPhail, National League trouble shooter, was called upon to save Brooklyn from bankruptcy. He chose as his manager Burleigh Grimes, umpire hater. To plug a hole at shortstop, he got Leo Durocher in a trade with St. Louis.

Brooklyn was different from St. Louis. From the start, Brooklyn baseball writers looked askance at Durocher. As the season progressed, gossipers hinted that Leo aimed to succeed Grimes as manager.

"Say-y! How about putting up three or four hundred cans of this heat?"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

Late one night in September, when the Dodgers were badly on the skids, Grimes confessed that he'd been fired by MacPhail. "I'm supposed to run the club until the end of the season, but I can't do it. Leo, you ought to be manager, not me."

"MacPhail would give me the horse laugh, if I asked for the job," Leo said.

Leo was right. MacPhail considered replacing Grimes with Jimmy Wilson, or Frankie Frisch. But during the Yankee-Cubs World Series, he met the Lip in the lobby of a Chicago hotel. "Come on upstairs," he said. "I want you to meet my brother."

Leo followed his boss upstairs. He met Larry's brother.

"Sit down on the lounge," Larry said to Leo. "By the way, you're to be my manager." The mastiff MacPhail grinned.

Foxy Leo replied: "I knew it all the time."

At Clearwater training camp the following spring, Leo told his "boys," "I'm no Simon Legree. I'm still Leo to you, and still your shortstop. Now, about training rules: You can drink all the beer you want before the first exhibition game—at fifty bucks a glass."

The players laughed, but they knew he meant it.

Leo drove his 1939 team toward the first division. He waged guerrilla war against umpires. "They're human," he said. "I make 'em toe the mark when they rule against the Dodgers." He's be[illegible] into the showers scores of [illegible] hundreds of dollars.

The metropolitan baseball-w[illegible] was sharply divided between L[illegible] and foes until the recent rev[illegible] Dodgers united them into a sol[illegible] of enemies. Leo barred Hy Tu[illegible] New York Daily News, and H[illegible] rott of the Brooklyn Eagle [illegible] Dodger dressing room last [illegible] charge was that "they publis[illegible] facts about Dodger plays witho[illegible] sion."

He's particularly sensitive to [illegible] that a bookmaker haunted th[illegible] clubhouse in '41 and '42, and ev[illegible] panied the team on road trips." [illegible] my friend, and a Dodger rooter [illegible] back," he declares. "He reti[illegible] bookmaking long before I met [illegible]

To most Brooklynites, Leo D[illegible] Mr. Brooklyn himself, for bett[illegible] worse. Late last October, Branc[illegible] became the new president of the [illegible] He knew the Lip's virtues—and [illegible] He summoned him to the Ricke[illegible] home near St. Louis. For hours [illegible] Leo with questions about the t[illegible] failed to discuss a 1943 manager [illegible]

A Setback for the Hatchet

Weeks passed. No contract w[illegible] coming. The hatchet men, the L[illegible] predicted that Rickey would s[illegible] Herman, Ray Blades, Fred Fitz[illegible] —anyone but Leo. Then, just af[illegible] one bitter February day, Leo [illegible] with a contract in his pocket. [illegible] made two concessions: High-stal[illegible] was banned; a 15-cent limit est[illegible] And he'd agreed to don playing to [illegible]

When the older, slower Dodger[illegible] first place to the youthful Cardi[illegible] June, the Dodgers' manager la[illegible] night after night. In the gray of o[illegible] he came to a difficult decision.

The following afternoon Leo D[illegible] age 37 years, 11 months, 4-F in t[illegible] strode out of the dugout. He hadn' [illegible] in a league ball game since '41. B[illegible] he was . . . at shortstop as of old!

He caught a pop fly. The fans [illegible] derisively. He lined a single to le[illegible] applause. Three days passed. He [illegible] the Dodger shortstop. "The tea[illegible] better with Leo out there," press-[illegible] perts reluctantly agreed.

A long series with the Giants beg[illegible] three games in the Polo Ground[illegible] Giants won the first, 6 to 5. And [illegible] ond, 3 to 2. The third game began [illegible] fully Leo Durocher shuffled [illegible] shortstop. In that first inning, elep[illegible] Ernie Lombardi poked a lazy drive [illegible] second. Leo ran, got a finger on t[illegible] It bounced away. The slowest [illegible] baseball beat out an infield hit!

Four innings later, lead-foote[illegible] Mancuso nudged the ball to Leo' [illegible] Durocher went after it, missed it [illegible] feet. Young Sid Gordon came to b[illegible] slapped a wicked drive toward first [illegible] Camilli snatched it. Like a rabb[illegible] raced to second base, arrived in t[illegible] catch Camilli's throw. With that [illegible] miliar steel-armed motion, he whip[illegible] ball back to Camilli at first, to co[illegible] the most difficult double play in the [illegible]

Leo Durocher limped to the [illegible] dugout. "That was Leo's swan so[illegible] fan commented. When the sixth inn[illegible] gan, Albie Glossop was playing sh[illegible] for the Dodgers.

Portly Ted McGrew, Dodger [illegible] sighed: "No matter how much you [illegible] dislike the guy—you gotta admit he [illegible] got guts!"

THE END

This wartime message

from your Insurance Agent

can help *you*

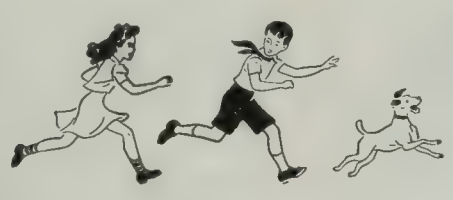
your agent or broker, I wish I d get around to see you the way I used to help determine your risks and tell about new and better coverages. But hat with gas rationing and shortage elp—it just isn't in the cards.

f course I still get around as much as I can. And recently I've found so many people with problems needing attention, that I think a message of warning to you is in order.

Protection costs LESS today!

are the one most vitally interested in g properly insured. The premium pay the company and the commission t are trifles compared with the *large s* to which *you* may be exposed at this minute!

erhaps you don't know there is a ad new policy that covers damage suit ards in and around the home—covers your dog, personal acts and other things for which you may be legally liable, all for only $10.



Have you heard of the new theft policy that covers property belonging to you, your family, your guests, your servants? It's much broader, much lower in cost than former policies.

Many people don't realize that because of rationing, automobile insurance rates have been slashed so much that "can't afford it" just isn't an argument in these times.

And with property values changing rapidly, fire insurance policies should be thoroughly reviewed in many cases.

Let's talk things over

These are just a few of the things you and I should discuss. When I say "I," I'm speaking for any agent or broker in whom you have confidence.

Let's look at it on the basis that I want to *help you get the protection you need*—not that I just want to sell you something. Since I can't be everywhere at once, won't you look me up? Phone me or drop in to see me so I can help you protect yourself in these difficult times.

To wives of servicemen

If you are now charged with full responsibility of the household—and don't know where to turn for advice on insurance problems—you may be sure that any agent or broker in your community will gladly help you.

Your Insurance Agent

We are at war. We are on the offensive. Back the attack by buying War Bonds.

HARTFORD INSURANCE

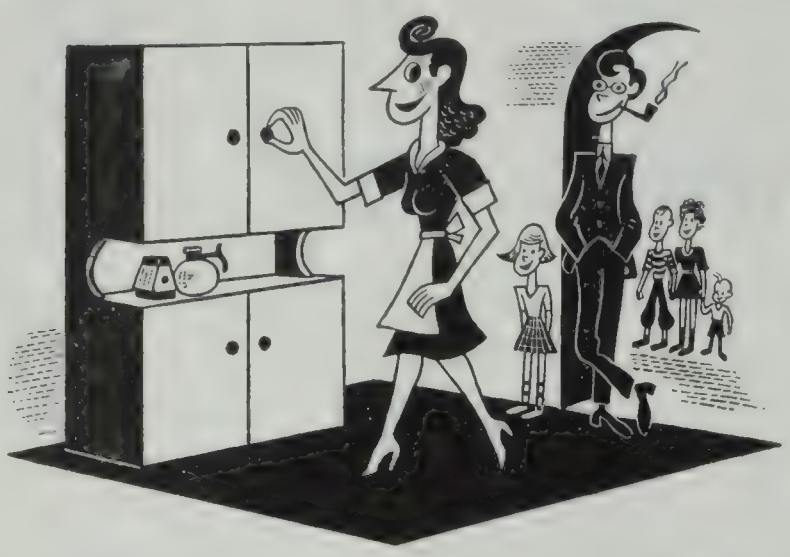
Hartford Fire Insurance Company • Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company

THE TWO HARTFORDS WRITE PRACTICALLY EVERY FORM OF INSURANCE EXCEPT LIFE

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

Smart Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard
To get her tribe something to eat
(NO BONES THIS TIME)



But now she's more wise about better "point buys"
Her "points" go for Prem, its all meat!
(NO BONES ANY TIME)

Meat... meat... meat...

No bones... no waste

SUGAR-CURED *by the makers of Swift's Premium Ham*

—all solid meat

● In cash and "points" you pay only for meat . . . *solid* meat . . . when you buy Prem. And the meat you get is Swift's Premium quality... juicy... tender . . . and sugar-cured for finer flavor the exclusive Swift's Premium way.

MOTHER HUBBARD SPECIAL. *Sliced Prem, heated in this barbecue sauce: Brown 3 T. minced onion in ¼ c. fat. Add ½ t. each of salt, sugar, and Worcestershire Sauce; 1 T. lemon juice; ¼ c. water; 1 c. tomatoes. Simmer 10 min. Top cooked rice with Prem and sauce.*

KEEP YOUR COUNTRY AND YOUR MONEY SAFE: BUY MORE WAR BONDS

A Lot of Questions

Continued from page 13

It was warm in the restaurant and it sounded as though everybody was making a noise eating, dropping the knives and forks and rattling the glasses and dishes. He saw a long counter on the other side of the room and decided to sit there. He went down a narrow alley between the tables and got up onto a stool at the counter. It was a fine stool, it had a back and it turned. He sat there for a while and then he remembered to take off his cap. Just then a woman in a white dress came along and she stopped when she saw him and said, "Hello, sonny. What you doing up here all by yourself?"

He was suddenly quite lost, like waking up in the night in a dream and not knowing at first that he was in his own bed, that his door was open into the hall that led to the door of his mother's room.

"You want something to eat?" the woman said.

He nodded, no words in his mouth, moving his cap on the counter as though he were rubbing at a stain. Then he remembered the money in his hand and held it out. "Here's my money," he said.

SHE smiled then and it seemed to him that he had never seen anything so nice, not since his dad went to the war. Before that, when he was little, his mother used to smile at his dad like that, or at him, but not now, not for a long time. He smiled back at the woman and she said, "What would you like to eat?"

"I'm awfully hungry," he said. He saw a chocolate cake under a glass bowl and some pies on a shelf behind her. "My mother said to eat some soup."

The woman looked out over his head, her eyes taking in the whole room. "Let's see," she said. "We have vegetable soup and split pea and chicken."

"Chicken," he said.

She took a little pad of paper out of her belt and began to write on it. "Chicken soup," she said. "We've got some nice creamed chicken on toast. Would that be too much chicken?"

"No," he said, "I like chicken."

"Okay. And what kind of vegetable? Carrots and peas? String beans?"

"String beans," he said.

"Okay. I'll bring your soup." She looked out over his head again. "Is your mother coming? Shall I save a place for her here by you?"

"No," he said. "My mother's in there." He turned, the stool turning with him, and pointed toward the door that opened into the bar. He could see two men and half of a woman sitting there at the bar, but not his mother nor Mr. Cherrick. "I'm ing to eat by myself," he said.

"That's fine," the woman said. " keep your money till you've finished. want some milk, too?"

"Yes, thank you," he said.

She closed the little pad of paper put it under her belt again. A girl white dress just like the woman's along with a big load of dishes on her and the woman said, "How you like Ammamay's in the arbay tanking The girl looked at him and smiled an smiled back at her and they went av

He had almost finished the crea chicken and string beans when he saw tall man again He turned his head the tall man was standing there beside swaying back and forth and whistling low, his hat pushed back on his he

"Well, well," he said, smiling. "Here are again You mind if I set here with while you eat?"

"No," the boy said. He took his cap the counter, and the tall man sat on stool beside him and took off his hat a seeing the cap in the little boy's hand, t it and fastened them with little clips to backs of their stools. "Didn't nobody you what a man does with his hat here?"

The little boy turned and looked o the back of the stool. His cap was h tightly there and he said, "It's kind of l a clothespin, isn't it? Is that really what for, to hang up your hats on?"

"That's right."

The little boy turned back to his pl and found that he had lost interest in wh remained of the creamed chicken a string beans. He picked up his fork a moved two string beans on the plate.

The woman saw them sitting there t gether. "Hello, Bill. You hire a ne hand?"

"Not that I know of," Bill said. "It's idea. Gimme a cup of coffee. And som thing for my pal here to finish off wit You like ice cream?"

"Yes," the boy said. He leaned bac and took a deep breath. "But I'm pret full, I guess."

"That's right," Bill said. "But you wor be, half an hour from now. You eat yo ice cream and keep me company while drink my coffee."

"All right." The boy saw the woman ha gone to get his ice cream and he sat bac feeling very full and a little sleepy. Whe she brought the ice cream and coffee, Bi said, "There you are. You eat that an you'll grow up to be a—"

"He's going to be a captain in th

"George must have done something real brave—they're going to court-martial him!"

"People are saying I'm marrying him for his money—$326,489.67!"

JEFFERSON MACHAMER

' the woman said. "Isn't that what d me?"

Y." The boy picked up his spoon. oing to be a captain in the Air like my dad and then I'm going to ajor." He tasted the ice cream and good, much better than the creamed and string beans.

your dad's in the Army," Bill said, g down onto his coffee.

s," the boy said, turning the dish t he could even the little mound. ve don't know where he is right guess maybe he's in Australia."

ah?" Bill said.

uess so. We don't talk about it any because it makes my mother nerv- e's a pilot. He flies a big bomber."

hat so?"

s. We're going up to Pinecrest for cation to ski. Mr. Cherrick's got a p there where we're going. Do you where Pinecrest is?"

nodded. "I been there."

ll, we're going up there for my va- Mr. Cherrick's going to teach me ski."

u ain't old enough to be havin' a n. Vacations're for men when they ed of workin'."

, we just call it a vacation," the aid. "The kindegarden closed be- everybody got the measles, every- but me and Joe Krisp and Mary. dn't get the measles."

you're havin' a vacation and you're to learn to ski," Bill said. "What is that goin' to do you? You come my place and I'll teach you how a horse. Some sense to that."

ve you got a horse?"

nodded. "Lotsa horses."

e you a cowboy? You've got a hat cowboy's."

ell," Bill said, smiling, and then he his head quickly and he wasn't g, and the little boy turned and saw other coming toward him and he felt hing happen inside him when he saw He slipped down off the stool and she ed for his hand and held it tightly, e didn't look at him at all. "Mum," d, "are you sick?"

didn't answer. He looked up at Bill, Bill was looking at her, and the n behind the counter was looking at oo.

as he eaten?" his mother said.

es," he said, "I had—"

e ate a good dinner," the woman in hite dress said, looking at his mother. mother started to open her bag but d, "You gave me the money. It's up on—"

Bill pushed aside the milk glass and got the dollar and held it out to him. "He had his supper with me, ma'am," he said.

The boy started to take the dollar. Then he hesitated, looking up at his mother, waiting for her to say for him to take it, and something happened in him again. He didn't know what it was, his mother was not like his mother but not like a stranger either, but strange. She was looking at Bill, and Bill was looking at her, and finally she looked away and he saw her face begin to turn red and her neck got red too, where it showed with her fur coat turned back. Very low, the way she used to say good night to him, she said, "Thank you, thank you very much," and she started up toward the front of the restaurant. She held his hand tightly and bumped against him once or twice.

JUST as they reached the door he remembered his cap and said, "Mum, I forgot my cap!" and he turned back and saw Bill coming with it. He waved goodby to the woman behind the counter and she smiled and waved, and then Bill gave him his cap and he said, "Thank you. I almost forgot it, didn't I?"

"Pretty near," Bill said. "Don't forget them horses."

"I won't," the boy said.

"Come on," his mother said.

Bill pushed the door open and they went out before he could say goodby, though the boy turned and waved across his shoulder, and Bill smiled and waved.

The boy put on his cap and buttoned his coat, and when he looked up at his mother she was looking at him. She looked sick in the eyes and he knew something was wrong; she was sick or something. They stood there on the sidewalk. His wrists and hands and knees felt the cold wind, but she didn't seem to feel it at all. She looked and looked at him, and suddenly she laughed and he felt the laughter go down his spine like a dart. "We're waiting for a bus," she said, laughing, looking down at him. "That's what we're doing. We're going back home on a bus as soon as a bus comes in and there's one due right now. It stops right here. You've never ridden on a bus, have you?"

He looked out at the space at the curb near them where Mr. Cherrick's car had stood and the space was empty. He reached up and took hold of his mother's hand and stood closer to her with the darts moving up and down his spine and the wind cold around his bare knees. He wanted to ask a lot of questions but he didn't. He began to watch for the bus.

THE END

JUST as Nature makes a tree strong, with the grain, to resist the strains of storms, man now makes hardboards without grain, strong in *all* directions, able to stand the strains of a wide variety of new uses.

These hardboards are the now world-famous Masonite* Presdwoods* developed by the late W. H. Mason 19 years ago. Mason learned how to explode wood and then put its undamaged lignin and cellulose materials back together again . . . with the cellulose fibers running at all angles.

Masonite ligno-cellulose hardboards are almost as smooth as glass. They may be worked with tools like wood. Yet they do not warp, chip, split, or crack when properly used.

Today, Masonite Presdwoods are used to make many products formerly requiring war-strategic steel, aluminum, rubber, and other critical materials. After the war, many of these products will continue to be made of Presdwood. Little is available for civilian use now, but if you need an outstanding substance to replace scarce materials for war production, write: Masonite Corporation, 111 W. Washington St., Chicago 2, Ill.

*Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. "Masonite" identifies all products marketed by the Masonite Corporation. COPYRIGHT 1943, MASONITE CORPORATION

MASONITE PRESDWOODS

ARMY NAVY

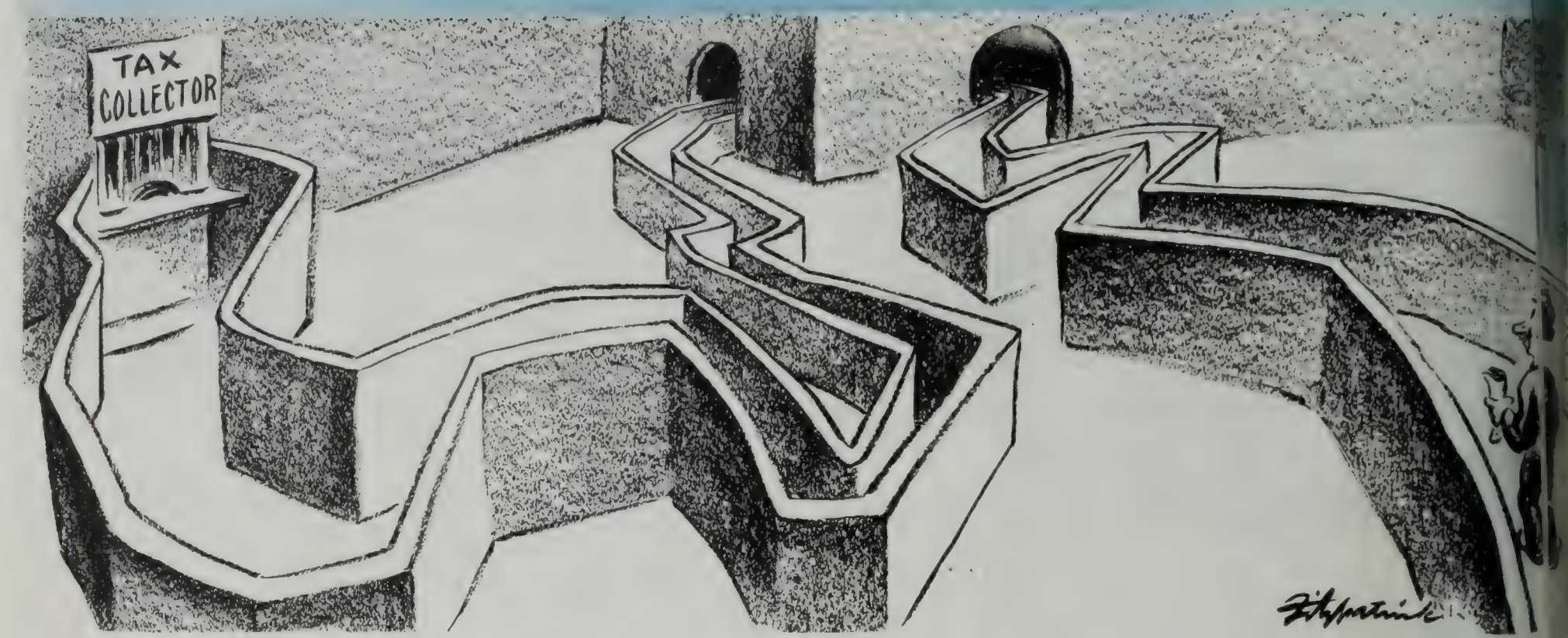
THE LIGNO-CELLULOSE HARDBOARDS

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Publisher

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Editor

JEROME ELI
Managing E



Simple Taxes, Please

IF WE were Congress, we think we'd put at the top of the fall program an honest effort to simplify the income-tax law.

This law was rewritten early this summer so as to take in a modification of the Ruml pay-as-you-go plan. Striving to present us with something different from Mr. Ruml's simple formula, our lawmakers finally worked out a statute which is driving many an employer, auditor and plain taxpayer rapidly toward the psychopathic ward.

Its complications are almost unbelievable. The paper work involved is atrocious. The burden of useless, profitless labor it puts on business houses and private citizens alike is outrageous. So tricky and complex is this new tax law that the Treasury itself has offered to try to simplify it.

Americans in general don't mind paying taxes to win the war and keep the government going. They do mind, and bitterly, being chained to huge periodic jobs of paper work from which they emerge with no clear idea of just how much taxes they ought to pay.

The real explanation for the enormous complexity of the present law lies in the Treasury itself. The Treasury, through Randolph Paul, its counsel, appeared to be more interested in setting up penalties against a few possessors of large income in devising a productive revenue act.

The unfortunate truth is that Mr. Morg has had a succession of advisers who have be mated more by group prejudices than by reas fiscal considerations.

The present law is intolerably complex b of the Treasury experts' phobias. The tax bur now too heavy and too widespread to conti be the plaything of social experimenters and haters. The law should be revised and simplifi the revision, hate and prejudice should be dr out. We can't afford such luxuries in wartime

Let Both Sides Be Heard

VICE-PRESIDENT WALLACE climbed into the microphones a while ago to tell the world that he thought people who disagreed with him were Fascists. Alf M. Landon, a few days later, took the air to tell the world that he considered Wallace and his crowd Fascists.

Thus two of the opening guns in the 1944 Presidential campaign went off, one on each side, and each gun got a fair hearing, both at home and among our Armed Forces around the world.

Okay thus far; and this manner of running the campaign had better be kept up straight through to November 7, 1944.

Vague charges are flitting around to the effect that some New Dealers intend, if they can, to keep the loyal opposition from getting a fair hearing. How much truth there is in such charges remains to be seen. Certain it is, though, that Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce's weekly column of Washington news was killed out of the CBI Roundup, the New Delhi paper for the U. S. forces in China, Burma and India, as soon as its author began to poke barbed fun at the Roosevelt Administration.

The Democrats would be well advised, we think, to lean over backward to avoid even the appearance of trying to muzzle the opposition in this campaign. If they should try such gag tactics, the voters quickly find out, and would naturally come t conclusions: (1) That the New Deal was being of poor sportsmanship, a high crime in the av American's book; and (2) that the New Deal feel that it had a poor case which it feared to e to the full light of day.

There isn't any substitute in a democratic try—or among its armed forces spread all ove world—for full, free and public discussion major political issues and problems. Amer should refuse to accept any proffered subst and we believe they will.

Better Ration Rail Travel

If the people won't ration themselves (on rail travel), the government will have to.—*William F. McDermott, Collier's Aug. 7, 1943.*

YOU doubtless remember Mr. McDermott's article which closed with the statement above quoted, and the appalling photographs of passenger-train congestion that went with the article. If you do any railroad traveling to speak of during this war period, you've seen similar scenes, or worse if possible—coaches jammed to the doors, elderly people forced to stand, babies shrieking in the heat and the general discomfort, air foul and aswarm with germs, continuously overworked dining-car staffs unable to feed the entire trainload of people, and so on and so forth.

It looks as if the time has come to ration rail travel somehow, for the duration. And it looks as if the railroads themselves are the agencies to do the job, rather than have the government suddenly swoop down on them with a set of rationing regulations that will most likely prove fantastic or unworkable, because drawn up by theorists.

On the commuter trains in large metropolitan areas, with their relatively short runs, travel rationing would seem to be pretty close to impossible, and not much needed anyway. Then, too, the average commuter is usually a durable and adaptable gent who rather prides himself on his ability to ta

But on longer hauls, wouldn't it be feasibl the railroads to institute some system of sellin served space in day coaches, just as nothing reserved space has always been sold in slee cars? This would put the thing on a mechan mathematical basis (so much space available many passengers and no more allowed on bo and would rule out hair-splitting arguments a business trips versus pleasure trips.

We think public opinion would back up railroads in some such step. We'd be willing to that 99 per cent of the public that has done train riding since Pearl Harbor would back them

Collier's

BER 18, 1943 TEN CENTS

PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIE ERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

DO NOT CUT, TEAR OR DEFACE BOOKS OR MAGAZINES.

RONALD McLEOD

PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

Race Riots Coming

Y WALTER DAVENPORT

HOW "EQUAL" ARE WOMEN?

B

Dependable Navigation on the High Seas

WHEN the U. S. Navy asked the Chrysler Corporation if it could build the famous Sperry Gyro-Compass, the manufacturing job was promptly referred to the Dodge Division, where precision craftsmanship has been the rule for a quarter century.

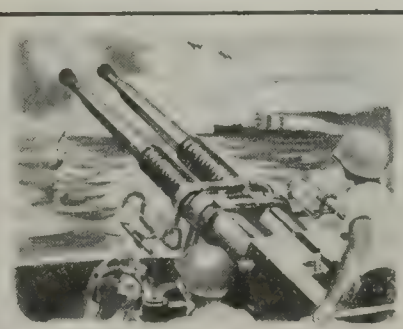
The Sperry Gyro-Compass is one of the most intricate and precise products in the world, made up of more than ten thousand precision parts. It was Dodge that supplied men and ways to make them, in quantity production, to the urgent demands of the war.

Just as the Gyro-Compass finds and holds true North for the better, safer navigation of ships at sea—Dodge dependability of workmanship remains, always, the true compass course for Dodge in every task assigned and accepted, in time of peace as well as war.

Today finds this Dodge dependability thoroughly represented on the many battlefronts of the world. Parts of great guns for attack and defense, and tough combat vehicles on which much of the army's mobility and activity depends are also the war-time products of Dodge. Dodge, today, means total war production.

Listen—to Major Bowes every Thursday, 9 P. M., E. W. T.

The Sperry Gyro-Compass, as made by Dodge, is now going onto the proud ships of the Navy and Merchant Marine.



Bofors anti-aircraft cannon, now brilliantly standing off enemy attack on land and sea, receive many of their basic parts from Dodge.

Dodge combat vehicles were the first ashore in Africa and the first to penetrate the wilderness road to Alaska.

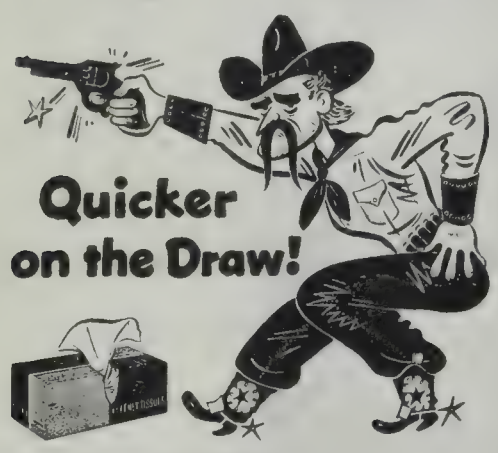
DODGE

DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

[WAR BONDS ARE YOUR PERSONAL INVESTMENT IN VICTORY]

But **KLEENEX® TISSUES** help keep me on the job! I use them during colds and say goodbye to sore nose misery! *(from a letter by* P. S., Thomaston, Ga.)

PROTECT THE OTHERS! KLEENEX HELPS CHECK SPREAD OF COLDS. USE A TISSUE ONCE—THEN DESTROY, GERMS AND ALL!



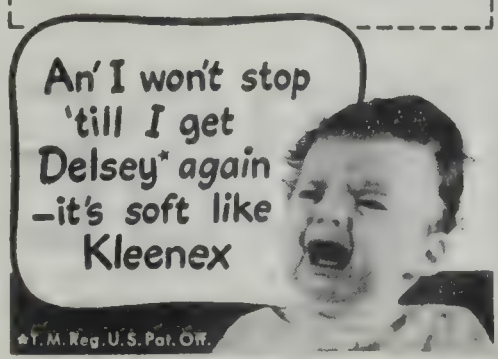
With the **KLEENEX** Serv-a-Tissue Box you pull a tissue and up pops another—not a handful as with ordinary boxes. Saves tissues-saves money! *(from letter by* B. W., Galveston, Tex.)

TELL ME ANOTHER SAYS **Kleenex**

AND WIN A $25 WAR BOND for each statement we publish on why you like Kleenex Tissues better than any other brand
Address: Kleenex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois

TEST FOR TISSUES!

HOLD *KLEENEX* UP TO A LIGHT—YOU WON'T FIND HOLES OR WEAK SPOTS! REGARDLESS OF WHAT OTHERS DO, WE ARE DETERMINED TO MAINTAIN *KLEENEX QUALITY* IN EVERY PARTICULAR!



WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
W. B. COURTNEY	European War Theater
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Russia and Far East
KYLE CRICHTON	Articles
HERBERT ASBURY	Articles
DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
ALLEN MARPLE	Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Articles
HENRY L. JACKSON	Wearables
WM O. CHESSMAN	Art
CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AMY PORTER	Articles
GEORGE CREEL	Washington
WILLIAM HILLMAN	Washington
FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
FRANK GERVASI	Middle East War Theater
JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
GRATTAN O'LEARY	Ottawa
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
U. L. CALVOSA	Photographs
GEORGE DE ZAYAS	Hollywood
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor
JEROME ELLISON Managing Editor

ANY WEEK

THIS column's sex component this week has as its heroine one of those unhappy creatures who have recently been indicted by our government as traitors. For a pitiful wage (which they probably don't collect) they chose to remain in Germany and broadcast Hitler propaganda instead of coming back to their native shores (an emotional way we have of speaking of the United States) to be decent nonentities. We have it from a newspaperwoman assigned to interview Jane Anderson, who, after having been rescued by our State Department from a Spanish Republican firing squad, came home to rake in large fees for telling American audiences how much Franco loved America and loathed Hitlerism. Miss Anderson told our newspaperwoman that she should remain to meet her husband, the Marquis de Blanc y Blanc who was at the moment taking a bath. The marquis, explained Miss Anderson, was an enormously wealthy supporter of Franco and, like Franco, doted on democratic institutions, particularly American ones. But she had some trouble fetching the marquis out of the bathroom. Finally, there was a whispered conversation through the bathroom door. Then Miss Anderson dug under the mattress and found the wealthy gentleman's pants where they had been placed for pressing. "It's one of his democratic gestures," explained Miss Anderson. "In Spain he has plenty of pants and a private presser."

OUR Jim (Old Snapper) Marshall notifies us from his prune ranch in Los Gatos, California, that he has found a Democrat who can blow square soap bubbles and will probably be nominated for Vice-President next year. Mr. Marshall says, too, that in Seattle, Washington, Western Union messengers are now known as communication carriers. But what Mr. Marshall doesn't know is that in Washington, D. C., switchboard operators are known as telephonists with the accent on the second syllable, and that a couple of them are alleged to have taken a day off not long ago to organize the Daughters of Alexander Graham Bell, Inc. Nor does he know that Mr. Ed Weikel of Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, is merely waiting for Congress to reconvene to place before it a bill permitting a President to serve as many terms as he is foolish enough to want. But there's a catch in it. Under Mr. Weikel's bill, the President would get a wage of $100,000 a year the first two terms. In all terms in excess, he'd have to pay $100,000 a year.

THAT makes us even with Mr. Marshall and free to notify you that we took our watch to be mended and almost came up with a race riot. The watch repairman was not in, but his Negro janitor was. After rummaging around, the colored man emerged from the cubicle where sick watches are kept and said, "Sir, the idea that your watch could be repaired is entirely unfounded." So we took the watch anyway, and he's wrong. It now loses only one hour a day.

LIKE you, we've been reading a lot about the way Jap soldiers kill themselves rather than be taken prisoner. We've just received a letter from an American soldier who has seen quite a number of dead Japs but has talked to only one prisoner—one of a batch of eight. "One of them talked good English," says our soldier, "although he used to work in Hollywood. He told me that Jap soldiers are all scared of being thought afraid. Therefore they kill themselves to prove that they aren't." Our soldier says that the captured Jap told him that there had been fifty-five Nips in his detachment before it had been put out of action. "We lay there two days surrounded by you Americans—two days arguing what we could do." Our man asked him what they had agreed upon. "Nothing," said the Jap. "We were too scared to think."

AND Mr. Edward T. Barton of San Francisco has been doing some diligent scouting for this department. While having a snack in a Montgomery Street restaurant he let his eyes rove a bit. It did his appetite no good. On the wall he saw: "We reserve the right to serve refuse to anyone." . . . W. D.

THIS WE

SEPTEMBER 8,

SHORT STORIES

STANLEY FRANK
Heel of Honesty. Q. Whe bum? A. When he falls in

BEN MERSON
Herman the Sherman. Corp one easy lesson, or how the his pants!

KATHRYN FORBES
"Hurry-Up Charlie." He much, but he was the best w shipyard.

EDWARD and ROSE P
Not to Forget. You can't liv memories alone.

THE SHORT SHORT S
Hero's Son, by Jacland Mar

SERIAL STORIES

ERNEST HAYCOX
The Wild Bunch. The fourth

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Corner of Heaven. The seve

ARTICLES

WALTER DAVENPORT
Race Riots Coming. If you what's being done to prever swer is—nothing!

WALTER TAUB
We Saw Hamburg Die. Eyewi a great city's destruction.

AMRAM SCHEINFELD
How "Equal" Are Women? ences will always prevent taking men's places in the wor

ROBERT DEVORE
Paratroops Behind Nazi Lines. diers—our trump card in the S

BILL McGOOGAN and KYLE CRICHTON
The Dean Murder Case. Dizzy language and his fans lap it up

FRANK GERVASI
Hitting Hitler's Oil Barrel. T Ploesti by the Ninth Air For Nazis where it hurts most.

HARRY HENDERSON an SAM SHAW
Invasion Gun. Cheap, speedy the Sten gun is a major weapon tion of Europe.

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World.

WING TALK.

THE WEEK'S WORK.

THE GUILTY (Vidkun Qu
Profile of Axis Terrorist No. 7.

EDITORIALS
Backbone of Democracy.
Moral: Get Married.
Paper Work and Suicide.
No Work . . . No Woo.

COVER RON

Vol. 112, No. 12. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1943, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT YOUR CAR AND BATTERY

★ ★ ★

A Message from the Manufacturer of Delco Batteries

★

How Vital Are Private Cars to the War Effort?

The fact is that four out of five people in America *must* depend on private cars for essential transportation. What does "must" mean? It means that public transportation facilities, already loaded to capacity, can handle only 20 per cent of the traffic. The rest, 80 per cent, is carried by automobile.

Your car has become an essential link in essential transportation. Use it wisely, care for it well—*and don't neglect the battery. It is the heart of your car!*

What Are the Fundamentals of Battery Care?

Maintaining the life and dependability of a battery calls for service to both the *inside* and *outside.* "Inside" service consists of adding water periodically to keep the electrolyte at proper level, and making hydrometer tests to determine whether the battery is properly charged or requires recharging. "Outside" service means cleaning the battery top, inspecting cables, keeping connections clean and tight, and making sure the battery is securely fastened in its carrier.

How Can You Help Keep Your Battery Charged?

In days of normal driving, you didn't have to worry much about the "charge" in your battery. The generator had plenty of opportunity to keep it charged. Today that opportunity is limited by rationed driving, and a few common-sense rules on battery use are necessary. *Don't* use your car radio indiscriminately, and never for any length of time with your motor off or idling. *Don't* use the upper beam of your headlights when the lower beam will do; the lower beam draws less current. *Don't* use your car heater excessively this winter; you'll still be more comfortable than the boys on the fighting fronts!

How Often Should Your Battery Be Checked?

To understand the need for regular battery inspection, you must first realize that the *chemical condition* inside your battery determines the amount of electric power available. When your battery is low on water, or when it is undercharged, the chemical condition becomes "unhealthy." Less power is available, and serious damage may be done unless the condition is corrected. That is why batteries should be checked at least once a month. It requires only a few minutes to have your battery service man take a hydrometer reading and add water when needed.

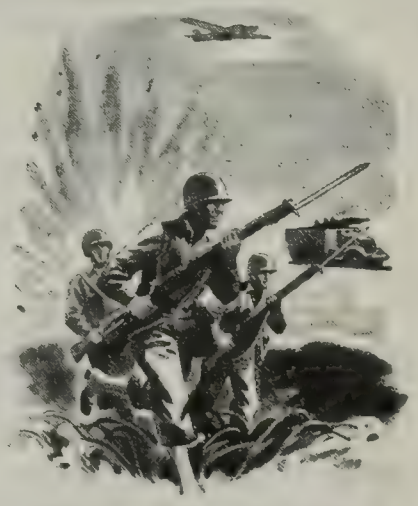
34,000 DELCO BATTERY DEALERS
ARE WORKING TO MAINTAIN ESSENTIAL TRANSPORTATION

In your own community is a Delco battery dealer who will help you make your present battery last. The service he provides is designed to conserve materials for the fighting fronts . . . and to safeguard wartime transportation against unnecessary battery failures. Do your part. See him regularly.

PRODUCT OF DELCO-REMY

DELCO BATTERIES
for all makes of
CARS ★ TRUCKS
BUSES ★ TRACTORS

Delco batteries provide all the long life and dependability that can be built into a battery. They are serving America well both at home and on the fighting fronts.



Back the Attack—
WITH WAR BONDS

Delco-Remy ★ ★ *wherever wheels turn or propellers spin* ★

Want to swap your easy chair for a fox-hole?

No-o-o? He didn't think you would. Just a doughboy's little joke.

But it's a joke with a grim undertone of continuous misery and privation, punctuated by sudden death.

It's a laugh more on us than on him . . . and it turns into a wry grimace when home front "hardships" are mentioned.

Not that he has much time to think about such things. He's too busy saving *our* hides.

Well, that's his job, you say? Forget it.

Winning this war fast is an all-American job. We'll win it if we're all in it.

That kid in the fox-hole wants to win so he can come back to his home, his job, his girl. Are you doing all you can to make his tough, dirty task easier? Are you buying War Bonds to help bring him home *safe* and *soon?*

It's *our* money or *his* life . . . now! . . . today! . . . this minute!

CONTRIBUTED TO THE THIRD WAR BOND DRIVE BY THE CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO., CONS'D
MAKERS OF 'VASELINE' PRODUCTS

KEEP UP WITH THE WORL

By Freling Foster

On Easter of 1943, Gordon Richards, famous British jockey, rode "Scotch Mist" to victory at Windsor to win his 2,750th race, breaking the all-time record set 57 years ago in England by Fred Archer, the greatest jockey in turf history.

At the Armored Research Laboratory in Fort Knox, Kentucky, scientists test soldiers to determine their reactions to noise, gas and gun fumes and all kinds of climates under various conditions. Two recent studies show that a soldier can be acclimatized to desert heat in five days and that a large man, during six hours' work under a desert summer sun, may lose as much as 2.25 gallons or nearly 19 pounds of perspiration.

The metal tape on which sound is recorded magnetically in various machines may be used scores of times and without manual clearing, as each recording is automatically "erased" when a new one is made on it.

Up to June 30, 1943, the Officer Candidate Schools of the Army had prepared for Commissions and graduated about 206,000 men, including one lieutenant-colonel, 16 majors, 2,400 captains, 39,000 first lieutenants and 164,000 second lieutenants. —*By Henry Schluter, New York City.*

The corporation that operated the New York World's Fair in 1939 and 1940 still exists with a skeleton staff and probably will continue to function for many more months because some of its bonds have not yet been presented for payment and several small liability cases are not yet settled.

Now available is a new "ration stamp counter," a scale that enables a person to count loose stamps accurately in batches by weight from 40 to 400 times faster than individually by hand.

The only time that an object may be placed on the American flag is when it is draping the casket of a war veteran, and the only objects that may be so used are his helmet, sword and the floral tribute from the one who was closest to him in life.

The U.S.S. Harmon is the American warship that has ever named in honor of a Negro. He Leonard Roy Harmon of C Texas, who lost his life aboard U.S.S. San Francisco in the batt Guadalcanal on November 13, when he "deliberately exposed self to enemy gunfire to prote shipmate."

America's used-clothing busi comprising a score of wholesalers 3,000 retailers, is now having greatest boom in its history. On its new customers is the federal ernment, which has purchased far approximately $750,000 worth dresses, suits and overcoats for tribution among the destitute fami of Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia a gesture of good will.

The United Nations Commiss for the Investigation of War Crir has the names of more than 10.(Nazis, most of whom are destined be tried by the Allies not only having violated the laws and c toms of war, but for atrocities agai millions of civilians in the occup countries.—*By James E. Rice, J Springfield, Illinois.*

Hairdressers claim, and some me cal knowledge tends to confir the fact, that they sometimes cann produce a successful permanent wa when the hair and skin are in certain abnormal condition which e ists during pregnancy, and for se eral weeks after an operation f which ether was used as the ane thetic.

Cereals and vegetables are quicker and more economical sourc of human food energy than the mea they indirectly produce when fed t livestock. For example, seven pound of corn eaten by a person as cor meal contain 11,900 calories, wherea the same quantity fed to a hog pro duces one pound of pork, which con tains only 1,900 calories.

Five dollars will be paid for each interestin or unusual fact accepted for this column Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

Vehicles of Victory . . . Transports of Tomorrow

Superhuman Powers at his Command

..."THE INVISIBLE CREW"

He is only a boy of twenty, this radioman in a U. S. Bomber. Yet he represents an advance in human powers far beyond any normal evolution of his years. For in "The Invisible Crew" of Bendix, he and his pilot have at their command such superhuman perception and precision control as no man or boy ever knew before.

The built-in "brains" of their planes provide superhuman "senses." Bendix Radio* devices fix the course, link squadron-mates with ground crews, and project sight itself through distant space. Pioneer* instruments register every flight condition. Friez* automatic weather stations report the storms ahead. And beyond the supercharged cabin, Eclipse* generators, Scintilla* magnetos, Stromberg* automatically adjusting, non-icing injection carburetors and many other auxiliaries, stand watch on watch unfailingly . . . enginemen of "The Invisible Crew."

Born of the Bendix engineering mind and the craftsmanship of many thousand Bendix workers, "The Invisible Crew" is ever growing . . . taking over multiple tasks . . . making our fighting men freer in the exercise of their own daring skill. Thus do our planes, ships and combat cars move swiftly forward . . . Vehicles of Victory that are the Transports of Tomorrow!

SOME FAMOUS MEMBERS OF THE INVISIBLE CREW

-Flight and Navigation and Aircraft Equipment.
DIO*— Aircraft Radio for Navigation, Detec- unication and Direction d Radio Compasses.
s*—Automatically ad- aft Injection Carburetors, f the industry.
—Aircraft Ignition and Injection Systems.

BENDIX* PRODUCTS—Vacuum and Hydraulic Controls, Stromberg Automotive Carburetors, Universal Joints and Aircraft Landing Gear.
ECLIPSE* AVIATION—Aircraft Starters, Generators and Superchargers, Operational Auxiliaries.
FRIEZ*—Weather, Meteorological ...and Flight Recording Instruments.
BENDIX MARINE*—Signal and Control Systems, Navigational Aids.

PRECISION EQUIPMENT BY **Bendix** AVIATION CORPORATION

*TRADE MARKS OF BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION OR SUBSIDIARIES
COPYRIGHT 1943, BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

BACK UP OUR BOYS . . . BUY WAR BONDS

SEA POWER, TOO
is fire-power, man-power
and horse-power!

Torpedoes! Depth charges! Machine guns and quick-firing cannons! What fearsome "wallops" are packed into those incredible, P-T boats! The enemy has seen them sink his proudest warships and flash away in an impudent roar of magnificent American engine power!

What makes them most formidable—the fury of their fire-power, the audacity of their hardy young crews, or their blinding speed? Who could say? All honor to each!

And all honor to American engineering, which created the P-T boat and our other engine-powered weapons of sea, sky and battlefield!

Making, by millions, the Sealed Power piston rings that safeguard precious engine power, is our assignment in the war for liberty. It is a distinction—an honor—to serve.

And transportation for workers, raw materials and finished war products is an essential part of the war effort. Sealed Power piston rings, individually engineered for cars, trucks and tractors, are serving on the home front too, by providing proper oil control, saving gas, reducing wear and lengthening engine life. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan and Windsor, Ontario.

Scrap metal is needed for every gun, tank and ship. Send your scrap to war.

SEALED POWER
PISTON RINGS
Pistons, Cylinder Sleeves
Valves, Water Pumps and Chassis Parts © 1943 Sealed Power Corp.

WING TALK

Taken near Mt. Rainier, this is the first close-up picture of the external racks that boost the B-17's bomb load to 10 tons

IF YOUR coalbin holds 10 tons and you've laid in your winter supply, go take a look at it. That mass of weight represents the B-17's new bomb capacity, made possible by supplementary, external racks for limited range operations. In the extraordinarily detailed picture above, the forklike fingers of this new carrying arrangement can be seen on the bottom of the fuselage near the wheels. The talons of the Fortress grow larger.

Also shown in this picture are half a dozen of a Fort's thirteen .50-caliber machine guns. Maybe you can find more. Starting at the nose there are three operated by the Bombardier and Navigator to ward off frontal attacks. In the top power turret are two guns used by the First Engineer for frontal, lateral and rear attacks. Behind this turret, but not shown, is one operated by the First Radio Operator for targets above the ship. In the belly turret, which here resembles a partially retracted landing wheel, are two used by the Second Radio Operator for underneath attacks. Through the oblong door just behind the fuselage insignia the Second Engineer and First Radio Operator poke their waist position guns. And at the rear the Tail Gunner and Photographer each man a gun. These lethal weapons are installed at the Boeing factory. The Army Air Forces install gun No. 13 where it will do the most good. Usually in the nose.

MANY of our fliers are feeling the R.A.F. influence in the matter of radio communication. Here was the basic pattern for our old radio procedure:

"El Paso tower from Navy 28777—position ten miles west of field—request landing instructions—go ahead."

"El Paso tower to Navy 28777—traffic pattern—circle field to left at 1,000—land on runway 17—go ahead."

"El Paso tower from Navy 28777—Roger (O. K.)."

Now things are different. For example:

"El Paso, *this is* Navy 28777, position ten miles west of field (the wags say airdrome)—request landing instructions—over (sometimes it's *ovah*)."

"Navy 28777, this is El Paso tower—runway 17—over."

"El Paso tower, this is Navy 28777—wilco (will comply)."

"Navy 28777, this is El Paso tower—Roger and out."

Any misunderstanding used to call for a "Repeat, please." Now it's "Say again." "Props in low pitch" are "Airscrews in fine pitch," and gasoline becomes petrol in extreme cases. This will help make up for the slang our fliers teach the R.A.F. boys.

SOMETIMES that souvenir of a tr ocean air journey—a one-dollar autographed by fellow passengers, otl wise known as Short Snorters—gets l strayed or snitched. Anyway, the Sh Snorter bill that fell into the hands of R. A. Fargher, of La Porte, Indiana back home again. No sooner had W Talk revealed Dr. Fargher's find than h a dozen readers advised us that the belonged to Mr. Ed Johnson, district m ager of TWA at Kansas City. We int duced Mr. Johnson to Dr. Fargher remote control, the latter was reimbur by the former and the case is closed— til Mr. Johnson loses the certificate aga

Perhaps now is the time to try to rest other wandering certificates to their rig ful owners. Mrs. Malinda Cutter, a ca ier of Barstow, California, has what thinks is a genuine S.S. bill. There eleven signatures on it, but many faded. Partly legible are the follow names: Howard E. Arp, Jan P. ——, I vid B. Lehman, —— L. Taylor, J. Wen Charles L. ——.

Mr. Ralph E. Perkins, Fort Way Indiana, has a bill dated 3-6-43 and sign by S/Sgt. D. Lantz, Pfc. W. H. Reese a Sgt. Chas. A. Cutter of the 729th Railw Oper. Bn., Co. C.

A young lady in Lewiston, Maine, h one marked "Short Snorter, A.F.B. 11-2 42." The two signatures, she reports, lo like K. N. Holdredge and D. W. Fox. P haps you know one or more of these me Meantime, they are out of luck if anyo challenges them to produce these bills.

FROM the depths of the Packaging Se tion of Washington's Pentagon Buil ing, comes a slight criticism regarding o advocating, some time ago, that new papers and other reading matter shou be wrapped around articles sent oversea "We have found," writes Mr. R. M. Ale ander, Office of the Chief of Ordnanc "that newspaper and other like matter very harmful to the contents of overse boxes, as the acid contents of the pap will cause corrosion of critical metal su faces. Also, the paper acts as a sponge ar absorbs and holds moisture, which caus further corrosive action. I know your su gestion was intended to help the boys Ov There, and it can be followed if prop care is exercised. Here are some rule (1) Don't permit newspaper to conta any metal surface, (2) don't use excessi amounts in any one container, and (3) possible, wrap papers in an envelo or wrapping of waterproof paper we sealed before placing around packag content." ★★

GURNEY WILLIAM

I'VE GOT 36 SECONDS...

It's queer, up here . . .

Falling through space, time runs out quick and your mind does tricks.

One second I'm gripping my gun while shrapnel snarls in my face, and the next—I'm back home in bed and Mom's calling, "Wake up, wake up, you sleepy head!"

It's queer, up here . . .

One second I'm watching the earth and the enemy come rushing up, and the next—I remember it's that long-ago-day in September when Joe Clark caught me climbing his apple tree and a dead branch broke and I fell.

It's queer, up here . . .

But as time flows past and hell slides faster, I can see things clearer. And with only 36 seconds to go, I know all at once what I didn't before . . .

I'm not just a kid anymore. I know why I'm fighting this war!

I'm fighting this war for my right to live like a man, to work like a man, to think like a man—not to be herded around and driven like a sheep to the grazing ground.

I'm fighting this war for my right to be let alone . . . to do what I've dreamed of doing in a land where my future's my own—not to be led by the nose to a trough and a bag and a stall.

I'm fighting for the right to come home again to simple things . . . like taking my girl to a movie . . . or seeing a baseball game . . . or going to church . . . or driving my car to work.

I'm fighting for the America my folks and I have always known . . . where each year has always brought us new and better things . . . where there's freedom of opportunity for all . . . and it's every man's right to rise, to stand, to go ahead on his own!

That's what I'm fighting for. Keep it that way until I come back!

• • •

Here at Nash-Kelvinator, we're building 2,000 h.p. Pratt & Whitney engines for Navy Vought Corsair fighters . . . making intricate Hamilton Standard propellers and many other important items of ordnance . . . readying our production lines to build Sikorsky helicopters for the Army Air Forces . . . doing our part to keep America a land of freedom and opportunity where every man can go as far, can rise as high as his strength and ability will take him.

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION
Kenosha • Milwaukee • DETROIT • Grand Rapids • Lansing

ENLIST NOW! BACK THE ATTACK—WITH WAR BONDS. **THIRD WAR LOAN DRIVE.**

NASH AUTOMOBILES

KELVINATOR REFRIGERATORS • ELECTRIC RANGES

He has a promotion to report. Or a week-end leave coming up. Or it's his mother's birthday.

Evening is about the only time he's free to call and it's important to him.

Will you do your best to avoid Long Distance calls after 7 at night, for the sake of millions of Joes — and Josephines? They'll appreciate it.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR SEPTEMBER 18, 1943

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

ce riot in its first stage. The mob forms, talks itself into unrea-. d fury, then rushes into unreasoned action. Here hoodlum whites e a Negro boy across Detroit's jammed Woodward Avenue

RACE RIOTS COMING

America's Negro problem—a study in black and white that will reward careful reading by every thoughtful American

BY WALTER DAVENPORT

is picture did much to further the Negro cause. A colored man is d by unconcerned Detroit cops while a white man slaps his face

DETROIT FREE PRESS

FTER considerable research, we're convinced that in all the United States, there is not one honest who wants to start or even see a ot. We were going to say "decent," at too easily compared adjective t cover. However, we are going to more race riots. Any nation as in- upon warfare between its blacks hites as we are, is certain to succeed. ast honest majority cited above is shuddering over Detroit. Unfor- ly, they are not expending a single er in advance on future Detroits. ong the reasons for race riots to , there will be nothing new. Perhaps or two of them will be traceable is agents, although it is not easy to why such hangable tramps should time starting them when we loyal icans do it so well without outside ance. Perhaps some Negro, in uni- or out, drunk on resentment and gin, will touch off a couple. Maybe a few will be started by whites who, goaded by a sense of inferiority and insecurity, will make their protest with automatics, against black competition in industry. As far as we're concerned at the moment, the way such riots will start doesn't matter.

What we're occupied with now is that since Detroit, as before Detroit, neither federal nor local government, North or South, has done anything to remove the fundamental causes for race riots or to correct any of the conditions that generate them.

And before we go any further, we deny the inevitable accusation that this article is an argument for intermarriage. Moreover, it is not a starry-eyed vision of some sweet by-and-by when we shall all be socially color-blind. A couple of hundred years from now, our descendants will laugh themselves sick at us and our strikes, wars, race riots and economic nonsense.

Since Pearl Harbor, we've had several race riots. Their immediate causes are well-known: The refusal of Northern Negro soldiers to observe the unwritten race restrictions of Southern towns, the housing atrocities, the rising Negro resentment against economic discriminations real and fancied, the increasing white resentment of the black man's invasion in force of industrial employment which was once all the white man's and of the threat the latter sees therein to his postwar security.

It's the Negro's War, Too

More fundamental, however, is the Negro's rapidly increasing solidarity behind leaders and spokesmen who are reminding him daily that this is his war as well as the white man's, that he is helping to win it, in uniform or overalls, that the benefits of victory must be shared by him.

The blows and shots which touched off the riots in Alexandria, Louisiana; in Beaumont, Texas; in Detroit and in New York's Harlem bear the same relation to their fundamental causes as Pearl Harbor had to our war with Japan. They were only sparks from an overcharged situation.

The Harlem affair in particular provides all the symptoms the government should require if it is to do something curative. Actually, it was not a race riot in the sense that it was a battle between whites and blacks. Even those in the hotel lobby where the affair started can't agree on so trivial a matter as who struck first, who said what.

That a white cop and a black MP should tear into each other and start a night of murder, rioting and looting by Negroes, many of whom hadn't even heard of the affair in the hotel, ought to make it clear that we have a problem to solve.

(Continued on page 79)

HEEL OF HONESTY

BY STANLEY FRANK

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

When chiseler meets chiseler—who gets cut up? Read the answer in this biting story of love on the cuff

THROUGH extensive experience in the art of artifice, Joe Bolton spotted her immediately as a phony. Girls as attractive as that were not in the habit of running around New York unescorted, unless they were on the make. Her laughter was too quick and indiscriminate, her animation was laid on with a trowel, and she was too obviously French even at a party for the Fighting French.

Bolton studied her performance with professional interest and decided her extravagantly volatile gestures were the giveaway. That business of shrugging the shoulders was typically Gallic, *and* just the sort of thing a dame from Brooklyn or Baltimore would feature in the act. They were very fine shoulders, however, and although there was more than met the eye, Bolton had to admit that what the eye did see was very pleasant indeed.

He accepted another highball from a waiter and then, remembering this was only a cocktail party and not a dinner, took two canapés. He stood in a corner of Mrs. Rysdale's elegant drawing room, watching the girl give out with the personality. Mrs. Rysdale advanced upon him. Mrs. Rysdale was pompous, patronizing and not quite bright, a deficiency compensated by a large trust fund left by her late and briefly lamented husband.

"Who," Bolton asked, "is the fresh talent?"

Mrs. Rysdale followed his glance toward the tall, dark girl with the shoulders.

"I believe she just arrived in this country by Clipper from Lisbon," Mrs. Rysdale said. "Her name is Maris Molineau. French, wouldn't you say?"

"She's so French her mother must've been frightened by the Eiffel Tower," Bolton gravely assured his hostess.

Mrs. Rysdale laughed vaguely. "Would you like to meet her?"

"In time, in my own way," Bolton said.

Passage by Clipper from Lisbon meant money and influence. He could be wrong about the girl, but her name gave him all the reassurance he needed. Maris Molineau was the clumsy invention of an amateur phony who probably was called Mary by Mr. and Mrs. Maloney, her doting parents. In Bolton's book, it was even money that the only body of water she had traversed recently was the East River, via Brooklyn subway.

He circulated among the people, brandishing his meal ticket in high society. He turned on the charm to those who didn't know him well and he made caustic cracks to those who did. Wryly insulting humor was Bolton's card in the free loaders' union, as much as his regular features, his ability to dance well and his availability at all times when an extra man was required.

Bolton was a bum with a certain air of distinction, but a bum nevertheless; cynicism was his buckler against the insults encountered in the pursuit of his trade and he employed it to disarm opponents, after the fashion of a street fighter who knows the effectiveness of the first blow.

Mrs. Rysdale announced, in a cultivated squeak, the entertainers who were supposed to stimulate the sympathy of her guests for Fighting France. Bolton timed his approach behind the former Mary Maloney to coincide with the appearance of the inevitable French chanteuse who sang in the inevitable husky, toneless style traditionally affected by chanteuses, followed by the recitative delivered in carefully broken English with much fluttering of the hands and eyelashes.

"You can tell she's French," Bolton said in a penetrating whisper above the polite applause, "by the frog in her throat."

The people reproved Bolton with stern looks, but the girl's shoulders quivered as though she were suppressing a giggle. Another giveaway; a foreign dame wouldn't know the slang expression. Or, he reflected with satisfaction, have that good a sense of humor. Bolton liked girls who were fast on the pickup of gags, particularly his own.

The blow on his head stunne momentarily, and that was all t arm squad needed. His arms we back by an authoritative han knee in the rear sent him towar

The orchestra swung into a r he asked the girl if she cared to d looked at him with cool appra moment, then nodded and accept strained embrace. Bolton disco had very fine eyes and that she fume persuasively. He gave he workout, trying his most subtle plicated gyrations, and she follo effortlessly and knowingly.

"They must have a new boy Murray's," he said finally.

"I beg your pardon?" Her surprisingly full and warm, and without the trace of an accent, Brooklynese. He had expected a tonation, at least.

"I mean you rumba extreme he told her.

"Thank you. I lived in Rio fo I had expert instruction."

He nodded approvingly. The poise; her offhand reference to R fool anyone but a kindred heel. a tricky turn, but in the middle released her suddenly and double idly for a moment, then began t with his shoelace. He straightene and flexed his shoulders.

"Sorry. I slipped. Shall we co

THE orchestra broke into a Sh medley and again the girl re to his lead with fluent perfection.

"You like him, le jazz hot?" h

She smiled. "Do you always s cryptically, Mister—?"

"Bolton, Miss Maloney."

She took it with a straight face you know my name, but not qu rectly. It is Molineau."

"How stupid of me. I thought y Irish."

"That is a compliment. The Iri very imaginative race."

"Romantic, too," he murmured, let the cue drop where it fell. Prese was humming, with the music.

"This Show Boat score takes n fifteen years," he said. "It must b of age, but I don't remember the do you?" Bolton disliked girl competed with the orchestra whi danced, but he had a motive in ask to sing.

She hummed a little louder, and too, but she didn't go into the wor the end of the last chorus and t sang them softly and with the studie enunciation. . . . "But Ole Man he jes' keeps rollin' along." Bolt amused by her self-betrayal and t cess of his stratagem. He derived a pleasure from unmasking fellow as he did from deflating stuffed shi

"You give it the authentic R treatment," he observed.

"I heard him sing it at a con Paris," she laughed, "but I fear th takes me back a number of years, was a little girl living in New C when it first was popular."

"Rio, New Orleans, Robeson in Do you meet all trains?"

"My father was in the French con We lived everywhere. Tananarive is in Madagascar. Hanoi—"

"French Indo-China," he cut in s ically. "Isn't it wonderful how th has expanded our knowledge of g phy?" He was positive the girl was him the business, but it was a good

The shadow of a smile vanished her face. "You are fortunate," sh slowly. "The war has reduced my

It was getting a bit too thick for

(Continued on page 84)

THEY SAW HAMBURG DIE

BY WALTER TAUB

MANAGER CZECHOSLOVAK PRESS BUREAU IN STOCKHOLM
CABLED FROM STOCKHOLM

Eyewitness accounts of men and women who escaped the holocaust of Hamburg picture the utter horror of a great city's destruction, its people terrified beyond endurance and too dazed for panic. It's a clear preview of what is happening to German morale

BRITISH INFORMATION SERVICES

By matching sections of its reconnaissance photos (note pins) the R.A.F. obtained this picture of the complete devastation of over four miles of Hamburg's water-front section. Arrow points to the totally destroyed shipyards that were the most important on the continent

E people of Germany have now rned, through the terror-filled urs of sleepless nights and days, mastery—the annihilating blitz of the Nazis in 1939 and 1940— taken over by the Allies. They ow that their adversaries have now to use the devastating knockch, and that these punches are being rained against Naziism's xus, the morale of the German

ost terrible of these punches has flood of nitroglycerin and phoshat in five days and nights deHamburg.

are now in Sweden and Denewitnesses of the greatest havoc r smote any human settlement. iority of these are the four hunanish workers who managed to Hamburg with smoke-blackened ot having taken off their clothes t days.

refugees cannot regard you They wander around as if seekter. Their hands shake. Offer od and they refuse it. They ap. But they beg for cigarettes and, e first puff, as if released from a y begin to describe their experi. Their words come jerkily. Only fter checking the Danes' descripainst those of Swedish, Swiss and eyewitnesses, can one obtain a e account of what happened in rg during the last days of July.

first attack was delivered on the f July 24th. The attack was con- d against antiaircraft batteries, cellent results. Most of the batwere silenced in a few minutes. say these eyewitnesses, came an e novelty in the history of bombing ng witness to the scientific care to planning the attack. Special aissance planes appeared over the cking out certain industrially im- sections with green flares dropped achutes. These flares hovered like s of grapes in the air and aided the rs coming in afterward to drop xplosives in a square around the secus marked, so that buildings for blocks collapsed and all roads and nications between that section and mainder of the city were choked is was not done to prevent the ints from getting out, but to hinder nsfer of firemen and fire-fighting nent from other sections in the ef- save war-important buildings and ontents.

Homes Burn to the Ground

t once, but dozens of times I saw n concentrate their efforts to save hing from the burning courthouse dwellings a few blocks distant d down without the fire brigade even there," said a Basle merchant I have n for a long time but who, being d to return home via Germany, remain anonymous.

en communications were thus closed, began a rain of incendiaries that d fires over such a large area that cally the whole section was drowned mes. The work of air defense on nd the following nights was enorly hampered by this simple but effecmeans which, as far as I know, was d here for the first time.

s. Antoinette Johansson, a German an nearing seventy who had lived all fe in Hamburg and who is the wife Swede now a refugee in Malmoe, en's southern port, refers to "sheets per, black on one side and dazzling on the other, dropped by thousands the bombers." The other twenty-five burg Swedes who have arrived here to the correctness of her statement. efense searchlight beams were reflected all ways from these sheets, thus being prevented from reaching the raiding aircraft with full intensity and making the job of locating them much more difficult.

The first assault was directed at the inner town. Many who have visited Hamburg's big amusement center in Saint Pauli probably wonder sadly why it was bombed. Yet it was necessary. Imagine Coney Island with all amusement stalls removed—what remains? The amusement park in Saint Pauli was an enormous field over 600 yards long and 400 yards wide. It requires little imagination to see it as a splendid airfield, and that's why it was bombed.

The Germans declare that practically all hospitals were hit, but naturally we are skeptical of Goebbels' secret weapon—the British *eneiefedo*—invented by Goebbels. It seemingly drops silently to the ground and creeping toward the nearest hospital, destroys it. But after talks with many eyewitnesses, I can say quite correctly that some hospitals in Hamburg, as well as in many other cities, have been damaged. But this is not because the British and Americans lacked consideration for defenseless sick people, but rather because the Germans lack such consideration.

Ambushed in Churches

It has been revealed by over thirty eyewitnesses from western Germany that the Germans concentrate antiaircraft batteries near hospitals and churches, knowing that the Allies are unwilling to bomb such targets. This naturally means immense dumps of ammunition also located there.

A Swedish seaman whose ship occasionally put in at Hamburg asked antiaircraft gunners near Grosse Saint Michaelis Church why they were stationed there. "Because the British always attack cultural monuments," was the reply. Anglo-American planes, fired on by guns located there, attempted to silence the batteries, and naturally the buildings near by were damaged or demolished.

The free port, covering an area of more than 3,500 acres, naturally was not spared during this 90-minute attack, but not until the next raid on Sunday—a day raid—was the most devastating blow directed at this pride of Hamburg.

That Sunday, Hamburg displayed an unusual appearance. Even in the forenoon, giant clouds of smoke and dust enveloped the whole town, darkening the sky. Water from burst mains flooded the streets. Then the sirens screamed, and a big formation of American bombers reduced to ashes the continent's biggest shipyards—Blohm & Voss, Vulkanwerft and Howaldswerft—where the biggest steamers are built, repaired and docked. The alert lasted until 4 P. M. After it, telephone communication no longer existed. After the all-clear, when Hamburg's inhabitants left the shelters, "No one knew any longer where he was," Bruesseler Zeitung's correspondent reported. Monday night, during the fresh British attack, the big gas plant in the harbor section received a direct hit. That terrible explosion deprived the city of gas.

That evening, none among Hamburg's 1,700,000 inhabitants was willing to retire to bed, for the R.A.F. had dropped leaflets promising a repetition of Sunday's raid on Tuesday. Hamburgers, from whom Hitler was once compelled to admit he had received most "no" votes, always listen to the British radio and they know,

(Continued on page 77)

THE Wild Bunch

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

The Story Thus Far:

CRUELLY deserted by Theo McSween, who had refused to marry her after running away with her, Mary Goodnight, an Oregon girl, dies in Nevada. Mary's brother, Frank, learns what has happened. He leaves his home, with the firm intention of finding McSween and killing him. He goes to the frontier town of Sherman City.

In Sherman City he joins up with his friend, Niles Brand, who had been Mary's fiancé. Niles tells him that McSween is living in the hill country, not far away; he says that trouble is brewing between the "desert crowd" (cattlemen led by a man named Harry Ide) and the "hill crowd," led by Hugh Overman, owner of the "Sun Ranch."

Goodnight is no Caspar Milquetoast. Within a short time, he has made a number of enemies—including "Boston Bill" Royal, an overbearing brute who works for Overman; and within a short time, he has met two attractive girls: Rosalia Lind, an orphan, who owns the town's one hotel, and Virginia Overman, Hugh Overman's daughter.

Through the friendly offices of Virginia, Goodnight gets a job at "Sun." Then comes a series of tragedies. Someone—some hidden killer—shoots Niles Brand, wounds him badly. Hugh Overman is shot to death, under mysterious circumstances. McSween, too, dies—Goodnight corners him in a near-by town and shoots him; kills him. . . .

Realizing that, if she is to hold the ranch—with unscrupulous men all around her—she must have someone who is very strong to help her run it, Virginia makes Goodnight her foreman. This infuriates Boston Bill (who had hoped to take over the ranch, in time); and, in an angry mood, he makes a secret deal with Harry Ide—a deal in which he and Ide agree not to molest each other, in any way. . . .

Following a visit to Sherman City, Goodnight spends the night at Rosalia's home. Niles Brand, still weak, is recuperating in the adjacent hotel.

In the morning, Goodnight rises, leaves his room, encounters Rosalia. The girl, he notes, is unusually serious. "Niles," she says abruptly, "was killed last night. Somebody got to his window and shot through it. He was asleep."

IV

GOODNIGHT stood wholly still; Rosalia saw his lips stretch thin and very tight. His eyes changed, opening full on her with an expression she could not fathom and never afterward understood; but at the moment it was as though he hated her and wished to kill her.

She dropped her eyes out of pity and heard him draw a long breath. Afterward he turned from the room. She followed him to the porch and watched him walk across the yard toward the hotel, very slowly, with his head down and his shoulders sloped. He went into the hotel.

Bob Carruth watched Virginia rush out on Boston Bill's heels. She kept calling to him; she tried to catch his arm as he reached his horse. He swung around her, his stirrup grazing her as he rushed on

Syd came along the back side of the hotel, to follow Goodnight. She checked him with She murmured, "Stay out of there." Syd mo into the alley. Rosalia waited, her shoulder the two-by-two post. She waited with her eye the hotel doorway into which he had gone, pat darkly foreboding and inexpressibly sad. H lay long and loose and she could easily have cr prevented her was her will and her fear for hi he came out of the hotel five minutes afterwar in this same position. He had closed up entirel soft and painfully quiet with his words.

"You have any idea who did it, Rosalia?"

"Yes," she said. "I know."

He waited and his eyes begged her, but training in minding his own counsel told enough the question was foolish. He gave he speak, if she chose to speak, hopefully waiting

"There were three men in town all night," "Two from the desert and one from the hill why Syd came to the saloon to meet you. I k were here. We had somebody watching Niles and somebody in the hotel, across from his ro the man watching the window stepped away o'clock to get a cup of coffee."

He said, "What'd they want Niles for? He any of this. He was out of it." He thought of i his mind reaching forward and around the who She saw the truth of the matter come to him stages, forming around his mouth and darkenin pression. "They were after me. They thought t shooting me when they killed Niles."

"Yes," she said, not wanting to say it.

He drew in his breath; he *(Continued on p*

How "*Equal*" are Women?

By Amram Scheinfeld

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY NINA LEEN-PIX

THE last Congressional elections, fifty-three per cent of the votes were cast by women. At the ction, the women are certain to a uch larger majority. Even when ur ldiers come home, women in the ed ates will be able to outvote men. n get anything they want for es—if they can get together on th y want.

t why our worried lawmakers, g e problem of what to do about pr osed Equal Rights Amendment now before Congress, are asking, "Just what do women want?"

That question has a lot of angles.

In America today, the old boundaries between the sexes are constantly being broken down, and the importance of biological sex differences is being considerably diminished. Women—even mothers—have vastly more opportunity than ever before to participate in the outside world of work that once belonged exclusively to men. More and more women are becoming their own providers and protectors; they are choosing to earn their own livings.

This new group of women has every right to challenge the outmoded laws, rules and codes of conduct that stand in the way of their happiness—which is exactly what they are doing. But when they ask for "full equality," the questions arise: How far can this be achieved through legal action? And, do *all* want it?

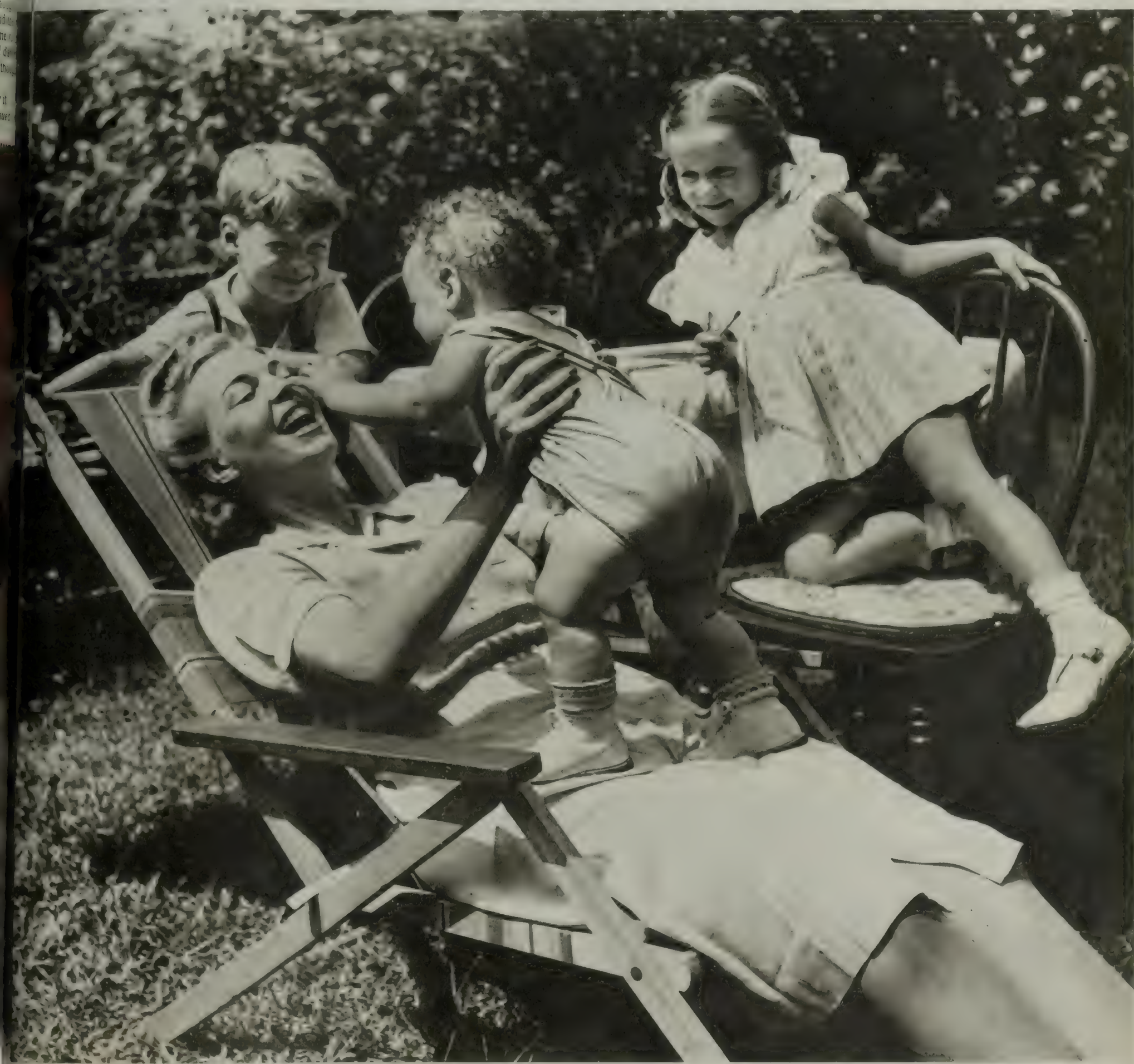
First is the fact that most of the discriminations or "inequalities" against which women protest are in jobs, professions, or in the social world, and cannot easily be attacked or overcome through legislation.

Next, the attitude of individual women toward "equality" with men, or their desire for it, may depend largely on whether their chief interest is in a job or career, or in their home.

The best illustration of how women are divided among themselves is furnished by their reaction to the Equal Rights Amendment. As originally proposed, it read:

(Continued on page 73)

nl women argue among themselves about legislation for their "rights," Nature stands pat on some legislating she did a long time ago



HERMA
THE SHERMA

BY BEN MERS

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER

The colonel forgot to hang on. When the jeep hit the bank of the wadi, he caromed off on his beezer in the anthill. Not hard, but hard enough to let the ants know he was there

Car, motorcycle, or tank—if it ran on gas, Pfc. Burkitt could make it do tricks. Here's how a taxi jockey soured a kraut

Anthill-by-the-Sea,
Tunisia, April 6.

Magistrate Thomas O'Toole,
Office of the Provost Marshal,
Oran, Algeria.

Dear Judge: I been wondering why you never answered my letters, and today I found out why. The lieutenant says he read in Stars and Stripes that you gave Bronx Traffic Court the heave-ho last September, and that you've been a major in the M.P.s ever since. But I'll still call you Judge. A guy can never tell when the war might end.

Well, Judge, being in the M.P.s still keeps you in the law-and-order business, so I guess it's still my job to tell you how I been getting along. That was our probation agreement the day you gave me a suspended sentence for hooking Patrolman Burgo's pants with the fender of my cab. Remember?

Honest, Judge, I don't know what to say. But it's a cinch somebody is nuts, because the colonel is going to hang a medal on my breather tomorrow.

Usually, Judge, medals is okay. I remember how good it made me feel the day Police Commissioner Blight gave me one for conking a stick-up guy with a lug wrench. But this here one the colonel is giving me is different. The colonel says it's for valor. But, Judge, you always called it reckless driving. And with you it would give six months in the crier.

The first thing I thought when it happened was, "The colonel's smart." Then I remembered he ain't so smart. Because only last month he fired me as his chauffeur—and chucked me back in a tank—for bouncing him out of a jeep on his kisser. He forgot to hang on when I took a short cut across a wadi. What did he expect, knee action?

Then I thought about you, Judge. But, honest, I'm not so sure you know the score, either. You really don't understand me or the other boys who used to hack on the Grand Concourse in the good old Bronx. I been thinking it over ever since I stopped reporting for probation in person.

For instance, remember the time I went up a one-way street the wrong way, and Hizzoner the Mayor was coming down the other way. Did I smack him, or back up, or tie up traffic? No. All I did was hop the sidewalk and drive around him. For that, it cost me fifty bucks.

Or when I turned over Sam Schnauzer's cab with my bumper—or even when I did that job on Patrolman Burgo's pants? That wasn't reckless driving. That was talent. I guess you never understood that, Judge. Neither did the colonel when he gave me the gate. I wasn't just taking him for a ride. I was giving him special service.

IT HAPPENED like this: "Drive to Staff Headquarters in a hurry," he tells me. A hurry is a hurry, so I took the short cut across the wadi. Always when I'm by myself I drive that way. It's faster and very recreational. I take stones and put them on the hood. Then when I bounce down the wadi and go up the other side, the stones sail off and smack a big anthill which lives there. I never miss, Judge, and the ants come out and applaud with razors and drills.

Judge, these are some ants. Big like cockroaches. And the hill where they're tenants is the size of a kitchen.

So with the colonel, it happened like with the stones. When I hit the bank of the wadi, he caromed off on his beezer in the anthill. Not hard, but hard enough to let the ants know he was there.

First thing he did was retreat i cap and into the wadi at the sam But the ants beat him to both Then he tried to counterattack by ing himself hard over the dome w cap. This gave him a headache. Or it made him see these here desert m because he began to yell for rein ments.

I was the only reinforcement a so I hustled down into the wadi.

"Corporal Burkitt reporting, sir,"

The colonel was sitting on a roc couple of directions at the same With one hand he was shooing a his polished dome; with the other tightening his belt to keep any more marching down his pants. He was red, and I was afraid he was stra himself in the middle.

"Look, Colonel," I said, "once wh lived in Bensonhurst we got ants sofa. Everybody said we should out the sofa, but we didn't."

I could see the colonel was inte even if he was too busy twisting o axis to say so.

"We took gasoline and spilled it o sofa," I said. "It didn't smell so goo nobody wanted to sit on the sofa long time. But the ants moved out. think . . ."

(Continued on page 58)

CORNER OF HEAVEN

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

COPYRIGHT, 1943, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

VII

The Story Thus Far:

THE death of Griselle Mountjoy's grandfather, with whom she has lived ever since her mother and father died, leaves her alone in an old house not far from Washington, D. C.

General Andrew Cruickshank, her grandfather's best friend, persuades her to come to California, where he is living. There, in Berkeley, she enters the University of California as a student; and she makes her home with the Cruickshanks—Dr. Sam Cruickshank, the general's nephew, and his wife, Mollie, who run a boardinghouse for girls.

Back East, Griselle had met, and fallen in love with, a Californian, Alan McIntyre, a captain in the U. S. Army Medical Corps. He had given her no encouragement. Still, when he shows up in Berkeley, Griselle is thrilled.

Unfortunately Alan loves someone else—the general's niece, Mitzi Armitage. Mitzi already has a husband: a lieutenant in the Navy. But she loves—Alan! . . . Captain McIntyre is a thoroughly decent sort. He tries to make himself believe that he loves Griselle, not Mitzi; he actually asks Griselle to marry him. But, a short time later, he weakens—writes Griselle a letter informing her that he had made a "mistake." Then he goes away, reports for duty in some far-distant place. Griselle does not let this affect her growing friendship with Alan's mother and his crippled younger brother, Steve.

Old General Cruickshank likes Alan. But he is deeply disturbed by what is going on. He makes an important decision: to alter his will (in which Mitzi presumably is sole beneficiary) so that others may share in what he leaves!

Both Griselle and Mitzi know, vaguely, of what he is planning to do. It is a matter of indifference to Griselle. But Mitzi gives it considerable thought. Her husband, David, has been reported missing. He left but little provision for her, and although she is now free to marry Alan, she dreads being a poor doctor's wife. One day, when she is alone with Griselle, she speaks of the general's "heart trouble," *and* certain pills that he takes every night at bedtime.

Griselle stares at her. Mitzi hesitates. "I was thinking," she says slowly, "that if Uncle Andrew did die quietly in his sleep they'd blame it on an overdose of the pills."

THAT'S silly talk," Griselle said coldly. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You'd no more do anything like that than I would."

"Anything like what?" Mitzi demanded, instantly roused to anger. "I'm not thinking of murdering him, if that's what you mean! But if he *did* take an overdose before McMurray comes back with a crazy new will—which Uncle Andrew is too old to know how to write anyway—"

"His mind," Griselle said mildly, as Mitzi paused, "is as clear as a bell. And why you should grudge Aunt Mollie some of his money, when she and the doctor have worked so hard all these years, is more than I can understand!"

"Oh, I don't! You make me tired!" Mitzi said in exasperation. "Everything makes me tired! I don't know why everyone should begin picking on me. Uncle Andrew maundering along about my settling down and having a lot of babies—on *what?* He'd love to see me in a two-dollar kitchen apron—"

"One eighty-nine," substituted Griselle, passing a truck and feeling mingled triumph, relief and scare as she did so. "Anyway," she added consolingly, "you have the Cruickshank emerald."

"It's gorgeous, too," Mitzi said sulkily. "I took it into Shreve's this morning to have it reset, and they say it's a rare stone. He knew all about it; he looked it up. It's going to be perfectly stunning and I'm going to tell people it's my engagement ring. Alan won't care, and it will—well, it'll—"

"Impress people," Griselle supplied.

"It's all for the credit of his family!" Mitzi answered quickly.

Maybe they don't care for exactly that sort of display, Griselle thought. But she did not say it aloud, and when she spoke again, it was on another subject.

"Some day next week Mrs. McIntyre and Steve and I are going up to see my ranch."

"I was going up to stay with Marie-Thérèse this week," Mitzi said complainingly, not interested in the proposed expedition; "but I hate to go away and leave Uncle Andrew right now, because," she went on impressively, "I honestly do not think he is responsible."

"If I were you, I'd stop worrying about that—you'll get plenty—and it's horrible to think of your policing him," Griselle said without rancor. "Let the poor old man do what he likes with his money. The government will get a third of it anyway."

"Oh, it's all very well for you!" Mitzi retorted sharply. "But I've always been given to suppose that Uncle Andrew's money was coming to me."

"Who told you it would? He didn't."

"No; he didn't. But it was always taken for granted," Mitzi said with dignity. "My father told me once he was sure it would be left to me."

Griselle said nothing.

"STEVE, what did you think of Mitzi?" Griselle asked that same evening, when she had walked under the trees of the dark night streets for a few minutes with him and his mother.

"Beautiful," Steve said. "Nattier. Greuze."

"You can see what he sees in her," Alan's mother conceded. *(Continued on page 36)*

They all went to the coroner's office. Mitzi maintained a complete silence, even while she was being fingerprinted

The paratrooper dines on K ratio sits atop a hill, so that anyo approaches must come from belo long knife is strapped to his rig It can be used in the blink of

Paratroops Behind Nazi Lines

BY ROBERT DEVORE

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROBERT CAPA

If it weren't for the American airborne troops behind the Sicilian lines, the Nazis might have blistered Patton's Seventh Army off the beaches. But the cloud kids, fighting their first real fight, were back there, playing bazooka solos on Mark VI tanks and blocking roads and bridges until the big guns moved up

THERE was feasting in the city of Kairouan in northeast Tunisia on the night of July 8th. One might have allowed himself to imagine that suddenly someone had called off the war—on the eve of the invasion of Sicily. There was merriment in Kairouan that night, as officers and men of a combat team of the 82d American Airborne Division followed big mouthfuls of juicy and fortifying steak with draughts of red and comforting wine. A few hours away in the time sequence of these men lay the Italian island outpost and bitter battles each knew he would have to live through—or die. Yet only the present was real, and the present was gay. Sicily was still a vague nightmare.

They remembered only yesterday, and the three months preceding, when they had nothing to eat but canned rations—no red, fresh beef. They had spent those months at Oudjda, north of the African desert and a thousand miles west of Kairouan, where the section of Sicily they were to attack—its roads and pillboxes—had been reproduced in life size and where the combat team rehearsed on this stage the battles of tomorrow when a nightmare was to become a reality.

Major General Matthew B. Ridgway, commanding the 82d, also remembered three months of canned rations and was conscious that the Lord only knew how many more months of them were to come. He ordered $1,000 worth of beef and wine bought from regimental funds—a pound of beef and a bottle of wine for every man.

It might have occurred to some of these soldiers that men condemned to die customarily are proffered fine food and drink on the eve of their execution. Yet, in the next few days, the men now feasting, who would drop from the night clouds over Sicily, were to prove that paratroopers don't have to die.

In this country and abroad, the paratrooper is a precocious fatalist who assumes that dying is entirely a matter of fate's whim. No amount of argument will convince the 19-, 20- and 21-year-old wonders otherwise, for a sudden gust of wind, a stump or boulder, unseen at night, can break a paratrooper's leg or take his life. The paratrooper knows he is brave. He proves it every time he jumps.

The air soldier flaunts his contempt for death in the swagger of his walk, his cocksure speech, the ferocity with which he trains and fights, and in his songs: "Gory, gory, what a hell of a mess he made. He ain't gonna jump no more" (sung to the tune of the Battle Hymn of the Republic), or "Airborne, we fly the sky, paratroopers do or die—mostly die."

During the first few days of the invasion, virtually all combat elements of the 82d Division were put into Sicily by air. What the next big push will bring is any layman's guess. But it is easy to imagine, not one, but two, three and, perhaps, four, divisions flanking Axis front defense lines by air, and landing, at night, in cl parachutes and swarms of gliders. air-carried forces then will be in tion to assist seaborne invaders n by harassing the rear of the fo lines, but by standing in the way attempts to bring up reserves. proved it can be done.

These men also were to show airborne force can assail and cap enemy's strategic strong points, ca his bridges and his highways, can nate his high-banked rivers and, a has been achieved, can fight off hi terattacks, can parry his thrusts a bodies of invading troops; can, in prevent the enemy from wiping out ican beachheads.

One thing more these paratroope to prove: The American soldier is t night fighter in Europe. Not onl superior to the German and Italia the moon is dark and the sky overc he prefers to fight at night.

Army with Wings

About half the strength of the 82 sion parachuted into Sicily the ni Friday-Saturday, July 9-10th. Th ance of the division's combat el landed in gliders on the night of S July 11th. Only "several hundre troopers were killed, according to General Joseph M. Swing, who w to North Africa late last June t General Dwight D. Eisenhower c nate the airborne phases of the in with the operations of seaborne t General Swing recently returned post as commander of the 11th Ai Division now training at Camp M North Carolina.

On this job, the American airt differed from all who preceded him b rying all his fighting equipment wit That is, it was either landed on his or sent to earth in separate parac This included his rifle, his .30-calibe chine gun, his 60- and 81-millimeter tars, his 37-millimeter antitank gu light, specially built 75-millimeter zer, his bazooka. At Crete, the Naz heavier equipment by sea. The paratrooper knocked out German after tank, some of them big Mark with weapons that, with the excepti the little 75, were incapable of penet the frontal armor of the bigger Naz chines.

American troops that landed in S even though they landed in a 35-mile were a complete fighting force with e ment and soldiers trained for every bat task—infantry and artillery (para and glider), engineers, signal, me quartermaster and ordnance units.

Before the take-off for Sicily, trans of the Troop Carrier Command (in soldiers of the combat team were ried into battle) were dispersed ove landing fields in a triangular area forty-five miles on either side and em ing the Tunisian towns of Kairouan Enfidaville in the interior, and Souss the seacoast. The area was well withi range of Axis bombers, a circumst which called for scattering the big riers as widely as possible, so that enemy would be afforded the poorest sible target.

The opening phase of the air inva took place on the night of Friday-S day, July 9-10th. The first troop car started down their runways on sche carefully worked out, so that when got into their tight formations over

riat Island, the ships would be flying a sequence that would enable para-ope to land in proper military order. airborne division goes into battle just a vision on land moves into en-y territory—infantry first, artillery and er supporting units in the rear.

Th combat team flew into Sicily, t li a division moving down a road," ne Swing explained. "The planes de heir rendezvous at Kuriate Island ho mishap, formed their air columns d moved across the Mediterranean, first tw d to Malta, then in northerly di-tio until a landfall was made on ly then northeast along the south-st cilian coast, out of range of shore en s, until the air fleet reached a point pose Gela, where the convoy made a ht urn directly into the island. The te was approximately 300 miles long, ab ut 150 miles longer than a direct rs."

It as necessary to select such a route ke our planes out of the way of our n ghters then over Sicily, while at the ne ime making certain that the para-op s were landed the number of hours ea of the main forces required for sof-in up enemy defenses.

Th ughout the entire crossing, the in flew in tight formation, 200 feet ov the water, to insure maximum se-ri against enemy fighters.

Bu the minute the transports crossed Si ilian beach in the vicinity of Gela, the troops were to jump, enemy fi and searchlight opposition was co tered. Very few American planes re hit, however, but from those that re struck by hostile fire, the majority o troopers bailed out without injury. O ne of the crippled transports rode p oon in charge of a lieutenant of the Field Artillery. The plane had ed to about 500 feet, the altitude which the jumps were made, allow-bout fifteen seconds to elapse be-the start of the jump and the time ooper came to earth. An antiair-shell hit the plane as the men were mp position. The lieutenant was hed in the open door, his men in a grim little row behind him, their c" lines hooked to the cable so that chute would be yanked open as tumbled groundward.

Te lieutenant calmly unhooked his line, moved his men out ahead of They lived to fight on the ground. ied in the crash.

Surrounding the Enemy

ith two exceptions, the majority of rne units were dropped at their ap-ted places in the cactus and vine-red mountain country north and east nd Gela, where, after thirty hours of ge fighting, they captured and held ions commanding the Gela-Vittoria (the only good coastal highway on island), also roadways converging on from the interior, over which, be-e of the roughness of the terrain, the ny was required to bring up his re-es.

Whether dispersed or not, none of the s was "lost" in the sense that it didn't w where it was, or that its landing was o value to the main attack. All com-ents were dropped behind the enemy's stal defenses. All therefore posed a at to the foe's rear while the First, rd and Forty-fifth American Divisions nched assaults from the sea, the First ning ashore in front of the coastal hills r Gela, the Third landing on the First's st flank while the Forty-fifth fought its y on the east flank to Scoglitti.

Sicily's beaches are narrow and are minated by high hills from which it uld have been possible for a defender blister the landings with light and heavy illery, and even machine guns. One of the missions of the airborne troops was to keep the foe from making full use of his advantageous defense positions by constantly menacing his rear. The enemy's resistance was light, partially because strong airborne forces were behind him.

The other mission of the paratroopers was to prevent the 15th German Panzer Division from coming forward from reserve positions in the interior to help drive the seaborne American divisions into the sea.

While German armored troops in some instances were able to send spearheads to the sea, they were not in sufficient force to hurt the mass landings. The failure of German armor in the early phases of the invasion was due to a large extent to the tremendous fighting power displayed by American air soldiers who had never been in battle before.

Fight to the Finish

A half-battalion of infantry floated down some distance from its objective—but still behind the coast defenses—landing in the hills north of Niscemi. Before officers of these companies could consider what it was best for them to do, the enemy provided the answer by surrounding their positions in superior strength.

In this predicament, there was only one course of action. That was to dig in on the heights and fight. They fought like madmen. Some died. Many survived. None was taken prisoner. And while they were unable to lend direct support to principal airborne components nearer Gela, their performance was tactically valuable. The enemy had to send troops up the Niscemi road to get at them, and such was the resistance of the Americans that considerable bodies of Axis soldiers had to be diverted for the attack.

The second "lost" detachment consisted of two infantry companies that landed near Marina di Ragusa. They, too, found themselves in the midst of an enemy whose great numerical strength they prudently avoided meeting in a frontal attack. They chose, instead, to hack away at small hostile units. At this, they were eminently successful. Lacking a long-range transmitter of their own, they captured a German radio. Transmitting on the Nazi wave length, their first message requested orders for the disposition of 400 Italian prisoners.

Officers and men of the 82d Division were familiar with the military landscape in the vicinity of Gela. This section of Sicily had virtually been re-created near Oudjda, the North African invasion rehearsal area nearly 1,500 miles from the island. By aerial photographs and other means, the precise nature of the topography of the land and of the military installations was reproduced, in miniature, on sand tables, and also in full size on the North African landscape. Sand tables showed what the Gela section looked like from the air. To make the soldier on the ground as familiar with his battlefield as he was with his own home town, Army bulldozers sliced up the countryside around Oudjda into roads, hills and pillboxes as nearly as possible as they were to be found in Sicily.

Here, for three months, paratroopers

(Continued on page 54)

The setting sun was fat and golden in the west when our paratroopers boarded their big plane in Tunisia for the vertical envelopment of Sicily

"Sicily below!" Gloved, loaded with equipment, the paratrooper leaps into the black velvet sky. His heavier accessories—field guns, ammunition, food—will follow him

The corporal found one of his men without a first-aid kit. It's being strapped to his arm. Contains bandage, gauze, sulfa tablets, antiseptic, tourniquet. The "buck" carries more items than a department store

THE DEAN MURDER CASE

By Bill McGoogan and Kyle Crichton

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY EUGENE TAYLOR

If it ain't properly no murder, the professors think it is, even though Dizzy don't

PROMINENT educators will tell you that Jerome Herman Dean has corrupted the youth of four Middle Western states to a point where the cause of pure English has been set back at least a century. They will call it murder. Mr. Dean is the celebrated "Dizzy" Dean of baseball fame, now a sports radio broadcaster in St. Louis.

"He slud into third and was throwed out," cries Dizzy gleefully into the microphone, and English teachers wearily start all over again with their little charges.

Dizzy covers the games of the St. Louis Cardinals and Browns and has brought to radio a casualness that elates millions of listeners. He is frank, he is to the point, he is utterly without inhibitions.

"Excuse me, folks," he said one night. "I jest had a nice, long, cool drink of beer and I liketa belched right into this dern' thing."

Whereupon, Johnny O'Hara, his associate on the broadcasts, reached over and tapped Diz on the arm. "Careful, Diz. That didn't sound very gentlemanly."

"Why not?" Diz came back. "I belched, but I apologized, didn't I? What else can you do when you belch but apologize?"

"Waw! Waw!" howled the audience down through the Ozarks and into the reaches of the Upper Kaw.

The possibility that Mr. Dean may create a new language is not to be lightly dismissed. When he says, "That was a foul ball, folks, and the runners has returned to their respectable bases," he is putting words into the mouths of the younger generation that no amount of rattan-switching may get out. The further information that the "pitcher is standing very confidential out there on the mound" will only add to the danger.

Most important in Dizzy's influence is the fact that he has one of the best radio voices in existence. It is rounded and mellow and forthright. He is said to get $10,000 a season for his radio work and he picks up another $600 or $700 every Sunday, playing ball. There are no Sunday broadcasts, and the arrangement keeps Diz a contented boy.

"That boy looks mighty hitterish to me up there at the plate," says Diz happily, and another word goes into the dictionary.

His broadcasts are informal to the point of license. He leans out of the booth on top of the stands at Sportsman's Park and yells at the players down below.

"Look out, Cupper (Cooper), the hit-and-run's on!" he howled one day, and Al Lopez of Pittsburgh stepped out of the batter's box and looked up angrily, for indeed the hit-and-run *had* been on, and Diz had no intention of allowing his boys to be taken unawares.

Dizzy's desire to see the Cards win causes him to growl, shout, close his eyes to plays and even to yell advice during his daily broadcasts. His syntax is sinful

His trouble with proper names come legendary. Musial always t to be "Moo-zell"; Brecheen is m phosed into "Burseen"; Dahlgre ways "Dahlgram"; and the Coop turn into "Cupper." The one tha drove him mad, however, was kaus, who was with the Browns l before going into the Canadian Diz tried it doggedly a dozen c ways and finally compromis "Kraky."

"I hope that boy likes the army s he won't come out till he's a gen-ru Diz in relief, when Kraky went m off to the wars.

His pet peeve is broadcasting from a ticker, which is done son when the St. Louis teams are on t and there is no game at home. occasion when he was covering a Day double-header from Pittsbu blew up.

"Folks, we ain't gettin' this st way we're handin' it out to you," "They send a few words from t park, and we imagine the rest. It's bunk." The last came in a moan listeners, who were elated to hear o air what they had always secretly be

Loyal to His Pals

His honest desire to see the Ca win has caused him great concern. in the booth during trying momen breaks pencils into bits as the battle back and forth. He doesn't like to l cast innings in which the Redbird trouble, and he has been known to s his eyes covered, not wanting to w the carnage.

"He swang and missed," he wi hopefully, when the enemy is at ba the bases full, and then, "Oo-o-o-h! tortured voice, showing that disast overtaken his favorites.

"He was out by a heifer step," h say, to show that the margin was and another word will be canonized earthy phrases arise from his backg as a farm boy and as a present ow a stock-breeding ranch near Dallas.

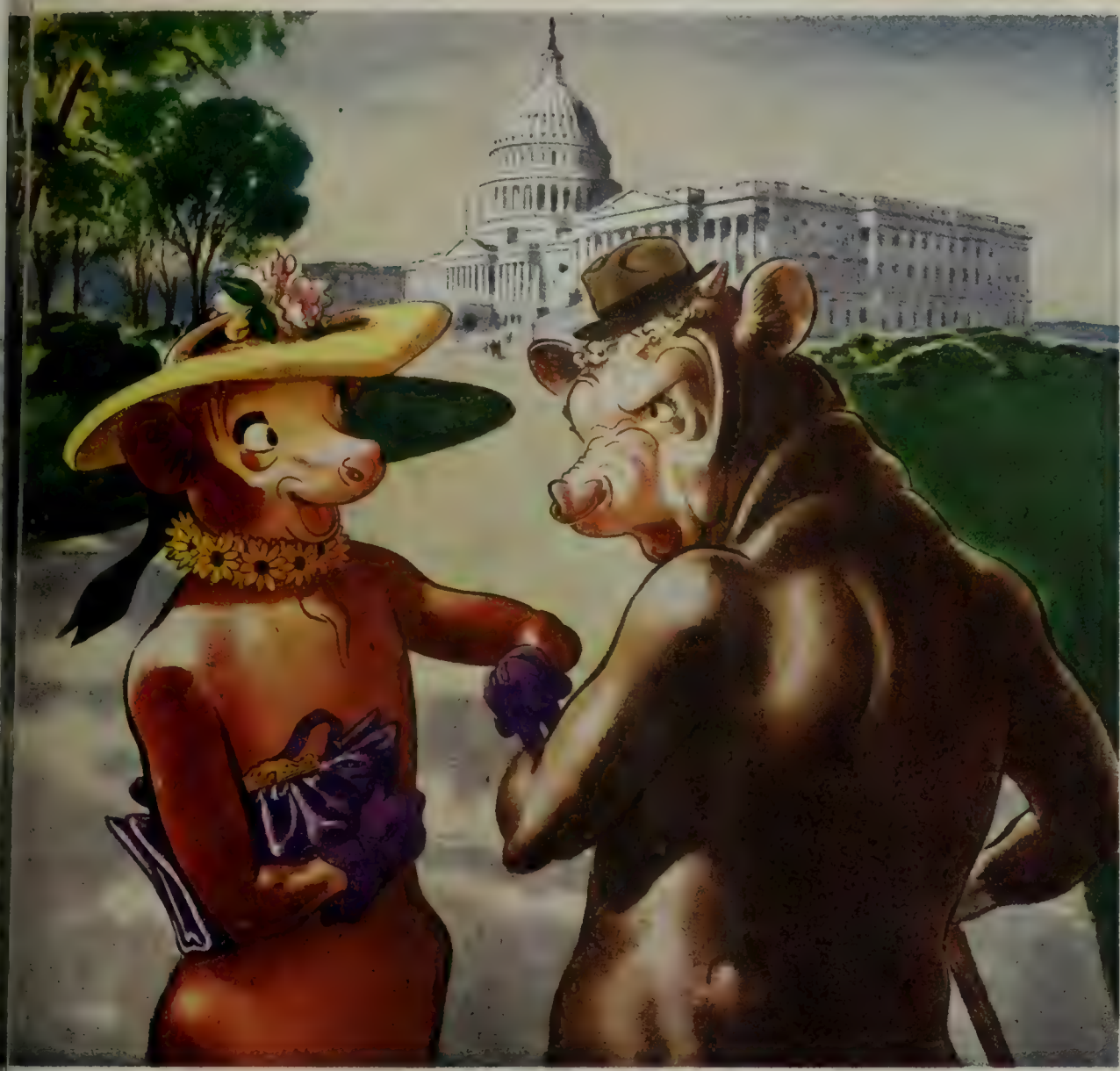
He refers to Ted Williams, the Boston hitter, as "Loose Goose" Will and when he returned lately from a to his farm, a second possession, he mention of the excellent time he ha joyed at his Arkansas penthouse.

"You want to know what that is asked, confident that his followers i were interested. "That's a hogpen Venetian blinds."

When a game is dull, he fills in pauses with snatches of hillbilly son feature that has brought insistent call a full concert of such dillies. But rule, he sticks to his last, alternatin nings with Johnny O'Hara and emplo the leisure between stints in exchan repartee with his associates and in hooing to players and friends below.

He is completely opposed to rea the commercial part of the broadcast now has a second helper for that chor third helper furnishes whispers audib the radio audience anent interesting tistics, and Diz dutifully repeats t But it is known to all who have enc tered the great man that he is dumb

(Continued on page 76)



"But, Elmer," protested Elsie, "you ...an't blame Congress for the shortages"

"Who said anything about shortages?" snorted ...r, the bull. "I'm here to demand an investigation. ...st heard that all supplies of dairy products for ...an use are to be *curdled!*"

"...ly goodness," giggled Elsie, the Borden Cow, "you ...nderstood. The man said *curtailed*, not curdled. ...know how some radio announcers mumble."

"...et's not bandy words," bellowed Elmer. "What-... he said, I want an investigation."

"...on't get excited," soothed Elsie. "Let me explain. ... year all of us patriotic cows gave more milk than ...ever did before. This year, we hope to give even ...e. But there are just so many cows in the country ... thousands of dairy hands have gone to war and ... war plants. So it's hard to increase milk produc- ... and we have a shortage."

"...errrry logical," sneered Elmer. "We're short of ... because we have more milk than ever before. That ...es about as much sense as one of Hitler's speeches!"

"You didn't let me finish," smiled Elsie. "The point ...hat we need more milk than we have. You see, much ... the milk we produce now goes to our armed forces and our allies. Men in the service drink more milk than they did as civilians, you know. But in spite of that, there should be enough pure, wholesome *Borden's Milk* for children, and probably a fair supply for adults."

"I don't know what you call a fair supply," muttered Elmer, "but I'm not a fellow to grumble about hardships. If milk runs short, I'll just eat ice cream."

"Oh, but *Borden's Ice Cream* will be much scarcer than milk," explained Elsie. "We can't get as much cream, because it's needed to make butter for our soldiers. And the milk must be used to make other concentrated dairy foods."

"That's a new one on me," puzzled Elmer. "I thought I'd heard you brag about everything under the sun made from milk. But you never mentioned concentrated dairy foods before."

"Silly," snickered Elsie, "a concentrated dairy food is a food like *Borden's Fine Cheese*. And, by the way, there's less cheese for civilians, too. Great quantities of it are needed for our Armed Services—because cheese is such a grand, easy way to feed milk nourishment to fighting men."

"Gee whiz," grumbled Elmer, "a cheese shortage, too. Thank goodness they don't need milk in the bread-

baking business!"

"But they do," sighed Elsie. "Bakers use lots of *Borden's Powdered Milk* in breadmaking. It's the milk that helps make bread so nutritious. So everyone is working to overcome a shortage in *powdered* milk, too."

"See here," spluttered Elmer, "the war can't have anything to do with *that*. Guns use an entirely different kind of powder."

"Of course they do," chuckled Elsie, "but powdered milk saves shipping space. So it's needed for the men overseas. The same thing is true of *Borden's Evaporated Milk*—it's valuable food in concentrated form that helps ease the strain on shipping. That's why there's

been less evaporated milk for folks here at home."

"I never thought of it that way," admitted Elmer. "But after hearing you talk, I suppose *Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk* is hard to get because every cook in the army is using it to make desserts."

"Heavens, no," laughed Elsie. "With Eagle Brand we have a milk shortage, a sugar shortage, and a tin-can shortage to worry about. So the government has just had to limit production."

"Hmm," mused Elmer, "looks to me like it's a case of eat less of some foods now or eat crow later. And if doing without will help win this war a little sooner, I'm all for it."

"And that," beamed Elsie, looking at Elmer with new respect, "is certainly no bull."

© The Borden Co

This isn't such a crazy tree

Maybe this tree, bearing, (1) Limes, (2) Lemons, (3) Cherries, (4) Oranges, and (5) Pineapples, seems a little crazy at first.

But it would be mighty sane . . . and convenient, too, if you could have one like it in your back yard.

And though even Luther Burbank couldn't have made you a handy tree like this . . .

Life Savers bring you these flavors—and *very* delicious too—in an even handier form called Five Flavor. TRY SOME!

Still only 5¢

If you can't always get the Life Sa
flavor you want . . . it's because
soldiers and sailors and marines
getting all the Life Savers *they* w

"HURRY-UP CHARLIE"

BY KATHRYN FORBES

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

ld Charlie had a heart as g a ship's boiler and a se or other people's trou- es. When he nosed into u es of his own, he found e s in surprising places

HE first night old Charlie came to work in the marine paint department, I remember thinking to my- isn't bad enough to be bossing the rd shift; now the front office is me dead ones.

be I didn't look too pleased.

lie tried to straighten the stoop in k, tried to put a little sparkle in his eyes.

an paint good, mister," he said. to paint my own house, come every

y, my quarterman, winked at me. ked at the neat little business card handed me.

arles Brandon & Sons," it read. Shoes for Discriminating People. , California."

own business," he explained y. "Had it for over twenty years."

at's fine," I said, "fine. But look, ou shouldn't be trying to work in a rd. Now, why don't you go back to ice little store and—"

nt to work here," old Charlie said rnly. "I want to work on ships."

ed again. "Painting ships is no easy specially here on graveyard. We're st craft to work; we're under the st kind of pressure. We're out on ways in all kinds of weather. —"

want to work on ships." Charlie d me his timecard.

nt him over to the shop man to get er.

t him in the plate shop," I told . "Start him priming shell plates." was the easiest job I could think of.

LUNCHTIME—four o'clock in the norning to us—I met Scotty coming f number two hold.

ow's the new man working out?" I

harlie?" Scotty grinned. "He's the ingest old monn I ever see. Wouldna' ow much worrk he's getting done, but ertainly busy doing it. He does nae he *runs*. Groomer's got him nick- d already. Calls him 'Hurry-Up lie.' "

ad to laugh. Groomer was great on ames. He was my best leaderman; a y chip-on-his-shoulder sort, but his swore by him and he could get more out of them than any boss in the His disposition had never been t; it was downright sour since he'd to enlist and been turned down.

we sat around eating our lunches night, Groomer started sounding off, sual. He always begins: "The trou- with this country"—(or the Navy or Army or the Administration)—"is—" he goes right down the line, proving point. A lot of it's hooey, sure. But sometimes he sounds so logical, it makes you shiver.

This night he took to grumbling about the British. Somebody'd told him that our boys in Ireland weren't getting a square deal and he was sore about it.

I tried to head Groomer off. I knew I'd have a bad time with Turkey-Neck Jensen for the rest of the shift. His oldest boy is in Ireland and talk like that is just enough to get Turkey-Neck started on one of those drinking sprees of his. We'd be lucky if he got back to work in a week. I crossed my fingers.

Groomer complained on, giving incident after incident. The men moved uneasily.

"Now that's a funny thing," old Hurry-Up Charlie piped. "Where in Ireland did you say these boys are quartered?"

Groomer gave him a look and named the place.

Charlie whipped a letter out of his pocket and started reading it aloud. "From my wife's nephew," he explained. "He's in this very place Mr. Groomer mentions."

It was the kind of a letter a kid would write. Full of corny jokes about Irish stew; but mostly about the good times he and his buddies were having, how fine the people were treating them.

It made you feel good, listening to it. I heard Turkey-Neck give a big, relieved sigh. I uncrossed my fingers.

Groomer looked sour. "Maybe I nicknamed you wrong," he said to Charlie. "Maybe you ought to be called 'Know-It-All Charlie.' "

Old Charlie smiled innocently. "Do you always nickname people in the shipyards? If so, I've thought of one for you, Mr. Groomer."

"Yeah?"

"Yes, sir. I think you should be called 'Rumor Groomer.' "

The men got a kick out of that. For months they'd been trying to think of a nickname for Groomer, and here was a honey. They were still joshing him when the back-to-work whistle sounded.

Scotty stayed to get work orders for the spraymen.

"Pretty quick on the trigger, our Hurry-Up Charlie," I said.

"Aye," Scotty said. "But it may be he was nae so smart to tangle with Groomer."

Then Scotty gave me a funny look and said: "Would ye like to know something, Joe?"

"What?"

"That letter the old mon was reading—the one from the lad in Ireland. I looked over his shoulder. Joe, it was naught but a shoe advertisement."

WELL, anyhow, we didn't hear any more sniping from Groomer. Every time he'd start sounding off, one or another of the men would yell, "Rumor Groomer!" and he'd shut up.

(Continued on page 51)

got a big kick out of watching old rlie's face when each new ship went n the ways. "There she goes!" he ld yell out. "We've sent another ship!"

NOT TO FORGET

BY EDWARD AND ROSE PRICE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

Is a man unfaithful to a first love when he finds room in his heart for a second? The time came when Johnny Marin had to decide that perplexing question for himself

HE DIDN'T stop at Grewe's store once in six months, preferring, for the one reason he would not admit to himself, to make the longer trip to Newmarket for his needs. Now, saving gas and rubber, he drew up to and stopped there, on the way to Hill's farm, hoping John, not Mrs. Grewe, would be there. It was the women of the town who kept him lonely.

Mrs. Grewe was there, and Mrs. Lockett, and another he supposed he should know.

"Well, Johnny Marin!" she exclaimed. "I see you pass by every week, and I say to my husband, 'Now, why doesn't Johnny Marin stop here the way he used to when Polly was alive?' Why, I can see you now, the two of you, coming in, laughing and talking, to get some ice cream to bring up to her father's."

"We-ell—" Johnny began, awkwardly.

"It seems like only yesterday," Mrs. Grewe went on. "And if I've said it once, I've said it a thousand times to everyone, 'There's the man who married the loveliest girl in the county.' My! Your Polly was pretty, John Marin."

There it was again, that undertone of accusation, and Johnny said, "Yes, she—"

Mrs. Lockett put in, "Let's see. The baby would be around four, now?"

"This March past," Johnny said.

The woman he supposed he should know said, "Four years. You've certainly been faithful to her memory, Mr. Marin." The way she said it, Johnny figured it a grudging and doubting concession.

"Look, Mrs. Grewe," he said, harshly, "could I get a pound can of that Stockman tobacco? I'm in kind of a hurry."

He paid and went out. As he started the car, he heard, "Well! Like the old saying, 'Man gets and forgets; woman gives and—' "

The burn of his ears had cooled by the time he reached Hill's, and he sat in the old familiar kitchen, on the late Saturday afternoon, and watched Kathie wrap the big brown loaves he was to take home.

Kathie came outside with the
held the bread and gave it
"Here you are, Johnny. Good n
said and placed her hands on

She had Polly's quick, gracef
walking, of bending to the table,
she turned to face him she was
person in Leetown who didn't re
of Polly.

She was dark, and deeply qu
had been gold and laughter. An
never seen or known Polly; M
sister had taken her from the dr
a city tenement, a few years ba
company for her, and to help ar
house.

Kathie was pretty enough,
acknowledged, even her snub n
she was not what Polly's loveli
been, the wonder and admiratio
towns. And part of that wonde
as to everyone, was that Polly h
and married and—well, yes, peop
died for him.

There were the memories of t
year together that must always
him, he thought. The murmur
night, in the cool gloom of their b
her voice at the piano, singing t
his mother had sung there, and Po
ing about the kitchen at home a
moved about this one.

He cleared his throat, softly
Brooks turned up this morning,"
irrelevantly. He chuckled, filling
"Spring is here, then, when he com
When the sap starts running, no
farm can hold him long. Lazy
I don't see why I—"

"Pa Hill says your mother lik
around the house."

He said, thoughtfully, "That'
Polly thought a deal of him, too.

KATHIE had wrapped his week'
packed it in a carton. "The s
so late, this year. Johnny, when n
come, I wish you'd notice if the new
of skunk cabbage have sprung u
in that far lot of yours. You kn
Pa Hill wants a mess of the gre
minute they're out. Bitter stuff, ugh
for his nerves, he says, though."

"I ought to plow that piece,"
reminded and then he grinned. "
let it lay for Polly's pa." Behind t
she saw the hurt and lonesomene
stayed fresh and raw.

Kathie said, "Old Brooks will b
pany for you, Johnny, and you'l
change from your own cooking
ought to get a woman in, Johnny."

Then, beneath the glow from the
heat, a sudden flush deepened on h
as he looked at her.

She went on, hurriedly, "Mrs. Ma
agle, for instance. She kept house
Horace, until he died, and took goo
of him. She might—"

"I need no woman's care," Johnn
"Arch and young Whitehouse both
home; Brooks sleeps over the woods
only keep two rooms open."

He went to the car, but turne
waved back to her before he reac
Passing the store, he waved to
Grewe, standing before it with t
three others. He could guess what
would be saying.

"There's Johnny Marin, farms
back river road. Married the nice
you ever laid eyes on. She died—"

Old Albert Brooks was on the
stoop, honing a scythe, as Johnny dr

"That's not scraping the hen
Marin pointed out.

"You're right, Johnny boy,
right," Brooks said, cheerily. "Bu
back ached, boy, and I always bre
gradual. As long's a man's doin'
thing, I say, he's putting in his time.

(Continued on page 68)

"That," the jury said, "is your milder, better-tasting cigarette!..."

When you try your first Fleetwood, you will taste the result of a *new idea in cigarette blending*. Its exquisite flavor was created with the guidance of a professional jury of tasters of fine wines, teas, and coffees. Blend after blend was developed until they came to one which their sensitive tastes voted *both milder and better-tasting than any of the six largest-selling brands!*

And with new taste-goodness, Fleetwood also brings you extra protection against nicotine, throat irritants, and tars that stain fingers and teeth. Provided you smoke it no farther than an old-size cigarette, Fleetwood's extra length will *filter and strain* each puff of smoke, make it measurably cleaner! *A cleaner, finer smoke is Fleetwood's promise. Try a pack today.*

FLEETWOOD
A CLEANER, FINER SMOKE

RIOR CIGARETTE AT THE STANDARD PRICE • THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC. • "HOUSE OF TRADITION" • LOUISVILLE, KY.

The Wild Bunch

Continued from page 14

let it softly out. "You know who did it," he said, and again waited with his hope.

"I know," she admitted. "But I'll not tell you."

He spoke in a mild tone, as though it was something which interested him but did not stir him: "I'll find out."

"I suppose you will. Now you've got something to do, haven't you? You've got another chore. I'm sorry for you."

He bent his head, puzzled. "Why?"

"The end of the first chore left you empty. How do you think this one will leave you, if you live through it?"

"Strange talk," he murmured. "Very strange. What would you have a man do?"

She shook her head and the softness and the sadness went out of her face; she had been a woman anxious to please him and she had been a woman whose spirit was warmth and color, whose voice carried out to him the resonance of her wanting, her depths, her dreams, her hungers. She had been soft and giving; she had watched him to find his mood so that she might fit herself to it. Now she stood straight before him and had her say: "Nothing but what you must do, Frank. No man can go back on himself. You'll hunt and you'll fight and you won't rest until you've balanced the ledger for Niles." She paused. When she spoke again her voice was sharper: "I'm not arguing against you, am I?"

He shook his head and turned off, walking around the corner of her house to the street. After he had gone she went into the kitchen and stopped there. She thought, No use arguing now. But if he kills another man out of revenge he'll be an outlaw the rest of his days. If there were a way—

SUNLIGHT reached the town. A storekeeper swept the litter of his shop onto the sidewalk, a woman threw open her second-story window and tossed a pail of water onto the street, and the gray old man, Gabe, sat against the base of The Trail, half keeled over but not quite fallen. He had his hat over his eyes. He removed the hat to catch a look at Goodnight.

Goodnight said, "When did you leave the street to get that cup of coffee, Gabe?"

"It was Syd. Around three o'clock. And he didn't leave for more than five minutes. He heard the shot. He came around the hotel corner and saw the fellow fading up beyond the corral. He took a shot and missed. Fellow was on a horse by then, going up the hill road."

"On a sorrel gelding?"

"Who could see a color on a black three-o'clock mornin'?"

"Stockin'-legged front feet?"

Gabe gave him a blue, disillusioned stare. "You're askin' too many questions," he said and added something else in a lower voice that Goodnight didn't hear.

"What was that?" said Goodnight.

"I said," growled the old man testily, "you oughta get out of the country."

Goodnight drifted away and turned to the stable. He came to his horse and slid into the stall. He stood there, not sure of his next move, one hand on the big horse's back.

The horse stirred and looked at Goodnight. He ran his palm along its shoulders. He remembered Niles saying, "Better get some sleep. We can play rummy tomorrow." Niles was the last tie he had. These two—his sister and Niles had come out of the past with him, out of his boyhood; they had been together, the three of them particularly close. He remembered how much he had wished that his sister would marry Niles, as Niles had wished. It seemed it would work that way, until McSween came along. He remembered—and this was again a knife slice through him—that when he returned from Nevada with the news of her death he had found Niles playing solitary pool in Cochran's saloon. Niles said nothing, turned, racked his cue and walked out of the saloon. A little later Goodnight had found him behind the city corral, crying.

That was over. These two fine parts of his life were cut out of him.

I GOT up and ran forward. He was just goin' past."

"Where was his horse?"

"Down there in front of McDarmid's house. Syd shot once, but then this fellow was aboard and runnin' for timber."

"You saw him?"

Goodnight had heard this talk break against him, had heard single words of it as he struggled with his own thoughts. Now, suddenly, he caught that last question and grew attentive. There was a delay and afterward a sly, slow answer:

"Maybe I did. He was a tall man."

"With a big nose?"

"The nose," said the other, "might have been a big one."

That was all. One of the men came forward through the stable's gloom and saw Goodnight. He stopped and a queer expression jumped over his face. He watched Goodnight get his gear and slap it on. "You just come in here?" he asked.

"Just came in."

"Hear anything?"

"A big wind," said Goodnight. "A big wind comin' over the mountains." He rode out and paused to give his horse a drink and afterward urged the horse around the corner of the Texican and stopped in front of Rosalia Lind's house. He was about to get down when she appeared at the front door. He straightened back in the saddle, removing his hat and holding it. "This may sound queer to you—but I don't want to stay here. Will you take care of Niles?"

"Yes," she said.

He rode to the porch and he reached into his pocket and handed down a letter to her. "Put that in his pocket. I found it in my sister's coat in the hot Nevada. She wrote it to Nil hadn't mailed it. So I took it."

"You never gave it to him?"

"Some day I meant to, bu never came."

"But why not, Frank?"

"He was in love with her. she said—whether she had no whether she wished it had bee —it would have still cut him u cut up enough. I figured to wa got used to the idea of Mary be

"You haven't opened it?"

"It was from Mary to Niles. "Maybe it's best the way it c He shrugged his shoulders, sl ing, "From Mary dead, to Ni He drew up his reins, turning and rode away.

He moved up the trail, along into the forest-shadowed road, smell of pine coming down abo once. Night's coolness still held a shadows lingered in the long felt better with the timber aroun the town behind; but at the s caution came back to him and he heard the waking echoes of grade long before he saw them. steadily on and started around of the road and met them there Overman and Bob Carruth.

THEY ran down upon him a to a sharp stop. Bob Carruth some evidence of irritation: "D know better than to ride down like a dreamy parson?"

It was a strange concern, com so hard a customer as Carruth was stranger still when Virginia m in one long outflow of breath, alive!" She crowded her horse and put out her hand, touching

"Am I supposed to be dead?"

Carruth eyed him closely. "T was killed last night in town?"

"How would that news get t fast?"

Carruth shrugged the question being wholly immaterial. "Who

"You poor boy—I suppose you're starved for the sight of a woman"

COLLIER'S WILLIAM VON R

In the days when a Zero was a score!

se were the years when international contests were fun. y carried mallets instead of tommy-guns . . . and they ok hands when the game was over.

hose were the days of plenty, when Old Charter started to be the noblest whiskey of all. Nothing was spared to h this goal . . neither skill, money, materials or time. oday Old Charter is available for your enjoyment . . . waiting to remind you for a fleeting moment of good things in the past, good things to come.

We invite you to try it . . . and we ask you to remember that, because it was laid down before Pearl Harbor . . . it has not interfered with our only job today, working for Victory!

Let's speed the return of a better America, by buying war bonds and stamps . . . as many, as often as we possibly can.

OLD CHARTER

A Superb American Whiskey

S WHISKEY IS 7 YEARS OLD • STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 90 PROOF • BERNHEIM DISTILLING COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

RECEIVE WITH JACKSON COMB ORCHESTRA. REFER TO YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPER EACH WEEK FOR TIME AND STATION

We are the women behind the men
Who make production roll
And the energy lift of Mission Orange
Keeps fatigue from taking toll

Naturally Good

Orange juice is needed by our armed forces and our allies. To supply this important dietary requirement, the Mission plant works at capacity producing concentrated orange juice. That's why your beverage dealer may not be able to sell you as much Mission Orange Beverage as you would like.

Return Empty Bottles Promptly
MISSION ORANGE
Mission Dry Corporation, Los Angeles

on the road and the three went along at a climbing walk, saying almost nothing. At noon they came into Sun yard, both men stopping at the bunkhouse. Virginia continued to the porch of the main house, but before she went inside she turned and looked back. Goodnight had a fair picture of her at the moment, sunlight strong against her, lightening her hair. She glanced directly at him, asking for his attention and holding it; her lips were long and full and shaped in a half-smile for him. She knew how she looked to him, for she saw the reaction on his face and she thought, "I can make him forget."

Bob Carruth started to turn away, but he turned back and stared at her, impressed by what he saw. He cast a quick side glance at Goodnight, and then looked keenly again at Virginia. He was a smart, practical man and all this he had seen before; and knew now what it was for. He cut behind Goodnight, bent for the messroom, realizing that had he gone in front of Goodnight, spoiling the effect she was creating for Goodnight, he later would have caught it from her. She was a woman who wanted her own way. He grinned to himself.

The effect of it rolled powerfully through Goodnight. He didn't know why and he didn't ask himself why. Simply she stood in the sunlight, rounded and tall, a woman untouched and warming before his glance and opening to him—graceful and lovely and attractive to him. It was all there in that single sunlit picture.

He heard her voice call to Carruth: "Step in a moment, Bob."

Carruth dragged his spurs over the yard, raking up little snakeheads of dust. He followed Virginia into the big room of the house; he took off his hat and watched her with his wary eyes. She faced him and looked at him a thoughtful moment. "You've been here a long while, Bob. You're the only one I can really trust."

"I knowed you when you could just hang on a horse," he said. But to himself he reflected, "She wants somethin' of me." He knew all the signals. When she wanted something of a man she was always nice; she always made the man feel she was interested in him. He had seen her do it many times.

"I need a little help," she said. "You're the only one who can do what I wish."

"Do what I can," he said.

SHE watched him steadily, holding him to her with her eyes. "This Lind woman has seen him. He stayed in her house last night. You know her kind."

Carruth dropped his glance and felt embarrassment; it was unseemly to be discussing it and therefore he said nothing.

"She hates me and she's trying to pull Goodnight off Sun, knowing we're fighting for our lives. She wants to cripple us." She waited until he lifted his glance again. "I think she's on Harry Ide's side of the fence. I've suspected it for a long while. We can't afford to have Goodnight go, Bob. He's the sort we need."

"What sort?"

"He's not afraid to use a gun."

"No," admitted Carruth, "he ain't afraid of that. But you got a lot more help, if you need it. I'd guess Boston Bill would take the job any time you said so."

"You know Boston Bill," she said.

He scratched the back of his head, wondering how she meant that. She observed his uncertainty and added, "If we ask a favor of him he'll move in for good. We'll never get rid of him."

He put a point-blank question at her: "Always looked to me like you encouraged the man. Don't you want him?"

She looked at him with a poker expression. "I'd never let Bill think that I needed anything from him. He's too sure of himself as it is. That would make him worse. If he comes to me, he comes on his hands and knees."

"Well, now, about Goodnight—"

"Sometime today when you are together, just drop the hint that many men in the hills have slept in Rosalia's bed."

Tough a customer as he was, Carruth blushed. She waited for an answer. Not receiving it, she spoke more insistently: "It's true enough. Why look so odd about it?"

He said doggedly, "I don't know that it is true. Neither do you. In fact, it ain't true. She's a straight woman."

"Bob," she said, now severe, "who are you working for?"

Now he lifted his eyes, driven against the stubborn wall of his principles. "If a man spoke of any woman like that, in my presence, I'd bat his ears down to his boot tops. Any man speaking of any woman. I be durned if I do it. I will say furthermore, Virginia, I'm ashamed to hear it from you. You ought to go wash your mouth with soap."

She was silently and enormously angry with him. But she spoke as if none of it mattered: "Forget it, Bob."

He shook his head and turned out of the room. The two other Sun men—Tap and Slab—were in the mess hall with Goodnight. Bob Carruth joined them and ate his quick dinner. Nobody said a word. Tap and Slab ate, rose and departed, and Goodnight soon followed. Carruth filled his coffee cup a second time from the big pot on the table and nursed it between his hands, drinking like a Chinaman. He was greatly disturbed; he had been left with a bad feeling. Virginia was a headstrong girl, a dominating type of young woman, always cold-blooded about getting her way. That was nothing new to him; he had always known it. But this was a different thing. It wasn't clean.

He sighed and rose from the table and walked into the yard. Tap and Slab sat on the shady side of the bunkhouse. Goodnight had gone on to the corral. He crossed the yard toward Goodnight, shaping up a smoke as he traveled. He stopped at the corral, stretching his lips back from his teeth as he inhaled the cigarette smoke.

"Frank," he said, "I'm never a hand to like another man very much. Not my style. But I like you as well as any. Here's my advice, which I wouldn't bother to give anybody else. Get off the ranch. You ain't got a high card in your hand."

"Always had luck in the draw. Anyhow, it's too late to leave."

"Why?" asked Carruth. But in a moment he heard the first advance echoes of a party coming down the hill. He said, "You got good ears," and swung about, waiting. It was Boston Bill's outfit, he guessed, and a big one from the sound it made. A man's "Hyee," came on quite loud in the heat-stretched air moment later the party broke out ber into the yard, Boston Bill at the

He was always a smart one. His swept the yard, saw Tap and Sla Carruth, and came to a full-center on Goodnight. For a moment it ap he would ride straight on at Goo But in another instant Virginia came porch, calling his interest to he dropped to the ground, confident two went inside the house.

The rest got down—there were in the bunch—and scattered arou yard, soon dropping into the dusty soon smoking or soon falling ba quick catnaps. Carruth drew out t smoke of his cigarette and spok looking at Goodnight, "This is it late for you."

Virginia came to the doorway. "F she said, "will you come here, pleas

"Showdown," murmured Ca "He's made up his mind."

"He made it up the other day, swered Goodnight and walked ov yard.

HE FOUND Virginia standing in ner of the room when he reach he found Boston Bill swung around, ing for him to come. Boston Bill face showed the brittle scruffing o light and the deeper flush of an ange duced by some previous argument wi girl. He was very watchful, he w edge, and Goodnight got the clear in sion that Boston Bill expected trou break. There was a round-topped table near Bill; he had his left hip a it, the top of his holstered gun ru against it, and he had his hand dropp the table, close by the gun's butt.

Virginia said in her calm, self-c way, "Bill's been doing some ta Perhaps you ought to listen to it."

Boston Bill said, "I'm not rep myself to strangers, Virginia."

"This man," said Virginia, "is for of Sun."

"Is he?" murmured Boston Bil don't recognize the title. I'm talki you, not to him."

"You'll deal with him," she said.

"No," said Boston Bill, "I'll do no with him. You're a clever girl, Vir You've put him up as a dummy bet us. I won't waste my time. You'r one who says yes or no."

"Not unless my foreman agrees, said. "Talk to my foreman, Bill."

She stood away from him, throwin will against his.

Boston Bill turned on Goodnight:

COLLIER'S "Now, this one's for medium lukewarm" VIRGIL PARTC

SCRATCH ONE NAZI PIGBOAT!

3 Smashing Depth Charge Attacks were the Coast Guard Cutter Spencer's answer to the challenge of the Nazi U-boat she detected lurking at the head of her convoy. The enemy surfaced and 20-mm. Oerlikon guns opened up from the Spencer's deck—cutting down Nazi sailors before they could reach the deck gun, and helping silence the light gun on the U-boat's bridge. A few minutes later, the sub foundered and sank, leaving 40 prisoners to be picked up by the Spencer.

NSWER to the menace of the dive bomber at sea," they called these hard-hitting Oerlikon guns en they first went into American production. d again and again, in combat, they have proved ir right to the title.

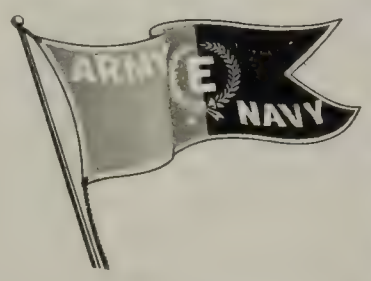
On the deck of the Spencer, in her epic U-boat tle, were Oerlikons from the U. S. Naval Ordnce Plant operated by Hudson. They have taken vy toll of Axis raiders in countless other actions ea.

Every report of such victories by our superb hting men—every story of U. S. bombers, tanks d landing boats in action—reminds us again t *they must be built right.* And these reports ke us thankful that "building them right" was reed at Hudson for a generation of automobile nufacture.

Hudson distributors and dealers, likewise, have important responsibility. They are discharging well—doing their share to keep America's cars lling on in the service of the nation.

Dealers in Death to the Axis! *Hail to the men who fly the tough Marauder bombers—great fighters in great planes! Hudson is proud to be building fuselage sections for these history making bombers, as well as wings for Navy Helldivers and components for Wright Cyclone engines. High-precision work, all of it—and to the task Hudson pledges its best, in quality and quantity.*

THEY HAVE TO BE BUILT RIGHT



Aviation Division Awarded Army-Navy "E" for High Achievement in War Production.

Buy U. S. War Savings Stamps and Bonds

Their Business is Invasion *—and to land them on enemy beaches, invasion boats and barges are pouring from American yards. Hudson's contribution to these offensives is large-scale manufacture of husky Hudson Invader engines to power the attack. They are the product of the experience that built a generation of famous Hudson automobile engines before the war.*

HUDSON

MOTOR CAR COMPANY

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

34 Years of Engineering Leadership

UR PLANTS ARE DEDICATED TO WAR PRODUCTION . . . OUR DEALERS TO MAINTAINING WAR TRANSPORTATION!

7 A. M. . . . you're out of step

POOR YOU. Constipation symptoms are making you miserable. You need a laxative. Don't put off the relief you need. Take a sparkling glass of gentle speedy Sal Hepatica *now* . . . the minute you hop out of bed.

9 A. M. . . . oh boy, what pep!

LUCKY YOU. Taken first thing in the morning, Sal Hepatica brings relief quickly and gently . . . *usually, within an hour.* At the same time, it helps turn a sour stomach sweet again by helping counteract excess gastric acidity. According to a recent survey, 3 out of 5 doctors interviewed recommend this sparkling, saline laxative. Try Sal Hepatica.

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy*

SAL HEPATICA

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica from your druggist today, remembering this. Caution, use only as directed. Sal Hepatica's active ingredients: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Ask your doctor about the efficacy of this prescription. Sal Hepatica is a product of Bristol-Myers.

TUNE IN { "DATE WITH JUDY"—Wednesdays, 9:00 P. M., EWT
"NOAH WEBSTER SAYS"—Tuesdays, 8:30 P.M., EWT

not talkin' to you, I'm tellin' you. My outfit camps here and I'll do what Virginia can't do—which is fight for this place against Harry Ide. There's no room for you. Ride on."

The girl's expression again grew solid and resisting. She put her glance on Goodnight, waiting for him to speak. This was why she had hired him—for just this moment. What was he supposed to do? He turned his head slightly, noticing now that Bob Carruth had come to the door of the room. Goodnight murmured, "Step in and shut the door, Bob."

Carruth moved in and pushed the door behind him. Boston Bill's head lifted and he threw an irritated glance at Carruth; the next instant his attention rushed back to Goodnight.

Goodnight said, "Back away from the table and give yourself room to draw."

Boston Bill kept his head still; his eyes rolled aside, catching view of Carruth, and rolled back to meet Goodnight. He said softly, "You've got an extra man."

Goodnight threw an order over his shoulder: "Step outside, Bob."

He listened to the door's opening and its closing. The girl's face was intent, with one small line showing on her forehead. She had changed her attention to Boston Bill; she was watching him with an engrossed interest, without sympathy and without any feeling that Goodnight could observe. She was probably wondering—as he himself still wondered—if Boston Bill's nerves would hold or fail.

Boston Bill smiled a starved, wintry smile. "My outfit's outside. How far do you think you could get?"

"You talk too much," said Goodnight. "Step back and draw."

"I told you before," said Boston Bill, "I pick my fights when I please."

"Better pick this one now," said Goodnight.

"Probably," said Boston Bill, very cool, "you can handle a gun faster than I. My impression is you've had more training at it. I'd be foolish to step into that, wouldn't I? I'm not drawing. If you like to shoot your ducks on the ground, go ahead."

"I will," said Goodnight.

Boston Bill looked at the girl. He said in a queer voice, "You brought this on. Do you like it?" Then he pulled his attention back to Goodnight and strain narrowed his face and he had nothing more to say.

IT WAS the girl who broke the tension by coming forward until she was between the two. She turned to Boston Bill: "He would kill you. Don't you see it on his face?" She swung quickly to Goodnight. "I don't want a shooting."

"Out of your hands," said Goodnight. "Stand aside. I want this settled."

"I want nothing to happen here," she said.

He considered her and found no answer. She had hired him to protect her against Boston Bill; she was now protecting Boston Bill. It made everything complicated. He had known since daybreak that Boston Bill had shot Niles, and that knowledge gave him his clear line of action. This was the time to settle it, for if Boston Bill walked out of the door alive, it would only be to give a signal that would set the rest of the crowd against him. He would be trapped. Still, the girl wanted no shooting. In addition, he no longer knew where she stood.

"There's no necessity of my staying on Sun any longer," Goodnight said. "You can use this man for your work."

He backed to the door, noting the change on her face. Disturbance came and unsettled her perfect assurance. "I don't want you to go."

"Then you should not have interfered. I'm riding off the place. But I won't be riding far and I'll make a point of meeting you, my friend." He said the l it to Boston Bill, opening the door talked. The girl shook her head a the first time he saw helplessness co her.

"I didn't think," she said, "you'd

"You should not have interfere repeated. "Or maybe you had better up your mind what you want." He the door as he stepped to the porc said to Carruth waiting here, "Stick here until I reach my horse. I'm lea

"He froze you out?" murmured ruth, not quite believing it.

Goodnight paused and threw b black glance. "We'll see," he said went down the steps, the men of B Bill's crowd watching him from scattered places along the yard. He no attempt to hurry; he cut behin bunkhouse to his horse and rose t saddle and rode away.

BOSTON BILL rushed from the door, yelling at his outfit; and them sprang up from their sleepy ing and in a moment were gone, le behind the slow-settling streamers of in the still air. Slab and Tap remain the bunkhouse, astonished at the pected action and not quite certain of had happened. Bob Carruth was o porch, caught in the swift play. watched Virginia rush out on the he Bill, run over the yard after him. kept calling to him; she tried to cat arm as he reached his horse. He s around her, his left stirrup grazing b he rushed on. Virginia, standing i heavy yellow dust, cursed him until h out of sight.

Bob Carruth watched her turn and back to him. He saw the fury that b ened her eyes and pulled the blood her face until it was dead white. breathed heavily and she gave him a b killing glance—hating him because he the only thing near her to receive temper. He stood still, knowing this willfulness but shocked at the depth of she showed. Violence changed her she was no longer pretty, no longer mirable. He sighed and shook his hea

"You played hell when you bro those two together."

"I should have let Frank shoot hi should have let that happen!"

"One of 'em," said Carruth, "is goin' to get shot." She made him and embittered. "Comes of you fid with two men. No sense—no sense a You think you're God to make men c together and back up like you want? W did you expect?"

"The dog," she said in a shaking, h voice. "The dog!"

"Which one you talkin' about no

"He was afraid of Goodnight. smiled and tried to cover it, but he afraid of his life. I saved him, and he betrayed me the moment Goodn left. He's yellow, Carruth, and he's di

She turned and walked over to horse. She stood a moment beside horse and he saw that she was cry He had not seen her cry before and th fore he knew she was hurt, and pleased him and he silently wished the hurt would stay on; for by now had lost all his loyalty to her and her as a cold woman whose schem was about to cause the death of a m She went up to the saddle and looke him. "That can't happen," she said. won't let it."

"You'll play hell," he told her. She out in the meadow, running north, he shouted it at her again: "You'll hell!"

He kept his eyes on her as he wal back to the bunkhouse. Tap and S never said a word; all this had rolled o them like a wave of water and they had yet pulled clear of it. She was, Carr decided, going up to Ned Tower's plac

ve m spread the news to the hill people. ay that would work, maybe it would to late. He turned to Slab: "Take my ng-gged buckskin and go down to ner an City. You tell Rosalia Lind hut happened."

"Wut'll she do about it?" asked Slab.

"Go on—go on!" yelled Carruth. . . .

Sl was a man neither very thoughtful or ery bright and therefore when he as ven an order his small mind closed wupon it and it became the law of his e until he had fulfilled it. Had Bob Carth old him to ride his horse into the ido of the creek and remain there, Slab ouhave done so in full confidence that rrh had a good reason for asking it. So he set out at full tilt for Sherman ty nd reached the town with his horse dbeat and himself pretty well pounded . fe whirled before Rosalia's house, oped to the ground and ran to the door. he the girl appeared, Slab said:

"Carruth told me to tell you that this onight is in a jack pot. He got crossof Boston Bill. They had an argueon the ranch. Goodnight got to his rs and jumped for timber with Bill and neen of Bill's bunch after him. They're hills now, somewhere."

Ralia said, "Why did Carruth want e know that?"

Slo opened his mouth to speak and th nothing to say. He closed his mouth de searched himself for an answer, e searching produced nothing. He hd out his hands before her and he ctured, "Durned if I know. I just told hat I was supposed to tell you." He rd back, got his horse and led it up e Trail. He stepped inside the saloon d igwagged for a drink. He took his and he murmured, "Ah," and eased lf against the bar. He said aloud, "I at's the fastest that trip's ever been

hat for?" asked the barkeep.

on't know," confessed Slab. "But it was a fast ride."

OODNIGHT had a quarter-mile lead on the men behind him.

stayed with the main trail upward t took him presently to one of the small and narrow meadows studding hills; he saw nothing on the meadow ran across it into farther timber. sheltered by the trees, he gave his a blow and watched the open area which he had recently come.

ston Bill broke over it first, two other men closely behind him. These three crossed and disappeared and it was a full minute before the rest of the group came plugging along. This last group milled into a halt and seemed to be talking. Presently one of the men who had been with Boston Bill rode back and said something, whereupon the party moved onward at a jaded walk and entered the trees.

The timber around Goodnight was old first-growth pine, massive at the butt and rising in flawless line toward a mass of top covering which made a solid umbrella against sunlight; there was little underbrush and at certain angles he was able to look a hundred or two hundred yards away. The sound of Bill's men faded in gradually diminishing echoes until the hot, breathless silence of the hills lay fast upon everything. It would be a matter of time, of course, until Bill would backtrack and eventually might discover his solitary set of tracks on the spongy humus. Considering it, he set his course steadily east, toward the Owlhorns' heights. Up there the country would be more greatly broken and thus afford better shelter.

BY DEGREES the country roughened and the pines turned smaller and ravines began to come down toward him. He held to the crest of the ridges as long as possible, then dropped into the ravines, crossed over and rose to the next ridge. Near sunset the trees momentarily gave way and he faced a creek running quickly over its stones. Beyond the creek the trees again marched toward the heights.

He stayed within shelter, long watching the upper and lower reaches of the creek and the timber over the way. When he was satisfied he rode to water's edge, let the horse have a long drink, and forded. Twenty yards inside the timber he came to a trail up the side of the mountain and, since there was no other way, he took this.

He rose with the short switchback courses, higher and higher along the edge of the cliff as daylight slowly faded out of the sky. He arrived at last to a leveling-off place, gave the glen below him one last look, and moved over an area roughened by some ancient geological upheaval. He still pointed toward the summits of the Owlhorns, but within fifteen minutes the trail brought him to a complete standstill at the edge of a precipice running three hundred feet or more downward into a canyon whose bottom was now covered by night shadows.

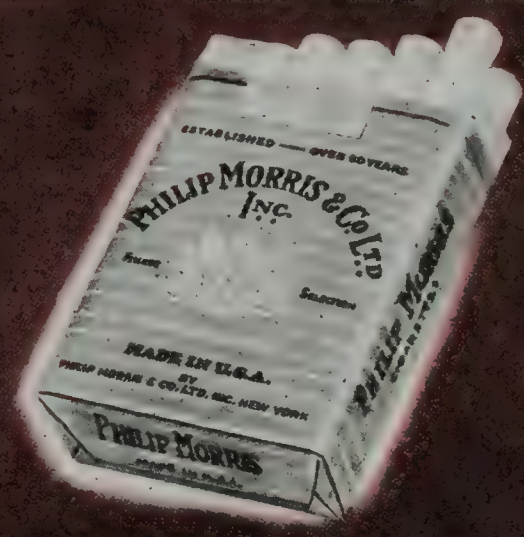
(To be continued next week)

"I want something really nice to show my appreciation for the way they've been eating the pests in my garden"

COLLIER'S CRAWFORD YOUNG

MEDICAL AUTHORITIES *KNOW* PHILIP MORRIS

Proved less irritating to the smoker's nose and throat!



WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

Facts reported in medical journals on clinical tests made by distinguished doctors.

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

Finer flavor . . . less irritation . . . America's FINEST Cigarette!

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

"THE MEMORABLE ACHIEVEMENT OF THE NINTH"

KING GEORGE VI TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT:

"I have learned with deepest admiration of the memorable and inspiring achievement of the United States Ninth Air Force in attacks on Rumanian oil refineries.

"The bombing of this heavily defended center of Axis production after one of the longest operational flights of the war called for endurance and courage of the highest order as well as for practical skill in navigation and for brilliant organization on the part of those who planned the attack.

"The gallantry with which the crews pressed home their attacks at a very low level was beyond praise, and their devotion to duty in spite of heavy losses has stirred the hearts of all who fight with us in the cause of freedom."

•

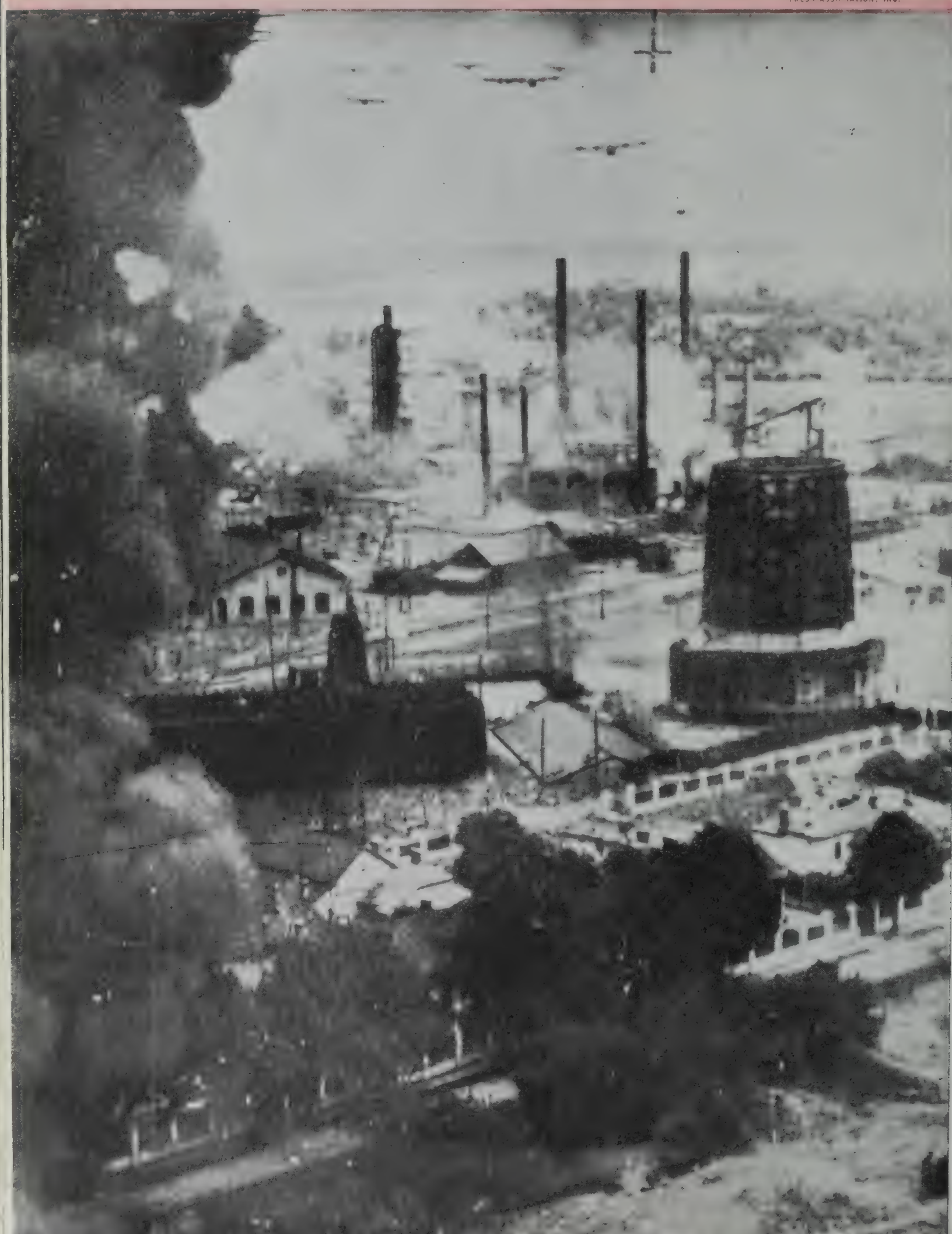
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT TO KING GEORGE VI:

"Thank you very much for your telegram of congratulations on the long-range bombing of the Ploesti oil refineries.

"Later information leads us to believe that the damage to the refineries was greater than we had anticipated and that a large number of them have been put out of commission. This attack seems to have been well worth while."

The tail gunner took this photo of the raid on Ploesti. Other ships are coming in low. Smoke lifts as bombs explode

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.



HITTING HITLER'S OIL BARREL

BY RADIO FROM FRANK GERVASI

One out of every three dr Hitler's oil comes from P Rumania. The Ninth Air was ordered out to blot it. eral Brereton was terribly ried about those Liberators the lead plane broke radio munication with two w Then he smiled. And lau And began to breathe a

LOUIS HOBBS' voice was mildly when he phoned to ask me w I'd like to fly out to Bomber mand with the general for a wee He had to twist my arm a little to me go. I had flown the several hours Bomber Command with Major G Lewis Hyde Brereton and Colonel H his aide, three or four times befor journey usually meant losing Egyptian pounds to one or the other rummy. I wasn't keen about it.

But an hour later, we were in a fortable DC-3, headed for the B Command. I am glad I went. If I I would have missed the biggest air of the war so far.

Brereton and Hobbs sat on the fl the plane forward and played a ga two of cribbage. But their hearts w in it. It was easy to see that Brereto preoccupied, and in so far as you tell from his poker face, he was where between worry and outright ety. Hobbs wore his best Latin smi was charmingly enigmatic. He is haired, has a small mustache to matc the complexion and general air of able bad man. Until he talks, you he was a Mexican. When he does know he's a Texan.

Brereton is a small, compact Pe vanian known to Hobbs and intima "Pops" behind his back and to eve else as "Hotfoot Looey" when he listening. He doesn't talk much unl has something pertinent to say. H silent almost all the way to our de tion. Then suddenly: "Well, this is it is where the Ninth Air Force make tory—or wishes it had never been Hap Arnold has handed us a tough

That was all. Twenty-four hours I knew what a tough one was.

"P. D." Ent met us at the field on ing. His full name is Uzal G. Ent everyone calls him "P. D." for Pen vania Dutch, which is what he is. also a blond, reticent, soft-spoken star general, commanding the Bomber Command. He was one of A ica's most famous lighter-than-air ex before he quit balloons and dirigible motor-powered wings. P. D.'s first w to Brereton were, "Well, sir. Everythi all set." They walked off together, tal Beyond them at the edge of the fiel almost a mile to the left and right,

(Continued on page 45)

"My wife knows I can't build fighting ships on 'Sissy' food!"

says Ralph Goza, Beaumont, Texas, shipyard worker, husband of Health-for-Victory Club member, and father of 5 husky youngsters

"Down the ways!" Again and again, the defiant launching signal sounds out in busy shipyards on the Texas Coast. In Beaumont, in Orange, in Port Arthur, 24 hours a day, seven days a week, hardy men rivet and weld and break all records to send these ships to our far-flung battle fronts.

It's a swift, steady pace. A schedule that takes stamina and staying power and men physically fit and on their toes every minute of the day. And these hard-working soldiers of production are winning their fight against time.

To the women behind these builders of ships — the wives, mothers and landladies of shipyard workers—goes plenty of credit. Every month these women, and thousands of others from New England to Pearl Harbor, attend Health-for-Victory Club Meetings to learn what foods will keep their men strong and healthy. To date, more than 1,300 war plants and other organizations are sponsoring H-for-V Clubs. Local home economists, like those of the Gulf States Utilities Co., demonstrate practical ideas on wartime meal planning.

Already, a grateful army of 500,000 women follow H-for-V Meal Planning Guides every month. Prepared by the nutrition-wise staff of Westinghouse Home Economics Institute, these helpful books give health-building menus and recipes for every day's meals. All menus are planned with an eye on ration points, budgets—and appetite appeal.

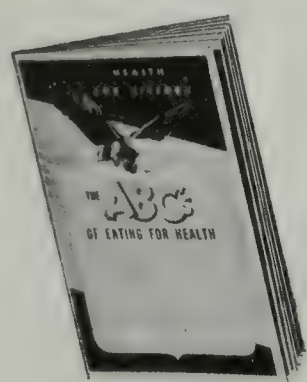
Now these professional homemakers have prepared still another fine book, "The ABC's of Eating for Health". You'll find it of real value in helping keep your family in fighting trim.

NOTE TO WAR PLANT EXECUTIVES: *Would you like to organize a Health-for-Victory activity? Just call on Westinghouse. We'll gladly help adapt it to your requirements.*

's Flying, a gallant ship hits water. The U. S. Maritime mission takes this picture he start of a proud career.

winks for the healthy youngsters of war work- while their mothers attend H-for-V meetings on by enterprising Gulf States Utilities Co.

Beaming with health, the Goza family—seven strong—sit down to a delicious H-for-V meal.



FREE! "THE ABC's OF EATING FOR HEALTH"

This 16-page book contains the essential facts about planning health-building meals on which the Health-for-Victory Club is based. Shows how to use alternates to replace scarce foods, how to cook to retain the most vitamins, and a wealth of other important information. Write for your copy to

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
428 Fourth Street Mansfield, Ohio

No after-lunch letdown for Dad, with this hearty, balanced H-for-V lunch tucked under his belt.

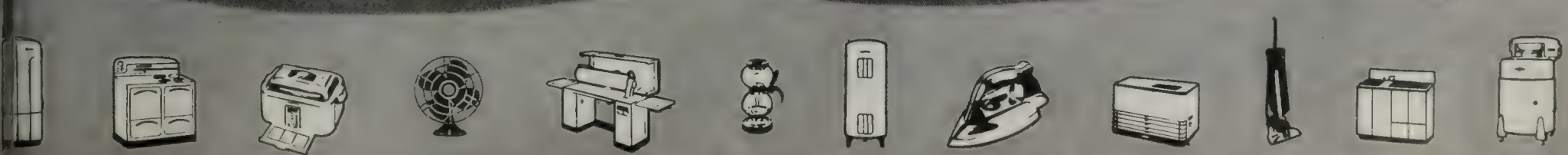
E IN ON JOHN CHARLES THOMAS, WESTINGHOUSE GRAM, N.B.C., SUNDAY AT 2:30 P. M., E. W. T.

Health-for-Victory

A CONTRIBUTION TO AMERICA'S WAR EFFORT BY

Westinghouse

PLANTS IN 25 CITIES... OFFICES EVERYWHERE



ELECTRIC APPLIANCE DIVISION, MANSFIELD, OHIO

Do you know how to choose a really fine mattress ?

Sit on it . . . lie down on it! Then ask yourself these 5 important questions:

Does it have a smooth, velvety surface —without tufts, bumps or hollows?

Will it provide the deep, sleep-inviting softness of 2 mattresses built into 1?

Is it protected with rich, heavy coverings for extra-long wear?

Does it have the reinforced construction that guards against shifting or stretching . . . assuring soothing, posturized support?

Does it carry a label that represents the creative skill of 30 of the country's leading mattress specialists?

Only the Serta 4A Tuftless Mattress has *all* these quality features. *See* the difference! *Feel* the difference, yourself!

$39.50
West Coast and Canada, $42.50
Matching Box Springs

• • •

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Serta 4A Tuftless

BY THE MAKERS OF THE PERFECT SLEEPER MATTRESS

SERTA ASSOCIATES, INC., EXECUTIVE OFFICES: 666 LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
30 Leading Mattress Manufacturers from Coast to Coast and in Canada

Corner of Heaven

Continued from page 17

"If Steve is going to fall for her, too, I give up," Griselle warned them. She was sitting on a low seat, hugging her knees; the lamplight shone down on her laughing face, the wide mouth and cleft chin, the childish cloud of dark hair over her eyes.

"I can answer for Steve," Stephen himself said dryly.

"But you do think she's fascinating?"

"Yes; very lovely. More than just pretty," he said.

"With nothing above the eyebrows," Mrs. McIntyre put in darkly.

Steve and Griselle laughed at her tone.

"I tried to come back night before last, the night of the day she was here," Griselle told them, "but I couldn't. And yesterday was the grand windup for Harlan Brice, my New York editor, and he said—now he may have said this to everyone else, but anyway he did say it to me—that if I came on to New York, he would get me a job on one of his own publications," she finished triumphantly.

"Congratulations, Griselle! But I hope he breaks his leg," Stephen said. "We need you here. Yesterday was a dead loss."

"But you weren't here yesterday, Steve."

"No; Mom and I went over to the hospital, and a couple of them poked at my hip. But just the same, we missed you."

"And did they say—do they think they can do anything?"

"I don't know how much they thought they could do. Anyway, they wanted to see it. Old Rosenshine, who was kicked out of Munich a few years ago, is the finest bone man in the world. He said he was afraid it would never be quite right, but that he believed he could help it. So that I could walk as much as I wanted—"

"Steve McIntyre, what are you saying!" Griselle was electrified; tears rushed into her eyes, and she looked through them, trying to smile, from him to his mother. "Oh, I don't believe it!" she gasped.

The others were both touched by her excitement, and there were tears in Mrs. McIntyre's eyes, too, as she said:

"Always to limp, though, Griselle, and to have to save his hip too much strain."

"Oh, but what's that? That's *nothing!*" Griselle twisted herself about on the hassock to reach for both Stephen's hands, holding them against her breast. Steve's dark head was bent toward hers so that their foreheads almost touched.

"Hello, Mom," a voice said hoarsely from the doorway. They all turned as Alan, thin and haggard, in an oddly fitting new cotton uniform, came into the room.

FOR a minute, they were all motionless, staring at him unbelievingly. Then his mother left her chair and went toward him, crying, "My boy!" on a sob of joy and pain, and was in his arms. Stephen gave a shout of welcome, and upon Griselle's going to him with outstretched hands, Alan kissed her, too. For a few wildly confused moments, just what they all said, laughed and cried, exclaimed and stammered, they did not know. But presently they were seated again—Alan on the sofa next to his mother, holding both her hands, Griselle resuming her place on the hassock at Stephen's knee.

"Tell us, darling," Mrs. McIntyre said. "Anything! Everything!"

He had got in that afternoon at six; had flown up from Los Angeles; yes, he was tired; no, he wasn't tired; yes, he was thin. He was all right. He'd been in a Honolulu hospital for a while; nothing at all; they'd just kept him there long enough to check up that he was okay. A week and four days, that was all.

"How are you, Mom?" he said. "You look pretty comfortable here. You look fine, Steve. Working hard, right through the summer, too? And Griselle he you move in?"

"You had our letters then, darlin This was his mother.

"Sure. It's wonderful how you get ters. They nose around through the and land 'em where they belong."

"See any fighting, Alan?" Steve as

"That's what I've been wanting to you," Griselle said, speaking for the time. She was emotionally shaken to depths of her being; she had forgo how wonderful he was; the tall figure its little stoop, the keen eyes, the smile that was at once so wise and so s pathetic, the long, nervous, clever ha His voice—she had forgotten that, but it was like no other voice in the wo

He did not look at her or speak to directly. Now he smiled at Steve said, "How's old Baker?"

"In the Army," Steve said; "Lie krantz is the big shot now."

"Zat so?" Alan grinned. "Everyth must be 'wootine,' eh?"

"Wootine it is. Oh, say, Buzz, Rosenshine is here, and he took a lool my hip," Stephen said eagerly.

"The bone specialist?"

"Yep. He was kicked out of Germ and he's going to be here for a while then probably go to Los Angeles. M drove me into town yesterday."

ALAN'S keen, frowning brow, his h smiling eyes, his fearful look w turned toward his brother.

Griselle thought, watching them: H he loves Steve!

"What'd he say?" Alan's words w like shots.

"Not much. But he thinks he could something. Not to play golf, he said, all the walking a reasonable man want do. He said I'd be the one to decide h much exercise I wanted."

And at Alan's look of blank ama ment and incredulous delight, Stephen his long, strong hands tightly over his e and Griselle felt her throat thicken her eyes sting.

"My God!" Alan said under his bre

"Would you let him, Alan?" the mot pleaded.

"Let him? Rosenshine? Well, old bo Alan said, "I guess you've won your w Now it's only for us to win ours."

"And that reminds me," Stephen swered, "you didn't answer us. Did y see any fighting?"

Alan looked at his mother.

"Can you take it, Mom?" he asked, an odd voice, and with a shadow o smile.

Stephen and his mother and Gris exchanged frightened glances, and M McIntyre said in a shaking voice: "Why think I can take anything, Alan."

"Okay," Alan said lightly. "I was o destroyer that went down."

"Midway, huh?" Stephen guessed.

"Yep. We had two and a half minu after we got the orders to abandon shi

"Men drowned?" Griselle asked soft

"One third. About eighty. She suck some of them down with her; they ne knew what struck us."

He stopped. There was a dead silen

"How long were you in the water, son Mrs. McIntyre asked then quietly.

"About four hours, I guess. It w just about dusk when they picked me u Alan cleared his throat before speakin a quick glance from Griselle showed h that his eyes were wet.

"Throw you a rope?" Stephen su gested.

"Yep, but my arms were pretty stic with oil by that time and my han couldn't grasp it. So they put a boat dow

A GOOD NUT ALWAYS HOLDS

• When a nut slips it falls down on the only job it has to do.

When it shakes loose it fails in its sole purpose.

It takes a good nut to hold fast and stay put against stress and vibration.

The Elastic Stop Nut does.

In its top is a red elastic collar. This collar molds itself tightly to the bolt. It keeps the nut and bolt threads in pressure contact. The nut can't wiggle or turn.

This is what makes the Elastic Stop Nut stay tight.

We've been making Elastic Stop Nuts for years. Millions of them every day go into war production. Some of our planes take as many as 50,000 in a single ship.

Yet of actual billions in use, we have never heard of one of these nuts that has failed to hold better than any other similar fastening.

Porch and lawn equipment will be safer and last longer when Elastic Stop Nuts replace the ordinary kind that fall off.

Clipping jobs will be quicker and easier when cutting edges are maintained at proper pressure with these non-loosening nuts.

ELASTIC STOP NUTS

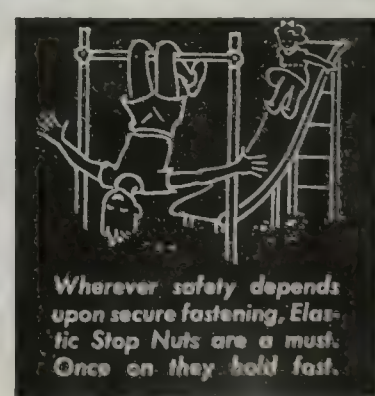
Lock fast to make things last

ESNA TRADE MARK

ELASTIC STOP NUT CORPORATION OF AMERICA
UNION, NEW JERSEY AND LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

Home appliances get lots of use. With Elastic Stop Nuts holding them tight, they'll take it and last longer.

Vibration won't loosen Elastic Stop Nuts. Motors will keep tight, need less tinkering and give better service.


Wherever safety depends upon secure fastening, Elastic Stop Nuts are a must. Once on they hold fast.

BLEEDING GUMS often first signs of GINGIVITIS

4 OUT OF 5 may get it Often Leads to Pyorrhea

Healthy, handsome-looking teeth require firm gums! And the most common gum inflammation and an enemy of healthy teeth and gums is Gingivitis.

Some of the first signs to watch for are gums that bleed a little when you brush your teeth or are tender to touch. Neglect of Gingivitis often leads to dreaded Pyorrhea, which only your Dentist can help. See him every 3 months. Then at home here's one of the very best ways to help guard against bleeding gums of Gingivitis—

Why You Should Use This Forhan Method

Massage your gums and brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste—formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan—made *especially* for both massaging gums to be firmer and cleaning teeth.

Just notice how refreshed and stimulated your *gums* feel—how clean and naturally bright and sparkling your *teeth* look. Forhan's also helps remove acid film that so often starts tooth decay. Get a tube of Forhan's today. Note the difference! At all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

use Forhan's with massage

FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH
NO HARSH ABRASIVES IN FORHAN'S!

and picked me up. I've two weeks' leave before I have to report," he finished cheerfully, "so you'll get the whole dope, Mom, before we go out again."

"You go out again, dear?"

"As soon as they can assign us."

"Of course," Mrs. McIntyre said. "Of course." She leaned back in her chair.

After a while they all had coffee and sandwiches, and Griselle sat among them at the table in the dining room, buttering bread and cutting pink and white slivers of tinned ham. An uneasy conviction that Alan would insist upon escorting her home and a determination that under no circumstances would she permit it, began to spoil her passionately keen appreciation of this marvelous hour. When the moment came, she did her best to be firm.

"Ah, please, Alan—your mother wants you tonight—" she stammered.

Alan said almost nothing; they walked out into the night together.

"I didn't want you to do this, Alan!"

"I know you didn't. I'll go back immediately. There was something I had to say to you, and I may not have another chance."

"May not have another chance? But you're going to be here for two weeks, aren't you?"

The miracle of it, walking along here beside him through the warm summer dark, was so overwhelming that she had to ask him to repeat his answer.

"What I said was that you may not want to see me again," he said in a low tone.

"But why not?" she countered innocently.

"I think you know why not!" he exclaimed. His fingers were firm under her elbow at a crossing; they walked along under the trees again.

"This is what I had in mind to say," he went on; "I was a great fool. It was always you, Griselle, from the very beginning, only I didn't know it. It's been you all the time I was out there—nights on the boat deck, looking up at the stars—out at sea, when the guns were roaring everywhere and the sky was black with fighters—always you. That's about all, I think. I just wanted you to know."

"Know what?" Griselle stopped short, squared about so that he could see the glisten of her eyes in the starlight.

Alan put his two hands on her shoulders. He was so tall that even with tall Griselle he stooped a little.

"That I love you," he said; "that you're the only woman in the world for me."

"And what makes you think," she breathed unsteadily, "that I've changed?"

"No," he said; "no, you can't—I have no right. You can't say that."

"It's always been that way," she told him. "There's never been anyone else."

His arm went tightly about her shoulders. "Then we'll be married—soon. Not tomorrow; I'll be busy all day," he said, after a minute's thought. "I had to make out records for all the fellows we lost; I've got to go over them with Captain Somerville. But day after tomorrow. I'll see Mitzi as early as I can get over here. Then you and I will go to the city and buy socks and shirts and shoes and a uniform, and we'll lunch together and make all our plans," Alan finished on a note of complete content.

GRISELLE did not sleep for a long time; lying awake and thinking was too sweet. Her thoughts were drenched in happiness; the world was all music and the sparkle of stars above treetops. Griselle had to take out from her memory and pass in review every word that he had said, every touch of his hand, every kiss. Her whole young body lying stretched in the darkness thrilled to the glory of this hour of triumph. She was to be a wife—Alan's wife! She would stand beside him and promise always to love him, always to be good to him; then he and she would go away into the lovely end of summer, always to be together after that.

"I'll have to stop thinking of him, so that I can start all over again," Griselle said to herself. It was long after midnight when, smiling, she went to sleep.

"Telephone, Griselle!" Rhoda Varney, one of the new girls, was trilling when Griselle descended the stairs at eight the next morning. "It sounds like a man!"

"It *is* a man," Griselle, who had dressed in a state of dreamy ecstasy, said as she came downstairs.

But it wasn't Alan. She listened for a minute in bewilderment. Who was talking, and about what?

"Doctor?" she presently interrupted. Unmistakably it was Doctor Cruickshank. He was saying—*what?*

"And I think you'd better come up at once and see Mitzi; she is quite prostrated," Doctor Cruickshank said. "They got me at the house, and one of the boys ran me up here. I just got here."

"Dead?" Griselle repeated, uncomprehending. "The general? Why, but only day before yesterday—only yesterday it was—"

"Died in his sleep. You'll be here?"

"Right away."

IT WAS not until she was actually at the general's house that she thought of breakfast. She was reminded of it by the fact that Mitzi, who was pale and languid and still in bed, was indifferently contemplating a tray with rolls and coffee and marmalade invitingly arranged on it.

Griselle had seen only Emma in the lower hallway; the front door had been standing wide open to the beautiful balmy morning; Doctor Sam was out of sight, but she could hear him telephoning.

"Mitzi," she said, going into the bedroom, "what happened?"

"We don't know!" Mitzi said, dry-eyed but with no color in her cheeks and speaking in a low, unnatural voice. "Emma brought up his mail and the newspapers, knocked as she always does and opened the door. Then she called me—I almost fainted," Mitzi said piteously.

"But he seemed perfectly well yesterday!"

"No; he wasn't ever perfectly well," Mitzi protested, shaking her head gravely. "You couldn't say he was perfectly well, Gris. He always had a bad heart, and after all, he was eighty-two. This is the way he would have wanted to go," she ended solemnly.

"Yes; I suppose so. But it seems so sudden!"

"Emma said to me, 'Is he dead?' and it was the hardest thing I ever did in my life to walk over to him and put my hand on his head," Mitzi said. "But I did it. It was a release for him."

"Well, I guess it was, poor old darling. But it seems to be so sudden!" Griselle reached for a piece of roll and nibbled it.

"Take it all," said Mitzi; "I don't want anything."

"I'll have half a cup of coffee. Then I'll go see if Doctor needs me."

"He called another doctor," Mitzi said.

"Then there's a chance?" Griselle questioned eagerly.

"Oh, no. No. But they have to have the coroner, too," Mitzi explained, suddenly looking frightened again.

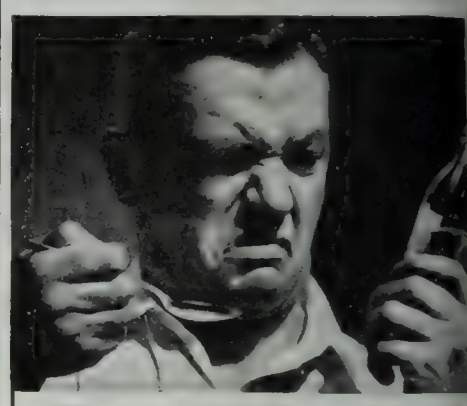
"Good heavens!" Griselle went out into the hall, followed by Mitzi's wail. "Don't go, will you, Griselle!" She was downstairs before she remembered that she had not told Mitzi of Alan's return.

"Griselle, we're going to need you here," Doctor Cruickshank said. "I telephoned Doctor Johnston; he was Uncle Andy's regular physician. He'll be over, but there's nothing he can do. I've let Oulton know; that's the coroner; he's sending over for the body. But Doctor Johnston will have to see it first. Emma's fine, but

THE CHAMP WHO KNOCKED HIMSELF OUT

I'M CHAMP RIVETER out at the plant. Si feet-two and strong as an ox. Whenever used to need a laxative, I'd take what thought was a "he-man's" medicine. tasted awful! And what a wallop that st packed—almost knocked me for a loo

SOME LAXATIVES ARE TOO STRONG



LATER ON I SWITCHED to another kin of laxative. It tasted pretty bad, too. Bu I wouldn't have minded *that* so much, i it had done me any good. The trouble was that I didn't get the proper relief.

SOME LAXATIVES ARE TOO MILD!

ONE DAY MY FOREMAN suggested Ex-Lax! Now *there's* a laxative for you! It tastes swell — just like fine chocolate! And it works better than anything I've ever used. Thoroughly, effectively — but *gently*, too! Ex-Lax is not too strong, not too mild . . .

EX-LAX IS JUST RIGHT!

As a precaution, use only as directed

IF YOU HAVE A COLD AND NEED A LAXATIVE—

Don't dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, but kind and gentle.

EX-LAX
THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE
10c and 25c at all drug stores

'll eed you here. Mitzi doesn't seem be p to much. I just telephoned to alte McMurray, his lawyer; he's on his ay er. It doesn't take those fellers ng pick up the news! Had your breakst?"

"I ad some coffee." Griselle bolted e la of her roll.

It as all unreal. Doctor Cruickshank d r not to go into the general's room; thi there must be disturbed until the ron r came. Johnston, the other doctor -iv , consulted with Sam Cruickshank; v oth went into the closed room, and se wandered back to Mitzi's room. z vas dressing herself in the plainest k gowns; her exquisite little face pitiful and wan.

s is awful, isn't it?" she said over er.

and Griselle somewhat timidly ed into the silences and strange sounds of the house. McMurray l, was closeted in the library for a inutes with the doctors and the r. Griselle realized with a thrill mma and the Chinese cook, Lee were being questioned.

n Mitzi and Griselle were both sum- l into the library. Just a few ques- Would Mitzi please answer? She do her best. Mitzi sat down in a acked chair that made her look r and more forlorn than ever. n, standing nervously by the table, een crying. Lee Hing, in his white s and apron, escaped as the young ss of the house came in, and with ed eyes returned to his kitchen.

e fear," said Oulton, "that the gen- ied of an overdose of sleeping pills. on't know."

icide!" Griselle exclaimed in a sharp er.

on't know—it's too horrible—I can't Mitzi faltered, rising.

t down," Doctor Johnston said y. "This will only take a moment. Oulton wants to know if he had ever ssed any suicidal tendency—if he depressed last night."

tzi fixed her terrified eyes on the er.

ere was nothing to be alarmed about, n said. The general had been in the of taking sleeping pills. Did Mrs. tage know how many of these he ly took? Mitzi, gulping and stam- g, shook her blond head; she had lea.

d he usually have a glass of ginger te at night? Again she did not know. en it was not her regular custom to him up a drink of ginger ale after he retired? Griselle looked at Mitzi in rise when this question was asked. mma says that when you came up- s last night, you called in to General Cruickshank that it was hot and you were go ng to have some ginger ale," the coroner said. "And that you went downstairs and got two bottles and two glasses. Is that correct?"

"Certainly I did," Mitzi said quickly; "but the—" She stopped.

"Do you know where the bottle with the sleeping tablets was then?" Oulton asked.

"No. I—yes, I did. I did when he told me. He asked me to get them and I brought them to him."

"There were how many in the bottle?"

"I don't know. I went into the bathroom and got them, and brought them to him. He took the bottle from me and put it on the table by the bed."

"Had he ever asked you to do that before?"

"No; he hadn't."

"You had suggested the ginger ale?"

"Yes; I did."

"Emma says the bottle of sleeping capsules was about one third full yesterday, approximately about a dozen pills," said Oulton. "It is empty this morning and it was on the bathroom shelf. I think that's all," he added in an undertone to the doctors and McMurray.

GRISELLE sat frozen; her eyes moving from Mitzi's face to that of the coroner. Something Mitzi had casually said not very long before came back to her with horrifying clearness.

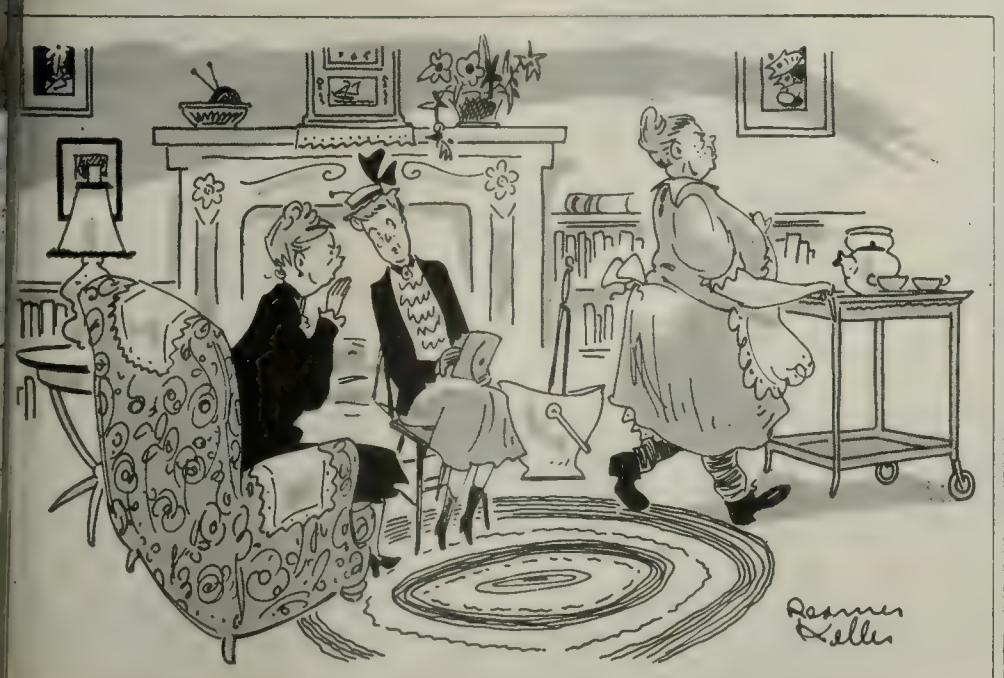
"I was thinking," Mitzi had said, "that if Uncle Andrew did die quietly in his sleep, they'd blame it on an overdose of those sleeping pills."

Griselle felt her mouth go dry and her hands cold. Blood burned in her cheeks. Mitzi couldn't have—they couldn't be thinking . . . She heard voices around her as if they came from far away.

"I've got to go," Doctor Cruickshank said. "I have a patient at the hospital, and they tell me she's had a bad night. If you want me, Doctor Johnston, you'll call me?"

"I've ordered the body removed," Oulton said. "I can't do anything here. I'll be back," he said to Mitzi, "some time this afternoon when we get a report from the laboratory."

"Now, let me explain all this to you as well as I can," McMurray said, when he and Johnston, Mitzi and Griselle were alone. "The general's law business has always been carried on in Philadelphia by a firm of old family lawyers, Swallow & Bassomville. I've only handled a few real-estate exchanges for him here, insurance and so on. He put some money into War Bonds last March; I handled that. But I really don't know much about his affairs. He drew some checks on a Philadelphia bank, didn't he?"



"The day the Axis capitulates she's going out the front door on her ear!"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

MANY MEN IN WHOSE

MODEST HOMES THERE USED TO BE A

MITE OF IDLE SPACE NOW

MAKE A POINT OF RENTING ONE OR

MAYBE TWO ROOMS TO

MORE-THAN-VITAL WAR WORKERS. IN

MANY TOWNS THIS HELPS VERY

MUCH TOWARD EASING THE

MIGHTY TOUGH HOUSING PROBLEM.

MAYBE YOU HAVE A ROOM THAT YOU

MIGHT RENT! IF SO, DO SO!

The best of 'em is

M&M

MATTINGLY & MOORE BLENDED WHISKEY

80 proof—72½% grain neutral spirits.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc.,
Louisville & Baltimore.

An Explanation to our Friends

If your bar or package store is out of M & M, there is a very good reason. You see, we haven't made a drop of whiskey since the fall of 1942. During these many months our distilleries have been devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other vital war products.

Do you mean me, Uncle Sam?

YOU MEAN THAT I COULD DO MORE?

Yes, Uncle Sam, I guess you're right. Those of us who can stay at home far from the battle zone; who are spared the fate of a Colin Kelly, the anguish of a wounded soldier alone in a foxhole or the ordeal of a sailor adrift in mid-ocean—the least we can do for our part is to buy more and MORE War Bonds—not one or two to salve our conscience, but BOND after BOND.

Thousands are paying for this war with their blood. It is easy for me to lend money.

RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY

NATION-WIDE RAIL-AIR SERVICE

"Yes; he did!" Mitzi said quickly.

"He also had a checking account in Oakland. Well," the lawyer proceeded, "about two weeks ago, he sent for me and asked me to draw him up a new will. We went over the main points of it, and I made notes. He said that his last will was in his attorneys' possession in Philadelphia and asked me to send for it. Naturally, I know nothing of the conditions of that will; it was to be destroyed here in this house today and the new will signed. He was very much troubled about some little delay in sending it, and I gather that it is quite an old document, perhaps fifteen or twenty years old."

"No; it couldn't be," Mitzi said quickly. "He was always talking as if it was quite new—made after my father's death, anyway."

"Well, that doesn't prove anything, does it?" McMurray said with a doubtful look. "Old men put off making their wills as long as they can. To proceed: I drafted the new will and submitted it for his approval; he made several changes. One change was in regard to a piece of property, a small ranch he intended to leave to Miss Mountjoy. He asked me, instead, to get the title to that property and make out a deed of gift; that also was to have been signed today."

THERE goes my ranch, Griselle was ashamed to find herself thinking.

"That property will now of course lapse to the estate," the lawyer was continuing. "It seems very unfortunate that the general's death should have occurred at this precise time. But inasmuch as Mrs. Armitage and Doctor and Mrs. Cruickshank, as well as yourself, Miss Mountjoy, were to be beneficiaries under the unsigned will, perhaps it would be as well for you to be present when we open the original will, which has arrived from Philadelphia and is now in my possession."

He looked about the little circle with an air of deep displeasure. Orderly legal procedure had been upset.

"It seems so soon to—to do anything like that!" Griselle said, under her breath.

"If it was written twenty years ago, this old will," Mitzi said, in her faintly bored and faintly arrogant way, "I can hardly see why Miss Mountjoy should be present. She was hardly born."

"I say I do not know when it was written," McMurray said frigidly. "It may have been written this year. Mr. Sumner Swallow, to whom I telephoned, mentioned that it was some years since he had seen the general. But the will may be quite recent, for all that. I merely got the impression that it was old. I would like to open it at five this afternoon," he added, on an interrogative note. "I will be here at that time."

Griselle nodded gravely. It was a dream. The doctor prescribed a for Mitzi; there was talk of mo body from the coroner's keeping parlors of a Berkeley mortician. came in to murmur, red-eyed, of n from florists. Flowers were to b where?

"I am sorry about your inher McMurray said to Griselle, in a thetic undertone that surprised he

"My little ranch? Oh, *that's* al Griselle assured him, her eyes fillin always been too kind to me. It was made me come to California at only so—so sorry that he was alo we weren't with him at the end. we'd known. I would have stay him. It doesn't seem like him—it seem like a thing he'd do, take to pills. He must have got up in th after Mitzi left him, and thought h more. Perhaps he felt confused— he was half asleep—"

"Perhaps that was it," the lawy "Will you stay here with Mrs. Arm he asked.

"I hope, when she's over the s little, she'll come home with me," answered. "Doctor Cruickshank cousin. I know that Aunt Mollie Cruickshank—would want her to us."

Mitzi had stretched herself on a her eyes were shut.

"After a while," she said faintly; a while."

The doctors had gone; now Mc left, too. Griselle sank down in a low breathing a great sigh of exhaustio

"That damn' coroner and his cions!" Mitzi said.

"Suspicions!" Griselle gasped, he fading.

"Certainly. He thinks I poisoned Andrew," Mitzi answered calmly. heard him asking me about taking ale upstairs."

"If you had taken him ten ginge it wouldn't prove anything," Grise swered promptly. "The general ofte sleeping capsules. Last night he jus too many. Or maybe it's just that hi stopped. That's the explanation I Johnston believes, anyway."

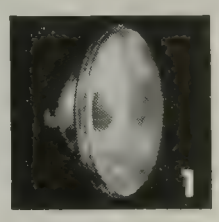
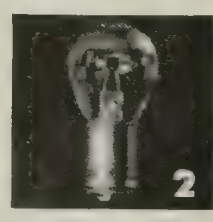
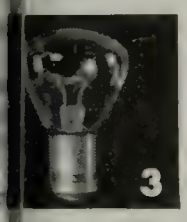
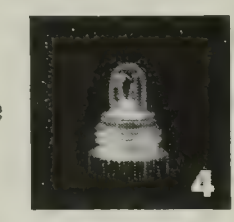
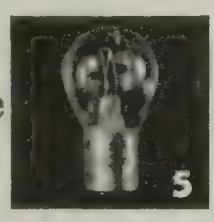
"Did they take that pill bottle them?" Mitzi asked suddenly, after ment's frowning speculation.

"Oh, yes; from the bathroom, a bedside clock and his glasses and thing. I saw that man that was with ton wrapping a handkerchief arou pill bottle."

"Pah!" Mitzi said. "This finge business is all tosh. Little country ners running around trying to rem what they've seen in the movies. I *you,"* she went on, after a moment,

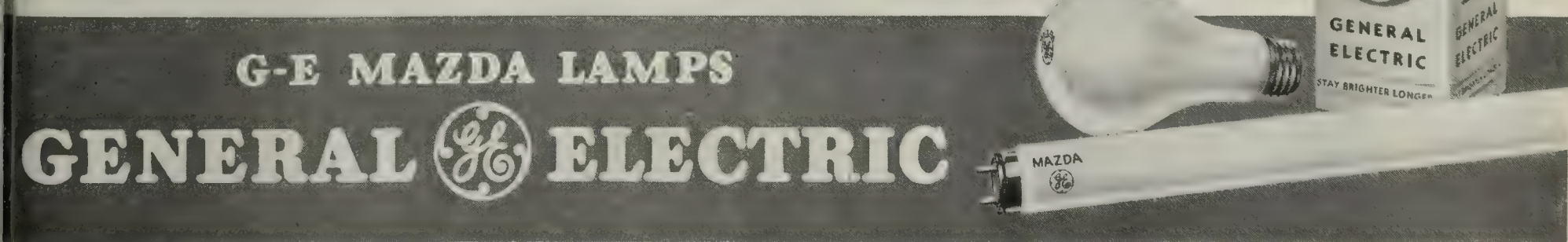
"This guy's a natural. His heart's going hep-2-3-4, hep-2-3-4!"

COLLIER'S THURSTON GENTR

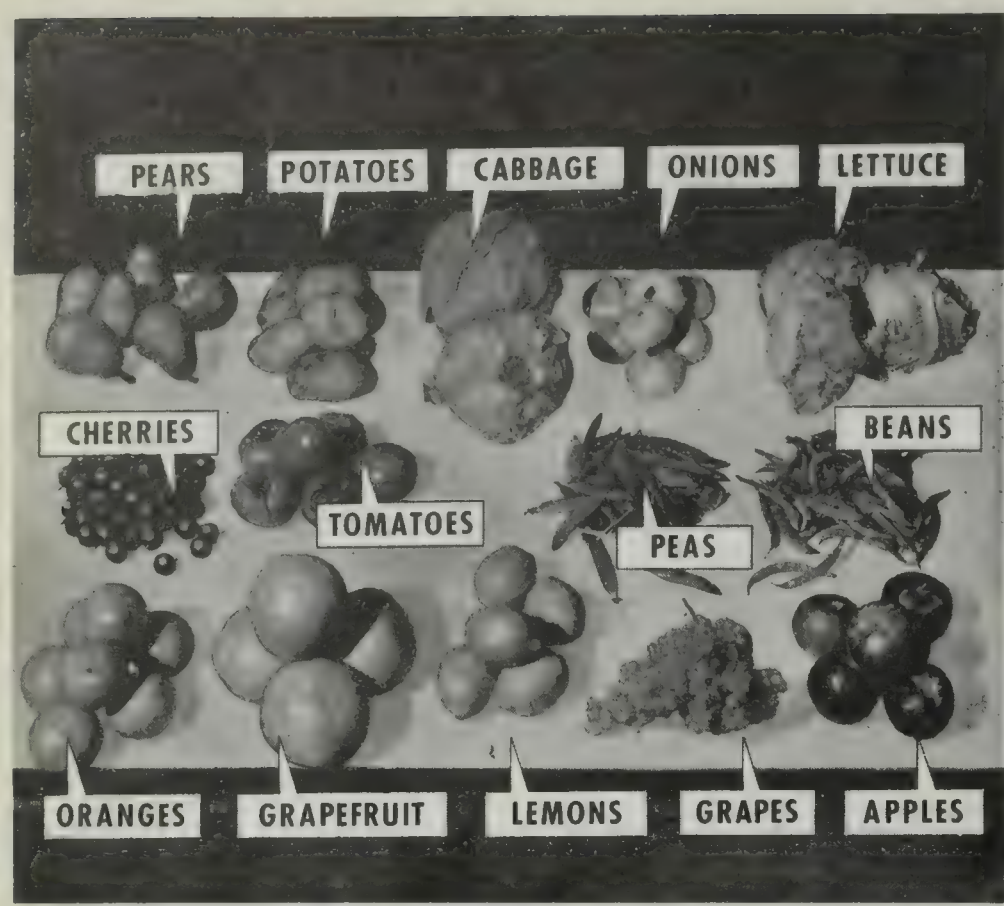
s true! A General Sherman (M-4) tank uses 27 G-E lamp bulbs, about the number you'd find in the erage home.  Five of them are shown here. A full armored division uses 60,000 nps . . . a year's supply for every home in Hackensack, N. J. The General Electric   research organization that developed these  and other G-E lamps used by the med forces is your assurance  that the G-E lamps you use are made to stay brighter longer

Key to tank lamps above: (1) G-E "all-glass" spot and signal lamp (2) Black-out lamp (3) Headlight lamp (4) Compass illuminator (5) Inspection lamp.

E BEST INVESTMENT IN THE WORLD IS IN THIS COUNTRY'S FUTURE...BUY WAR BONDS.



Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The Hour of Charm" Sunday 10:00 p. m. EWT, NBC; "The World Today" news every weekday 6:45 p. m. EWT, CBS.



EXTRA FOOD COUPONS FOR YOU, MADAM . . .

COMPLIMENTS OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

THANKS to American railroads, you can leave your food ration coupons at home when you go shopping for fresh fruits and vegetables.

Oranges, lemons, grapefruit, melons, cherries, berries, and many other fruits do not require precious ration points.

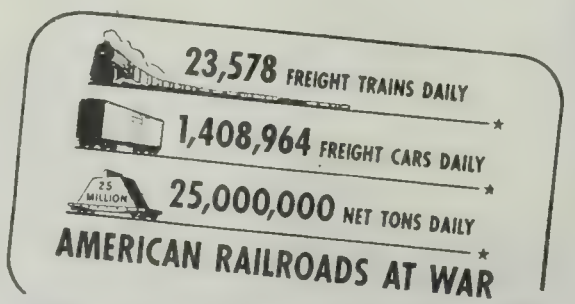
Potatoes, tomatoes, green beans, peas, cabbage, lettuce, and many other vegetables are point free.

These are brought to your local markets by railroads —often from thousands of miles away.

It is a tremendous job to keep the supplies of foods moving these days when railroad facilities are carrying unprecedented loads of war materials and supplies.

But the Erie and other American railroads are continuing to serve the home front as well as the battle front.

And those extra coupons you have as a result of buying fresh fruits and vegetables are with the compliments of your American railroads.



ERIE

Erie Railroad

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

★ ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS—ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY ★

I'll never tell them, that when I took the ginger ale into the bathroom, I did put two sleeping tablets into it."

"Why'd you take it into the bathroom?" Griselle's eyes were wide with horror. "And how dared you?" she gasped.

"I took it into the bathroom to open it. I was afraid it would fizz up and get everything sloppy. I said to him, 'Wait, I'll get a towel.' And then when I went in there, I thought that he always took them, and that two wouldn't hurt him. He often took two!" Mitzi said defensively.

"But—my God!" Griselle said, under her breath. "Don't you see how that will look? He didn't ask you to?"

"No; but he—yes," Mitzi changed her story suddenly, struck by the suggestion, "he did. He said, 'Put a couple of those pink capsules into that ginger ale.' He said to put in four or five," she changed it again.

"But you told Oulton that he asked you to bring him the bottle."

"I know I did."

"Then the bottle was in the bathroom all the time?"

"Yes; but if they make any trouble about that," Mitzi began uneasily, "I'll say that he could easily have got up in the night and taken it back."

"For heaven's sake, what did you do that for?"

"I don't know," said Mitzi; "I just thought of it."

"You'll have to say," Griselle said, thinking fast, "that he asked you to put the capsules into the ginger ale, that is, if they find that that was what killed him."

"They couldn't have killed him," Mitzi said angrily. But she spoke in a whisper, and the color had drained from her face. "He was accustomed to them. A couple of pills more or less!"

"It might be," Griselle began slowly, piecing it together, "that the two you gave him, added to some he took later—he might have got up later, not knowing that you gave him two, and taken some more. He was old, and his heart wasn't any too good."

"I don't suppose," Mitzi said, with an air of casualness, "that your precious coroner could tell how many he took, could he?"

"Oh, they can. They can tell how many fractions of a grain a person has taken," Griselle returned confidently. "I've read that in detective magazines and in loads of stories. That is," she added, confused and frightened by the expression on Mitzi's face, "that is, sometimes they can. Why? Do you think you put in more than two?" she asked.

"No; of course not!" Mitzi answered haughtily. She got up from the couch and walked about the room restlessly. "What are we to do?" she asked. "Dawdle about this house until McMurray comes to read that will at five o'clock?"

"Luncheon," Emma said primly at the door.

"I suppose we may as well eat," Mitzi observed discontentedly. "It's after one o'clock."

THEY went into the dining room to sit down to squabs and artichokes and latticed potatoes and raspberries. Neither girl had much appetite.

They were still idling at the table when Griselle remembered suddenly the bit of news that in the general confusion and horror of the day she had not remembered to give Mitzi.

"Oh," she began, "this went completely out of my head. But last night I went to Mrs. McIntyre's to see her and Steve—"

"You've got a crush on Steve?" Mitzi interrupted to say interestedly. "You know you have!"

"I have not. But the thing is, Mitzi, that while I was there, Alan came in. He's back for a two weeks' leave."

"Alan!" Mitzi exclaimed, electrified.

"Yes; he flew up from Los Angeles terday afternoon. I think he had to re or something. Anyway, they hadn't any notice; he simply walked in on th

"He didn't telephone me," was M instant reaction. Her brow knitted. " d'you suppose he didn't telephone she demanded. "Did he ask about Did he speak about poor Dave?"

"He hadn't heard about David b killed."

"He hadn't heard! I wrote him."

"He didn't have the letter. He's all over everywhere. Australia, and on a destroyer. He was on a destr that went down at Midway."

"He should have had it," Mitzi c plained. "What do you suppose they with their letters? That makes me Important news like that!"

"They had an awful time." Grise heart stood still for a moment, as it done when first Alan had told them o "He was in the water four hours. He so stiff with cramp and chill and so ered with oil they didn't know who he when they picked him up. They lost ab eighty men, but the miracle was that saved so many. And he says they c wait to get on another destroyer and back."

"For heaven's sake, what a horrible perience!" Mitzi said abstractedly. "D suppose—Here he is now!" Mitzi in rupted herself to exclaim in satisfact as the gong in the front hall soun through the house.

BUT instead of Alan, it was Mr. Oult the coroner, and Doctor Johnston the two strange, detached young un lings of the coroner who came in. Grise following Mitzi into the sitting room join them, felt a sick premonition of descending upon her spirit. Outside windows, the heavy fog seethed and lowed noiselessly; sounds came muff through it, shouting of boys, grinding brakes, horns on the bay. The air heavy and warm; the coroner wiped face on a green-striped handkerchief.

Mr. Oulton wanted to ask Mrs. Ar tage a few questions, would detain only a few minutes. Mitzi sat down a faced him steadily, two red spots in cheeks. For some time, to Griselle's ac discomfort, Mitzi steadily expressed h self as knowing nothing. She didn't kn how many tablets her uncle usually to or where he kept them or whether he depressed yesterday or anything at all.

Oulton reminded her that she had ready stated that she did know that Ge eral Cruickshank was in the habit taking occasional sleeping tablets from bottle in the bathroom. The maid Em had said that he had asked her some ti yesterday if there were any pills in t bottle, and she had told him it was abo a third full. The bottle was marked "Fil capsules."

"Then I should think you'd be questio ing Emma," Mitzi said with faintly veil insolence at this point.

"Couldn't the general have got up in t night and taken an extra pill?" Grise anxiously demanded.

"I was coming to that," Oulton sai turning the completely blank expressi with which he was interrogating Mitzi in a smile for the younger woman. "T fact is—" His heavy, blank look was fix on Mitzi again. "There was only one s of fingerprints on that bottle, Mrs. Arm tage, and they were not the general's a not Emma's. So that we are going to a you, and Miss Mountjoy too, if she like if you'll oblige us by coming down to t station, as a mere matter of form, and le ting the boys there fingerprint you."

"I was never in the general's bathroo in my life!" Griselle started to say. B she caught herself up in time, out of she pity for Mitzi, who looked sick with te ror, and substituted, "I was never finge

"... and how is everything at HOME?"

Dear Mom: Everything's pretty quiet around here.

Jim and I were just talking about what we wanted to do the first day when we get back. I told him I wanted one of your blueberry pies and maybe a big slice of your chocolate cake with thick frosting.

He says his mother makes the slickest biscuits with heavy chicken gravy over them. And of course we both want to put up our feet and listen to the radio with big plates of fresh peach ice-cream in front of us. And how is everything at home?

Your loving son, HENRY

More than 8,000 loyal men and women at Crosley have been awarded the 10% War Bond Flag as a symbol that their savings, as well as their skilled hands, are working for victory.

To all the Henrys everywhere: One of these days, when you and the millions like you have won this war, Crosley will go back to making refrigerators with the Shelvador for you to raid when you get hungry at midnight—

And ranges for baking the pies and cakes you want and washers and ironers to make your Mother's (and maybe your Wife's) life easier—

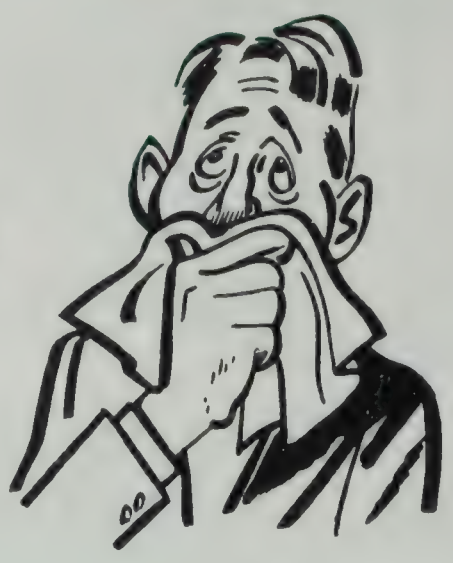
And radios and television sets for your favorite programs.

But until your HOME is safe again, Crosley will use all its skill in radio and electronics for devices you need *now* for war; all its know-how in making rugged, complex precision-apparatus (like peacetime appliances) for the war materials that will help you keep Germans and Japs out of your own front yard.

CROSLEY

THE CROSLEY CORPORATION · CINCINNATI, OHIO AND RICHMOND, IND.
Peacetime Manufacturers of Radios, Refrigerators, Household Appliances, and the Crosley Car
HOME OF WLW, "THE NATION'S STATION"

"My nose was red
My throat raw beef
I smoked a KOOL
And got relief—"



"It soothed so much
I vowed I would
Switch from 'Hots'
to KOOLS for good!"

printed! We don't mind that, do we, Mitzi?"

"I don't believe they need your fingerprints, Miss Mountjoy," Oulton said.

"But I'll go along, anyway," Griselle said.

"You stay by me," Mitzi said feverishly to Griselle when they were upstairs putting on their hats. "Everything will be all right."

"Listen," Griselle whispered urgently, detaining Mitzi as they reached the door on their way downstairs, "tell them the truth. Tell them you put some capsules into his ginger ale because he had been restless and you knew they made him sleep."

"BUT how do I know how many it was?" Mitzi fiercely whispered back. "I spilled some capsules in— Why do you look like that?" she broke off to ask nervously. "I didn't mean to do any harm!"

"Oh, goodness, I wish you hadn't done it!" Griselle murmured. "As if things weren't complicated enough without this! Do you think you put in many?" she asked.

"No!" Mitzi answered scornfully, her tone of bravado attempting to deny any apprehension whatsoever. "And I'm not going to worry about anything this idiot Oulton can do!"

"Mr. McMurray is going to be back at five to read the will," Griselle reminded her. But when they went downstairs, it was to find the lawyer already there. He asked Mitzi for a word in private, and they went into the dining room for five minutes. Then they all went to the coroner's office, Mitzi maintaining complete silence all the way, but with a proud curl to her lip and a certain knitting of her forehead that told Griselle that she was rehearsing her part in what she imagined to be the afternoon's business.

And, sure enough, when she had been fingerprinted, had sustained a primary and casual questioning and was put on oath for her deposition to be submitted to the coroner's jury at the inquest the next day, she spoke up with a readiness that surprised Griselle.

Griselle's eyes moved toward the face of Walter McMurray; he was leaning back in his chair, looking first at one end and then at the other of his fountain pen which he had taken from his pocket and held between the stretched thumb and middle finger of his left hand. His expression was absolutely blank, but Griselle knew well that Mitzi, without help, could not have produced the smooth phrases and terms she did.

"My uncle was in the habit of taking pills to help him sleep. He would often tell me that he had taken some when he went to bed, others later, if he was wakeful in the night. Last night he was asleep before I went upstairs; he heard me coming and called out to me, and I said I was going to have some ginger ale and asked if he would like some. He said yes, and I went down to the pantry and filled two glasses; I used glasses that were too small, and they brimmed over on the tray when I carried them upstairs. When I went into my uncle's room he was half-sitting up against pillows; he said he wanted sleeping pills. I asked if he hadn't been asleep; he said he had. I went into the bathroom and wiped off the tray and called out to him that there were only two pills there, how many had he taken? When I took them out to him, he said, 'I take too many of these; I think I'll cut down on them.' I said, 'It's probably a drug whose efficacy wears off when you overdo it,' or something like that, and he said, 'It does. Probably one of these,' he said, 'would knock you out, but I've been taking them all day.' "

"He said he had been taking them all day?" Oulton asked quickly. "But Emma, the maid, said that she had noticed that there were eight or ten pills in the bottle?"

"At what time did she notice that?" McMurray asked in a quietly interested tone.

"Well, that, she didn't say," the coroner answered, set back for the moment.

"That was probably at noon," Mitzi opined.

"What would take her into that bathroom at noon?"

"Clearing up," Mitzi said. "My uncle never got up until eleven or twelve. Emma took in towels and made the beds. All that."

And she sent a quick flicker of a glance toward McMurray's watchful eyes.

But going home in the car, she was hysterical, and when they got to the house, she told Griselle passionately that she would kill herself before she went again to that horrible white office with the calendar on the wall.

The girls went upstairs to wash their faces, take off outer street garments, and compose themselves for the five-o'clock ceremony of reading the will, to which Doctor Cruickshank and his wife had been bidden.

Mollie arrived, tearful and shocked, twenty minutes before the hour. Griselle ran down, and told her what she could of the day's events; the doctor, after parking the car, joined them; McMurray, who had been strolling about in the still heavy, all-enveloping fog, came in and took his place in the general's old chair at the library table.

Mitzi descended the stairs as the clock was striking the hour. She looked her loveliest in one of the soft black and white house gowns that were a part of her mourning for David Armitage; she wore no rouge, and her lips looked all the more red, and her fly-away soft-brushed hair more gold by contrast.

She was crossing the hallway toward the library door when a man in uniform came in from the garden; a tall, lean man with shrewd, gray eyes, a slightly stooped man with a half-smile that was at once wistful and confident. Mitzi gave him one look.

Then she was across the hall, was in his arms, tightening them about her, sobbing bitterly, with her gold head on his shoulder.

"Oh, Alan, Alan, Alan, I've needed you so! You didn't come and didn't come, and I've wanted you so! You'll stay here now, won't you? You'll take care of me?"

"Why, of course, I'll do anything I can, Mitzi," Griselle, with the world darkening about her, heard Alan's deep, slightly hoarse voice say reassuringly.

FOR a full minute after McMurray's voice had ceased, there was complete silence in the library. Mitzi, Doctor Cruickshank and Mollie looked blank bewilderment and incredulity at one another. Griselle sat staring, her eyes wide, every particle of color drained from her face. Mollie's mouth formed the monosyllable "Who?" but she did not speak.

Mitzi was the first to break the silence. "That—simply—isn't Uncle Andrew's will!" she stated flatly.

"That's not—not anyone we know or he knew," Mollie Cruickshank said in a troubled voice.

"What does it mean?" the doctor asked. His wife glanced at him, thinking that Sam suddenly looked old. "Is that all?" he added. "Did you read the whole thing?"

"That is all," Walter McMurray said. "I don't understand it," he added frankly. "This is completely unlike the will I drew up for the general. In his talks with me, he made no allusion to anything like this!"

"Read it again!" Mitzi commanded. Griselle had not spoken.

"Yes; I'll read it again," the lawyer said.

The long envelope that he had just opened lay on the desk. It bore the engraved names and the address of a firm

of Philadelphia lawyers, a single sheet of paper had been folded within it. The signature was that of Andrew Cruickshank; the date was an April day, twenty years earlier.

In the simplest possible words and very briefly, Andrew Cruickshank had bequeathed everything of which he died possessed, with the exception of one bequest, to Catherine Johansen, or, should she predecease him, to her child, should that child survive.

The bequest was of ten thousand dollars to Laura Carberry Mountjoy, "in recognition of an inestimable kindness.

"No money," the document continued, "could ever repay her generosity and that of my esteemed old friend, her father. But she may be glad to give this sum to some favorite charity. Should she predecease me, this legacy will return to my estate."

WALTER McMURRAY finished reading the will in a profound silence. His listeners exchanged stupefied glances.

Mitzi was the first to speak. "No one ever heard of Laura Carberry Mountjoy!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, yes, I did," Griselle said hoarsely. "She was my mother. I never heard of any Catherine Johansen, but Laura Carberry Mountjoy was my mother."

"Your mother!" more than one voice said. Mitzi's voice was incredulous.

"Yes. She died when I was seven. We lived with my grandfather on the Maryland farm. My mother was a widow; my father had died when I was only a baby. After she died," Griselle went on, as the circle watched her in silence, and no comment was made, "I lived with my grandfather. He died last year."

"This legacy, then," McMurray said, "would come to you?"

"Well, I don't know," Griselle answered falteringly. "I suppose it would."

I'll have my ranch after all, her thoughts added instantly.

"Did your mother leave a will?"

"No. I don't think she did. We never —" Griselle began, and hesitated. "We never had much money at the farm," she went on apologetically. "My grandfather didn't—didn't like it."

"Didn't like money!" Walter McMurray repeated seriously.

"No. Of course, we had some. I used to keep the books, for honey and tobacco and eggs and the farm. Miller was our farmer; we worked it on shares," Griselle explained. "I think whatever my mother had would have gone to my grandfather."

"And then to you," the lawyer said, with an encouraging nod.

"Well, yes, I suppose so."

"That legacy doesn't matter," Mitzi put in impatiently. "What I want to know is: What about all the rest of the money? You know as well as I do," she went on, looking first at McMurray and then at the Cruickshanks, "that that isn't Uncle Andrew's last will! You know he intended to leave practically everything he had to me. This will is twenty years old; I was about ten when it was written. Somewhere around here, there's some other will. We've just got to find it, that's all. My father was his partner in that patent. Papa was unlucky in his investments, and Uncle Andrew was lucky; otherwise, half of all of it would be mine! Why, you know, Mr. McMurray, that only last week Uncle Andrew was talking of his will as if he just meant to change some of the details, not the whole thing. This is a ridiculous will, twenty years old, and leaving everything to someone we never even heard of!"

(To be continued next week)

Hitting Hitler's Oil Barrel

Continued from page 34

the rotting carcasses of Italian and German bombers, fighters and transport planes which had been cleared from the field we now occupied.

At Command Headquarters, you could feel the rising amperage of preraid emotions. Everything looked the same but wasn't. The Stars and Stripes lazed in the clean-smelling evening wind. Camouflage splotched the hotel, built of sand-watered concrete by grafting Fascist colonial officials in the heyday of their imperial racket. It was ours now, with its surrounding buildings, some of them scarred by fragments of bombs when the Ninth Air Force was helping Montgomery to conquer Libya. We had chiseled out the Fascist emblems from the façade of the main building and left only the Royal Italian shield, which they had flanked.

Within the brown-walled compound of headquarters, jeeps backed and filled, staff cars halted, khaki figures emerged and disappeared into porticoes, car doors slammed, and motors purred. There was extra snap in the MPs' salutes and they directed traffic in and out of the compound with more than usual efficiency.

At mess that night I learned what the target was to be. I was "safe"—now inside the reservation. They could talk freely. The staff officers were all excitedly grave. Lieutenant Colonel Nero, the maintenance chief, a short, stocky, dark-complexioned fellow who loves engines more than life itself, told his superiors that he would have the planes ready to go. They were tuned and waiting for the predawn warm-up. Yes, the bombs had been loaded—big delayed-action bombs. Plenty of incendiaries, too. None of the group commanders were at mess. They with their pilots, navigators, bombardiers and gunners were restricted to their respective areas.

I heard the word "Ploesti" and I realized that I should have known. On the plane out to Bomber Command, one of our passengers was tall, hulky, spectacled Lord Forbes, a sportsman, former journalist and former British air attaché in Bucharest. The Germans gave him the bum's rush in October, 1940, and I remembered vaguely why. He knew the secrets of Ploesti.

Prelude to the Long Raid

In the predawn darkness of the next day, the countryside vibrated to the distant muffled roar of warming engines. By daybreak, jeeps and trucks hurried along roads and desert tracks to parked Liberators with their crews. An hour later, squadrons were in the air, forming up for the thousand-mile flight to their target—the longest mass raid of heavy bombardment in history. At last, all planes were in their assigned positions.

Once only you saw, felt, smelled and heard all this, and then the huge Liberators, fighting kings of all heavy bombers, were away, and there was silence. Perhaps only two out of every three would return.

They were quickly away, their voices fading northward. This was the morning of August 1, 1943, and our Liberators were en route to Ploesti, Adolf Hitler's principal single source of oil for Europe and for twenty-nine years the center of desperate Balkan intrigue.

Even in the last war, Ploesti was the epicenter of intrigue. Its installations were dynamited when the region was threatened by the Kaiser's armies.

Queen Marie, as astute as she was beau-

Powder in a revolutionized **NEW QUICK-FOAM FORMULA!** Feels more like a paste when you brush, yet gives you powder's money-saving economy. **NEW "WHIRLPOOL" CLEANSING ACTION** really gets down to work on dull, lack-luster tooth surfaces . . . helps bring out the flashing natural brilliance of enamel. And what a taste thrill in that **NEW WINTER-MINT FLAVOR!**

First in War . .

WE have good reason to look with heartfelt pride on the exploits of the American flying man.

On air fronts throughout the world, he is rapidly becoming "first in war" both because of the superb equipment at his command and by reason of his own cool courage and skill.

But America will not firmly establish her place as first in the air until we go one step beyond the immediate task of keeping our fighting flier supplied with the most, the best and the hardest-hitting air weapons.

We must make sure that we do not stop with making the air militarily secure for the purpose of victory—that we go beyond that, to make the air a means to enduring peace and progress.

America is well prepared to take the leadership in peacetime development of the air lanes as it has led in wartime development of flying equipment.

We have the plants. We have the mate
als. We have the productive skill.

Most of all, we have the imaginative
pacity to develop aircraft further and e
further, and the national preference
amity and good will among men that ma
air power safe in the hands of our peop

We are making ourselves "first in war"
far as flying men and flying equipment

It remains for us to make ourselves "f

First in Peace

peace" in enlightened administration
l use of the endless air ocean which is
common property of all free peoples.

★ ★ ★

A WARTIME MANUFACTURER *in the service of its*
ntry, Goodyear produces a wide variety of airplane
s and necessities, as well as complete Navy planes
airships. As a peacetime producer, seeking to help
l the finer world for which we now fight, it will be
ared to continue and extend its association with
aeronautical industry so as to make all forms of
raft finer and more efficient servants of mankind.

No time to lose!

Blackie: "Hey, Whitey—that alarm clock is set a half hour too early!"

Whitey: "We can't be too early for Victory, Blackie—let's go!"

Keep faith with those whose *lives* depend on how well you attend to *your job.* Get to work every day—on time. Remember—when you take time off—you're helping Hitler. Keep fit—live sanely—eat the right foods—get enough rest. Get on the job—on time!

EIGHT YEARS OLD

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

tiful, used Ploesti, Rumania's richest asset, as a blue chip in the postwar poker game wherein Rumania obtained Bessarabia from Russia, Transylvania from Austria-Hungary and enlargement of Dobruja at Bulgaria's expense. Ploesti was the means to the fulfillment of Marie's dream of a Greater Rumania—a dream which was expressed in Marie's dying request that her heart be cut out and buried beneath the battlements of her castle in Dobruja.

In the great interregnum of peace, Ploesti became Rumania's principal source of revenue. British, American, Belgian, French and, later, German capital moved in, built huge refineries, cracking plants, distilleries and storage tanks in an area of 700 square miles. Their combined potential production was a maximum of 10,000,000 tons, although this peak was never reached. Transportation was inadequate for handling such an output.

For one short period in 1939, the Ploesti region, however, did produce at the rate of 7,000,000 tons, including a small percentage of high-octane gasoline. At the moment when our Liberators battered the refineries and other installations, Ploesti represented the source of one third of the Axis oil supply, natural and synthetic.

As war neared in 1939, Germany faced the problem of acquiring the Ploesti fields without fighting Rumania. War in Rumania might have endangered the oil fields for they would then certainly be bombed or sabotaged.

Immediately following the Munich conference, Rumania asked Great Britain and France for a mutual assistance pact. The pact was signed and, in addition, an agreement for joint sabotage of the Ploesti installations in the event that the German armies reached a certain point in Rumania. The agreement was obtained from King Carol at a price. It was a staggering figure. Rumanians drive hard bargains.

And meanwhile, there began an undercover struggle between Great Britain and Germany—Britain aiming to deny to Germany all means of transportation of oil from Ploesti, and Germany seeking to secure Rumania and her precious oil intact. The British bought up the Danube barges and every Rumanian railroad tank car they could lay their hands on. It was a seller's market, and the Rumanians made millions.

The Plot to Block the Danube

The British reportedly evolved a fantastic scheme for blocking the Danube. The plan was to float barges loaded with dynamite into position and explode them. But some of the sailors who manned those barges looked eminently un-Danubian and startlingly British, and the Nazis caught on.

They held British naval officers prisoners on a certain barge. The British were rescued at gunpoint. If the Germans needed an excuse to hurry their plans to bag Rumania, lock, stock and Ploesti, they had it. They went to work.

They found Quislings for the buying within Rumania. They organized and financed the green-shirted Iron Guard as an armed opposition to King Carol, capitalized on disaffections arising out of Carol's relations with Madame Lupescu, and stirred anti-Semitism. But Rumania remained neutral in favor of the Allies. She didn't dream France would collapse.

But France fell. Aboard the Bordeaux express from Paris, carrying the French Deuxieme Bureau staff and all their papers, the Gestapo captured, among other dossiers, secret plans for the destruction of the Ploesti plants. The Nazis now held precisely the weapon they needed to bring Rumania to terms.

Russia was demanding Bessarabia, and Berlin ordered Carol to comply. Rumanian opposition would have meant Russian bombardment of Ploesti, destruction of the very object for which Germany was playing her desperate gam

At the moment when Soviet insistenc was at its highest and German pressure its greatest, Georges Bratianu, son of th prime minister, who had brought Ru mania in on the Allied side in the fir World War, proposed that Carol threate to press a button which would blow u Ploesti if the Russians entered Bessarabi This could have been done, and woul have checkmated the Nazis. But Car was frightened. The Russians had attacke Finland, the Germans had taken Norway and Poland had fallen. Carol turned dow Bratianu's proposal.

In a panic, the Rumanian general sta burned the blueprints for sabotage. Th next day, Carol received photostatic copie of the plans from the Nazi Gestapo, in cluding a dossier containing the names o all British, French and Rumanian agent involved. Carol denied all knowledge o the plans and personalities.

Bringing a King to His Knees

The Nazis had already used the Iro Guard to force Carol to appoint a premier a convicted bigamist, Ion An tonescu, the bitter enemy of Lupescu They went to work methodically now t achieve the capitulation of Carol and th wholesale expulsion of the British.

Antonescu, at Berlin's command, or dered an armed demonstration befor Carol's palace. The king asked Antonesc what could be done to quiet the mobs Antonescu told him that the Palac Guard was about to revolt—a deliber ate falsehood, as Antonescu knew. Th commander of these troops had just as sured him that they would obliterate th Iron Guard at a word from the king Carol, thinking only of the safety of hi Lupescu, believed his prime minister. An tonescu suggested that Carol abdicate i favor of Michael, his son, and Carol lef Mother Marie had used Ploesti to buil a Greater Rumania. Carol had failed t use it to save Rumania.

The Germans now moved soldiers int the Ploesti area, and began a systemati persecution of Britons. The Nazis wer determined to ascertain whether the Brit ish had any other plans. Their Iron Guar stooges kidnaped twelve of fifteen mem bers of the British colony and legatio staff. These men were beaten, their toe nails extracted with pliers, and they wer otherwise tortured. None of them talked When they were turned over to the Ru manian police, the British government ob tained their release.

One night, about a score of British o engineers, including an American name Freeman, were taken from their homes b Iron Guardsmen. They were given th toenail treatment and bound and beate in fine Gestapo style. What they kne about Ploesti, they never told. Withi ten days, they were released and late escaped. Some of these men helped brie our raid.

In October, 1940, the British withdre their legation from Rumania. The Ger mans, fearful of the safety of Ploesti, ex tended their occupation of the Balkan as much to keep potential bombers at distance as for any other military reason

From Ploesti, the Nazis extracted o and oil products which maintained th entire German and Italian fleets, one thir of the whole German army, and at leas half the German air force in Russia Around the Ploesti installations, the Ger mans had raised a forest of antiaircraf guns of large and small calibers. They ha built blast walls around plants' vital part and spotted airdromes from which fighter could rise to intercept our bombers.

For a combination of geographic rea sons, Ploesti had become the most diffi cult single target to reach, with th possible exception of Germany's well-dis persed and strongly defended synthet

gasoline plants. Only a low-level mass raid could accomplish the objective—destruction or serious damage to machinery which was supplying Germany with 18,000 tons of refined petroleum daily.

The whole course of the war in Russia and Italy depended on its success. Every man and officer in the Ninth Air Force, which General Arnold assigned to the mission, was cognizant of his responsibility when they set to work weeks before to prepare for the execution of their orders.

In the desert south of Bomber Command headquarters, the Ninth Air Force planners found an escarpment which topographically approximated the vicinity of Ploesti. Engineers blocked out with whitewash and markers the contours of the five principal targets in the vicinity of Ploesti proper and the outlines of the town. These were the Phoenix, Orion and Astra-Romana refineries, owned by British Shell; the Colombia plant, formerly French-owned; Vega-Concordia, built by the Italians; refineries of the petrol block (German and British respectively) and installations of Romano-Americana, owned by Standard Oil of New Jersey. The boys were urged not to miss this last one for the sake of Anglo-American relations.

On the desert plain five miles south of what represented Ploesti, the engineers laid out the town of Brasov with its Ploitul-Minier high-octane plant—the newest and best in the region. In a dry wadi representing a fold in the Carpathians surveyors located the mock Campina and outlines of the Astra-Romana refinery which Anglo-Iranian-French money had constructed.

The engineers also erected a few mock smokestacks, but there was no effort made, as reported in some newspapers, to reconstruct an entire Ploesti. A small-scale model was made, however, showing the exact location of the city contours and the doors of the surrounding countryside and the location of vital machinery within the target regions. The model was reconstructed from information those tortured British and American oil engineers had smuggled in their heads from Rumania and from actual prewar photos and blueprints. For more than two weeks, Killer Kane and other squadron commanders studied the phony Ploesti, studied maps, weather charts and the small model.

Rehearsal for Destruction

For days, they also viewed a briefing film, which gave them all the known data on the targets and finally, after two successful low-level "attacks" with dummy bombs on the mock Ploesti, they were ready. Brereton talked to each group and told them the importance of their mission and without heroics outlined to them the difficulties they'd meet. Air Vice-Marshal Elder, boss of all Mediterranean Allied Air Forces, flew out from Tunis in a Lightfighter to wish the boys Godspeed.

The men knew what they were up against and they knew some of them wouldn't come back. Low-level bombing is to high-level precision bombing what a bayonet charge is to a long-distance artillery exchange. It is infighting and it is deadly for the giver and the receiver. But a low-level raid was the only way an attack could be carried out—well, that's the way it would be done.

The generals estimated that at least ten high-level raids, each growing successively more dangerous, would be required to accomplish what could be done in one daring, smashing attack at treetop height, despite the lethal cables of barrage balloons, smoke screens, ack-ack batteries estimated to number at least 100 guns and possibly 400, and fighters totaling about 100, in the vicinity. That's the way Hap Arnold saw it. That's the way Hotfoot Joey saw it. That's the way it was done.

Late in the afternoon of August 1st, while our squadrons were winging home after the attack, a signal came in from General Ent, who was in the lead formation with Colonel Compton. The leader broke radio silence to send us the message. It merely said "Mission successful." It reached us while Brereton, Hobbs and myself were returning from the beach.

Brereton smiled, then laughed out loud for the first time in seventy-two hours. "Well, Frank, you said we'd be bastards or heroes before the day is over," he said. "Anyhow, we ain't bastards." He became silent and I knew what he was thinking. He wasn't a hero, either. He was just the general who had sent some good guys out to do a job, and a number of them—we didn't know how many as yet—wouldn't be coming back and they'd be heroes, too, but dead ones.

Hours of Nervous Tension

We tried playing gin rummy and made a futile effort to concentrate on a chess game in the officers' club at Bomber Command, but without success. It would be several hours still before the boys came home. Some would land elsewhere on neutral or Allied territory, and we wouldn't hear from them for hours, perhaps days. But the bulk of the force would be coming in at fields in Ninth Bomber areas.

Finally, the first formations were signaled less than a hundred miles away. We piled into staff cars and jeeps to watch them come in. The sun had set, and we were in that long twilight that makes the desert a magic land of soft brown earth and deep blue sky.

All ground crews were out scanning the sky and horizon for their own ships. "There's Old Baldy," and "That's Vulgar Virgin coming in now" and "Looka them bomb doors swingin'." There were ships with dead engines and others with holes in wings and fuselages. One ship shot a colored flare—it wanted an ambulance. Wounded on board. One by one they came down, some without enough gas left in their tanks to fill a cigarette lighter.

Colonel Compton, with Ent aboard, landed first, as he had been the first to get away. Ent was grave. His formation had missed its specific target. Major Norman Appold, a tall, thin kid with a large Adam's apple, a boy from Detroit, was close behind Compton. He wasn't happy, either. He had seen one of his closest friends shot down. An ack-ack shell pierced his buddy's plane from nose to tail and set it afire. "But he dropped his bombs okay—he salvoed them right on the target. I saw it go up." And Appold hurried away.

It would be nice to end this story with a classic cliché of communiqués: "All our aircraft returned safely." But we lost twenty planes over the target and perhaps as many more from a combination of mechanical troubles and by enemy action. But a hundred and seventy-five went out. So it was a successful raid.

Specifically, the bombers accomplished at comparatively small loss of life what it would have taken an army of half a million men and billions of dollars' worth of equipment to accomplish. And the lives which will be saved due to the action of the Ninth Air Force against Ploesti can't be calculated. Those who flew on August 1st against Ploesti will deserve the medals they will get.

It was dark, as black as only the desert can be on a moonless night, dark as a sealed sepulcher. Out of the night came sounds of loud voices and hearty laughter. The strain was broken. The raid was over. Intermittently, the black bowl of night was split by the thin blue beam of a searchlight that might guide home stragglers.

Read next week's Collier's for Frank Gervasi's personalized story of a bomber crew on the Ploesti raid.

Winthrop Shoes

"FOOTWORK" FAVORITES FOR FALL

This is Winthrop's famous "easy-going" Slack—a thong-laced, soft-back moccasin type in rich brown Scotch-grain leather. Besides the style and easy-going comfort for which the Slack is noted, you get Dura-Tuff—Winthrop's long-wearing, impregnated composition sole. See it at your Winthrop dealer's . . . now.

WINTHROP SHOES $5.50 to $9.50 — *WINTHROP JUNIORS* for Boys $4.50 to $5.50

(Slightly higher in the West)

The Style Endures

WINTHROP SHOE COMPANY, *Div: International Shoe Co.*, SAINT LOUIS

1 *Sure You're Going To Miss It.* Autumn and outdoors. The woods and fields. Game and a good dog. Still nights under the stars. Flapjacks and a log fire. We understand. We miss it, too. But you won't mind nearly so much if you do some real, wartime hunting. Here's how . . .

2 *You Can Help To Win The War* as an Auxiliary Policeman in the Citizens' Defense Corps. It's fun to train and work with your own local police department. And no hunting was ever more packed with real adventure. Just call your local Office of Civilian Defense for all the details . . .

If there's NO HUNTING for you this yea

3 *Then Throw Out All Your Old Ideas of Geography,* and t of all the distant spots you've always longed to hunt.

They'll all be *right next door* when this war's over, because then you'l flying your own Cessna Family Car of the Air . . . that is, if you're ove and not too far over 60.

True enough, this airplane that everyone can buy and fly is going t the Family Car *tomorrow* . . . but only because today we're devoting e ounce of our 32-year experience in aviation to the number one job of buil twin-engined Cessna Bobcats for Uncle Sam's war birds. As soon as that j done, *once and for all,* we can start building your Family Car of the Air for

IPR. 1943. CESSNA AIRCRAFT CO

Cessna

Priority Delivery by Buying War Bonds Now . . . Be one of the first to own a Cessna Family Car of the Air after the war. Orders are bound to exceed production. But you can get a preferred listing for early postwar delivery. No obligation to buy. Costs you nothing. Write us today for the simple priority plan. CESSNA AIRCRAFT COMPANY, Box 1616-C, Wichita, Kansas.

"Hurry-Up Charlie"

Continued from page 23

He took his spite out on old Charlie, though.

Like the night he put him to work priming the deckheads with red lead. Groomer not only thinned the red lead down, but he gave Charlie a stubby old brush that had been dipped in thinners. By morning the old guy was red lead from here to breakfast. He had red lead up his arms to his neck.

"What happened to you, Charlie?"

"Darned if I know, Mr. Joe. The paint just won't stay on the brush. It runs right off onto me."

I sent him to the locker for clean overalls and told Groomer to lay off.

But the next night I found Charlie running all over the yard, looking for the straw Groomer had sent him after.

"*Straw?* What for, Charlie?"

"For the crow's nest, Mr. Joe."

What are you going to do with a guy like that?

I put Charlie to helping me with the timecards.

And he'd fuss with me every time I'd go to fire a man.

"But, Mr. Joe," he'd say, "maybe he'll work out in some other department." He'd talk me dizzy, finding something good about the fellow.

"Hard to get men," he'd remind me. "How you going to get the ships out?"

TAKE the guy called "My-Night-Off." That was the name Groomer tagged him with, and it turned out to be one of his best efforts. My-Night-Off was an old-time painter—knew more about brush work than the rest of us put together. But he'd fallen off a scaffold once, and it had left him punchy, simple. But paint? He could paint rings around the best of us, providing you put a brush in his hand and got him started. There was also the little matter of being there to stop him when the work was finished, or he'd just keep painting on and on. Cabins, galley, deck, scullery—all the same color.

And every night he'd hunt me up to ask, "When's my night off?"

And every night but one I'd have to say, "*Tuesday's* your night off."

But on Tuesday he'd show up at the gate.

The timekeeper's office wouldn't let him in the yard because his card showed him off, and I'd have to go over and convince him that it was really his night off, that he didn't work on Tuesdays.

He'd look at me mournfully. And when I'd get through explaining he'd ask, "But when *is* my night off?"

It was hopeless. I told Charlie so. "I have to fire him!" I yelled. "Or I'll go batty, too!"

"Now, Mr. Joe."

Charlie got two pencils, a red one and a green one. And at the beginning of the shift he'd grab My-Night-Off's work orders and take him up to the cabins.

I watched one night.

Charlie drew a fine line with the green pencil. "You start here," he said patiently. My-Night-Off nodded.

"And you paint clear up to here." Charlie drew a red line. "Then you stop, and I'll come up and start you on the next cabin."

My-Night-Off grinned happily and set to work.

It was as simple as that.

And every Monday morning when we went off shift, Hurry-Up Charlie pinned an old Willkie button on My-Night-Off's coat.

"Now don't you come to work until I take that off," he'd say.

On the way to work on Wednesday night, Charlie would stop off at the workmen's dormitory and round My-Night-Off up and bring him along and put the button away until the next week.

There was the time young Happy kept falling asleep on us.

Up until then he'd been my top sprayman. Happy knew as well as the rest of us that Keever, the efficiency guy in Front Office, was on the warpath about men sleeping on the job. He knew that if the yard police ever caught him asleep, there'd be no second chance. He'd be fired, period.

I missed Happy one night and I started going through the ship, Hurry-Up Charlie tagging at my heels, taking those funny little running steps of his.

I found Happy snoring in the last cabin.

"You're fired!" I shouted at him. "Come down to my office and get your timecard and quit slip."

"Now, Mr. Joe," Charlie said mildly, "now, Mr. Joe."

All the while I ranted and sputtered, Charlie kept saying things like: "He's a fine boss, Mr. Joe is. He'll help you, Happy. You tell Mr. Joe what the trouble is. He'll fix it."

Happy told us. His wife had been taken to the hospital and he couldn't find anyone to take care of his kids. So the poor devil had been trying to look after them in the daytime and work at night.

"You hurry up now and get back to work," Charlie told him. "Mr. Joe will find someone to take care of your youngsters. Then you can sleep all day and tomorrow night you'll be as good as new."

Happy all but kissed me and went out to find his leaderman.

"Nice," I said to Charlie, "*very* nice. So now you've put me in the kid-raising business."

Charlie went running all over the yard, talking to the women welders, consulting with Mrs. Walteck down at the timekeeper's office. He came back beaming.

"It's all fixed, Mr. Joe. Mrs. Walteck's sister likes kids. She lives in Happy's neighborhood and she's got a big yard. Her youngest boy just got drafted and she's lonesome. Here's her address."

The next night Happy tells us what a swell person Mrs. Walteck's sister is, how good she is with the youngsters. Tells us his wife started getting better the minute she didn't have to worry about her babies any more. Happy whistled the way he used to and he did the work of two men.

OLD Hurry-Up Charlie.

At lunchtime he'd run around and make us take our vitamin B pills and peek into our lunch boxes to see that we had enough to eat. The men laughed and kidded him, but you could see they liked him.

All except Groomer. "I should have called you 'Nurse-Maid Charlie,'" he'd growl.

"That Groomer," I said to Scotty one night. "He's going to make trouble yet. If he wasn't such a fine worker, I'd—"

"Now, Mr. Joe."

Charlie was standing at my elbow. "Mr. Groomer's the best leaderman in the department," he reminded me. "He turns out the work. He gets the ships painted."

"Oh, go away," I said crossly.

Because Charlie was right. The ships *were* going down the ways. We'd set three records—one right after another.

We got a big kick out of watching old Charlie's face when each new ship went down the ways.

"There she goes!" he'd yell exuberantly. "We've sent another ship!"

He'd slap the men on the back as if they'd done something wonderful. We'd

You have a rendezvous with LIFE!

Just now, on some far battlefield, a soldier fell.

Stretcher bearers carried him away.

At the dressing station, some one asked: "Is he living, Doc?"

"Plasma!" the doctor said.

Two small flasks appeared. One contained distilled water; the other, fine "sawdust"—really dried blood. The yellow powder was dissolved in water. A needle pumped it into the boy's limp veins. Slowly, a faint touch of color came to his face. . . . (He will recover.)

Today — in jungles, in arctic wastes, on ships at sea — American doctors are saving a great proportion of their wounded. Thanks largely to blood plasma.

What is this miracle-plasma? It's the blood of healthy men and women, generously given. Dried and blended into one stock-pile, it knows no blood type, no race, no creed. *Blood for a common cause!*

If it is to do its work, it must be on hand — *on time!* It must be administered — *on time!* And it must be ready in *quantities — on time!*

That's where your rendezvous comes in. Somewhere, on some battlefield, a fallen soldier waits for *you!* Make a date to save a life — by calling your nearest Blood Donor Center. Make that date — and *keep* it! . . . Warren Telechron Company, Ashland, Massachusetts.

Telechron

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ELECTRIC CLOCKS

Our business is time. We are glad to devote this space so that plasma will always be ready for those who need it — on time! Today, our manufacturing facilities are engaged entirely in war work. Guard well the Telechron Clocks you now have.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

Pro-phy-lac-tic
NYLON
Tooth Brush

ELIMINATE

unpleasant scalp itching, unsightly flecks of loose

DANDRUFF

Keep your hair well-groomed by massaging every day with

JERIS

for Loose Dandruff

At All Drug Stores and Barber Shops

wait for his inevitable: "Come on, now, let's *hurry up* and start another one."

Then Keever got his bright idea about licking absenteeism.

Every shift, he decreed, that kept its level of production up without absenteeism was to get war bonds, one for every man.

Our marine paint department went all out for it. The men thought it was a swell idea. Easy, they bragged.

It was, at first. We went along in the groove, working steadily. Two weeks, three weeks—the beginning of the last week. That was the week, I remember, that the news came out about the Japs executing our fliers.

Little things started going wrong with us.

Johnny Adams twisted his ankle. Charlie rigged up a special stool for him to sit down on while he worked, and I had the men save all their lower trim for him to do.

Then Turkey-Neck Jensen caught cold and Charlie darned near foundered him with fruit juices. We had a few laughs listening to Turkey-Neck try to convince Charlie that whisky was the only thing for a cold, watching Charlie make him take orange juice instead.

THEN it was the fifth night of the last week. Johnny's ankle was better. Turkey-Neck looked wan, but very pleased with himself. At lunchtime the men spoke cautiously about their ultimate success, knocking on wood.

I saw Groomer talking to Hurry-Up Charlie and I eased over. The men were keyed up; I didn't want trouble now.

"I met someone in pre-fab today that knows you," Groomer was saying. "Fellow by the name of Frank Grayson."

Charlie nodded. "A Salinas boy. His father and I went to school together."

Groomer started to say something else, checked it when he saw me.

Then it was time to get back to work, and I forgot about it.

Two hours before quitting time, the labor department super called me. "There's trouble, Joe. You better get up to the main deck right away. One of your men was caught sleeping in a cabin."

"Who was it?"

"The little old guy they call Charlie."

"Hurry-Up Charlie? Hey, there's some mistake!"

"Keever himself caught him, Joe. There's no out."

I made it up to the main-deck cabins in nothing flat.

Charlie was standing there, giving Keever his badge number.

He looked up when I came barging in. "I'm sorry, Mr. Joe. I—I sat down to rest for a minute, and the next thing I knew—"

"Give us a break," I said to Keever.

He shook his head. "You know I can't. This sleeping on company time has got to be stopped. I appreciate how you feel, Joe, losing the nonabsenteeism prize—"

"The hell with the prize!" I shouted. "Just don't fire Charlie. He's the best man in my department."

Keever looked at me and he looked at little old Charlie. I saw what he meant.

"Well," I said lamely, "well—he can do a lot of other things besides swing a brush. He—he—" I stopped talking. How are you going to explain a guy like Charlie?

Groomer and the men from the corking gang stopped to listen. Johnny Adams and the spraymen joined the circle. I saw Scotty and Turkey-Neck and Happy.

Turkey-Neck lumbered up to Keever. "Fire me instead," he begged. "Is my fault Charlie sleeps. All yesterday afternoon he follow me, watches me that I do not take the whisky." Turkey-Neck coughed. "For my cold," he explained with dignity.

(I should have remembered that Turkey-Neck was just about due for a spree.)

"Charlie, when did you get your sleep?"

"I—I sort of forgot, Mr. Joe."

"Y'see?" I said to Keever. "He was so busy helping—"

"Sorry," Keever said. "You know the rules." He turned to Charlie and his voice was kind enough. "Will you go up to the front office? I'll get your timecard from Joe."

Charlie nodded slowly and passed me something. It was the Willkie button. "Don't forget, Mr. Joe. Pin it on My-Night-Off every Monday."

I held the old button so tight the pin stuck into my hand.

He turned to the men. "I—I'm sorry," he said. "I'm sure sorry."

It was Groomer who answered him. "Quit talkin' like that!"

Scotty glared at Groomer.

"Well," Groomer snapped, "he doesn't have to sound so humble!"

Charlie walked away, and the men began to mutter.

"I think there's going to be trouble," I warned Keever. "The men are sore."

"I t'ink," Turkey-Neck said quietly, "I t'ink I go fishing."

"Me, too," Johnny Adams said. "Going to take sick leave until this ankle is better."

"I dó nae feel so good myself," Scotty ventured.

It was plain enough. Even Keever could see it. But he made no move to call Charlie back. I watched Groomer whispering to his men, arguing with the corking gang.

To this day, I don't know how far the men would have gone. I do know that it was touch and go there until Groomer spoke.

"A strike," he said slowly, "wouldn't solve anything."

"Good for you," Keever boomed. "That makes sense."

"The—the ships have got to be painted," Groomer added.

"Ye're *ver-ry* patriotic all of a sudden, *Mister* Groomer!" Scotty was so mad he was all "r's."

But to my surprise, I saw Groomer's men agreeing with him. Then Groomer walked away.

"Come on, Keever," I said bitterly. "Down to my office. I'll get Charlie's timecard for you."

The corking gang delayed us, asking for work orders. Then My-Night-Off rushed up to me and demanded his button. "I want to give it to Charlie," he reeled it off like a kid that's learned a recitation. "Charlie came to work on his night off."

The fellows in the corking gang were lousy actors. They simulated great surprise. "Why, say," they shouted, "ain't this Thursday? Sure, this is Thursday! This is Charlie's night off."

Turkey-Neck picked it up from there. He slapped his thigh and did a lot of hearty laughing. "By Yimminy! Little old man hurry up so much he forget to take his night off."

"Sure," Johnny Adams drawled. "He can't be fired for sleeping."

NOW ever since Charlie'd come to work, he'd had Friday nights off. They knew it as well as I did. But I had to take a stab at convincing Keever. The men were trying so *darned* hard.

"Why, I'd clean forgotten," I said. "I told Charlie to take tonight off. I certainly did."

"Well, then," Keever said smoothly, "it will be on his timecard. Let's go over to your office, Joe, and take a look."

Scotty started to slip away, but Keever reached out and took his arm. "We'll go together, Scotty."

Groomer appeared as we passed the outfitting dock and fell into step with us. I didn't say anything.

But Scotty did. He trilled it. "R-r-rat!"

Groomer didn't answer. Just followed us into my office and leaned against the

MEDICO FILTERED SMOKING

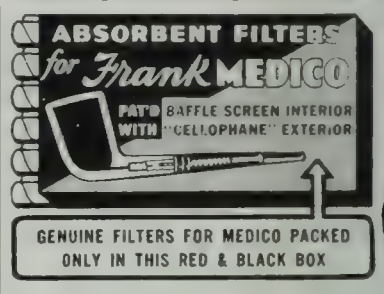
SENSATIONAL PIPE FILTER ALSO IN CIGARETTE AND CIGAR HOLDERS

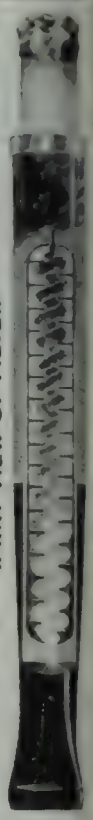
No wonder millions have switched to this amazing and revolutionary filter invention—the greatest improvement ever known in pipes, cigarette and cigar holders.

Inside of cellophane exterior are 66 mesh screen "baffles" which whirlcool smoke—retain flakes and slugs—minimize juices, raw mouth, and tongue-bite. Improves taste and aroma of your favorite smoke.

This filter is the "heart" of Medico Filtered Smoking. When discolored, put a fresh one in your pipe or holder. Costs only ONE CENT. Do not miss the benefits of mild, sanitary, Filtered Smoking.

Something wonderful goes on inside





$1.00

When will the Allies keep their APPOINTMENT IN BERLIN* *Answer this Question in the*

HELBROS

WIN $2,500 IN U. S. WAR BONDS

or one of 101 *Distinguished* HELBROS *Watches*

YES, you can win the big grand prize or a handsome Helbros watch (value $57.50) world-famous for precision and beauty! Just give your estimate (and 25-word reason) of the day, hour and minute on which the "cease fire" order will come, signifying our victory over Germany.

TO ENTER THE CONTEST:

Go to your jeweler for free entry blank and complete contest rules. Submit as many entries as you wish, provided you buy a U. S. War Savings Stamp with each. You keep the stamps! Contest closes October 30, 1943 . . . Send in an entry blank every day—you help hasten the day of victory—and you may win one of the 102 wonderful prizes.

*See this new Columbia picture starring George Sanders and Marguerite Chapman.

HELBROS WATCH CO., NEW YORK, N. Y.

door frame, watching Keever go through the time cards.

Keever riffled through the lot, took one card over to the light. He had a queer look on his face. "Thought you were lying, Joe. But it's down here, all right."

Scotty's eyes widened. I laughed heartily.

"Well," I said. "Well, I guess that takes care of it."

Keever sounded mad. "Something funny about this, Joe."

"Why, Mr. Keever! It's there on the card that Charlie should be off tonight. Even in the little rule book you helped to write it doesn't say anything about a man sleeping on his night off."

"And if it's the nonabsenteeism prize that's griping you," Groomer put in, "you can skip it. Give it to the Red Cross."

But Keever had a one-track mind. "How," he wanted to know, "could Brandon get in the yard tonight if he's supposed to be off?"

THOUGHT of the timekeeper's office hit Keever and me at the same time. They had duplicate records!

Keever smiled sweetly and pulled the phone across the desk. "Give me the timekeeper's office," he said. "Mrs. Walteck? Will you look in the marine paint department files and let me know when a Charles Brandon, badge number 87642, is supposed to be off?"

Groomer whistled tunelessly, while Scotty straightened all the pencils on my desk. It became an effort to keep the idiotic, cheerful smile on my face.

"What?" Keever looked like he'd swallowed straight lemon juice. "Are you positive, Mrs. Walteck? It's written down? Certainly I'm not doubting you, I just—Thursday, eh? I see. Thanks."

He stood up. "I'll send Brandon back here, Joe."

"Oke."

"After this, keep better track of your records."

"I sure will, Keever."

"Got to have efficiency, Joe."

He marched off.

Scotty did a fancy highland fling.

"Will someone," I complained, "let me in on this?" I turned to Groomer. "I know you sent My-Night-Off up on deck to speak his little piece, but—"

"How about some work orders, Joe?" Groomer was as dour as usual. "Those guys are standing up there with nothing to do."

My phone rang. It was Mrs. Walteck.

I looked at Groomer as I put the receiver back. "Mrs. Walteck says to tell you that you left your gloves in her office when you brought her the Cokes."

Scotty put his hand on Groomer's shoulder. "How did ye do it?"

Groomer shook him off. "I did it with my little pen and ink," he said flatly. "I'm good at it. I'm so good I once served time for it."

"That's why, then, they wouldna' let ye enlist?"

"That's why. And now," Groomer shouted, "will you two quit talking so much and come help me get the men started? Number 532 goes out today, in case you've forgotten."

"Ye're as bad as Charlie with your hurr-ry up, hurr-ry up."

"Stick around," I said. "Wait until Charlie gets back—"

"Wait, wait, wait!" Groomer rasped. "There's too darned much waiting."

He started out the door, kicked at the frame as he passed it. He stood there a second, looking out across the foggy yard.

"Come here," he said.

Scotty and I joined him. We could just make out a shadowy little figure, running toward us.

"Old Hurry-Up Charlie."

Groomer's voice sounded raw and tired. "That Grayson guy in pre-fab—he told me why Charlie's in such a hurry."

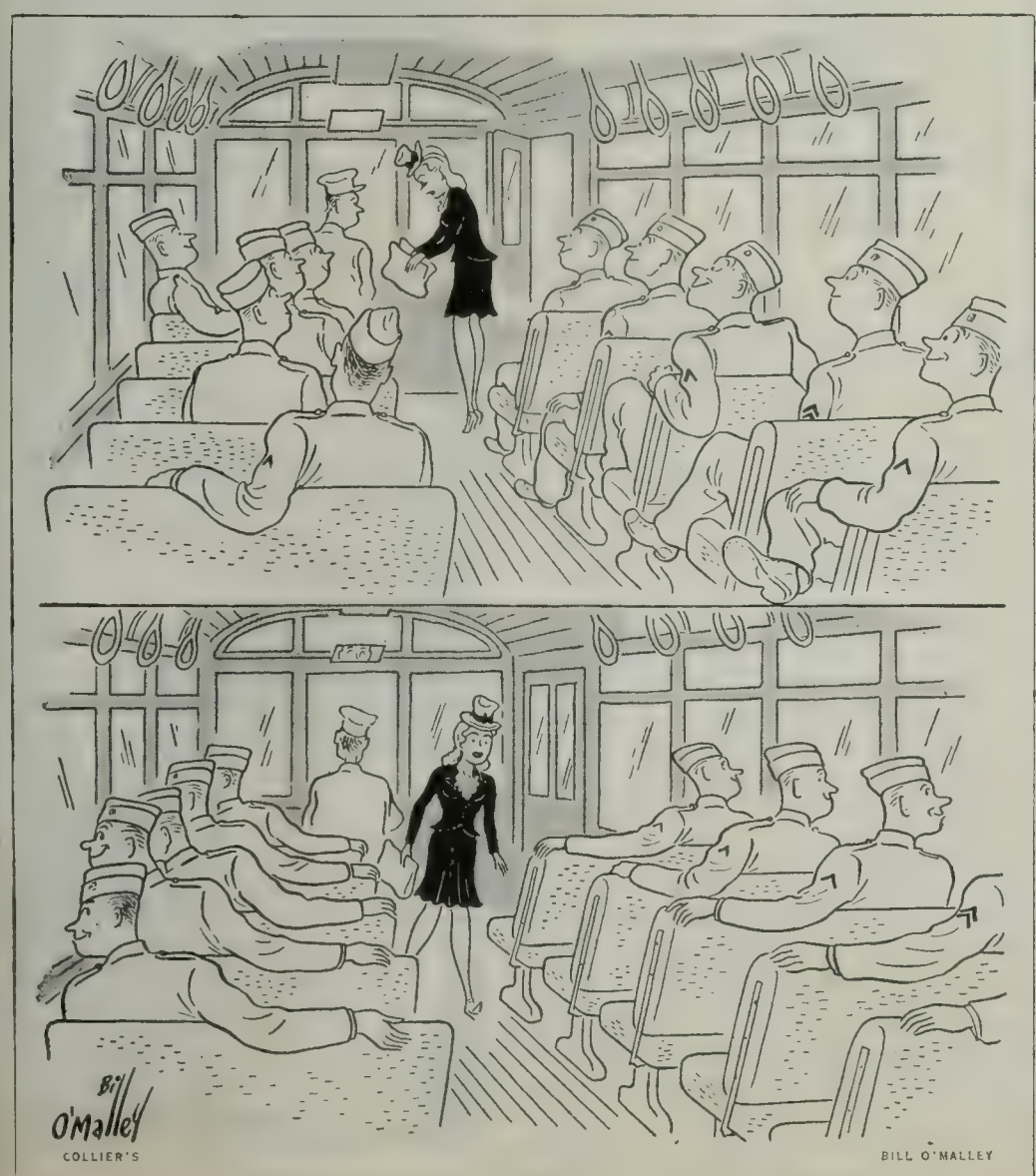
"Why?"

"Because all three of Charlie's sons were at Bataan. One of them's still there—in the foxhole he died in. The other two are prisoners of the Japs."

He stood aside as old Charlie panted up.

"Come on," Groomer said crossly. "Let's get back to work. We got to hurry up!"

THE END



Snap into Autumn with a refreshing change of clothes . . . rugged Size-fixt Oxford shirts by Manhattan; sport shirts in smart plaids; roomy, deep-pocketed leisure jackets. Manhattan ties and handkerchiefs in spicy Fall patterns and colors. You'll get a new grip on yourself in a Manhattan change!

Manhattan

SHIRTS • TIES • SPORTSWEAR
PAJAMAS • HANDKERCHIEFS

If you have any difficulty obtaining Manhattan Shirts, please be patient. Inquire at your favorite store again; shipments are made frequently.

This is an American fighting man setting foot on foreign soil—for the first time in his life. How many *miles* from home? Until officially released, that information is a military secret—is governed by military strategy. How many *months* from home? More than any of us realize, this depends on how hard we of the home front *work* and *save* for Victory.

This American fighting man goes to meet the enemy with boundless faith in you and me and every American on the home front. No Axis lies can undermine that faith. Even the heat of battle will not weaken it. Because we—his own people—are the only ones in the world who can disillusion this American fighting man.

Wars are never won by merely *equaling* the enemy's efforts. We must *exceed* them! We must build more and still more of the weapons of Victory. We must buy more and still more War Bonds—to buy the weapons of Victory, to win our war against inflation. Remembering always that every minute on the job, every War Bond we buy, are part of the price of *his* return ticket.

Williams Oil-O-Matic works to speed the day of Victory—his homecoming. When all of us can return to the ways of *better living.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

E NAVY

THE BONDS YOU BUY TODAY ARE YOUR GUARANTEE OF A Better Tomorrow!

★ ★ ★ ★

BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS & BONDS

WILLIAMS OIL-O-MATIC HEATING

WILLIAMS OIL-O-MATIC HEATING CORPORATION
BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

Paratroops Behind Nazi Lines

Continued from page 19

and glider troops of the 82d were dropped from big transport planes, were collected with their full equipment on the ground, and were put through all phases of attack until every man in the division, from General Ridgway to the greenest buck private, knew precisely what fortifications were to be assaulted, when they were to be hit, and what road to take or what ravine to traverse to get to them.

On the first day of fighting, the combat team accomplished its first mission. It blocked the Gela-Vittoria road. On the second day, it took command of heights on the east bank of the Acate River. Here it dug in.

Here the little 75s and mortars could sweep broad stretches of the countryside, could challenge the advance of German armor along the converging roads. Somewhere in front of them the 15th German Panzer waited to strike. At their rear were the enemy's first defense lines in the coastal hills and, beyond the hills, American soldiers were landing from the sea.

Lying in Wait for Jerry

The German was not long in coming. He rumbled up in Mark IV's and big Mark VI's. The 88-millimeter guns of these tanks have a range of four miles and, as soon as they got within their most effective striking distance, they started to bang away at American positions. Mostly, the German was firing blind, because the American declined to reveal his location by returning the fire.

Not a shot was fired from the American side until the enemy was within 150, 100 or 50 yards. Then the paratrooper let him have it with everything in his arsenal from the 75s to bazookas, machine guns and rifles. At that point-blank range the 75s could stop the big tanks, while the little 37-millimeter antitank gun was effective against the Mark IV's. That was waiting until you saw the whites of their eyes, 1943 style.

The bazooka was really terrific. This weapon resembles a length of lead pipe. The Germans learned to dread it. Its terrible armor-piercing and explosive power was death to the Mark IV's. It could not destroy the Mark VI's, but after these tanks had been pounded fifteen or twenty times with the bazookas, they withdrew, presumably because their crews could no longer endure the shock.

On occasion, the Germans refused to come close enough to give the Americans maximum firepower with their light weapons. Then it was necessary to lure him closer by tricks. Such tactics cost the Germans many a tank, and two American soldiers traded their lives for Mark IV's.

One was Lieutenant Colonel —— of New York. All he had were a few bazooka teams, which he had widely dispersed, lying on their stomachs and well covered. As the tank approached, the colonel exposed himself, attracting the attention of the crew and drawing them closer by firing his M-1 rifle. The tank crew occupied itself in returning the colonel's shots with their 88-millimeter gun. Colonel and tank swapped several rounds —88-millimeter shell for .30-caliber bullet—until, finally, the American officer took a direct hit and died instantly. A moment later, the tank was ambushed by the bazooka teams. It was stopped cold and the crew exterminated.

Another who died was an unidentified American sergeant who captured a German tankette, or one-man tank, jumped into the vehicle and ran it in front of a charge of enemy tanks to draw their fire while his comrades blasted away with bazookas. These tanks were also stopped.

For thirty hours, the Americans made their stand along the river heights. A good part of the time they were without support of any sort from more heavily armed units. It was Saturday, July 10th, before they got reinforcement when the 45th Division was able to get some heavier guns and tanks up to them. In knocking out the German tanks, the airborne troops had the assistance of what General Swing has described as "wonderful screening fire" from the Navy offshore. This was the first time in the history of warfare that cruisers and monitors went into action against tanks.

It became apparent almost from the start of the invasion that the Germans had pretty well anticipated the American plan of attack. On July 10th and 11th, airborne troops were constantly fending off counterattacks, a circumstance clearly indicating that the enemy expected assaults to be made where the Americans made them.

In counterattacks, the enemy penetrated outer American defense lines only to discover, before he could turn his tanks around, that his own infantry was being attacked by our troops. It was these infantry attacks that sold the American soldier on the idea that, man for man, he was as good or better than the German. Take his machines away from him, they learned, and the German is just another soldier whose reputation for invincibility vanishes in close combat.

General Swing visited the scene of the fighting in the Acate River heights. In that area alone, he counted twenty-seven German tanks knocked out. At least six of them were Mark VI's.

The British Eighth Army used airborne troops to great advantage, especially when Nazi resistance stiffened before Catania. After the big coast port fell, General Sir Bernard Law Montgomery permitted correspondents to tell what happened at a certain bridge near the middle of the Catania plain.

The British wanted the bridge badly. If they held it, the Germans could not advance. But it was flanked by swale grass flatlands, and there was no way of getting to it without being exposed to a deadly cross fire. So Montgomery ordered paratroopers to take it at night.

The British Held the Bridge

A score of big transport ships circled over the bridge and dropped 300 men. Equipment followed. Then a great orange moon peeked out from behind a cloud bank and the British, still floating downward, found they had company. Plenty of company. About 300 German paratroopers were floating down with them. The German commander must have had the same idea as Montgomery. Both wanted that bridge. Both decided on the same method. Both used the identical minute to execute it. On the ground, frightened soldiers of both sides picked up any weapon, and British soldiers killed Germans with their own guns, and vice versa. In the morning, the British held the bridge.

While our airborne operations in Sicily were on a scale larger than any comparable undertaking of the Allies, in the weeks and months to come it is possible that they may be dwarfed by still larger troop landings from the air. Air-invasion tactics are still in a fluid state. They are being modified almost daily on the basis of experiences in Sicily and in training centers in the United States.

There is good reason to believe that, because of the American successes, General Henry H. (Hap) Arnold, commander of the Army Air Forces, Lieutenant Gen-

WHEN YOUR STOMACH IS UPSET

When you eat in haste you often repent at leisure—with a sour, upset stomach—gas pains—or simple diarrhea.

Don't add to your upset by taking overdoses of antacids or harsh physics. Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL, to help calm and quiet your upset stomach, and soothe irritated intestinal walls. *Get a bottle from your druggist today.* If you do not get prompt relief, see your physician.

Pepto-Bismol

By the Makers of *Unguentine Norwich

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ral Leslie J. McNair, chief of the Army Ground Forces Airborne Command, are considering wider use of gliders in place of parachutes as a better means of getting soldiers out of the air and onto the ground.

Unquestionably, the glider has staggering potentialities as an offensive weapon. Both American and British glider troops were landed in Sicily at night. Night landings of incredible accuracy have become a routine part of glider-troop training in the United States. In recent weeks, troop-laden gliders, without the addition of special equipment, have even been landed successfully on water.

The glider used by Americans in Sicily was capable of carrying fifteen men, including pilot and copilot and necessary equipment. A few weeks ago, new gliders of improved design and with twice the load capacity of the older type, came off production lines.

The glider, easy for enemy fighter planes and antiaircraft to hit in daylight, at night becomes an exceedingly silent, elusive target. That enables the attacking force to utilize to the utmost the element of surprise. Only an enemy aware that he is about to be attacked could detect the presence of night gliders. These frail-looking craft, after their release from their towing planes, sail to their destinations with only the whistle of wind in their wing struts to warn of their coming. Against the night sky they are shadow planes. Only the luckiest kind of shot could bring one down.

Gliders have another advantage. Troops and equipment landed by parachute are scattered even under the most favorable conditions. The landing force thus loses cohesion for varying periods of time, during which they are highly vulnerable to attack. Glider troops are landed in fighting units, ready to hit an enemy within a matter of seconds after their ship slips almost noiselessly to the ground.

Landing casualties to glider troops have been much lower than among paratroopers. This has been true in both day and night operations. Gliders frequently crash, particularly in rough country, but their construction is such that, in breaking up, they absorb most of the landing shock. Time and again, troops have stepped unscratched from nearly demolished gliders. Unlike motored aircraft, they carry no fire-hazardous gasoline.

Glider—Invasion Ship

As at present organized, American airborne divisions are comprised of parachute and glider troops. The paratrooper was used in the opening of the Sicily air invasion because of the roughness of the terrain. It was felt that glider landings could not be made in the areas. Subsequent experience has shown that gliders can be put down in very small landing areas, so it is possible that when fair terrain is to be invaded, more gliders and fewer paratroopers will be used.

"The Allies won't have success against heavily fortified positions which can be readily reinforced," said General Swing, after the fall of Sicily, "unless the force sent to reduce them is aided by airborne troops attacking from the enemy's rear in a kind of pincers operation.

"Airborne soldiers ease the landing of troops driving in from the sea. Forces on the beaches will have to contend only with what is in front of them, while the enemy has to stave off blows from the back. We used to hit him from the front and sides. Now we can lean over and hit him a kidney punch."

THE END

". . . now let us say that you are a married man with two dependents. FIRST, you estimate your 1943 income, taking credit for March and June payments, and then make up the difference NOW and in December. But remember—you are still held liable for 25% of your 1942 tax! Your net income LESS your personal exemption AND your credit for dependents gives you your surtax net income—and from this figure you subtract any interest on Government obligations PLUS your earned income credit. Got that? Now take 6% of that figure and you have what is called the normal tax. The normal tax is then added to the surtax net income and . . ."

COLLIER'S BANDEL LINN

MOJUD . . . that's all you need know about stockings

The name Mojud on stockings tells a meaningful story of extra quality yarn . . . of skill in knitting . . . and of infinite care in testing, examining, finishing. That's why, to millions of women, Mojud means the utmost in long-lasting loveliness. *At better stores everywhere.*

★ BUY WAR BONDS!

TRADE MARK REG. ©1943, MOCK, JUDSON, VOEHRINGER CO., INC.

This Soviet worker in Yakutsk, Siberia, lives only 28 hours' flying time from the Washington, D. C. airport.

It's 37 hours' flying time from Kansas City to this Chinese student's home, outside Chungking.

The office of this newspaper publisher in Calcutta, India, is 41 hours' flying time from Times Square, N.Y.

This Alaskan Eskimo lives near Fairbanks — 13 hours' flying time from the Chicago airport.

A 23-hour flight from Boston will put you in the office of this wholesale coffee dealer in Sao Paulo, Brazil.

The Pacific atoll where this Fiji Islander lives is only 34 hours' flying time from Denver.

No man on earth lives more than 60 hours from your local airport...

"A LOT OF THINGS are different in India than they are back home in Altoona," wrote a 19-year-old sergeant in the U. S. Air Forces to his mother in Pennsylvania.

Never before in his life had this boy travelled beyond Pittsburgh — until he flew to India in a Liberator bomber.

To him — and hundreds of thousands of hometown American boys like him — India was a place "off there somewhere." He'd seen it in the newsreels and travelogue films. In his geography book he'd learned something about India's crops and minerals and untold riches, and the funny way the people dressed.

The world as it really is

Now his letters from overseas — telling how people talk and work and live in a strange land he never dreamed he'd see — *are penetrating into the lives and thinking of his family and friends in the town where he grew up.*

This is happening all over America today. A when our boys come home again — from India a China and Britain and Dutch Harbor and Austr and North Africa — they'll think of the world they know it *really is.*

Not as isolated continents or separate hei spheres, but a clustering of nations whose *individ* welfare, in the peace to come, will depend up the welfare of them *all.*

They know it can't be otherwise, when *no spot*

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT

Your sales manager in Brisbane can attend a meeting in San Francisco on short notice. Flying time: 35 hours.

earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport!

In such a world, right now, we face the necessity of waging and winning a global war. Tomorrow — in a world shrunk still smaller because of even swifter long-range planes to come—we and all other nations must somehow contrive to get along together as neighbors.

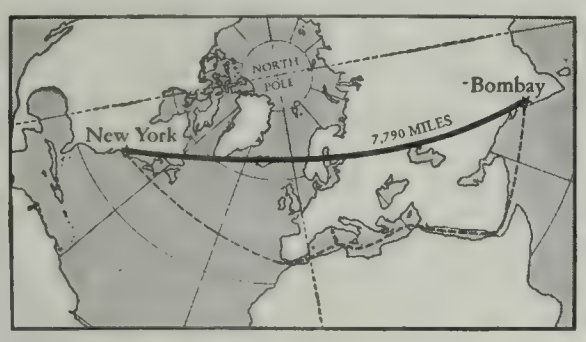
Air power — for peace

There are bewildering problems ahead. But one thing is certain. The plane — by accelerating the interchange of men, mail, merchandise, ideas, culture, and beliefs — will help to bring about a greater understanding between the peoples of the earth.

And without understanding, there can be no lasting peace.

(Orthographic projection, centered on London)

A plane recently *flew the 1400 air miles from London to Moscow on a special mission in the morning, returning that same afternoon. Top speed: 400 M.P.H.*



(Polar azimuthal equidistant projection)

Today's planes, *with their tremendous speed and long flying range, need not follow old established trade routes. The 9400-mile sea route from New York to Bombay is about a 3-week voyage, but the air route is only 7790 miles. Flying time: 39 hours or less.*

QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS

Consolidated Vultee designed and perfected the long-range Liberator bomber — was the first to turn out multi-ton bombers in volume production on a moving assembly line.

• • •

Because teamwork means more bombers and an earlier victory, the Consolidated-designed Liberator is also being produced by Ford, Douglas, and North American.

• • •

Liberators and Catalinas have helped to provide a "complete shore to shore air cover" spanning the Atlantic as protection for convoys against Nazi submarines, according to joint statement by British Admiralty and Air Ministry.

• • •

All transport planes, including the Liberator Express, are being equipped to carry standard stretchers for the evacuation of wounded, according to the Office of War Information.

• • •

To protect Australia's 11,000-mile coastline, the Royal Australian Air Force chose Catalinas as ships that can regard "journeys of 2000 miles or more as routine. Catalinas can remain in the air for thirty hours and can reach Australia's remotest bases and return without refueling," according to the Commonwealth of Australia Department of Information.

• • •

At the end of 1943, the United States will have about 865 airports, each with paved runways of 3500 feet or more. This compares with less than 100 such airports in 1940.

• • •

There are 11 Consolidated Vultee plants in the United States. If these 11 plants could be put under a single roof, they would occupy a building 3 miles long and 5 city blocks wide.

• • •

A recent aerial photograph, taken at an altitude of 26,000 feet, shows a vast landscape on which a mountain 625 miles away can be clearly identified.

The Liberator bomber carries a *heavier* bomb-load *farther,* and *faster,* than any other U.S. bomber in action against the enemy. In many instances — for relatively short bombing missions, where range and speed are not all-important — two 4000-lb. blockbusters are added to the Liberator's normal load, increasing its bomb capacity to 10 tons.

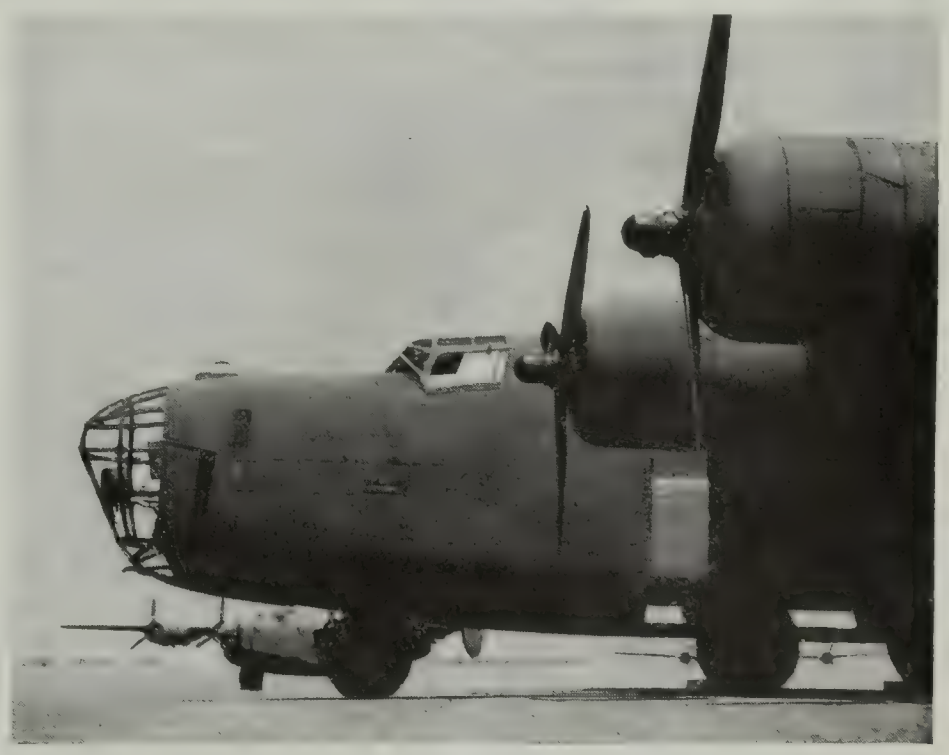
• • •

More than 10,000 sub-contractors and suppliers all over the U.S. are helping to speed production in our 11 plants by furnishing sub-assemblies, parts, and materials.

In addition *to the Liberator bomber, Liberator Express transport plane, and the Coronado and Catalina patrol bombers, Consolidated Vultee also builds dive bombers, trainers, and torpedo planes.* Above: *the Valiant—basic trainer widely used by the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps.*

• • •

Production figures on the Consolidated Vultee Liberator bomber are of course a military secret. However, it was recently revealed by Harry Woodhead, president of the company, that during the first 6 months of this year, production in Consolidated Vultee plants of this long-range 4-engine bomber was tripled as compared with the first 6 months of last year.



"O.K. for take-off!" *Another huge Liberator bomber rolls off Consolidated Vultee's moving assembly lines into the hands of the test pilots. On every aerial battle front, the speed, range, fire power, and precision bombing of the 4-engine Liberator is helping to transfer the Axis dream of victory into a nightmare.*

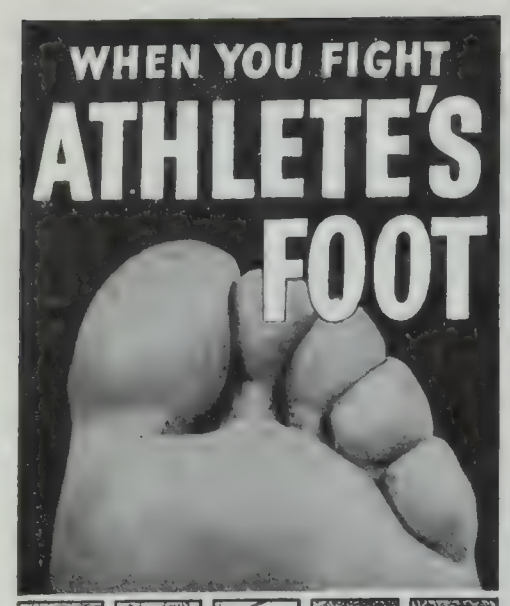
CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

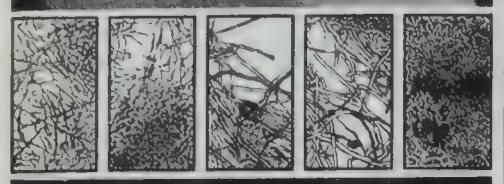
San Diego, Calif. • Vultee Field, Calif. • Fort Worth, Texas • New Orleans, La. • Nashville, Tenn. • Wayne, Mich. • Allentown, Pa. Tucson, Ariz. • Elizabeth City, N. C. • Louisville, Ky. • Miami, Fla.

Member, Aircraft War Production Council

BERATOR (4-engine bomber) — CORONADO, CATALINA, (patrol bombers) — P4Y (anti-submarine plane) — LIBERATOR EXPRESS ransport) — VALIANT (basic trainer) — VENGEANCE (dive bomber) — SENTINEL ("Flying Jeep") — RELIANT (navigational trainer

WHEN YOU FIGHT
ATHLETE'S FOOT





FIGHT TO KILL
ALL 5 FUNGI
OR EFFORT MAY BE WASTED

Facts you MUST know

Five fungi may cause Athlete's Foot. Any one alone —or all of them.

•

Fungi are hardy, persistent.

•

SORETONE KILLS ALL 5 FUNGI ON CONTACT.

•

Soretone contains powerful 4-Beta-Ethyl-Hexyl-Phenol—*not in any other Athlete's Foot preparation.*

DON'T UNDERESTIMATE ATHLETE'S FOOT

This malady is stubborn. Don't trifle—fight to kill. Soretone helps relieve that maddening burn and itch, while it attacks the cause. Soretone cleans and dries the skin. Dissolves perspiration deposits—on which fungi feed. Promotes healing of broken tissues. *And McKesson makes it.*

MONEY BACK —If Soretone doesn't bring satisfaction.

SORETONE

Powerful Help—TONIGHT

Spread toes apart. Pour Soretone full strength. Let dry. Repeat in morning.

Avoid reinfection. Spray or wipe shoes with Soretone. Boil socks 20 minutes.

McKesson gives a big, long-lasting bottle for $1 so you can afford to use Soretone liberally.

If not relieved within a reasonable time, see your doctor.

FIGHTS TO KILL ALL 5 FUNGI

Herman the Sherman

Continued from page 16

The colonel was 'way ahead of me. He bounced up like he had trolley-car springs, and in nothing flat he had his clothes off.

He tossed them at me. "Corporal Burkitt," he said, "do as you did in Bensonhurst."

So I did. With a stick I pulled the colonel's clothes to a pile of rocks, and with two gallons of gasoline from the jeep I doused them. Then I sat down to wait for them to dry. But the colonel he couldn't sit. First he was nervous because he was late. And, second, he still had ants.

"Colonel," I said, "it would be better if we did to you, too, like we did to the sofa. I still got extra gasoline."

WELL, Judge, it worked. The colonel was without ants after I bathed him. But he was with big red pimples and excitement.

"Corporal Burkitt," he said, "hand me my clothes immediately."

I went to get them, but they were still wet. He gave me a look like even you couldn't give, Judge, and sat down by the jeep. I spread out the clothes so they should dry faster. He kept looking at them and looking at his watch. His nervousness was making me nervous.

To take his mind off, I said, "Have a cigarette, Colonel." I lighted it for him, and he gave a puff. Then a second later his clothes gave a bigger puff. I had forgot about them when I chucked the match away.

I ran over to stamp out the fire. The colonel stopped me. "Just let them burn, Corporal," he said very quietlike.

After all my hard work, I couldn't understand this. "Maybe he's going batty," I said to myself. Then when I took a peek at him I was sure he was nuts. Because he was looking at the fire, and looking at me, and smiling very, very happy.

"Now, *Private Burkitt,*" he said, "remove *your* uniform."

"But I got no ants, Colonel," I said.

His smile was very peculiar now, like the one Dago Mike had before they fried him. "Do as you are commanded, Private Burkitt."

Nuts to you, I said to myself, a colonel who's a nudist ain't no colonel. But out loud I said, "Yes, sir."

So I took off my clothes, and the colonel put them on, and that's how we arrived at Staff Headquarters. Naked I didn't mind being. But when some of the men came around and asked me I should do a bubble dance, I boiled inside. Outside I boiled, too. The colonel made me wait two hours for him in the car.

I got awful sunburned. But the colonel got other things. Because not only did he make the *Private Burkitt* business stick, but he docked me a month's pay. And the next day he chucked me back in the tank corps.

But the colonel was bugs if he thought I was sore about pushing a tank again. Cars, motorcycles, scooters, tanks—when you're a driver they're all the same, Judge. And, boy, was this a tank they gave me! Could I make a fortune with it in traffic on the Grand Concourse. A General Sherman no less.

Tougher than the Stanley Steamer my old man once hacked in. And faster than Sam Schnauzer running from his wife. I named this tank Herman after my strong uncle who's a rubber in a Turkish bath.

With me in Herman the Sherman is four other guys. Coletti, the gunner; O'Rourke, the loader; Perkins, the radioman; and Schull, the commander, who is a sergeant. Strictly speaking, they're only kibitzers, like four fares in my cab.

Honest, Judge, the whole setup is still like the Bronx. Tunisia is nothing but empty lots with camels, and people are people. You would think maybe Sergeant Schull is different. He ain't. Right away he makes faces about my driving. And three days after I'm with him he hollers I rush in too close to the Heinie tanks, that I don't obey orders and that I'm a jerk.

This Sergeant Schull is a tough onion. He's a big, blond guy with a fiddle chin, and before the war he used to be an accountant. Everything with him is business, and always he's delivering lectures. It costs so much to run a tank, and so much to fire a shell. And if you can't balance it with Heinies, the government is losing money on you.

"Private Burkitt," he says, "you are foolhardy and irresponsible."

By me that's Supreme Court double-talk, especially from a sergeant.

"Look, Sergeant," I told him, "you mean I take chances?"

"Exactly."

"Okay, wise guy," I said. "Go look up the records of the Orange Cab Company, and you'll see my kind of driving booked nine bucks a day when the other hackies made from hunger."

He gave me a dirty laugh. "Your kind of driving also cost the colonel a whole new uniform. But I like my stripes. I sweated for them."

"So what?" I said.

"So unless you use your brain instead of the gas pedal—and follow orders to the letter—you're going out. I'll see to that."

Herman the Sherman I like very much, but of the sergeant I'm sick already.

"Fine," I told him. "You can start getting rid of me right now. There's lots of other tanks."

"That's very true," he said, "but I will recommend you for the infantry."

Judge, when I heard that I backed up like water in the carburetor. Because if there's anything I don't like, Judge, it's to walk. Sergeant Schull knew that, too.

"Well?" he says.

I don't say nothing. But Schull, he's foxy. He takes nothing for an answer, and lets me stay.

So I do like he tells me and become a creep. For a while I think maybe Schull has something in this safety-first stuff. Because in the next month I jockey Herman through six battles without a dent. Not only don't we get banged up, but Coletti's shooting knocks out a dozen kraut tanks.

I GAVE Coletti the glad hand for it the night before the battle that got us through the mountains. We were stretched out next to Herman, waiting for daylight. But we couldn't sleep because the grass felt like a hairbrush.

"Coletti," I said, "that's some shooting."

He's a skinny little guy with black hair growing down to his eyebrows, and he always looks mad. This time he really was. "Blah!" he said.

I couldn't get it. "Why, whatsa matter?"

"You," he said. "You're crampin' my style."

"Coletti," I said, "don't talk like an Order of the Day. Talk English."

He didn't pay no attention. "Do you know what I used to be?" he asks.

"No."

"I used to be a professional billiard player," he says.

"Oh, a hustler?"

I thought he'd choke. "No. A professional. An expert. A tournament player."

"I'm glad," I said.

"I shoot a gun the same way. Scientific. But account of you I'm shooting like a chump now."

Briarcraft Quality

PLUS
a feature which no other pipe has!

One of the $1.50 Custom-made Smokemaster

You can sense quality and good craftsmanship the moment you examine a Smokemaster. And when you remove the bit, you'll see an added reason why this fine pipe gives such exceptional smoking pleasure. The pipe cleaner in the stem is its BIG feature—for it absorbs moisture from the smoke passage *as you smoke.* The heel stays dry, the stem stays dry—*and you never draw through rank, biting moisture.* Try it—we know you'll like it.

IN MANY HANDSOME SHAPES
Custom-made Smokemaster $1.50 Smokemaster $1.00

At leading dealers

Briarcraft, Inc., 347 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N.Y.

Briarcraft Smokemaster

The Gift for SERVICE and STYLE by Rumpp

BILLFOLDS — Slimmed for non-bulging, multi-pocketed for bills, cards and stamps, with or without change compartment. In assorted styles and many leathers.

OVERNIGHTER—Complete with good-grooming essentials—brush, comb, manicuring and shaving equipment—yet it packs in almost no space at all.

The Rumpp name denotes—"the Sterling of leatherware".

Rumpp
GIFTS OF LEATHER
C. F. RUMPP & SONS, PHILA., PA.

I was getting sore myself. "Are you bugs?" I said. "What have I got to do with your shooting?"

"You're making me take long ones," said Coletti. "Two thousand yards on the last one. Sucker shots. All on account of your creepy driving."

"You mean if I step on it and get closer, it's like a soft one on the pool table?"

"Certainly."

Judge, it seemed to make sense.

"Coletti," I said, "from now on you're going to be near enough to make massé shots."

"Thanks, pal," he said.

He said it again in spades when the rumpus with the Heinies started an hour later. The break came fast. A big shell bloomped right next to us and loused up the radio. That meant the sergeant had to talk to me with the feet and I had to translate with the clutch.

Judge, I never felt so good in my life. Honest, something even got into Herman like once got into my cab when Sam Schnauzer put ether in the gas tank. Maybe it was the climate. But Herman flew around like a punch-drunk pug in a revolving door. I didn't even really disobey orders. I gave Herman gas like the sergeant wanted, and Herman made speed like Coletti wanted. It made me very happy.

But the happiest was Coletti. If only he had a cuspidor, it would have been like in the Grand Academy on Fourteenth Street. He was shooting like a champ while I racked them up. Never a miss. And never a shot longer than five hundred yards. In one hour he had four Heinie tanks, O'Rourke had a curve in his back from loading, and Sergeant Schull had a mouthful of words for me which I couldn't hear.

Suddenly the krauts chucked up a smoke screen and began to scram, but fast. The wind was with them. It was blowing to the east, the way they wanted to go, and in no time at all they were covered. Then Coletti and the sergeant saw the same thing. Me, too.

Off to the right an armored car and a small tank scrambled out of a hollow and scooted from different angles for the edge of the blanket. From where we were, the armored car was a pushover in the side pocket. The sergeant gave me an easy kick in the middle. That meant advance slow for the setup. I did like he wanted.

Meanwhile, Coletti was acting very peculiar. He was pointing with the nose at the gun slit and looking on me with a look I never saw before. Judge, it was murder and heartbreak. I gave a good squint through my port. Then I understood. He wanted to make a two-cushion shot. Catch the tank and the armored car with one smack. From the way they were traveling, they would be side by side just as they reached cover. At close range it would be a cinch. It was up to me.

I stepped on the gas. Herman gave a squeal, the sergeant gave a curse, and we were off. The bumps was terrible. But Coletti behind the gun was like frozen to a cue stick. Now the Heinie tank and the car were only two hundred yards away. They were almost together. Still Coletti waited. Then, just as he had them lined up, it happened. The Heinie tank let loose a shot, Herman went into a skid, and the Heinie and the armored car were gone in the smoke screen.

We climbed out to look at our damage. Nobody was around. The krauts had beat it, and the rest of our outfit was after them.

IT'S funny, Judge, how sergeants is just like traffic cops. They always put the blame on one guy. There was Coletti, with a dopey look on his face, trying to take a plea with me. But Sergeant Schull shuts him up.

"Private Burkitt," he says to me, "your recklessness is responsible for this."

It would have been nice to answer him with a monkey wrench, Judge, but I needed the wrench for Herman. The repair job was nothing at all. Just a couple of links on the tread out of whack. We fixed the radio, too, and in a few hours we were off.

I felt very sad riding along, because I figured it would be my last time in Herman. Herman, though, didn't seem to care. He was full of pep still, and scooted up and down the hills like he knew where he was going. I myself didn't know. But Sergeant Schull said that over the mountains was the village our outfit must have taken.

The hills got steeper and steeper, and Herman got to smell like the Holland Tunnel. This made me even sadder. But a couple of minutes later I had no time for sadness, only for driving. Because we were on a hill that would give even a toupee gray hair.

Such a hill I never saw. It was high

ALFRED by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE

"We can't find the firing pin, sir. Alfred thinks he must have left it in his other pants"

COLLIER'S

ADJUSTING VALVE TAPPETS

HE'S A GOOD MAN TO KNOW!

You bet he's a good man to know! He's the Doctor of Motors. You'll find him hard at work in garages all over America.

He's got a tough job on his hands today—keeping cars, buses, trucks, and tractors on the go. But you can count on him to give you your money's worth in skill and workmanship . . . and to be a good, reliable friend of yours besides.

We know him well. For years he has demanded piston rings which save oil and gas—and increase power. Because we have met his demands, he's installing Perfect Circles in increasing millions every year.

The Perfect Circle Companies, Hagerstown, Indiana, U. S. A. and Toronto, Canada

PERFECT CIRCLE PC PISTON RINGS

THE NATION'S CHOICE

If your car is old enough to SMOKE— it's time to install PERFECT CIRCLES

TAKE PART IN THE INVASION . . . WITH MORE WAR BONDS

You're in the driver's seat!

Look here, Mr. Civilian, those fellows on our fighting fronts need supplies and need 'em fast. Among the most important are storage batteries, and you can help make more of them available.

You can do it by *thoughtful buying*, which means, don't buy at all unless you absolutely must . . . and then, be sure to get the best and longest-lasting. The second step is to give your battery the kind of care which increases its life, a job which Exide Dealers are well equipped to handle. Restricted driving can damage a battery. Be sure to see your Exide Dealer every two weeks.

Remember, when you take care of things you own, you save many dollars which you can invest in War Bonds. **Back the attack with War Bonds!** Let's over-subscribe the 3rd War Loan.

BUY TO LAST
SAVE TO WIN

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO., Philadelphia
Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto

For 55 years the name "Exide" has symbolized dependability, long life.

Exide

WHEN IT'S AN EXIDE YOU START

like the Empire State Building and shaped like a bucket turned upside down. The place where Herman traveled was very narrow. On one side was terrible big rocks, and on the other a terrible deep gorge.

Halfway up, Sergeant Schull told me to stop. He stood on the shelf, with his head stuck through the hatch, trying to find another route. But there wasn't any. Suddenly he leaned forward, listening.

"I hear a tank," he said. "Sounds like he's coming up the other side of the hill." I could hear it myself now. Also another, higher noise. "A tank and a half-track," said Schull. He smiled, then wiped it off and gave me a dirty look. "Probably the lieutenant coming back to look for us."

I got ready to throw in the clutch. "Never mind the feet," said Schull sarcasticlike. "Let them top the rise, we don't want any collisions."

The tank and the half-track sounded nearer and nearer. But when we thought they were about to come over the rim, their motors stopped. The sergeant was puzzled. He waited a while. Then he signaled me to go ahead slow. I had a tough time holding Herman back. Then, just when I was ready to let him cut loose over the rise, Schull yelled, "Halt!" Herman stood on his rear, the hatch slammed and Schull plopped down.

"A kraut," he said, "right behind the top of the hill."

JUDGE, it was a situation like never happened even to Dago Mike. With him in the Bronx, it was shoot or get shot. With Herman it was shoot and nothing happens. And with the kraut the same thing. We would be shooting over each other's heads. Because our tanks were so tilted we couldn't lower the cannons down enough.

Judge, it was crazy. We were on one side of the hill and the kraut was on the other. What made it even crazier was that he could see the kraut's turret and he could see ours. We couldn't focus on him, and he couldn't focus on us until one of us went over the top. Our guns were like that.

Coletti almost wore out his eyebrows trying to get the kraut in his sights. But it was no go.

"Back down easy," said the sergeant.

I did like he said for fifty yards.

"Now come up the same way," he said.

The sergeant was pulling one out of the book. According to the rules, the kraut was supposed to think we were scramming. Then the second he topped the rise to chase us he would be a dead pigeon. For we would be able to hit him, and he still wouldn't be able to aim at us.

But I guess the Heinie commander re the same book as the sergeant. He r treated, too, and so did the half-track.

That didn't upset the sergeant a b though. "Repeat the maneuver, Burkitt he said. So I repeated. But the Hein tank did the same thing and we were st mied again.

"Now what, Sarge?" I said.

"Back down and come up once mor Burkitt."

Once more I did it, and once more th kraut did it, and there we were where w were in the first place. Then, just as was thinking the sergeant should get a adding machine, we discovered the Heinie had been pulling a fast one. While the tank had been playing ticktacktoe wit Herman, the half-track crew had been set ting up an 81-mm. mortar. The sergeant chin almost fell in his collar when he hear the mortar go off. An instant later, th shell lobbed over and smashed the muzzl of our 75.

Judge, a fix like that you never ever heard of in Tammany Hall. Without tha gun we were a nothing. And any second now the kraut tank was sure to come in for the kill.

"Scram!" yelled the sergeant, forgettin his fancy English.

But, Judge, I couldn't. In the first place I couldn't back up as fast as the kraut went forward. In the second place, it was too narrow to turn around. And in the third place, I would be a dead one if I ever came back to live again in the Bronx. So, Judge, I did like I did to Sam Schnauzer's cab, only better.

I stepped on the gas. From the touch Herman knew what I wanted. He jumped over the rise like it was a curbstone and roared across the top. The kraut was a driver like Schnauzer. At first he didn't know what to do. Then he did like Sam when he saw me. He stepped on the gas, too. That was exactly what I wanted, and the timing was perfect.

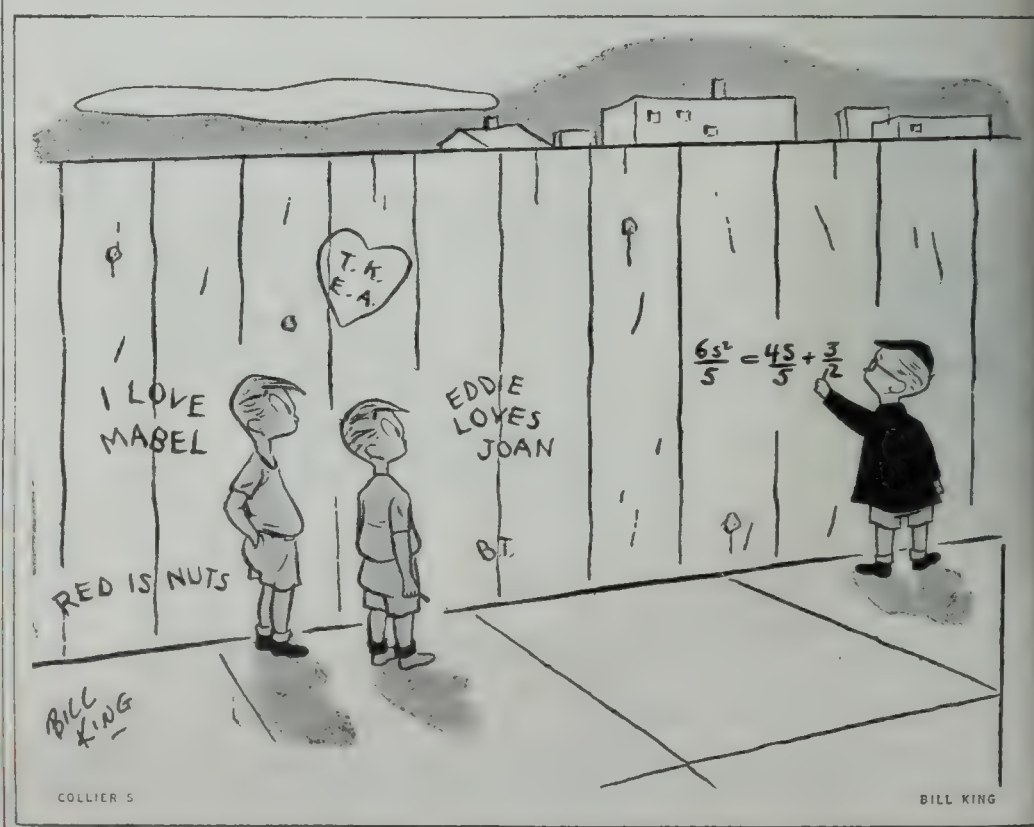
I caught him just as his nose came over his side of the rise. The smack could be heard a mile away. The kraut turned over, piled up on the rocks and caved in like a sardine can. Herman had a terrible banged-up nose. But he was still full of fight. So I let him go at the half-track down the hill, and he belted it into the gorge.

Well, Judge, for that I'm getting a medal tomorrow, but my corporal's stripes that they took away, they don't give me back. And Sergeant Schull won't talk to me because he says I still think with my feet.

Tell me, Judge, in the M.P.s are they like that, too?

Respectfully yours,
DAVE BURKITT, Pfc.

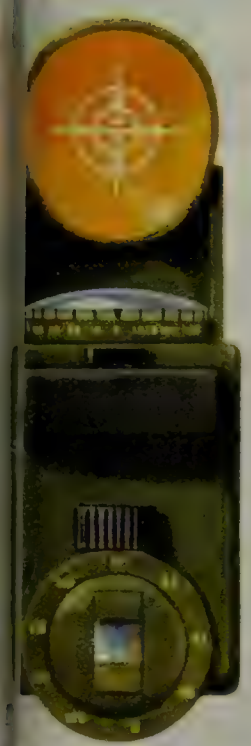
THE END



OPTI-ONICS*!

new word for the future

OPTIcs
electrONics
mechanICS



One of the new Opti-onic products made by Bell & Howell for war service.

OPTI-ONICS is . . . optics . . . electronics . . . mechanics! It is the employment of *all three* to accomplish many things never before obtainable. It is the *combination* of three sciences to bring mankind new and untold extension of the senses of sight and hearing.

Today, Opti-onics is a WEAPON! Tomorrow, it will be a SERVANT . . . to *work*, protect, educate, and entertain. Opti-onics at Bell & Howell is a fitting development by an organization which pioneered in the design and manufacture of precision motion picture equipment—and was the first to give fine moving picture cameras and projectors to the amateur. Today Bell & Howell *Filmosound* Projectors are used in training millions of fighting men and Bell & Howell movie cameras are preserving the record of victory.

Bell & Howell Company, Chicago; New York; Hollywood; Washington, D. C.; London. *Established 1907.*

***What Electronics gets, Bell & Howell lets you see . . . that's* OPTI-ONICS**

"What you see...you get"

Bell and Howell

Precision Bell & Howell Company Photo Equipment

Opti-onics Bell & Howell

BUY WAR BONDS

FALSE TEETH WEARERS

WHY RISK THESE 2 DANGERS BY BRUSHING WITH MAKESHIFT CLEANERS

Beware of DENTURE BREATH and LOOSENED PLATES

Brushing your plates with tooth pastes, tooth powders or soap, may scratch the denture material which is *60 times softer than natural teeth.* These scratches cause odorous stains, film, and food particles to *collect faster and cling tighter* . . . resulting in Denture Breath. Remember, *you* may not know you have it, but others *do!* Besides, brushing with makeshift cleaners often wears down the delicate fitting ridges designed to hold your plate in place. With worn-down ridges, of course, your plate loosens.

A safe, modern way to clean dental plates, partial plates and removable bridges is to *soak* them clean in Polident every day. Polident is approved by many leading dentists and the leading makers of modern denture materials. No brushing, no danger, yet the daily Polident bath works into the corners and crevices no amount of brushing seems to reach—leaves your denture sparkling clean, odor-free.

"NOW I'M REALLY LIVING . . . GO EVERYWHERE . . . HAVE FUN"

Millions call Polident a blessing. No fear of Denture Breath—no risk of wearing down and loosening the plate due to brushing. Polident used daily helps maintain the original, natural appearance of your dental plate for less than a penny a day. Today—get Polident at any drug, department or variety store. 3 oz. size—30¢; 7 oz. size—60¢. Money back if not delighted.

FREE—Booklet on Care of Dentures. Send post card to Hudson Products, Inc., Dept. C-9, 8 High St., Jersey City, New Jersey.

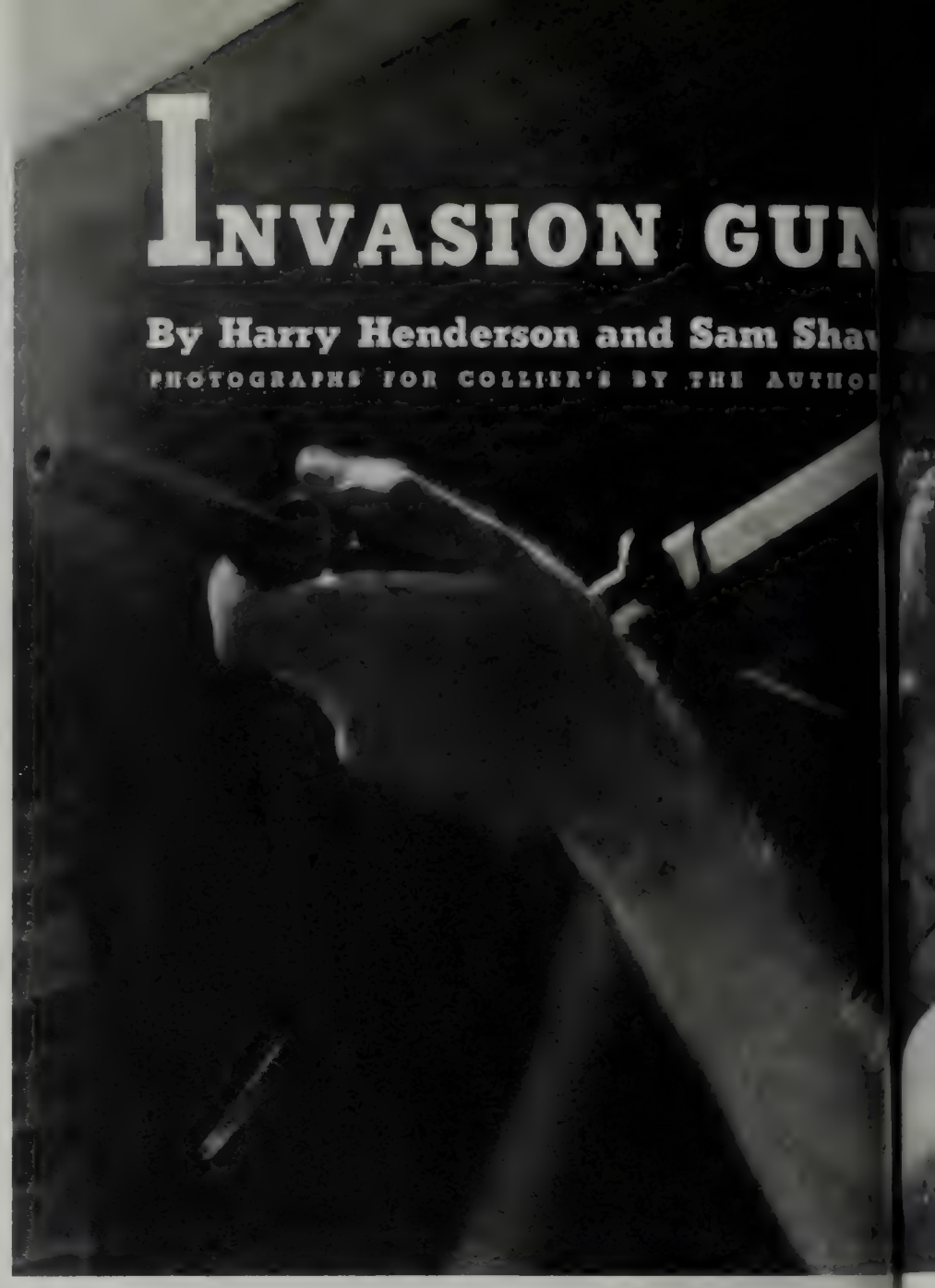
POLIDENT *The Safe, Modern Way to Clean Plates and Bridges*

WOMEN WAR WORKERS
The More Women At Work The Sooner We'll Win!

INVASION GUN

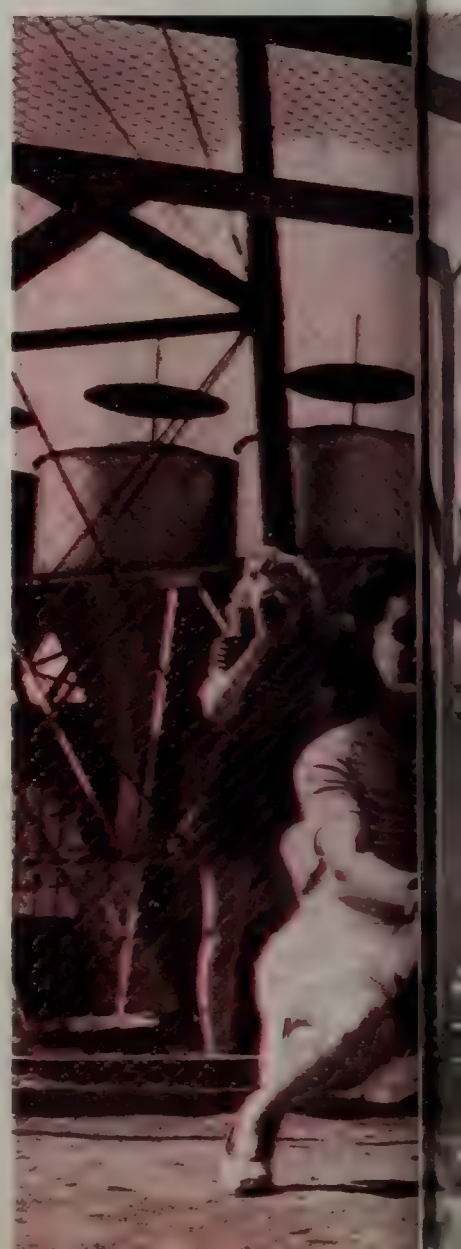
By Harry Henderson and Sam Shaw

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY THE AUTHOR



It weighs only six and three quarters pounds, but it is one of our biggest weapons against the Nazis

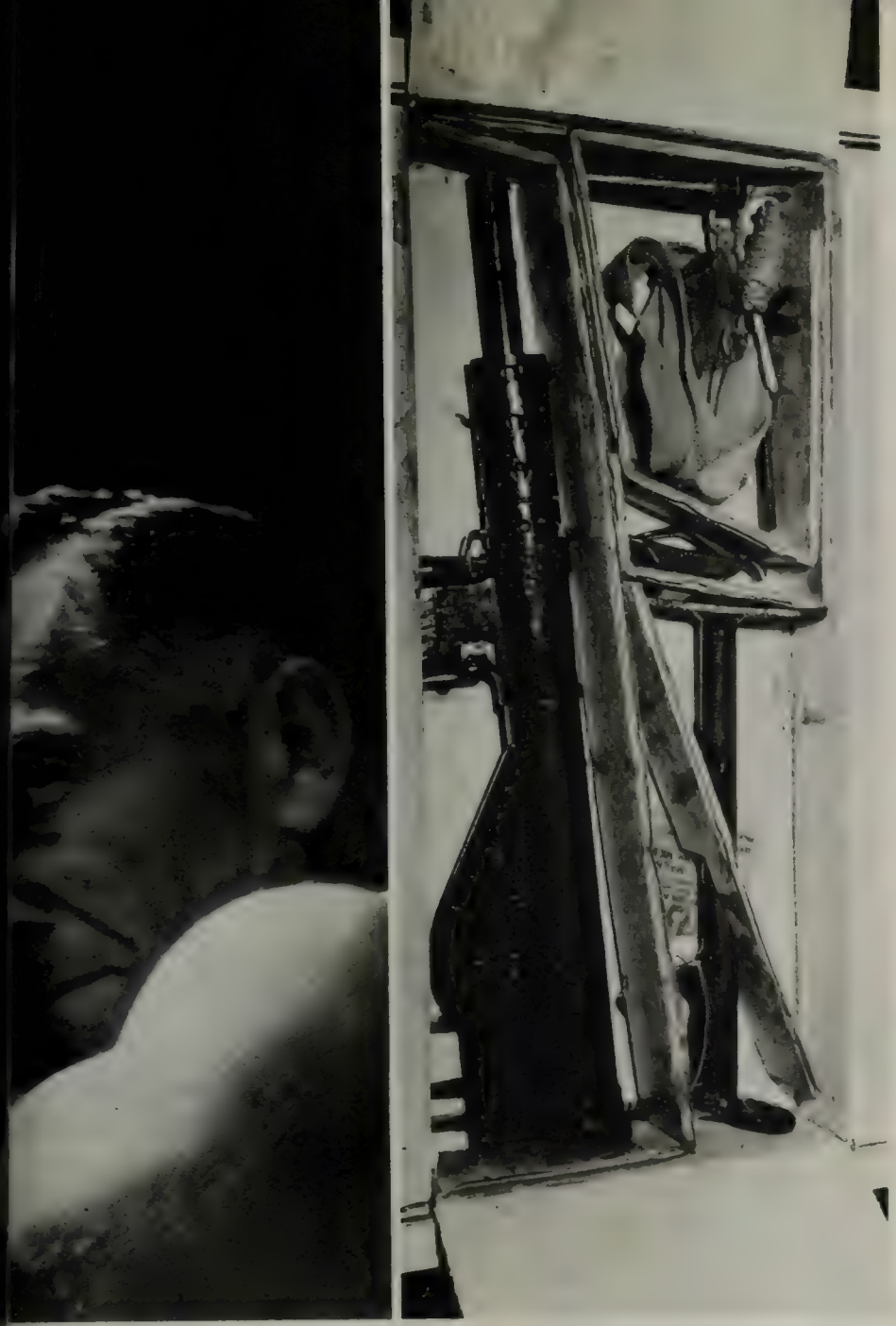
Below, Thora Engley, a men[illegible] left: of Small Arms' industrial fl[illegible] testin[illegible] squad, puts all she's got int[illegible] for ra[illegible] hot line drive. Softball heads [illegible] Abov[illegible] plant's summer sports prog[illegible] will be



ONE gray morning about a year ago a Nazi patrol, making its way through the woods near one of conquered Norway's towns, came across a small parachute dangling from a spruce limb. Attached to the chute and swinging gently in the breeze, was a small box. Inside, heavily coated with grease, was a disassembled, crude-looking automatic rifle and ten magazines of ammunition. The R.A.F. had been overhead the night before, but if there was any doubt as to the gun's origin, it was dispelled by the barrel-casing stamp: STEN MARK II, ENGLAND.

Returning to their barracks, the Nazi patrol assembled the gun. It consisted of four simple pieces: an all-metal stock, a nine-inch barrel, a piece of sheet-metal tubing containing the spring-backed breech and ejector, and a magazine holding thirty-two 9-mm. bullets. Not even the detailed instructions accompanying the gun were needed to assemble it. On firing it, the Nazis discovered the gun could shoot faster than their own Schmeisser machine gun—550 rounds per minute, and that it was amazingly accurate for so short a rifle. Within twenty-four hours, Reichskommissar Josef Terboven, head of the Nazi forces of occupation in Norway, had broadcast a decree of death for anyone found with a Sten gun. Thus, for the first time, the world learned that the British had begun the task of arming the people of Europe so that they could effectively revolt when the Allied Armies landed in their territory.

Since then, the Berlin radio has yammered frequently that the British have



e, left: This is not a guerrilla using a Sten against the Nazis, but Frank y testing the gun's action on the range adjacent to the plant. Each gun is l for rapid-fire, ability to fire straight up and down, and accuracy at 150 . Above, right: A Sten packed for shipment. Ten magazines of 32 shots will be added before it is parachuted into occupied Europe by the R.A.F.

YOU CANNOT hasten the making of a Nuyens Liqueur. But the resulting perfection in flavor, body and aroma are worth waiting for.

These superbly delicious liqueurs were once prepared in France to formulae developed by four generations of the Nuyens family. Today, those formulae, some of them 140 years old, are painstakingly followed here in America.

Because of wartime restrictions, you may not always be able to find your favorite Nuyens Liqueur at your merchant's. So please be patient with us.

NUYENS *Liqueurs*

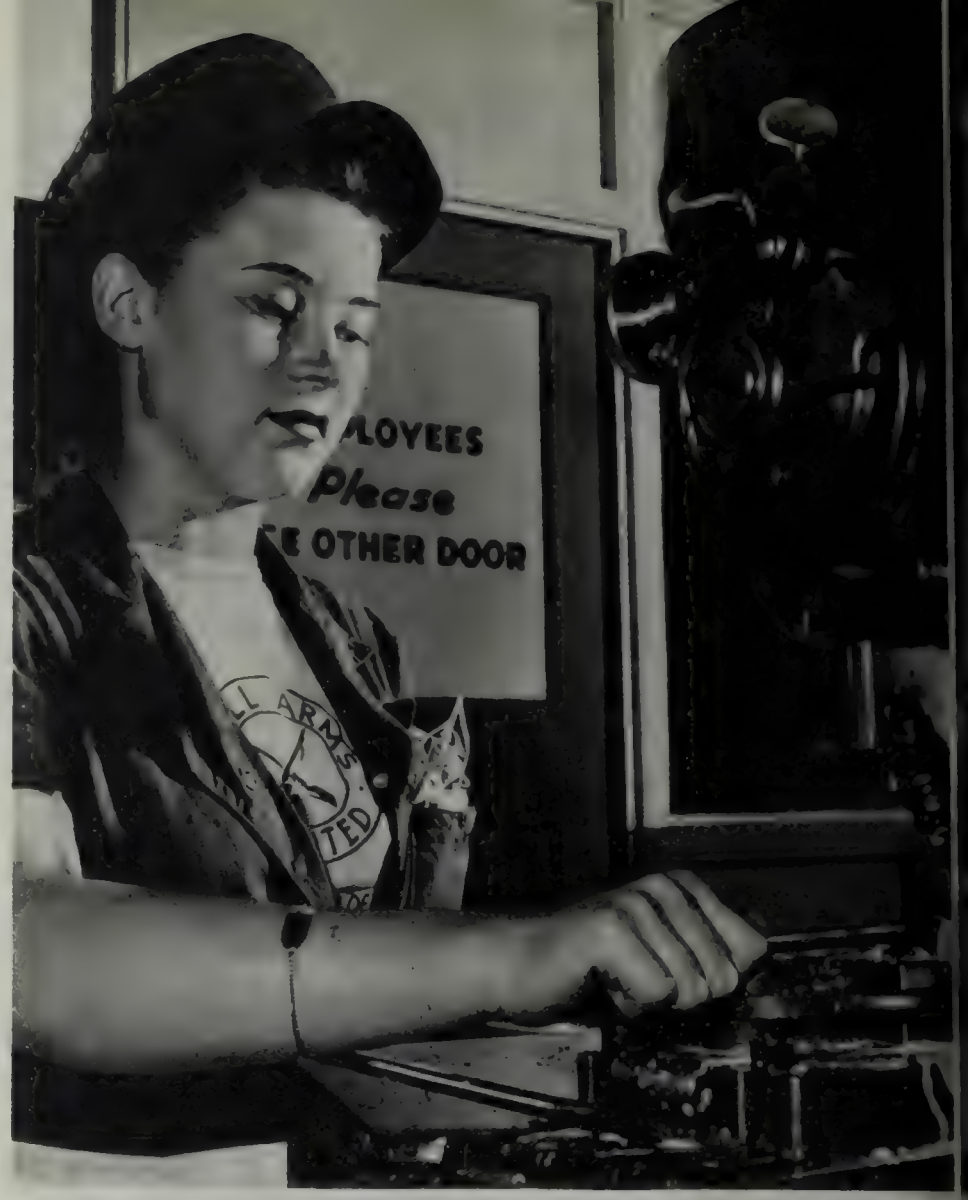
Creme de Menthe 60 proof	**Triple Sec** 80 proof
Creme de Cacao 60 proof	**Apricot** 60 proof

Distributed exclusively by CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y.

GIVE ME A
SHREDDED RALSTON BREAKFAST
I've got a job to do!

TAKING care of my home and family and doing war work, too, takes energy—plenty of it! That's why I insist on Shredded Ralston. It's rich in whole wheat energy—the kind of nourishing food Americans should eat—and how I love it! It's so crisp and has such a delicious flavor, I never get tired of it. And praise be, it's not rationed!

GET YOUR WHOLE WHEAT EVERY DAY
THE DELICIOUS SHREDDED RALSTON WAY



Like most of Small Arms' thousands of girl workers, milling-machine ope
Irene Sipchenko came a long distance to work in a war factory. She comes
Saskatchewan, over 1,000 miles away, and is proud of never being absent o

The Sten assembly line is short because the gun itself is simple. There are
gether, including screws, only 49 parts, and the main parts have been sub-a
bled before reaching the belt. It takes less than a minute to assemble each

Th are also fired straight downward into anher pipe in the ground to make sure the un will work in any position. After ea gun has been tested it is coated in gre e and packed into a cardboard case.

Trial in Actual Combat

e Sten got its first big battle test in the ommando raid on Dieppe in August, 4, and proved itself an excellent street- ing weapon. Its only fault was a ency to jam when first fired and eject entire magazine instead of a single Commandos found that a brisk on the cocking handle corrected this, once the gun was heated up, the fault r returned. There is no record of a wearing out, despite the fact that it ires no lubrication.

e gun breaks down into three simple , easily concealed in a pocket or skirt. When dropped into occupied Europe, each gun is accompanied by ten magazines containing thirty-two cartridges each. Anyone can put it together by trial and error in a minute or two, and it can be used by anyone lacking previous rifle practice. The reason for this is that it is not intended to be an accurate weapon. The idea with the Sten is to spray a small area, and this it does very well. For street fighting, it is probably the best gun ever developed. The United States has a similar gun, known as the M-3 submachine gun; but it weighs three pounds more than the Sten and has not yet gone into mass production.

Since 1940, the British have produced over a million and a half Stens. The answer to how many have been dropped into occupied Europe will be written in Nazi blood with *Festung Europa* when the Allies smash into western Europe.

THE END

h Sten is fired five times for accuracy by William Primrose on the 150-yard e. Evelyn Irwin watches the target through field glasses, records the gun's ormance. The gun is sighted mechanically to eliminate possible human error

al Milton of Mimico, near Toronto, Canada, stacks tested Stens on a truck for sfer to the shipment department of the plant. Many of the girls prefer to wear ans like Coral's instead of a net cap to meet safety regulations of the company

Only a Buxton stands punishment like this because it's stitchless!

Guaranteed to last as long as the leather itself—or a new one FREE!

STITCHLESS Buxton "3-Way" in India Goat — $5.00

A FIGHTING MAN'S billfold goes wherever he goes. That means it's got to withstand *wet, sweat, humidity, heat* in the tropics . . . cold and wet in the north . . . day-after-day of rough usage.

That's why a fighting man—or any active man—needs a *STITCHLESS* Buxton. It depends on neither thread nor glue to hold it together. Its patented, one-piece self-interlocking construction guaranteed to last as long as the leather itself!

9 out of 10 service men want billfolds . . . that's shown by an impartial poll made for department stores—not by Buxton. But be sure to give him a billfold that'll last—a *STITCHLESS* Buxton.

THE BUXTON "3-WAY"

3 billfolds for the price of one:
(1) A *STITCHLESS* Buxton can be used as a regular pocket-file . . .
(2) Its thin, complete inner-fold can be lifted out and used separately . . .
(3) It's the billfold with a secret pocket when inner-fold is reversed.

You'll find Buxtons at better leather-goods counters. Buxton, Inc., 4350 Orleans St., Springfield 1, Mass., or Dept. O, 47 West 34th St., New York 1, N. Y.

BUXTON *STITCHLESS*

Please be patient.

We're doing our best to spread our prewar stocks of Old Grand-Dad fairly — as we're now engaged in war production of alcohol.

BOTTLED IN BOND, 100 PROOF

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Not to Forget

Continued from page 24

Johnny looked around, and his discontent with his life, with the farm, with everything, was almost hate.

"Damitall, anyway," he said, using old Brooks for a talk-stump. "Half a mind to clear out and go in the Army."

The old man cautiously thumbed the scythe blade, not looking up.

"Far-off cows look good," he said, honing again. "You're better off where you are, boy. Yes, an' more valu'ble to this war effort. Big, good-running farm like this, and you made state potater king by the fertilizer comp'ny last year, they need your spuds more 'n they need you. Now, what ails you, boy, is—"

Johnny stepped past him into the glooming kitchen, and poked up the fire for supper. Old Brooks followed him in, took the rocker by the built-in set of drawers. He filled his pipe from Johnny's pound can, lit and drew on it contentedly.

"Now, what I was saying is, what you need is—"

Johnny, at the woodbox, tossed a knotty hickory chunk thumpingly on the floor.

"What I need," he said, "is more work and less talk, you old souse. And wood that's decently split."

"No cause to act that-a-way, Johnny boy," Brooks said, unperturbed. "I put that one in, thinking, 'Now, there's a good backlog to hold the fire through the night and save—' "

"Wood," said Johnny. He went out to where Arch and young Whitehouse were jockeying the tractors under the shed.

"How did it go?" he asked.

"Hard," Arch told him. "Wet. Bog holes all over. But we're getting her plowed, Johnny."

"Come in and have a bowl of tea," Johnny invited.

Arch shook his head. "Not me. The old woman's expectin' me. It's bean night, and the way she cooks those kidneys—"

There was no need asking young Whitehouse. He'd been married three months, and there was no telling how short or long his time at home would be.

Johnny watched them drive off. 1-A, 2-C, he thought. 2-C, that's me. He turned back to the house, thinking of men working and fighting for wives to go home to.

Young Whitehouse went to Manchester a week later, for his physical. Johnny suggested a deferment; he could get one, and with no shame for his doing it. There was young pride in him, though, and Marin admired him for it. He'd known him from kid days up, knew the girl he married.

That was how it was since Polly had died, with nothing that didn't lead, somehow, back to her.

THE weather broke fine, at last, and he would have his potatoes in by the 10th of May, which was good, considering. Still, a restlessness was on him, and he could not work it off. He sat, in the evenings, puzzled and dissatisfied with himself, with no liking for talk, or reading, or radio. He knew his rightful work was here, and his heart was here, and that the food he grew counted more than he did as an individual, that he would be shirking it to leave this place.

The first Saturday in May, after working late, he drove to the Hill place for the baking. As he drove into the yard, with spring dusk definitely settled, he saw the house in darkness. There was a glow from the door of the cowshed, where Polly's father would be milking, late, too, and he was heading for there when Kathie's voice called, "Johnny!" from the porch.

She was lying on the glider, and moved to make room for him. In the dark, her face, a white oval, brought the memory of long-ago kisses and warm summer nights.

Her voice was not Polly's; there was laughter in it where Polly's had had th murmur of a brown brook.

"I've been waiting for you, Johnny," sh said. "The bread's ready. I've not eve got the supper dishes done; it seemed nice out, and the sound of the peeps— It a good time of year."

Down at the depot, a locomotive whi tled the crossing, sounding lonely and sa and after that the distant sound of a lon freight became part of the night noises.

I ought to take her in town some nigh Johnny thought, to a movie, and to Ha non's for ice cream, after. There's no much fun for her, stuck here, year roun

Then, he thought of the people wh would see them, who would remember th loveliness of Polly, and her dying, an would look on it as a betrayal of he memory.

ANOTHER train called in the dark, i swift, imperious sound making a hol in the stillness. He imagined the ca packed with laughing, singing soldier sprawling and leaning on each other, so diers going somewhere.

"I ought to get out of this town," h said, getting up. "Sometimes, I feel like can't stand it a minute longer."

"Johnny," she said, "you can't do tha There's too much expected of you. Th land needs you, and—well, the countr needs you where you are. We all do."

"Ah," he said, "I was just talking, guess. Only—only—" He stepped ou into the yard.

Kathie went in the house, came outsid with the box that held the bread and gav it to him.

"Here you are, Johnny. Good night. She placed her hands on his chest, the drew his face down and kissed him.

"I shouldn't have done it," he said aloud, on his way home, not admitting h had nothing to do with it.

He placed the box on the kitchen table stepped back outside. A waning moon ha come up, and he crossed the rising field t where the Marin family lot stood in th pines. He leaned on a granite corner pos and considered Polly's marble stone. No to forget—

The familiar smell of his own tobacco came to him, and he saw a pipe's red coa on the opposite side.

"Brooks?" he asked, irritated and dis turbed.

"That's right, Johnny boy." Old Brook came around and leaned against the rai beside him.

"A fine night, Johnny. I was settin' on the stoop, restin' after the day, and thought: I'll pay a quiet visit. So up I come, never thinkin' you'd be comin' too." The red glow made an arc. "Polly lies there. A grand girl she was, Johnny The mold was broken after she was made You were a lucky one, boy."

"I know," Johnny said, curtly.

"But now she's dead and gone," Brooks went on, maudlinly. "She rests beneath that stone, but there's no one for miles around doesn't remember her. I know what the gravestone says, Johnny. 'Gone but not forgotten.' " Now, he paused, and knocked the dead dottle from his pipe "Doesn't it seem to you, sometimes, boy that everybody is trying to make you read it as though it says, 'Gone, and don't you forget her'?"

Before Johnny could give voice to his anger, the old man had turned and was moving down the slope toward the house Then Marin's anger faded, and his slow footsteps after marked his weariness.

In the kitchen, Brooks had unpacked the bread and he grinned as Johnny came in. He held up a plate.

Pie, by gorry! A half a blueberry pie! d good, too, I bet, if they are from last y's canning." He halved it, slid the two iges onto saucers. "If I know old man l's appetite, he ate all we didn't get, at per. Sit, boy."

ohnny sat, mechanically, and, as me- nically, ate. It was good, but after a e or two, he pushed the plate from h.

What you said up there, Albert," he d, "maybe you're right about. About forgetting. But it's not the things that ks know that make them feel the way y do; it's the things they think they w that aren't really so."

Brooks digested this with the pie he was ing, and grunted agreement.

Polly was all they say she was," Johnny nt on, "and more. I didn't think, from time we married, that I could be any pier. But when she told me she was ecting—expecting a baby—well, I was. ade sure she took good care of herself, k her to Doc McCray and all that, and went to making things for it. Well,'ve heard all about it, often enough, I ss. She should never have taken the of having one. The baby was due in atter of two or three weeks, and—"

The old, unbearable pain came back to nny Marin, and remembrance of a d, gray March sky, and earth clumping wood. And a world looking for spring, a spring that Polly would never see, d that he would never feel.

Of course, Doc McCray had warned . But she told him how I wanted it, and was willing to chance it. She kind of well, gloried in doing it for me. The menfolks around knew, of course, and y thought it was pretty wonderful of . It was, too. Polly was wonderful."

BROOKS, finishing the piecrust, said, "Any woman's wonderful to a man if loves him. Only a lot of 'em don't her to."

They made it pretty clear to me what sacrifice she'd made. And the least I uld do was—well, keep her memory red, so to speak."

"We-ell—" began Brooks.

Johnny leaned across the table to him d his fist was white-knuckled as he unded it gently.

"Don't you see, you old fool? The men of five towns knew she shouldn't ve borne a child. Everybody knew it. ey're keeping me married to a memory cause she told everybody she was risk- it for me. But—she never told me be- use she knew I wouldn't have let her!"

Old Brooks had scooped the last of the e sirup from his plate and gazed at nny's half-eaten piece.

"Awful good pie," he said.

Why, Johnny thought, did I bust open heart to show the inside of it to this llous old fool?

"Yessir," said Brooks, filling his pipe, "it reminds me of one time when I was a young feller. Jim Dale, he's dead now, I was workin' for him, he thought he'd drive a bunch of cattle down to the Boston market instead of waitin' for a drover to come by. Figured he'd make that much more money, and he did, too.

"It was quite a thing for a young feller to get to Boston, in those days. We made it in three days, puttin' up at farms along the way. We hit the market about noon, and Jim dickered and dickered with a buyer. I was standin' by, and the buyer, I s'pose he figured I was Jim's son, noticed me. He flipped a half dollar over. 'Here, boy,' he says, 'you go get yourself some dinner,' and he pointed me a place kitty-cornered to where we stood.

"Place called the New England House, I s'pose it's still there, and I went in and got the thirty-five-cent dinner. And blueberry pie come with it, Johnny."

LOOKING at the old man, Johnny saw a shy boy of fifty years ago, with road dust on him, eating his first hotel meal.

"Johnny," Brooks went on, "whether I was extra hungry, or whether they had the best cook I ever ate off, I couldn't say, but that meal was prime, and the blueberry pie was the best piece of pie I ever had." He looked at his empty plate, and added, "Bar none!

"I wanted another piece; I could have afforded another piece; I should have had another piece! But I was scared. Of what? Why, I was scared of all the other people in the dining room. I guess I must 'a' thought they'd all get up in a body, point their fingers at me, and shout, 'Albert Brooks wants a second piece of pie!' "

He sighed and shook his head. "Johnny, I never enjoy lookin' back on that trip to Boston. It was all spoiled for me—spoiled by the second piece of pie I didn't get."

John Marin's long, intense stare brought Brooks' gaze up.

"I guess I'm no hand at explainin' somethin'," he said, and Johnny, looking into his eyes, saw, behind the brazen twinkle of their faded blue, the look of wistfulness that lies behind the brightness of a dog's.

"You told it well," Johnny said, and got up and went out to his car.

He stopped at the foot of the Hill driveway, and, keeping to the grass, came up to the porch. He stood there for minutes, staring at its darkness. Then, he turned to go, and his feet scraped the gravel.

"Who's there?" Kathie was still on the glider. It creaked softly as she rose and came to the screen door.

"It's me, Kathie. Johnny." He came to the step.

"Johnny! What in the world—"

She stepped out, and down, and into Johnny's arms. It was a warm night in late spring, and Johnny kissed her.

THE END

"The only requirement for this position—and it's not absolutely necessary—is that you know in sort of a general way what you're supposed to do!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

You never knew COLORED PENCILS like these!

30 BRILLIANT COLORS

Their thin leads will write as fine as you wish

They take a perfect point in any sharpener every time

They'll make over 4,000 check marks from one point

Their marks won't smear from sweaty hands nor run under rain or accidental wetting

Their points stand up under heavy pressure

Offices prefer them for writing and checking

Artists praise their blending qualities

Draftsmen like these† colors for marking blue prints

Teachers acclaim them for correcting and grading papers

Children delight in their brilliance

† These colors are recommended for marking on blue prints.

Whatever you do, you'll like them, too!

EAGLE

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE on your business letterhead, naming your pencil supplier and this magazine, and we will send you one Verithin pencil in any color.

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"Chemi-Sealed" (SUPER BONDED) VERITHIN

EAGLE PENCIL CO., 703 East 13th St., New York

EAGLE PENCIL CO. OF CANADA, LTD., TORONTO

HERO'S SON

By Jacland Marmur

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

THIS time Tommy Lanchard, second mate in a merchant ship called Parcifal came home alone on his return from the sea.

Other times he had always stopped at the Bertrams' so he could come walking up the hill with flaxen-headed Janey's hand in his. He told his mother that a man who came home from the war at sea had a right to have all his women around him at once, and Emily Lanchard always smiled. Jane would toss her head and spit like a kitten enraged. But when she looked at Tommy there'd be blue fire in her eyes to let anyone know whom she belonged to and why. But this time Janey wasn't there; when Tommy came home he was alone.

In the twilight of that room he was standing with his back to Emily now, somberly peering out the window across the chimney pots of the city to where he knew the ocean was. His feet were wide-spaced in a seaman's stance, his shoulders forward-thrusting, while the west wind whimpered past the eaves of that highest house on the hilly street. Its sound touched some haggard memory; it made Tommy Lanchard's shoulders stir.

"The Parcifal lays up for repairs," he said in a flat and toneless voice. "Captain Hanson asked me to go chief mate with him in the Martingale. . . . I told him no."

"Was it very awful, Tommy?"

Emily's voice was quiet, asking him that. It seemed so utterly irrelevant. Tommy Lanchard didn't turn.

"It's because I'm Lucky Lanchard's boy," he went on. "It's because I'm a hero's son. They were shipmates in the last war, Captain Hanson and Dad. They were together in that open boat after the Republic was torpedoed. Captain Hanson saw Father hold the steering oar through all that western ocean gale, the time Dad won his first command. He says you know what to expect of Captain Thomas Lanchard's son. That's why he wants me to sail with him chief mate." All of a sudden Tommy spun round. He put his back against the sunset glow. "I told him no!" his fierce voice lashed out. "Because I'm not a hero! I found that out!" His voice went hollow. "Now I know."

"It was very awful, Tommy, wasn't it?"

Emily asked him that again in her soft low voice. This time he heard her. So he lifted his head and spoke to the middle space of that dusky room. . . .

THEY came out of the sun, black specks against a South Pacific sky. They made a thin droning over the scattering ships of the convoy—till one by one they fell over on their wings and hurtled toward the ocean in screaming dives. Tommy Lanchard saw the MG gunners in the bridge wings leaning hard against the slings, black puffballs bursting up aloft. He remembered how the long, flat swells erupted monstrous geysers, rocking the ship with concussion. Then a mighty fist hurled him.

When he came to, there was still the scream like rending metal, guns like drumfire, the shuddering explosion of the bombs. But the bridge was splintered and the MG gunners weren't there, except one redheaded boy lying quietly, head down. And Captain Hanson, ragged and bloody, bellowing halfway down the ladderway to rig the big handwheel aft.

That's what they did, while the crippled ship yawed wildly. Then Tommy Lanchard had the spokes in his fists, fighting them down so the Parcifal answere helm just in time to clear the S.S. son, helpless under a pillar of smo corvette circling with her battery of all ablaze. Captain Hanson was cru against the taffrail, hugging his b chest, crying curses and orders all at while Tommy clawed the wheel spok cause no one else was left.

As the crippled ship yawed widely, Tommy Lanchard got the spokes in his fists, fighting them down so the Parcifal answered her helm just in time to clear the S.S. Johnson, helpless under a pillar of smoke

That's where he stood, and he re bered it with searing clarity. The came over, gunning the decks. Agai again. Straight at him. Growing Like enormous obscene bats. He see the flame-tongues of each burst, ing at him. He saw the binnacle ex This was death! Roaring mast-hu him!

And he was scared. He felt the dre taste of fear, dry and metallic, i mouth.

Why should he stand here, two fis the spokes of a splintered wheel, ste a stricken ship? Why? Captain Ha was unconscious; he lay still. Let go go, you fool! Take cover while th time! No one will know. No one! one but you. . . .

THAT'S what he told Emily, whil quick dusk deepened in that house San Francisco hill. He was still stari the middle space of that room, there with frightful clarity the broke ter of the ruthless war at sea.

"Oh," he said hoarsely, "I didn't le I was still standing there when our planes came over and blasted the They tell me they had to pry my h loose of the wheel spokes. The laughed about it. He said it was you'd expect of Lucky Lanchard's b Tommy's voice went bitter. "Well, not true! I was scared! The only re I didn't let go and fall on my face the ship went to hell was because I thinking of Dad with his frozen hand a steering oar twenty-six years ago." hesitated an instant and his head c down. "It was Father's hands that that wheel," he said. "Not mine."

Then there was silence in that r until Emily Lanchard spoke. Her was a whispered memory, saying, " stand the way your father did, fierce, house on Henry Street in the Port of York, telling me many years ago he not fit to take command. He would fuse it. He had been afraid."

Tommy Lanchard's head shot ro His eyes went suddenly wide.

"But he didn't let go, either, and he command," Emily Lanchard went on. has held it with honor ever since. T are no heroes, Tommy. There are men who will face what they must— men who will not."

In the stillness Tommy Lanchard st at her like a man transfixed. What h he wondered in that instant, what had his father had? Because all at on dawned on him. No man can hol faithful course through chaos with own two hands alone. Whose hands sides his own were on the steering when that man held it and the lives fourteen wounded seamen in an o gale-swept boat?

A sudden urgency came on him, a d compelling thing. So he spun around. strode away from Emily. And when saw them at last through that window the dim light of the street lamps, they w climbing the hill together, the way t always did.

"Tommy is sailing chief officer!" J said when they came in. Her eyes w shining. She kept her small white fis Tommy's hand. She didn't let it go, ing proudly in her stirring, throaty vo "He will be even younger than his fa was when he gets a ship of his own."

"Why, of course!" Emily agreed once. "What else would you expect Captain Thomas Lanchard's son?"

Thanks a million

DAD!

1. ARCTIC FIGHTER 2. PARATROOPER 3. JUNGLE FIGHTER 4. SKI-TROOPER
5. TREE SNIPER 6. WINTER FLYING BOOT 7. G. I. SHOE 8. MOSQUITO BOOT

Vell, Dad, this time we really got ourselves an my. I know it makes you kinda hot around the ckband when anybody says *this* AEF is any tter than *your* AEF, but believe me, if equipnt counts for anything, this man's army's got n all licked—hands down and six ways for Suny. Best rifles, best grub, best uniforms, best shoes. Take shoes. We've got special ones just for jungle hters. Others for mountain climbers. Still others r tree climbing snipers, for pilots, for paratroopers, i-troopers, and arctic fighters. And that's not unting the regular G. I. shoes *every* soldier gets— e all get two pairs of those, and six more ready hen we need 'em. Presents from Uncle Sam.

Well, don't think we guys in the army don't know who Uncle Sam *really* is. It's you, Dad, and a few million others like you back home who say "Nothing's too good for 'em"—and say it with cash and sacrifices.

Understand they've got you walking on ration cards now in the good old U. S. A. You'd slap my ears back for calling that a sacrifice. You'd say "Hell's teeth! What's that in a war?" But it *is* a sacrifice, Dad—and thanks a million for it. You'd be proud of those little ol' shoe coupons, to see how they've helped to make this the best equipped, hardest-hitting army in the world.

* * *

We show you these special duty shoes not because we make *all* types (which we do not) but because we thought you'd like to see what the Shoe Industry, and your shoe sacrifices, are doing to serve the nation at war. Just as there is no ceiling on quality in shoes for the Armed Forces — so there is no rationing of quality in shoes for the home front. This company is building quality into Uncle Sam's shoes—and building into Bostonians for you men at home the kind of long wear and walk-fitted comfort that give you the utmost in shoe value. Bostonian Shoes, Whitman, Mass.

Bostonians

FIT RIGHT • FEEL RIGHT

THEY'RE WALK-FITTED

You call it Bread . . .
your ancestors would have called it Cake

Your daily bread is nutrition in one of its finest and most appetizing forms—and today it saves ration points. We Americans can be grateful that our country produces an abundance of this perfect 'staff of life'.

We can be grateful, too, to science for the greatly improved quality of our daily bread. It has been tremendously enriched. Its texture is finer, its appearance and flavor more inviting.

Did you ever wonder how many millions of pounds of yeast are required each year to leaven the nation's bread? Did you know that yeast must be absolutely fresh when it reaches the baker? Thanks to a network of specialized delivery services plus modern refrigeration, bakers in even remote parts of America get their yeast fresh and on time.

* * * *

The Baker's Yeast Division of Anheuser-Busch supplies bakers with yeast for a large part of the nation's bread. Now nearly 15 percent of our entire output goes to the Army. This service to civilian bakers and our armed forces resulted from applying to food the knowledge gained from years of laboratory work in producing the world-famous Budweiser.

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

In addition to supplying the armed forces with glider parts, gun turret parts and foodstuffs, Anheuser-Busch produces materials which go into the manufacture of: B Complex Vitamins • Rubber • Aluminum Munitions • Medicines • Hospital Diets • Baby Foods • Vitamin-fortified cattle feeds • Batteries • Paper • Soap and Textiles—to name a few.

© 1943

A N H E U S E R - B U S C H • • • S A I N T L O U I

How Equal Are Women?

Continued from page 15

len and women shall have equal rights roughout the United States." A great ny professional and "career" women, ch as Congresswoman Clare Luce, Au- or Pearl Buck and Educators Florence bin and Mary E. Woolley, saw in the act welcome end to all existing statutes ich deny their sex equal rights with en in ownership and management of operty, authority over children, election certain offices, service on juries, etc.

But a vociferous "No!" came from hosts other women, led by Mrs. Franklin D. osevelt, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt ho earlier did much to put over the Suf- ge Amendment), and many heads of men's unions, clubs and church or- nizations. They pointed out that a eeping amendment, while wiping out vs obnoxious to women, would also pe out much hard-won protective legis- ion for women workers, and many fam- and social laws which are eminently sirable.

Clearly the amendment, as proposed, dn't have a ghost of a chance. Back it nt for alterations, and its sponsors are w working hard to frame a more ac- ptable measure. They're discovering, wever, that some of our best legal minds n't agree on exactly what is meant by quality of rights under the law for both xes."

This isn't surprising, in view of the fact at old Mother Nature has done consid- able prior legislating of her own with gard to different rights for women and en, and that so long as her laws stand the way, "complete equality" for the o sexes can never be achieved—or even clearly defined. For example:

Nature has made women less suited an men for a great many activities ere physical strength, speed, endurance d body toughness are essentials, or ere overstrain or injury might threaten woman's childbearing capacities. So ecial protective measures are required r women workers, and a steady stream bulletins from government agencies eps reminding employers of this.

Nature causes girls to mature from two three years earlier than boys. Laws erywhere recognize this by permitting ung women to marry earlier.

The Burden of the Sex

The biological brunt of parenthood has en placed on women. So, to even up atters, our laws place on men heavier cial and financial responsibility to pro- de for their wives and children.

Again, in time of war, the physical dif- rences must be recognized in draft laws alling up men, and not women, for ac- al combat duty.

Whether these natural discriminations dd up to favoritism toward one sex or e other can never be established. Never- eless, it is obvious that some of our gal statutes go beyond the natural fac- rs and take a one-sided turn. Nature as nothing to do with denying women e right to serve on juries or to hold cer- in offices or positions of trust, or with ontinuing to treat them as "perpetual inors," which is the practice in some tates.

These inequalities might well be cor- ected by a federal amendment, whereas ther discriminations, in laws governing narriage, family relationships, divorce, roperty settlements, etc., could be ad- usted quite easily by action in the sepa- ate states.

But what must be recognized is that nany of the laws which discriminate un- airly against women are merely out- rowths of our social attitudes, of our everyday thinking and practices, and it is these which are responsible for the major inequalities to which women object. Only by much education and many changes in our social system can we overcome such discriminations as that of paying women lower wages for equal work, putting obstacles in the way of their entering or advancing in certain professions and skilled trades, or treating them differently from men in various other respects.

But even if we should succeed in outlawing these discriminations, there will always be major inequalities in our social or economic system that can never be entirely abolished, for again we come up against Nature's edicts.

Take the "double standard" for example, a sore point with many women. The biological dangers and consequences of "running around loose" have been made much greater for females, whether they be domestic pets or women; the effects of a woman's misbehavior, excesses, or bad habits may be communicated physically to her children; hence, the rules for feminine conduct will always have to be stricter.

It's the Man Who Pays

On the other hand, if the double standard gives men more freedom in behavior, it holds them more accountable for their misdeeds. Formal punishment for crimes is generally more severe for the male than for the female offender. Further, society places upon men a great obligation to "make good" or maintain their status. This is one important reason why suicides average four to five times as high among men.

Finally, at the other end of the double standard, there are many social rules which today favor women—the custom of the man's paying the check, of seeing a woman friend home after a date, of defending her when occasion demands, of letting women get into lifeboats first and of showing them deference in other ways. Plainly, etiquette and equal rights don't mix.

Our basic rules of etiquette for the two sexes are not, as some think, purely artificial. Chivalry of the male toward the female was not invented by man. It was established by Nature. Among almost all lower animals, where males will readily attack one another or fight to the death, they instinctively refrain from any aggression toward the female. If there is an intersex fight, it is almost invariably the female who starts it; and this applies also to human beings.

There is no evidence that men have ever made it a practice to use physical violence against their womenfolk. In man's primary stages, the basic animal instincts would have restrained him from beating up his female. Later, with increasing social awareness, he would have learned that harming her would boomerang against his own interests. For, the more elementary the society, the more indispensable are a woman's services.

In fact, a black eye on a woman, bestowed by her husband or boy friend, is a badge of the "higher civilizations." Only among the so-called "advanced" cultures, where women are easy to get and men aren't forced to depend upon individual women directly, is wife-beating a common sport.

On a larger scale, the whole idea of a constant "Battle of the Sexes" is in many respects a myth. Nature designed the sexes not to oppose each other, but to complement each other. Most of the conflicts in our modern world between women and men are largely due to the breakdown of rigid barriers that hitherto separated

BE AN AMERICAN

"Tune-Up" That Car, Truck Tractor or Bus Today

RISLONE AND KARBOUT are made by the makers of World-Famous Shaler "Hot Patches", the safest tube repairs known.

• Help conserve our national supply of oil and fuel so that adequate supplies may be available at all times for our Armed Forces.

Stop the waste of fuel and oil caused by improper functioning of the moving parts of the engine due to sticking valves and piston rings.

Gums from present day oils and fuels form on valve stems, in the guides and piston ring grooves. A KARBOUT-RISLONE "Tune-Up" treatment absorbs these troublesome gums and "frees" sticky valves, restores lost compression and power, facilitates quick starting, assures "peak" performance and a quieter, smoother running engine.

Ask your dealer today about the KARBOUT-RISLONE treatment which will help save oil and fuel, and prolong the life of your engine . . . THE SHALER COMPANY, Waupun, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.

SHALER

KARBOUT AND RISLONE

Picture of a Pile of Junk

YOUR SHINY CAR CAN BE WRECKED *INSIDE*—IF YOU NEGLECT THIS IMPORTANT YEAR 'ROUND COOLING SYSTEM SERVICE

Under the hood of your car unseen enemies are constantly working to destroy the vital metals in the cooling system. Leaks, rust, and scale cause serious damage to parts that are almost irreplaceable for the duration.

Help your car outlast the war. Have your serviceman check the cooling system regularly. Get CSC year 'round Cooling System Service.

CSC Complete Cooling System Service removes rust and scale and stops leaks before installing anti-freeze in the fall . . . and after draining anti-freeze in the spring. This service also includes protection against rust and corrosion all the year 'round.

Ask your serviceman about CSC service.

REMOVE SCALE AND GREASE—WITH CLEANER OR QUICK FLUSH

REPAIR LEAKS—WITH STOP-LEAK

IN SUMMER ANTI-RUST . . . IN WINTER ANTI-FREEZE

CSC

YEAR 'ROUND COOLING SYSTEM SERVICE

COMMERCIAL SOLVENTS *Corporation*

them in their activities and responsibilities. But women still have to do the childbearing, men still have to be the warriors and do the very heavy labor, and various sex differences must continue to stand in the way of there ever being a complete sameness in their jobs, obligations and rules of conduct.

There is no reason why this should be resented or even regretted by women. One of our biggest present-day fallacies has been that happiness and success for a woman lie in her being as much like a man as possible. The resulting tragic dramas in many cases, retold every day in the dim-lit chambers of psychoanalysts, might well be called, The Imitation of Man. Instead of striving for the fullest expression of their own special abilities, capacities and qualities, all too many women have thought that what was most masculine was therefore also most desirable for them.

It isn't hard to see how this attitude originated. Constant harping on the greater importance of everything that men do has left many women with the feeling that being successful as women isn't enough. A woman will say apologetically, "I am *only* a mother," or "I am *only* a wife," as if being a good mother and wife meant nothing. Too many women seek to play men's games by men's rules, while ignoring the importance of their own jobs and contributions.

Men Can't Be Mothers

For women to want to be able to do everything that men do, in the way that men do it, is not only futile and foolish, but unnatural. Men can't do everything that women can do. Most important of all, they can't have babies and launch them safely into the world. In fact, this has been given as a reason why men feel impelled to turn their drives so strongly in other directions.

As Doctor Karen Horney, the psychoanalyst, has put it: "Is not the tremendous strength in men of the impulse to creative work in every field precisely due to their feeling of playing a relatively small part in the creation of living beings?"

Motherhood is not an infliction, a burden or a discriminatory tax levied on women by Nature. You won't get this reaction from the women who long for children and can't have them, who every day throng doctors' offices, desperately seeking means to make their dreams come true. Nor is motherhood just a biological accident. Having a baby may be, but preparing for it properly, and carrying through the successful rearing of children and running a home constitute a profession—one which requires an infinite amount of aptitude, wisdom and understanding, plus training. Good wives and mothers don't just happen. They never did.

But whatever the situation may have been in the past, woman's place is no longer in the home—if by "home" you mean "house." Today the walls of the home have been broken down. Where once there were a thousand and one things inside the house which a woman had to know, today there are thousands of things outside which she must know, to be a successful wife, mother and woman.

The boundaries of the modern home are almost as far-flung as the wide world. To pursue home activities properly, women's interests must spread into the factories, shops, mills and farms which supply and provision her family; into the clinics, the social centers, the schools, the churches, the theaters, the courts, the newspapers, the legislative chambers, into every profession and activity which may in any way influence the lives of her children, her husband and herself.

That puts no limit on women's jobs, nor should there be any. Freedom and den racy demand that no profession or ca which a woman wants to pursue, and pursue successfully, be closed to her reason of her sex. And if a woman ca happiest in a career that excludes r riage and motherhood (as is not ir quently the case, psychiatrists tell us) t is every reason to believe that she can tribute most to society that way.

Yet the truth remains that the big jority of women are quite content to "just wives and mothers," in the b sense, given any sort of fair break at t roles. Hard as is the lot of many ho wives, there's often much more va and interest in their own routines tha the daily grinds of their husbands, plenty to challenge their maximum a ties. Any man who has ever tried to over his wife's job has learned how c plex and demanding her duties really

One of the chief reasons men are clined to discount feminine intelligenc that they can't possibly measure, by t own practical standards, the special qu ties of mind which women must develo the social intelligence which women likely to possess in a higher degree t men. In innumerable ways, any ave woman normally thinks straighter t men. Often, the very kind of intellige needed to make a woman most succes as a woman may be opposed to the ph of intelligence required for great achi ment in men's fields.

And if men have always blandly sumed that, in the sum total, they are m intelligent than women, science has st a lot of pins into their egos.

No intelligence test yet devised of any proof that a woman's mental pov are inferior or, for that matter, superio precisely equal to man's. Nor can any ever be devised which will measure I. Q.'s of both sexes equally and fairly the same yardstick.

In view of their physical differen women and men can never be quite same in their thinking, behavior, cap ties or contributions. And we should glad this is so. You don't need a psych gist to tell you that a child reared by parents usually has an advantage over one reared by only a single par Carrying this principle further, the wo can be enriched by our having active strains of thought, emotion and havior contributed by both sexes, inst of either a cultural stream dominated masculine contributions, as in the past one without any sex differences, as so extreme feminists advocate for the fut

Woman's Place in the World

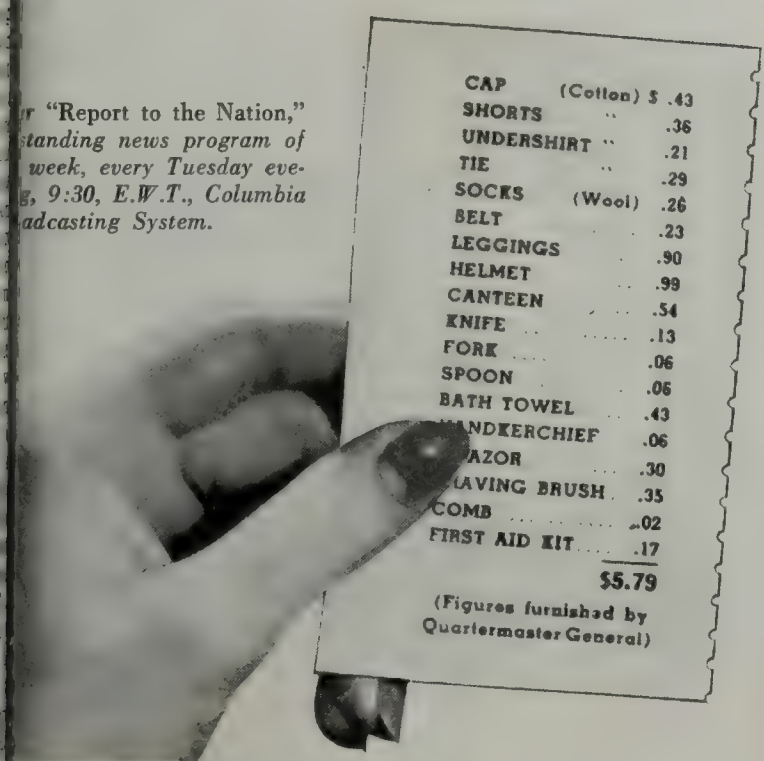
What most women are best prepa to offer, and do offer, are not tangi commodities or pay checks, but hum services and qualities. These cannot measured easily in terms of dollars a cents. By the nature of things, wome contributions will always be less specta lar, and given less credit on history's pa (especially so long as history is written men). But if we are to have a better wo we'll have to have more than sensatio exploits, and we'll have to do a lot m than swell the production of machi and gadgets, foodstuffs and commodit We'll also have to people the world w children who can produce a better hum society. That will be chiefly women's j

There will be and should be more a more equality in the influence women ert on men in public life and world affa But men, for the most part, will alw build the houses, and women will ma the homes. If women use their full pacities to endow those homes of the ture with more warmth, sympathy a understanding, the children that grow of them will be a lot abler and happ human beings than most of us are tod

THE END

Your soldier son gets all these things from your electric bill!

r "Report to the Nation," standing news program of week, every Tuesday eve- g, 9:30, E.W.T., Columbia adcasting System.



CAP	(Cotton)	$ .43
SHORTS	"	.36
UNDERSHIRT	"	.21
TIE	"	.29
SOCKS	(Wool)	.26
BELT		.23
LEGGINGS		.90
HELMET		.99
CANTEEN		.54
KNIFE		.13
FORK		.06
SPOON		.06
BATH TOWEL		.43
HANDKERCHIEF		.06
RAZOR		.30
SHAVING BRUSH		.35
COMB		.02
FIRST AID KIT		.17
		$5.79

(Figures furnished by Quartermaster General)

If you buy electricity from a self-supporting, business-managed electric company, 24c out of every dollar you pay is promptly passed along as taxes. (1942 figures. 1943 will be higher.) On an annual household electric bill of $37.50, the total tax is about $9.04.

• $3.25 of this goes to local governments for schools, roads, police, etc.—and $5.79 goes to the federal government. At Army prices, *the $5.79 paid by one family will equip one soldier with all the things shown here.*

• The *total* federal tax of this industry is $402,000,000 — enough to buy the same equipment for all the Army, with millions left over for guns, tanks, planes.

• When you remember that the service supplied by electric companies under *business* management is the *only* electric service federally taxed, it emphasizes even more the outstanding job these companies have done in stepping electric production up, UP, UP to meet every war demand — while keeping prices *down!*

THIS PAGE SPONSORED BY A GROUP OF 136

ELECTRIC LIGHT and POWER COMPANIES*

SELF-SUPPORTING, TAX-PAYING BUSINESSES

*Names on request from this magazine.

DON'T WASTE ELECTRICITY JUST BECAUSE IT ISN'T RATIONED!

"Our boys prefer 'em too, sir."

ASK FOR

RONSON REDSKIN 'FLINTS'. The distinctive **'REDSKIN'** coating is your guarantee of high quality—extra length, tempered hardness, showers of sure-fire sparks, freedom from powdering and from other deterioration.

RONSONOL Fuel—quick lighting, clean burning. ¢ **RONSON Wicks**—high absorption, long service.

If your RONSON needs attention, send it to RONSON (Service Dept., Newark 2, N. J.) for servicing at minimum cost.

HEALTH QUIZ

	YES	NO
Do you have headaches?	☐	☐
Do you lack pep or vigor?	☐	☐
Do you get irritable easily?	☐	☐
Do you feel depressed—nervous?	☐	☐

The liver should pour out about two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

CORNS GO *while YOU carry on!*

Doctor's 4-Way Relief Acts Instantly!

1. Sends pain flying
2. Quickly removes corns
3. Prevents corns, sore toes
4. Eases new or tight shoes

YOUR patriotic duty is to keep your feet fit! Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads relieve your misery from corns, gently remove them—*while you carry on!* Instantly stop tormenting shoe friction; lift painful, nerve-rasping pressure. NOTE: When corns have formed, use the separate *Medications* supplied for removing them. The pads alone will give you immediate relief and prevent sore toes, corns, blisters from new or tight shoes—another advantage of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads over old-time caustic liquids and plasters. At Drug, Shoe, Department Stores. Cost but a trifle.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

The Dean Murder Case

Continued from page 20

a fox. When he was on a national broadcast with Bob Hope, he inadvertently on purpose dropped his script to the floor and went on an ad-lib basis.

"Where did you go to school, Diz?" asked Hope.

"Me?" said Diz. "Why, me and Maxie Rosenbloom, we went to Harvard."

As a matter of history, his formal education ended with the second grade, but he has a good explanation for that.

"If I'd went to the third grade, I'da passed my old man. I didn't want to show Paw up."

He'll Do Anything to Oblige

He was born in Lucas, Arkansas, and his real name is Jay Hanna Dean, after Jay Gould and Mark Hanna. The Jerome Herman was an invention furnished for the edification of an importunate baseball writer who wanted an exclusive story. Dizzy was never one to disappoint his audience. He has always been a showman, as well as being one of the greatest pitchers that ever lived, and he pleases his followers now by appearing in a broad, white sombrero hat of the ten-gallon variety, high-heeled cowboy boots, and a white suit that has the clarionlike possibilities of a steam calliope. He got the name "Dizzy" from Lena Blackburne, coach of the Chicago White Sox, who was reproaching his teammates for allowing a "dizzy kid to show you up."

His feats as a pitcher are still green in memory, and he retains a feeling of sympathy for any present-day hurler who is getting his lumps. On a day when a hitter had just lammed one of Warneke's pitches over the fence, Diz said sadly, "Brother, I bet you wished you had that there one back. I used to wish that on a lot of 'em."

When his associates pass along information for his use, he often employs it with a side remark that is illuminating.

"Sewell has gone the route (root) seven times," he says and then pauses. "I shouldn't be sayin' that," he adds. "I always say route (rout). I guess I been readin' too much."

"What have you been reading, Diz?" puts in Mr. O'Hara. "Einstein? The Theory of Relativity?"

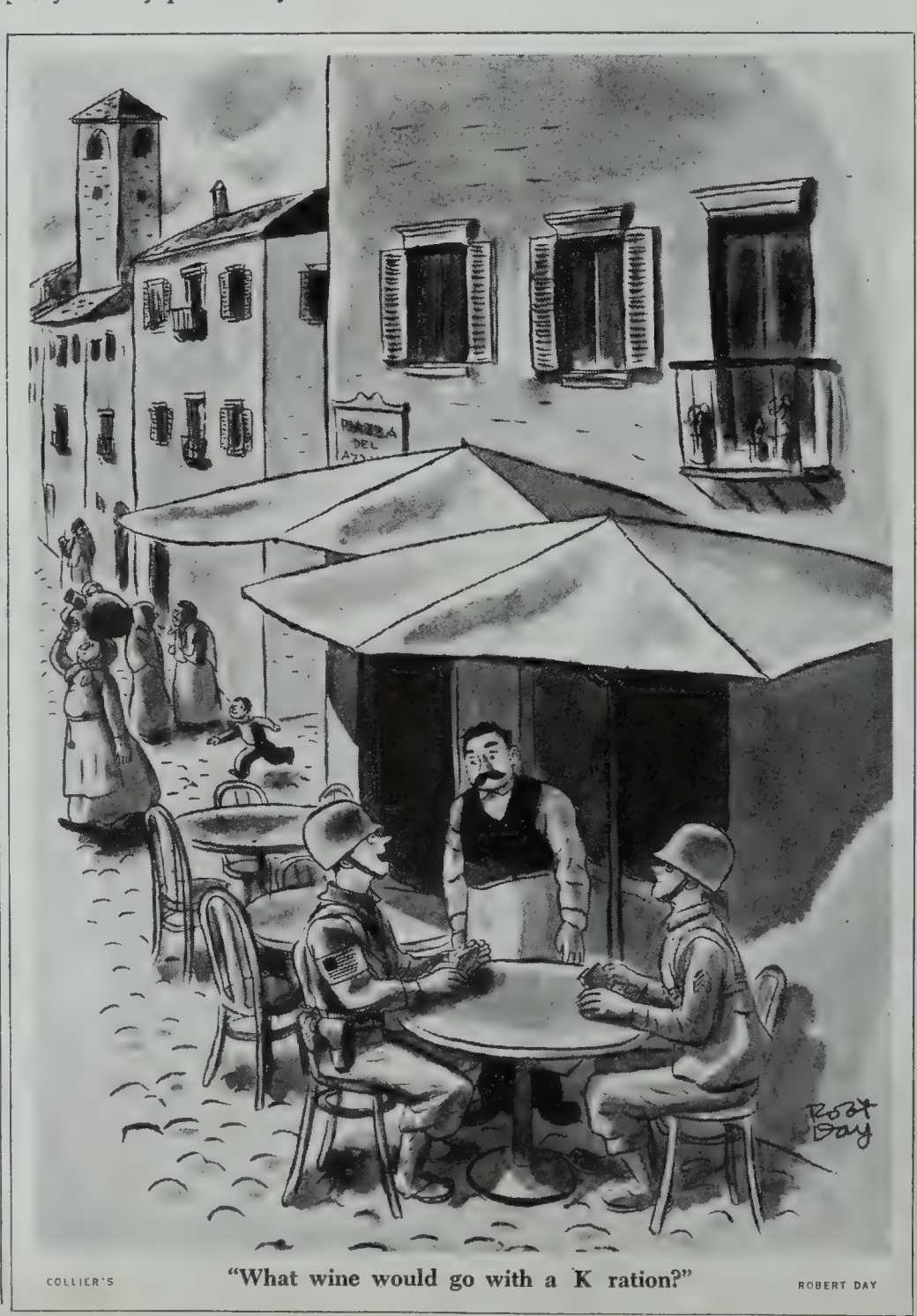
"Nothin' the matter with my relatives," retorts Diz, very prompt. Waw! Waw!

When all the returns are in, it will be found that Diz is one of the greatest radio personalities yet discovered. His hold on his audience is complete. The only thing that will ruin him is a course of education that will tame him. The chances of this are remote because he has the stubbornness of a mule.

The sign on the wall at Sportsman's Park bears Diz's picture and his philosophy: "I Ain't Gonna Change None." Language critics abhor him, his listeners love him, and he isn't too displeased with himself. Fully aware of the glory of his name, past and present, he confides in his audience about his own career.

"The reason I ain't pitchin' no more, folks," he says, "is that I had so much trouble with them right- and left-handed hitters."

THE END



COLLIER'S "What wine would go with a K ration?" ROBERT DAY

with ENDERS *SPEED* SHAVER

With an Enders Speed Shaver—you don't have to worry about blade scarcity. You can buy the new Enders Strop outfit and make every double-thick Enders blade do the work of a dozen ordinary blades. Here is your chance to really *save* steel and get "new blade" smoothness every shave. Get an Enders Speed Shaver at your drugstore.

Send $1 for Enders Special Stropper—can be used only on Enders Speed Blades. No C.O.D.'s.

ENDERS *SPEED* SHAVER

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., DEPT. C, MYSTIC, CONN.

They Saw Hamburg Die

Continued from page 13

refore, that "the British keep their p mises."

very resident of Hamburg descended t the shelters that night, and the air in t m became even fouler.

On Tuesday morning at 11:30, the few r aining sirens screamed. The attack b an at 12:30. Roaring explosive bombs, w stling phosphorous bombs and aerial n es played an infernal concert to which fi or six thousand people, packed tightly i each of the shelters' seven or eight f rs, listened fearfully. " 'Will the roof h d?' was the question on everybody's l s," relates another Swedish refugee, rner Gullberg, who sat there with his w e and year-old son. But there was a l younger occupant: a young Swedish man gave birth to a child during the r d.

The raid lasted only a half-hour, but it s ficed to convert Hamburg into a veri- le sea of fire. With the central water r ins destroyed, hundreds of thousands those leaving the shelters would have en a fortune for a glass of water, but one could get a drop. The heat was bearable, becoming even worse when storm suddenly broke loose and devel- ed into something like a tropical ty- oon. The giant bonfire resulted in a id consumption of oxygen. The air er above and around the heart of the e was rapidly drawn into the vacuum sing from the fire, and terrible fire rms resulted where a few minutes ear- r complete calm had prevailed.

"The fleeing people ran helplessly out," says one of the Danish workers, els Ericsen. "It was impossible to eathe. My heart beat violently, and erything went black before my eyes." any were blinded by dust and heat.

The fire brigade arrived only two hours er, but little remained for it to save. azing beams, collapsing buildings and at made salvage work hopeless. All e refugees said, "Everything burned ound us—houses, trees, bushes." rapped in quilts and blankets, the sick d wounded were conveyed to aid posts here 3,000 awaited treatment. Those iting for treatment heard the explosions time bombs going off here and there, aking it appear that the attack was con- uing, though the all-clear had sounded.

Wednesday morning there was still no ht at ten o'clock. The city, like a mass fire, was hovering in space, cut off from l air and light. Streets and open places y in ruins and ashes. Sections housing 0,000 people were razed to the ground. he main railway station, Saint Georg, as a terrible sight on Wednesday, with arred railroad cars on sidings and un- cognizably smashed automobiles.

Caught in a Deathtrap

During that night, the industrial sections Rotenburgsort, traversed by trains to erlin, Hammerbrook, Hamm and Ved- el, and the Elbe bridge had been ravaged. ut the old railroad bridge carrying trains uthward to Bremen, Hanover and Cux- aven was usable despite a direct hit, mak- g possible the evacuation that was begun n Wednesday. Not many managed to ave the city, for on Wednesday night, here was a new alarm, and on Thursday horning, an American bomber force pent two whole hours over the city. Vomen fainted the moment the sirens pened up again.

After this raid, a Swedish clerk in a pub- sher's office, Hjalmar Nilsson, tried to nd relatives in another section of the city. He said, "I saw numerous dead in twisted ositions, mostly naked because the storm ad torn off their clothes. They lay in the streets everywhere. Wearied, apathetic individuals wandered aimlessly before and behind me. The wounded not yet attended lay in a small, grassy open space."

A Swedish girl whom I know only as Miss Persson saw people blazing from phosphorus cast themselves into water—but the phosphorus burned there equally well. Lime was strewn on the corpses scattered about the streets, and the odor of death lay heavy over the whole town.

On Thursday afternoon, police cars fitted with loud-speakers rushed through the town. All the people could catch was *"Die stadt sofort verlassen!"*—Leave town immediately! This order marked the close of the dramatic conflict between Hamburg's Gauleiter Kaufmann and the military commandant. The latter had demanded evacuation as early as Tuesday, but Kaufmann, the most fanatical kind of Nazi, opposed evacuation on the grounds that it was liable to undermine discipline.

On Thursday at noon, the military commandant stated that, for military reasons, he had given instructions to evacuate. Kaufmann declared he would refer the matter to Hitler. Some days later, the commandant was decorated by Hitler.

Martial Law Proclaimed

On Friday morning (the town was bombed again Thursday night) the whole Hamburg area was put under a military cordon, no one being allowed to enter it. Every three quarters of an hour, a train of at least forty cars left with refugees via the Elbe bridge for Uelzen, a hundred kilometers southward. There the refugees, about 500,000 in all, were distributed in various directions.

While the evacuation was proceeding, the party's field kitchens toured the city, distributing food. Mrs. Johansson says no one could understand "whence came so much food, for no one had seen its like since the war started: butter, cheese, real milk. But people did not rush for the food. They didn't eat at all. They came from the shelters in deadly terror, for each time they saw more devastation.

Thousands of people moved along, trying to find a little free space on the streets to lie down—only to rest, only sleep; nothing else. The Nazis are quite correct in declaring there was no panic. "They were too tired for panic. The horrors were so great that human beings were unable to react any more," said Mr. Nilsson.

One refugee tells how he met a woman wearing only torn pajamas, with a child in her arms. He asked if he could help her, but she answered "No," and simply continued walking. People, half demented by terror, walked around with eyes that gazed but saw nothing. No survivor will ever completely overcome that terror psychosis.

Propaganda Minister Goebbels could not prevent such descriptions and details of people's sufferings. He said cynically, "Now we can organize sympathy. People will begin to have pity on us." But I think he is mistaken. Herr Okras, editor of the Hamburger Tageblatt, at a press conference for the foreign press, declared that Hamburgers have now learned to hate. That, I believe is quite correct—but hate whom? When Goering, inspecting Hamburg on August 9th, began an encouraging speech, he was cut short by the cry, "We've got you to thank for this! What did you promise? You've led us into this!" A consular official told me, "They know that those who bombed Warsaw, Coventry, London and Russian cities bear the responsibility for the Hamburg raids."

Why is it people don't decide to leave

Leave your magazine open at this page

PROP THE MAGAZINE on your dresser — so's you can peek at it every once in a while and be reminded how good-looking Arrow Ties are.

Then, tomorrow, hike right down to your favorite Arrow dealer's and demand in a loud voice to be shown his entire line of Arrow Ties *in the flesh!*

All have wonderful patterns, all are made of fine fabrics, all have a special lining which helps make a perfect knot.

$1 and $1.50

WAIT! Maybe your dealer hasn't got this particular pattern. Don't let it discourage you. He's got *loads* that will please you from head to toe. Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

ARROW TIES

As Outstanding As Arrow Shirts

★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

THE RIGHT POINT *for the way you write*

In war industries, as in the Army and Navy, Esterbrook, the war business pen, is doing its job. That job takes right of way. Please be patient if your dealer is temporarily out of stock. He'll fill your order as promptly as possible.

Renew-Points Not Always Easy To Get

You can keep your Esterbrook Fountain Pen in tip-top writing form with Renew-Points. But if your stationer's stock does not include your favorite point number, ask him to order one for you. For the duration, supplies of Renew-Points will be limited, but the right point for the way you write is something well worth waiting for.

New Pen Production Limited Too

If you need a new Esterbrook Fountain Pen, you may find the going tough—but not impossible. We're making new pens, but they must be rationed so that your stationer may have his fair share of our limited production. So, if your dealer does not have the new pen you want, when you want it—be patient. A new Esterbrook is the kind of a pen you'll be glad you waited for.

town? A number of formalities are necessary when reaching the evacuation place, and then people are badly received at their destinations. They feel themselves strangers and are treated like strangers. The S.S. paper, Schwarzes Korps, says that the bombed-outs are often mocked by their hosts as the "nightshirt squadron," because they have so little clothing.

Voelkischer Beobachter on August 14th appealed to peasants to be friendlier in receiving refugees from Hamburg. The overburgomaster of Munich issued a decree prohibiting anybody from taking residence without his permission. Viennese, who are not allowed the right to prohibit anything, hate the newcomers, holding that the transferred industries are responsible for Allied bomb attac

The frightened bombed-outs, wl evacuated, have no baggage, but tl carry terror to new homes. There i spreads like lightning. Travelers h from Dresden ask whether the Al could not be told that Dresden is not t the slightest importance to the war, t that there are many industries in Leip. Leipzig people say the same thing ab t Dresden. One burgomaster from Sude Germany came to Stockholm to seek place to quarter his family. Soldiers ceive disquieting letters from their fa ilies.

The inner front of Germany has star to sway.

THE END

The Week's Work

IF YOU think that picture above is one of those father-meets-son things, why, you're right. And if you further guess that the pater in the case is Artist C. C. Beall—known to practically no one as "Ted"—then you are positively clairvoyant and we would like you to accompany us to the races any afternoon. And by all means bring the crystal ball.

Beall paints Collier's hero covers from life. We mean he actually goes out and finds his heroes and paints them doing the things that won the medal. You can't see Beall's face here, but it's a broad brown one, inset with strong teeth and laugh-squinted eyes. He laughs a lot. Even when people irritate him.

His son is Flying Cadet Charles Calvert Beall, probably "Bub" down at his Texas air base. Poppa Beall was scouting heroes in the area. So he dropped in. And he propped a cameraman near the door you see in the picture. And cooked up a miserable gag with the Press Relations Officer.

The P.R.O. summoned young Beall, and said: "I've been informed that you've been sending subversive letters home." Young Beall dropped about ten pounds and years. "There is an F.B.I. agent in the next room. He wants to talk to you."

Beall lifted leaden feet and walked into his father's arms. The photographer caught this picture of stunned surprise.

THE conversation in Collier's fiction department is always amusing. Denver Lindley, tall and priestly, who has a voice like a pontifical Capehart, and Allen Marple, chunky and earthy, who sounds like a dock-walloper after rolling snake-eyes on Saturday night, give off with the sound effects.

We listened the other day. And Lindley was talking about Stanley Frank, whose fine Heel of Honesty is in this issue. Lindley was booming that Frank must have to punch an awful lot of typewriter, because he delivers a daily sports column to the New York Post and has sold us 16 articles and 6 fiction pieces, not counting hunks of incidental writing here and there. Marple, whose voice is a full octave higher, said that he likes this particular story because it deals with the era of the old Hallroom Boys.

"The Hallroom Boys," Marple said, "were a collection of kids who came of good families and good colleges, but, because of menial jobs in New York, were bereft of both pot and window. All they had as assets were a stiff shirt and tails. They lived on society invitations and they rented three-dollar-a-week hall bedrooms. On the liability side, all they had to worry about was an occasional cab and a tip for a waiter."

"Phonies," said Lindley in G natural below low C.

"Phony as a three-dollar bill," said Marple. "And yet they were always at the opera, they drank the finest champagne, they had a broad cuff in Shanley's and Rector's in return for the trade they brought in, and they always managed to keep out of the poorhouse. Well, this Stanley Frank story is based on a variety of Hallroom Boy."

Stanley Frank, of course, is not a Hallroom Boy. He is thirty-five, married, has three daughters and a weakness for going to lunch with Lindley and Marple. ★★★

Race Riots Coming

Continued from page 11

he Negro in war industry is joining his la)r unions and waging successful battle a;inst Jim Crow locals. The C.I.O., in it determination to fill the membership v ancies created by the withdrawal of the Lited Mine Workers, is not only accept-ir, him on complete equality with the w.te worker but has set up a Negro b eau within its own supreme council. Ad when John L. Lewis is accepted back ib the A. F. of L., the Negro expects fiy that Lewis will move to liberalize tit elder labor organization's Negro poli-ci. The average Negro war-industry w rker today is fearful that when the war e s, he will be the first to lose his job. H is not so afraid that the employer will b eager to be rid of him as he is that the w te worker will be given job priority by t union. And this increases the Negro's c rent aggressiveness.

He is urging that President Roosevelt's f ous Executive Order 8802, of which w s born the Committee on Fair Employ-m nt Practice, be amended and reaffirmed t cover peacetime industry. As it exists n w, it says: "It is the duty of employers a l of labor organizations . . . to provide f the full and equitable participation of workers in defense industries, without c crimination because of race, creed, c or or national origin." The Negro w nts the word "defense" eliminated. He i not quite so overheated that he believes E ecutive Order 8802 can soon be con-v ted into a national policy by statute, t he wants just that, nevertheless.

Through his organizations such as the t tional Association for the Advance-m nt of Colored People and the Urban l ague, the Negro has been asking Presi-n t Roosevelt to present his case, his r s and even his demands as the subject o a broadcast from the White House.

Until recently, he had hopes that Mr. R osevelt was going to appoint a com-m tee headed by either Supreme Court J stice Reed or by Mr. Justice Black to c nduct an investigation into the reasons f race riots and to report recommenda-t ns for their prevention. Mr. Roosevelt m y yet launch such an inquiry, although t hopefuls have received no promises. H wever, the Negro tends to believe that p litical expediency will prevent it, the S uth's opposition being regarded as cer-t n.

Battle of the Races

It would be a silly waste of time to g ue as to who struck the first b!ow in D troit, Beaumont or Newark—a white m n or a black. Furthermore, that has n thing to do with the main issue. But it i quite clear that both races still have c ips on their shoulders and that each w ll continue to knock off the other's with b body results unless the federal govern-m ent ceases soon to avoid the issue. Within t e Army, the Negro's emotions, while b tter disciplined, are not much less hot a an his industrial brother's.

The Negro serviceman protests that his p presentation in Officers' Candidate S hools is far below the ratio warranted b his numbers in uniform. He protests t at, having graduated from OCS as a s cond lieutenant, he is denied promotion e ually with white second lieutenants—e en in such all-Negro outfits as the 92d a d 93d Divisions, with the 104th, now b ing organized. He points out other i stances of Army discrimination. Negro h stesses in camps are told that they must r gard themselves as of officer status, that t ey must conduct themselves as officers, b t they are compelled to sit in segregated N egro sections at Army shows and enter-t inments.

We cite these merely as examples of the Negro soldier's protests. We could cover whole pages with similar complaints but these will suffice to explain why the uniformed Negro is too often too eager to get into a public fight with white soldiers or even to start a riot.

At the corner of Tenth and U streets in Washington sits a gaunt, soft-spoken scholar drafted into a job which can promote more headaches per hour than any war agency in the capital. He is the Right Reverend Monsignor Francis J. Haas, Dean of the Social Science School, Catholic University. The job is the chairmanship of the again independent Committee on Fair Employment Practice.

Members of the New CFEP

Monsignor Haas has had wide experience as a labor-dispute arbiter. His committee, appointed by Mr. Roosevelt, is composed of: For labor—John Brophy, C.I.O.; Milton P. Webster, Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters; and Boris Shishkin, A. F. of L.; for industry—Miss Sara Southall, International Harvester Company; P. B. Young, Sr., publisher of the Norfolk (Virginia) Journal and Guide; and Samuel Zemurray, president of the United Fruit Company.

This committee replaces the old Committee on Fair Employment Practice which was established by Executive Order 8802 in June 1941 and which was not winning acclaim with its successes. The President has charged Monsignor Haas' sextet with "promoting the fullest utilization of all available manpower and the elimination of discriminatory practices in employment." It was created as an independent bureau on May 27, 1943. The old committee, at first an independent body, was absorbed by War Manpower, quickly losing its identity. Among the first of the new committee's duties will be to demonstrate to workers, black and white, and to employers, that it retains nothing but the name of the old one—a not inconsiderable task. Not that the old one didn't struggle.

Although the new committee is not equipped with enforcement powers greater, in fact, than the old one had, the latter was not only smothered by the regulations and red tape of its parent organization, the WMC, but was almost trampled to death in the first wild stampede of the conversion of industry from peace to war production.

It is entirely possible that had the original CFEP been better manned, more liberally financed and equipped with more than finger-shaking authority, it might have averted the Detroit race riot. When it was shuffled into the vast WMC, the feeling grew that the government was curbing its activities. Many were convinced that the committee's efforts to abolish employment discrimination was retarding war production by irritating the employers and promoting dissensions—strikes—among the white workers.

Maybe some of the war-production agencies were convinced that the old CFEP was a nuisance, that there was no time for "New Deal daydreams" when industry was in the painful process of conversion to war commodities. There were —probably still are—Army procurement officers who, from the start, advocated complete military control over all industrial centers. Singlemindedly concentrating on war matériel, these men are eager that agitations and agitators, large and small, black and white, be slapped down at the first disturbing gesture or syllable.

Some of them were being quoted as privately cursing the CFEP for "a bunch of interfering pinkos trying to run the war like the New Deal." And maybe, had the

How much do you know about Brennan...Falkenburg...Andrews?

NEW ENGLAND BORN WALTER once raised pineapples in Guatemala, now raises cattle in Oregon, will soon raise the roof in Samuel Goldwyn's new Russian epic, "North Star." Yankee-shrewd Mr. Brennan goes for the extra value Regents offer. "They're King Size," he cannily argues, "give you a smoke that's over 20% longer."

BARCELONA BORN JINX began going places early. She swam like a salmon at 18 months, became Chile's swim champ at 16, American model queen and movie starlet at 20. For sport, the athletic Miss Falkenburg chooses tennis — for cigarettes, she favors Regent. Says beauteous Jinx: "Regent's taste is tops!"

EX-ACCOUNTANT DANA has graduated from carrying a spear in Shakespeare to flying a bomber in "North Star." The photogenic Mr. Andrews likes to swim and play tennis, recommends photography for fun and Regents for mildness. "Regent" he declares, "is milder than any other brand."

ALL THREE AGREE that Regents are milder! Yes, Regent's exclusive Multiple Blend makes the difference, makes Regents *really* mild, always so gentle to your throat. Try milder, better tasting Regents. They cost no more than other leading brands.

Quality tobaccos...Multiple Blended make **REGENT**

The milder, better tasting cigarette!

Post-War Plans . . . for Your Car

THERE sits your car—used less now than ever before; a thousand dollars or more of your hard-earned cash tied up in it.

You can probably sell your car right now for a good sum—since used cars are in good demand. But a family car has become a part of American family life, and you'd undoubtedly feel lost without it.

No, you don't want to let it go. And you don't want to *keep* it and "let it go," either—let it go to ruin for want of proper care. For when the new cars eventually come out, what you get on a trade-in will depend largely on the condition of your car at that time.

And remember—new cars will not be out for a considerable number of months after Hirohito yells quits.

That's why it will pay you to use Quaker State Motor Oil—why it will be worth your while to insist on Quaker State Superfine Lubricants.

For Quaker State is skillfully refined from Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil—to give your car the greatest degree of lubrication protection you can buy anywhere.

Four great modern refineries produce Quaker State—for the toughest jobs on the fighting front and, on the home front, to help you "care for your car for your country" *in the best way possible.*

Next time you buy motor oil—look for the green-and-white Quaker State service sign. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

OIL IS AMMUNITION—USE IT WISELY

whole problem been turned over to the Army—housing, policing and censorship over speech and publication—a certain amount of rioting might have been averted. But somehow we doubt it. It would have been a page from Hitler's book, and it would have stored up fury for the future.

One of Monsignor Haas' many troubles today derives from the tremendous one-way pressure put upon him by chagrined New Dealers of the early Franklin Roosevelt school, and by Negro leaders, to get tough with industrialists in whose plants there are not what these pressure groups consider a fair proportion of Negro workers.

Whatever the reason for the helplessness of the old CFEP, it never came near to doing the job it was created to perform. Whether it could have prevented rioting in industrial centers (riots emerging from population congestions, from lack of housing, from race hatreds and so forth) can be argued from here to then without profit. Just what the new and independent CFEP is going to do about it will make interesting watching. Washington's war agencies are alive with noncombatant fire-eaters who hunt you down to assure you that they will stand for no nonsense, that they are going to get rough and tough.

Slowing Up the War Production

But Monsignor Haas is not among these waffle-tail Napoleons. He is among the very least of Washington's publicity seekers. He is convinced only of this: That coercion of employers won't work and shouldn't be tolerated, that although government contracts, at the direction of Mr. Roosevelt, include clauses forbidding the holder to discriminate, we may not revoke these contracts without great harm to the war production. One sure way of settling the race question is to lose the war. However, with the war going as it is, the home front's belief that it can be lost has all but disappeared, and both blacks and whites are in a mood to call this the time to decide who's who.

In some states, New York for example, industrial discrimination in war production can be punished with fines and imprisonment. The federal government's direct action against discriminators is limited to a loss of contracts. But neither the Army, the Navy nor the War Production Board is going to deny contracts to the great industrialists—or to any smaller industrialist whose work is highly specialized. Furthermore, so complex is the business of proving that an employer has discriminated against a Negro, so slow is the process of bringing the accused to trial, that even the superefficient F. B. I. shakes its head.

Neither by law, regulation nor executive order are there any Negro employment quotas. Moreover, nobody, even the most radical Negro, wants quotas. It is generally conceded that if state or federal government tries to impose quotas, there would not only be much more rioting but much frequent slowdowns of war production.

Nevertheless, there have been labor inspectors who (either because they are ignorant themselves, or officious, or for reasons which should be investigated by the police) have told small industrialists that their pay rolls must be twenty per cent Negro. We have the testimony of one contract holder who hires Negroes that he was told that twenty per cent of his employees had to be black men—or else.

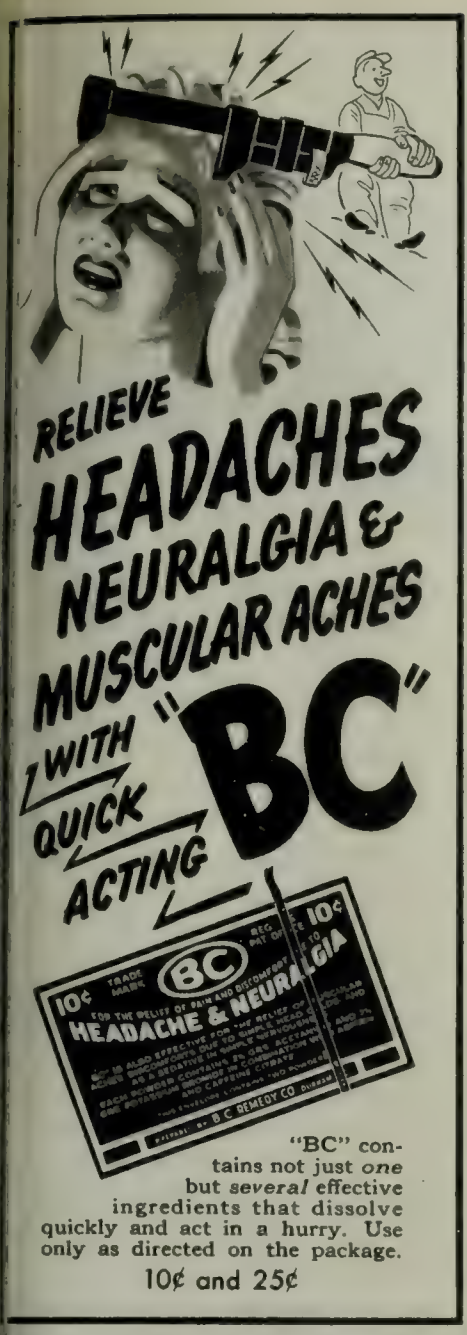
This industrialist, making delicate precision instruments, replied that he'd be very glad to hire Negroes if the United States Employment Service or any other agency could find Negroes who were capable of the work required—chronometer and watchmakers. The inspector shrugged that off, saying that finding Negro workers of that skill was the employer's problem, not the government's. If the industrialist did not comply, he added, he would get no future contracts.

Perhaps the old CFEP might have slowed down war production had it succeeded in forcing industry to absorb locally available labor before importing it from other states, before sending labor scouts to fetch in whites when there were idle blacks in the vicinity. We wouldn't know.

Whoever is to blame, we do know that in major industrial centers like Detroit and Baltimore, the National Housing Administration had those cities in no condition to receive the rush. It was quite necessary that Detroit, for example, call upon the rest of the country for labor. The government knew this, knew exactly what the housing situation was and knew, too, that when nearly 300,000 white immigrant workers surged into Detroit, the already bad housing situation was going to become intolerable.

The government knew that one of the most dangerous contributors to riot promotion is inadequate housing. But the Division of Defense Housing, National Housing Administration, was just about as helpless as the War Manpower Commission which, at the same time, was making a terrible mess of enforcing its own edict that no labor be brought in to any industrial district until all available local labor was absorbed.

"He always sides with my husband!"



"BC" contains not just *one* but *several* effective ingredients that dissolve quickly and act in a hurry. Use only as directed on the package.
10¢ and 25¢

Good-Bye To Shoe Pinch—Foot Friction

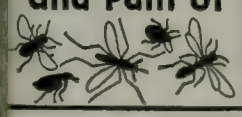
Relieve Tired, Burning, Perspiring Feet This Easy Way

Sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease on your feet and into ur shoes. So quick, convenient to use. Helps tight new shoes to feel more easy and comfortable. nds to relieve friction and rubbing. Brings othing relief to tired, burning, swollen feet. and for those with perspiring feet. Acts to abrb excessive perspiration and prevent offensive ot odors. A real joy and comfort for those who ust be on their feet for long hours. For real foot mfort, remember, it's Allen's Foot-Ease! Get it your druggist today!

Lubricates • Cleans • Polishes • Prevents Rust

At Hdwe., Drug, Grocery and 10¢ Stores

elieve Sting and Pain of Insect Bites This Quick Way



or quick relief from the sting and pain of mosquito, chigr and other non-venomous insect bites use OIL-O-SOL. soothes, cools and comforts. This effective inhibitory ntiseptic is also valuable in treating sunburn and minor jurles—cuts, scratches, burns. Used by thousands at ome and at work. Pleasant to use—combats infection quickly helps relieve pain. Only 50c at druggist's. Must tisfy you or money back. Get **Mosso's OIL-O-SOL** now.

There are too many collateral reasons for race rioting in these days to expand upon all of them here. Local real-estate owners, fearful of subsequent depreciation in the values of their houses and lands, refused to rent to Negro war workers. Further, they fought bitterly against government housing projects for Negroes in the immediate vicinity of their properties. The church joined in this, pastors protesting publicly that Negro colonies in their parish confines would drive their congregations away, isolate their houses of worship, ruin all their years of building and organization.

The further one goes into the subject, the more one becomes convinced that it is all setting the stage for a mean immediate future. Perhaps Monsignor Haas (who may be given an even more imposing post from which to deal with the postwar race question as a whole) will find a formula to prevent rioting. Perhaps he will create lay committees in many cities to deal locally with the problem. In the meantime, we have asked several governors of Southern states to give us their opinions.

Not a Southern Problem

"There will be no race rioting in Tennessee in my opinion," wires the Honorable Prentice Cooper, governor of Tennessee. "There will be no race rioting in any of the other Southern states. The whole situation is one which calls for confidence and trust rather than suspicion and mistrust. Tennessee has the largest and best equipped state guard in America in proportion to population, but I do not anticipate it will be needed in any interracial disturbances."

"I do not expect race riots in this state," says the Honorable C. W. Darden, Jr., governor of Virginia. "Relationship between the races here has been especially good."

"Do not believe there will be any race rioting or strained race relations in Georgia," says the Honorable Ellis Arnall, governor of Georgia. "In spite of rumors and bunk, I have not been able to find any trouble in this state between the races. I jokingly told some of the governors at the conference in Columbus, Ohio, that race rioting is now essentially a Northern issue. Seriously, I will be surprised if we have any trouble in Georgia."

"Leaders of both races in this state," says the Honorable J. Melville Broughton, governor of North Carolina, "feel that satisfactory relationship can be maintained, provided outside agitators do not stir up strife. We have been disturbed by the recent Detroit situation which again reveals that racial problems are not sectional. We are apprehensive that this situation has created a state of mind that may be provocative of further race riots in other sections of the country. We are taking every step here, including interracial conferences, to avoid such contingencies in this state.

"I would list among inciting circumstances: Inflammatory Negro press, political juggling with Negro vote in pivotal Northern states, oppressive economic handicaps against skilled Negro labor, particularly in the North, ill-advised designs on the part of certain groups and indviduals to flout established and respected social conventions and traditions while pretending to seek only economic opportunities for the Negro, and the failure on the part of many states North and South to deal fairly and frankly with such problems as housing, health, delinquency and educational opportunities as affecting the Negro race."

"We people in South Carolina," wires Governor Olin D. Johnston, "have always been able to handle the race question without riots and trouble. We can solve our own problems without outside interference from Washington or from Northern agitators. We do not intend to mix the races in our state, and the only way to handle this race question is by segregation of the races. As long as Northern states allow white and colored children to attend the same schools, the same churches and the same eating places, they will always have trouble between the races.

"We believe in white man's rule in South Carolina. This policy has been successful for generations and, as governor of South Carolina, I intend to use my influence to run this state as it has been run and ruled by white people in the past as well as in the future. We intend to treat the Negro fairly, but we expect him to keep his place, and this can be done only through segregation. As long as I am governor, there will be no mixing of the races in South Carolina."

"With proper understanding and adequate protection, we can reduce the probability of race riots," says the Honorable Chauncey Sparks, governor of Alabama. "Our recent experience in Mobile shows that incipient rioting can be stopped if the people are shown that the state will act promptly. I conceive the basis for the necessary understanding to be justice, economic security, protection of the rights of all citizens and proper education.

"Alabama has administered and will continue to administer justice, to encourage education and to assist in the improvement of the economic condition of the Negro along peaceful lines and in perfect accord with the white race. If there is to be future race rioting, in my opinion, it will have its roots buried in inflammatory Negro newspapers, the attitude of certain ambitious politicians and misguided and emotional missionaries who place shibboleths above reality.

"The South does not need to be taught morality by prosecutions, by establishment of committees, by preachments and by slogans of parties or political candidates. The people of the South are honest, just and fair, not always perhaps by the standards of some unreasonable agitator. Fundamentals are essential, and when the Negro quits chasing rainbow ends and butterflies, such as social equality and the abolishment of segregation, and confines his attention to fundamentals, such as industry, education, better living conditions, economic security and those things which go to make a civilization, the better off he will be. We are trying to preach this doctrine in Alabama, and I find Negro leaders in sympathy with it."

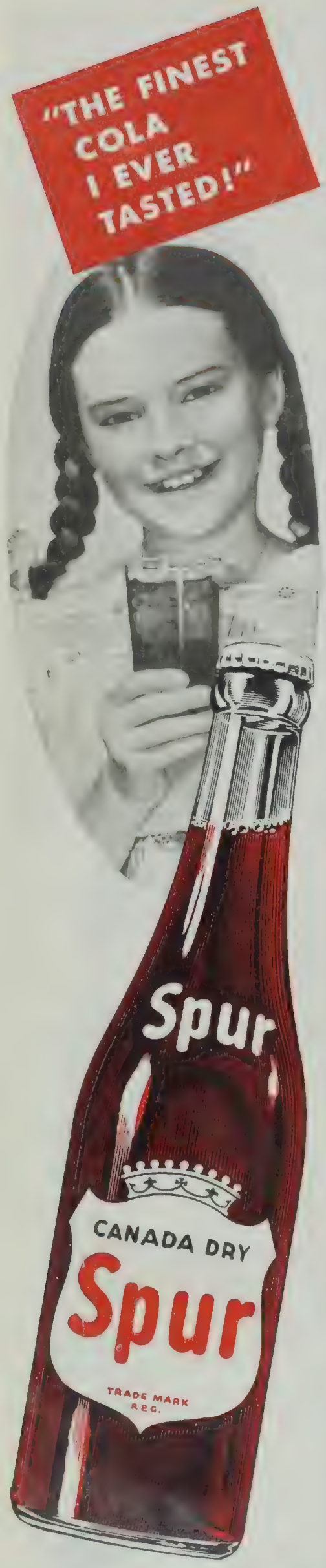
A Demand for Social Equality

"The principal trouble is that a lot of misguided people who do not understand the Negro are doing him a great injustice by urging him to take advantage of the war period to demand social equality," writes another governor who wishes his name withheld. "The inflammatory Negro press is doing a great deal of harm to the Negro. They are inciting the ignorant Negro to do things that are against his best interests. We are striving to keep from having riots or uprisings between the races."

"Under existing circumstances, I prefer not to make any comment about race riots," writes the Honorable Keen Johnson, governor of Kentucky.

Seventy-five per cent of America's 13,000,000 Negroes normally live below Mason and Dixon's line. The war has changed that only a little. It is expected that after the war many of the Negroes who have migrated North for jobs in industry will return to Dixie. Perhaps they may not want to, but economic conditions may dictate it. Therefore, the opinions of these governors are of major importance.

Some of them ascribe the current temper of the Negro to the "inflammatory Negro press." We have been reading these newspapers—not for the first time but to



The cola drink with Canada Dry quality

Bottled and Distributed by Licensees of Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

a more definite end. Their circulation field is limited, competition keen, news coverage narrow. Almost without exception, their presentation of the Negro's side of the case is high-tension writing—with such headlines as: Drunken Cops Slug Negro, Negro Shot by Jim Crow Motorman, Housing Conditions Unbelievable, We Are Americans, Too. The writers of these captions and headlines have learned their trade by reading white shotgun newspapers.

To balance these torches, there are such sober features as Your Public Conduct, in the Pittsburgh Courier, one of the largest of Negro journals. The Courier carries it prominently on its front page: "Carrying a perpetual chip on your shoulder helps no one, least of all yourself! Watch your public conduct . . . others do."

Even Psychology Unsound

Then there's an editorial in the Los Angeles War Worker: "Some people have a this-is-our-day and let's-get-even psychology. This is not a day for any particular race. It is a day that is to determine whether man will progress or retrogress. With this in mind, the get-even psychology also proves unsound. It is a coward's and defeatist's outlook on life. We believe that prejudice is a sign of immaturity and that understanding is the highest form of maturity."

To supply local facts to what we saw and heard in Washington, we have asked Collier's correspondents in various parts of the country to write us.

From Miami, Florida, we learn that "there is definite trouble brewing between the blacks and the whites." Our Miami man, like the others, is a realist. He knows the value of minor things. Florida's Negroes are shoving Jim Crow out of their way—white men, too, at bus stations. More and more, they're sitting in the white man's seat. In municipal elections, they're voting as a unit.

Los Angeles and San Francisco report Negro rebellion against Jim Crow labor-union locals, against slum life, against exclusion from theaters, bowling alleys, restaurants, skating rinks and so on. No outbreaks yet, but one was narrowly averted in Los Angeles when a traffic cop pumped five bullets into a Negro at close range for allegedly violating a traffic regulation. The Negro died. The cop was not held. Los Angeles says, too: "A lot of the anti-Negro feeling rises from the great middle class of whites. The women hate doing their own dishes and housework and other tasks formerly done by Negroes. They're holding this against the Negro, who, as far as I can find out, does not want to return to this sort of labor."

From Jackson, Mississippi, and other parts of the South, we hear that Negro women are leaving their jobs in white kitchens, not for war industry but to loaf. Their husbands are in the armed services. They receive from their men and from the United States Treasury, fifty dollars a month. They want to know why they should work for five and six dollars a week. Jackson adds: "I do not anticipate a large number of riots. Common sense among the whites and fear among the blacks will take care of most situations."

Another correspondent who doesn't care to be identified tells us that, in his town, most of the white male citizens have either been sworn in as deputy sheriffs or anyway armed with shotguns. All shotgun ammunition has been confiscated from stores, he adds, and passed out to the apprehensive whites.

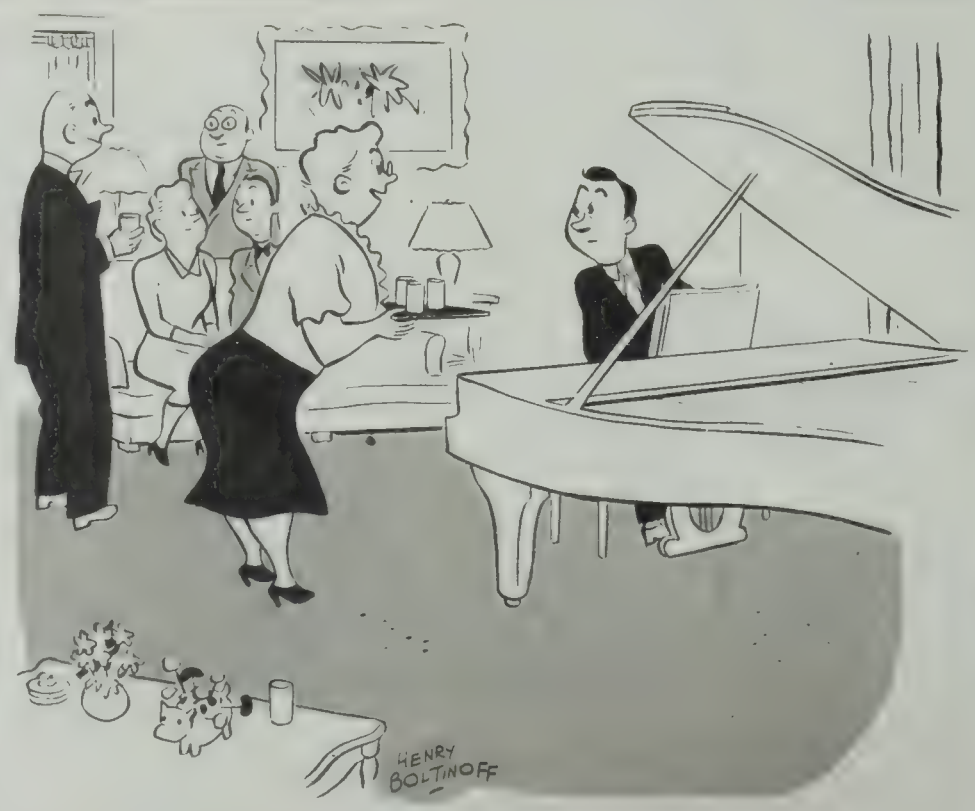
In St. Louis, labor and white-collar groups of both races have asked the mayor to call for federal troops on the appearance of "the slightest racial incident." St. Louis is cursed with rumors of Negro and anti-Negro plots.

Opinion of a Racial Leader

The situation in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, is "complicated, potentially troublesome but not critical," says Homer S. Brown, state assemblyman and prominent Pittsburgh Negro lawyer. "The general situation here is, I think, good. There has been no organized groundwork laid, as in Detroit. Or if there has been I don't know about it." Mr. Brown, by the way, was voted by the newspaper legislature correspondents in Harrisburg, the state capital, as "the most capable and efficient member of the state assembly."

Portland, Maine, reports from its shipbuilding water front: "The Negro problem in Portland is the least of our worries. We have others in sufficient number. Want to hear them?"

We're picking the reports at random, hoping to give you the general temper. Says Dallas, Texas, "War wages and wartime living conditions here and in surrounding northern Texas areas have done little to ease the critical tension that has flared from time to time into violence." He mentioned as irritants the influx of Northern Negroes who arouse their



COLLIER'S "Oh, don't worry about the neighbors. Besides, they tried to poison our dog last week!" HENRY BOLTINOFF

WORLD'S LARGEST

3000 ships. 160,000 men. 14,000 vehicles. 600 tanks. 1800 guns. That's the initial invasion force the Allied Nations floated across the Mediterranean to Sicily—largest the world had known 'til then. And, preparing for bigger things to come, the U. S. is now floating the world's largest War Bond drive. The quota for individuals has been set at fifteen billion dollars, or nearly $120 for every man, woman and child in this country. Launch your dollars right now and help float a loan — and another invasion fleet that will make even the Sicilian operation look small. This advertisement contributed by the makers of Sani-Flush and Mel'o.

You call this meat?

Meat rationing is hard for that uncomplaining pup who helps keep up morale. His folks have less time for him — some are away in uniform — and now this!

Make up for what he used to get in meat. Milk and eggs supply proteins (your butcher may have certain unrationed meats). Sergeant's Vitamin Capsules (Vitapets) supply *all meat vitamins—and all the different vitamins a dog needs!*

Vitamins A, B_1, D, B_2 and Niacin in Sergeant's Vitamin Capsules help protect a meatless dog from Black Tongue, Rickets, Eczema, certain Fits. Get Vitamin Capsules at drug and pet stores — and the new *free* Sergeant's Dog Book (or use this coupon).

FREE SERGEANT'S, Dept. 51-J, Richmond, Va. Please mail the NEW, 1943, 40-page, Illustrated Sergeant's Dog Book to:

Print
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

outrn brethren with their tales of bet-r vges and general living conditions in e lorth, and the fact that the vast ma-rit of Texas Negroes who used to work for meager existence as farm hands" ow egard themselves as having been ime able suckers.

Tse black men and women have sud-enl found themselves enjoying compara-ve uxury, their labor being currently ital industry. On at least six occasions tel the police have had to break up ild fights in streetcars resulting from ati arguments. Hoodlums, black and olt are asking for and finding trouble. In nancipation Day, known as "June-en," the Negroes did not celebrate as was before.

Dlas quotes a police official: "In-ca' said he, "they stood sullenly on re corners. Instead of their usual holi-y pirit, they were quiet—too quiet. e manner was furtive. They indi-te that they feared racial trouble—and cu accept it if it came."

O that day, at an amusement park, lac and whites massed prepared for att Police arrived in time. Our Dal-z rrespondent assures us that the Ne-o as no intention of returning to his r r low economic estate if he can o it. Negro leaders, he says, are de-ring immediate racial equality in ics and housing. The Dallas Express, gro newspaper, makes the demand.

could go on at great lengths like this, ese few references give you the pic-If any considerable part of the trou-traceable directly to Axis agents or nerican Communists, we have not it so. Negroes are not, by their very e, political radicals. We learn from rnia, Michigan, Alabama, New New Jersey and Indiana that the workers are listening to the Com-sts only as they seek additional white s of their own racial cause.

ther is there any evidence that De-major riot was clear warfare be-the two races. It was essentially a g hoodlum affair. The Detroit Free quotes Mr. John S. Bugas, head of etroit office of the F.B.I., as saying seventy-five per cent of the rioters boys between the ages of sixteen and y-five. Army and civilian investiga-making their reports, classify them ly into two categories. First, there those who for various reasons have rejected for armed service. Others been deferred because they are re-d as essential in war industry.

ur nerves may have been responsible me extent, but there is no one to ure that, although it makes a nice ng's discussion. And perhaps some of the Army and Navy rejects participating in the affair were motivated by a compensatory bravado, resorting to physical violence to prove to themselves and others that the Army and Navy made mistakes when they were not accepted.

In the second category, the psychologically minded place the kids, who realize that, should the war last, they eventually will be absorbed into the Armed Forces. Their future is most uncertain. They may be killed. They may be physically incapacitated in battle, for work or play. At any rate, they realize the possibility that their postwar lives may be completely changed, and what emotional stability they might have had before has largely evaporated. Their motto has become: "What the hell!"

Rising Sympathy for the Cause

Among the older and among the more responsible white elements in Detroit and other race-riot localities, Negro leaders report a still mounting revulsion. Perhaps nothing that has been written or that will be written has done more for the Negro's cause than the photograph of the Negro with his arms being held by two policemen while he was being struck in the face by a white hoodlum, and a mounted cop watched. This photograph has taken its place in hundreds of Negro headquarters and meeting places. It has been reprinted and rephotographed and broadcast amongst Negroes. It has brought shoals of letters of sympathy to Negro leaders. It has caused many whites to donate money to Negro organizations.

At least two hundred of the rioters have been identified in newspaper photographs. We have been able to find no evidence that more than two or three have been arrested. One rioter, we learn, has been given a prison sentence of ninety days. For political reasons, local authorities in Detroit and elsewhere are not eager to send rioters to prison.

The federal government has not gone even that far. Admittedly it does not want further rioting, and yet it has the power to act against rioting individuals when local authority is reluctant. There are, for example, the amendment to Section 253 and Sections 51 and 52 of the 18th United States Code. They were written to protect blacks and whites alike. Sections 51 and 52 provide for fines of from a thousand to five thousand dollars upon the guilty and imprisonment of from a year to ten years.

Maybe it's just an impractical idea, but a few sentences like that might take a lot of oomph out of race rioting.

THE END

OLLIER'S "Could it burn coal?" JEFFERSON MACHAMER

Give your dog his daily vitamins... feed Gaines

In fact, feed Gaines every day—*every meal.* Requires virtually no time or bother. To feed, just add water—*nothing else.* Will keep any size, any breed dog "fed right" from puppyhood to old age.

highly nourishing

Gaines contains Vitamins A, B_1, B_2 (G), B_6, D, E, Niacin, Pantothenate, minerals, dehydrated meat meal, and *all other* food factors dogs are known to need. It is a scientifically formulated *complete food* that most dogs love.

leading taste appeal

Surveys show that *9 out of 10 dogs like Gaines* from the very first taste. Furthermore, once they try Gaines, *they keep on eating it.*

NOURISHING! TASTE APPEAL! LESS EXPENSIVE!

less expensive

Never has feeding a dog right cost so little. A 5-pound bag feeds the average house dog *for less than 4c per day.*

KEEP 'EM FED RIGHT WITH Gaines COMPLETE DOG FOOD

FREE TASTE SAMPLE FOR YOUR DOG? SURE!

Just send your name and address on a penny postcard to Gaines, Box C-9, Sherburne, New York, and you'll be sent a liberal sample supply of Gaines Dog Food—FREE. Why not write for yours *right now!*

Copyright, 1943, Gaines Food Co., Inc.

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

Heel of Honesty

Continued from page 12

and, anyway, the people were leaving.

"Look. This is just about the time I should be saying, 'Can't we slip away from all this and go somewhere for a drink?' I'll improve on the poets. I'll buy you dinner, if you haven't had a better offer."

She pursed her lips and pondered the invitation.

"Two seconds of maidenly reserve are par for the course in these times," he told her. "It will be a very good dinner and I know you came here alone, Miss—er, Molineau."

"You seem to know a great deal about me, Mr. Bolton."

"Not as much as I'd like to," he replied, giving her the stock answer, but as they descended in the elevator to Park Avenue, he wondered whom he really was kidding.

"Is there any particular place you'd like to go?" he asked. He knew where they'd wind up, but it always gave him a kick to see the surprise and sudden interest on a new girl's face when he walked in as though he owned the joint.

"I know a little French restaurant not far from here," she said. "It is quiet and the food really is quite good."

Bolton nodded and they started to walk in silence. He began to ask himself why he, with the grand total of eight dollars in his pocket, was taking to dinner a new dame who was working the same side of the street, and then he said the hell with it. Mrs. Rysdale's Scotch had left him with a mellow party glow and it was very nice to be walking down Park Avenue on an evening in spring with an attractive girl.

They turned off the avenue, and Bolton was aware that she had stopped in front of a couple of steps leading to an entrance just below the street level. It was Le Maison Somebody, it looked clean and comfortable inside and there was a sign, "Table d'Hôte Dinner, $1.50" in the window, but Bolton shook his head.

"Too expensive," he said. "I know a better place."

He imagined that she was grateful for the dim-out that obscured her mor tion. It must be, he thought, pretty h iating—and disappointing—to a dai be told by a man she had just met th could not afford a middle-class resta After that letdown, the Penguin wou a better build-up. It always was; the guin was a joint calculated to impr dame.

She must know the Penguin wa clubhouse of saloon society. The born and the ill-bred were not celeb until they had posed for pictures gri toothily against the background of it tinctive décor. It was a frightfully s expensive and elaborate boob trap. It nitely was not for people who coul spend one-fifty for dinner.

The girl knew. She resisted in sur Bolton's pressure on her arm whe turned to the entrance. She hesitated the doorman hastened to help them she fumbled with her bag while the check girl gave Bolton a smile, and obsequious headwaiter found a table favored location for them although place was crowded.

BOLTON chuckled inwardly at her fusion. She looked furtively at menu for the table d'hôte dinner wasn't there and he anticipated startled expression when she glance the prices to the right of the card. waiter had his pencil poised for her o

"I will have, please, a—a salad," said in a small voice. It was the chea item on the menu.

"Nonsense," he said. "You're a gr woman and you're hungry. You steak? Sure you do. And how about s hors d'oeuvres?"

She shook her head dumbly. Steak four dollars a portion.

He lit a cigarette and waved it ex sively. "A chi-chi joint, no? Or w the French call it soigné?"

"I do not think you are funny, Bolton," she said with a quaver in

"Now who on earth could be calling us at three o'clock in the morning?"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

M. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE by ALAN FOSTER

LLIER'S "Do you suppose Mr. Stalin is allergic to boats?"

. "I may not comprehend American or, but it was not necessary for you to t me with a bad joke about my res- nt. In France, a family can live for onth on what you will pay for this er."

e carefully crushed his cigarette in the ray. "I'm not paying for the dinner. 't be alarmed—you're not paying r, although," he laughed harshly, t's been done, too. The house picks up heck."

Oh. You mean you have an interest in place?"

olton rested his arms on the table and ed toward her. "If this isn't a line re giving me, my naïve pigeon, you ld stay home after dark. I'm a dying d; I'm the last of the hall-room boys. You probably know the type by an- r name," he went on rapidly. "I live six-dollar-a-week furnished room and best suit of clothes is a tail coat. I'm shameless slob they call when there thirteen at a dinner party or when ebody is needed to lug a battle-ax nd a dance floor all night. I'm the guy cries gaily, 'Let's go to the Penguin,' r the theater when I get a ticket no- y else can use.

'm the low, unprincipled character tells the gossip columnists who's hav- a divorce or a baby or who's playing ut with whom. I do everything but y a sign on my back advertising this oco dive; and, for services rendered, management feeds me for bringing in ple who look like money in the bank. now everybody, but nobody wants to w me, and you can't blame them. I'm oocher, a parasite and a thoroughly eputable louse."

he fingered her glass as though embar- ed by his angry humility. "But surely, must have some profession or regular k," she said finally.

Sure, I had a regular job. I gouged ple by selling them new cars they n't need every year."

You can't sell automobiles now. What you do?"

The same as you, baby. The best I ."

And how is—business?"

Rotten. I'm like a secondhand car. I've been around so long my gloss is wearing thin. I'm a slightly old hall-room boy who's tolerated only because there are no new models on the market."

The flicker of an understanding smile broke through her grave attention and for the first time Bolton wished she was Mary Maloney rather than Maris Molineau, phony.

"Forgive me, Mr. Bolton, if I am impertinent, but why are you not in the Army? I gather that you are unmarried, and I can see you are within the draft age."

HE SET fire to another cigarette and inhaled deeply, but her eyes penetrated the smoke and regarded him steadily.

"I could," he said, "give you the story I've been using for more than a year. I could tell you I'm trying to get a commission in Army or Navy Intelligence. Sounds very dashing and mysterious, and it stops people from asking too many questions. I also could suggest that you mind your own business and take my word for one thing I've got to say for myself. I'm a consistent heel, anyway."

"It is said that self-pity is the easiest emotion. I do not know what that is, a heel as you say, but I remember another saying about an Achilles heel."

"Without getting too profound, what has all this got to do with me?" he demanded. "And why do you want to know so much about me?"

She became absorbed in the doodle she was drawing on the tablecloth with a long, lacquered nail. "Because I like you, Mr. Joe Bolton."

Someone had picked up the Penguin and hit him over the head with it. "Don't be a sucker. What's it going to get you? I have no money and as much character as a worm. I'm the most ineligible bachelor of the season."

"You have an Achilles heel. It is your honesty and, although you try to run away from it, some day it will overtake you. When that happens, I would like to be there to see it. Honesty is a trait I admire because I have known so little of it."

"So," he said derisively, "you think there is nobility in my soul."

She gave him the merest suggestion of

INSIST ON Expert TIRE INSPECTION

GET YOUR TIRES INSPECTED "INSIDE-OUT"—HERE'S WHY

SAYS Bob Bowes
President and Founder
Bowes "Seal Fast" Corp.
Pioneer in
Safe Tire Repairs

● Tire inspectors, no matter how careful they may be, don't have X-Ray eyes. Play safe! Have your tires taken OFF the rims and examined for hidden defects which might cause you trouble. Bowes Tire Repair Stations offer EXPERT tire inspection—and that's what you need to keep your tires going. Don't wait for inspection deadlines. Drive in to your nearest Bowes Tire Repair Station TODAY!

BOWES TIRE REPAIR EXPERTS KNOW HOW TO FIND AND FIX Hidden Trouble

Let the Bowes-trained Tire Repair Expert help you AVOID trouble. He knows how because he has been trained to spot trouble BEFORE it happens, and he has the dependable Bowes equipment and materials which are so essential to SAFE tire repairs. Get a thorough "inside-out" Tire Inspection at any authorized Bowes Tire Repair Station. It will save your rubber . . . add precious miles to the life of your tires . . . SAFELY. Bowes has trained thousands of tire repair experts . . . coast-to-coast and in Canada, too. Look for the friendly Bowes "Seal Fast" trade-mark—your assurance of SAFE tire repairs.

BOWES SEAL FAST Dependable TIRE REPAIR SYSTEM

BOWES "SEAL FAST" CORPORATION • INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

THE Guilty

VII

IT IS not that Vidkun Quisling has been a monster of cruelty, visiting his homeland with fire and sword. Murder, torture and pillage is the business of Reichskommissar Josef Terboven, the real ruler of captive Norway. The implacable hatred that Norwegians hold for Quisling proceeds from the fact that he has shamed them as a race, dragging national pride through every wallow of humiliation. Worse than his treachery are the poltrooneries, insane terrors and incompetences that earn contempt even from his German masters. Norsemen could have stood it better had the evil of the man been backed by any showing of courage and capacity.

On April 9, 1940, the day after the invasion, Quisling called on his countrymen to cease resistance, and proclaimed himself prime minister. His "rule" lasted less than a week. General Falkenhorst kicked him out as a *dumkopf*, and Terboven took over, bringing 10,000 Gestapo agents with him from the Reich. For a full two years Quisling's activities were those of a petty gangster. Confiscating a mansion, he filled it with loot. Calling himself Fuehrer, he recruited several hundred criminals and defectives, and organized a Storm Troop. All of which merely gave the Germans more work, for Quisling had to be guarded both day and night. Even his troopers could not appear in public without the protection of German bayonets.

His restoration to power was ordered by Hitler as a last desperate effort to crush Norway's spirit. Since the stupid people persisted in rejecting the New Order, then jam Quisling down their throats! Put over them the man most loathed! A gesture, of course, for all power remained in the hands of Terboven. February 1, 1942, was the day appointed for Quisling's induction into office as prime minister. Falkenhorst brought 100,000 soldiers into Oslo for the occasion, and the Gestapo patrolled every housetop. There was no need. In obedience to the "underground's" command, not a Norwegian left his home. And that night, as Quisling rose to announce that Norway was now part of the "greater Germanic international fellowship," saboteurs blew up the power plant, leaving the city in darkness. But not for long. Light was soon provided by the flames from Oslo's railroad stations.

Norwegians massed instantly to make a farce of Quisling's "iron hand." When he ordered Nazi doctrines as part of public instruction, 14,000 teachers resigned. Quisling answered the defiance by sobs and whines and on Terboven fell the job of torturing and killing. Another edict that fell flat commanded every Norse youngster to enroll in an imitation of Hitler's Youth Movement. Seven bishops and 1,000 pastors straightway severed all connection with the government.

Arresting the venerable bishop of Oslo, Quisling cried out against him as a triple traitor who deserved to have his head cut off. "Well, here I am," returned the prelate, and the minister president ran from the room, screaming that everybody was in a conspiracy against him. Again Terboven had to take over the business of punishment, cursing Quisling as a blundering, hysterical coward.

Today the traitor lives behind locked doors for the most part, finding solace in drugs. He goes to and from the palace surrounded by soldiers, a shambling, baggy-eyed man in fear of his life. All of the houses near his seashore villa have been emptied of occupants, and when he bathes, a mile of beach is roped off.

What the Norwegians are at pains to make clear is that Vidkun Quisling enjoyed neither respect nor public standing at the time of his betrayal. Well before that time, Norway knew him and despised him. At the start his future held a fair amount of promise. Brilliant although neurotic, he entered the army in 1911, rose to be captain and served with Fritjof Nansen's famine relief organization in Russia during the early '20s. Eventually there were whispers about misused funds and the sale of old masters entrusted to him by White Russians, and the military authorities asked his resignation.

An embittered, enraged man, Quisling joined one abortive political movement after another, but it was not until 1931 that he managed to pick a winner. Getting on the band wagon of the Farmers' party, he had himself named Minister of Defense, where he lasted exactly two months. Largely due to his own venality and incompetence, both Quisling and his crowd were kicked out of power and into obscurity. Nothing more was heard of him until 1935 when he came back from Germany with money enough to start a paper and a party called National Union, patterned after the Nazis. Another flop, for despite lavish expenditure, it polled less than two per cent of the vote. Dropping from sight completely, he was not seen again until the German invasion, popping up out of nowhere to proclaim himself Fuehrer.

That is what Norway begs of the world to understand. To have Vidkun Quisling regarded as a *representative* Norwegian is infinitely worse than Terboven's brutalities. ★★★

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

a smile and a shrug, and her silence was exciting to Bolto girl gave him a restless exhilaration he had not kno too many years. She made him want something more ing than the inevitable embrace in a dim doorway, dim enough to obscure the mediocrity they were tr escape.

"Let's go some place where we can dance," he said. when we vibrate on the same wave length."

"I have a better idea," she said. "There is a rich la should meet. A very fascinating lady. I see her often would like to take you to her tonight."

"A woman? Is she anyone I know?"

"You have heard a great deal about her, but I do lieve you really know her. Please, as a favor to me, co is a short ride by subway."

They got off at the Battery, at the lower end of Ma where thousands of people worked and nobody lived. him across the desolate, wind-swept park and Bolton be wonder what went on.

"You better tell this rich, fascinating lady she ou get a room tonight," he muttered. "It's going to be cold ing on a park bench."

Now they were standing at the sea wall, listening water below and staring into the black velvet glove th the harbor.

Bolton didn't get it. She moved closer to him.

"Out there is the rich lady I want you to meet," sh "The lady with the torch. The Statue of Liberty. My mother always told me how she saved her centimes wh was a little girl and the school children of France were a collection to buy the Statue. I liked to think I inhe small part of it. And now the torch is out."

THE wind was running insistent fingers through he and her head was thrown back against his shoulder. was seized by an impulse. He kissed her on the mouth, f hard, and for a moment she responded, then turned abruptly.

"I know one torch you've set on fire, baby, and I'm ing it," Bolton said. "You do things to me."

"When the lights go on again in the Statue," she whis

He grinned and tousled her hair affectionately. "We have to make with the corny melodramatics any more. everybody. Here's a girl and a guy. They go for each That's all there is to it. I want you, Mary."

Involuntarily, he had called her by the simple, g name he wanted to associate with her, not by the clumsy tion she wanted him to accept. Playfully, deliberately, he her Mary again and leaned to kiss her.

Bolton was surprised by the violence of her resistanc beat her fists on his chest and then he realized, with a that she was sobbing.

"Why do you refuse to believe me?" she cried. "Wh you—you degrade me by applying your cheap standards I accepted you for what you said you are. Why do y take me at my word?"

The fury of her outburst confused Bolton. "Do you you really are a French refugee?"

He intended it as a question, not a challenge, b shoulders sagged wearily and in the faint reflection of a he saw she was biting her lip.

"I am French," she said dully, "but I am not a refu came to this country before you began to call us that father was in the consulate and he sent me here after M because he was certain war would come. I have not heard him since the Occupation, and I was frightened and lonel tired of trying to live on the few, miserable dollars I ear dress shop. I thought I could get some of the attentio sympathy refugees command, but you saw through my querade."

Bolton laughed, and the satisfaction that his intuitio been correct gave his voice an overtone of arrogance. other words, you're sore because you couldn't fool me."

She shook her head. "No. Because I permitted you t me so very badly. I should have known that a man wh no respect for himself would not have respect for me."

She had found the vulnerability in his vanity, an injured pride put into operation the defense mechanism of cism.

"I suppose," he said, "I would become automatica great, big hero and a right guy if I had my head blow fighting a war I didn't ask for or want."

"A man who has not the desire to help himself h can be expected to fight, or even work, for his count feel sorry for you, Mr. Joe Bolton. You think love an triotism and every decent emotion is a—a racket that is for fools."

"A brave speech," he sneered, "but what did you do t the war, Grandma? You ran away from your own co before things got tough and you wasted no time trying to a silly American. Show me the scars you got fighting f ideal, and that sermon of yours may sound sincere."

She stared at him, then wheeled and fled through the Bolton overtook her, but she struggled frantically again arms. He stumbled against a railing, slowly went erect

WORKING *for* VICTORY
ON THE SANTA FE

rough these hectic days and nights, op trains, regular trains with troop cars, freights loaded with war materials p rolling along the Santa Fe.

Vatch a section hand grab his pick a e tighter after a trainload of American ting boys has rolled past. "We'll-get-through" is his attitude!

Yet—he is only one of more than 60,000 ta Fe employes who are doing their bit "keeping 'em rolling" all along the line . . . moving millions of troops and millions of tons of materials needed for Victory, where and when they are needed.

They know that *if you stop the wheels that move them, you stop everything that floats and flies as well!*

And they never forget that thousands of boys in our armed forces came from Santa Fe ranks and from families of our employes, and these boys who are fighting for all of us have the toughest job of all!

You bet, we're backing them up—by buying War Bonds every month, and seeing to it that movements essential to Victory continue to come *first* on the Santa Fe!

•

"Back the Attack—With War Bonds"

SANTA FE SYSTEM LINES

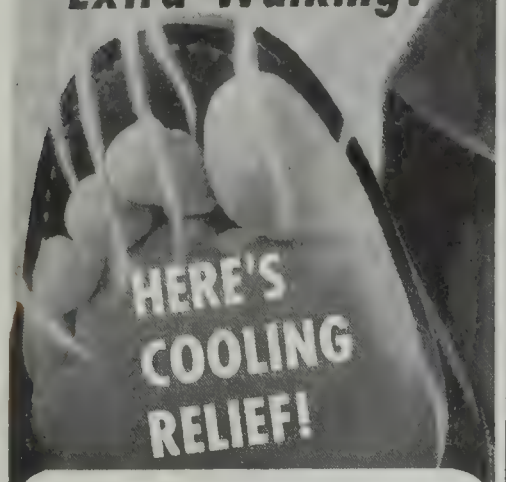
Serving the Southwest and California

ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS—ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

Santa Fe

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

Feet burning with
Wartime's Extra Walking?



● YES—you can often ease the torment of hot, tired feet.

Just apply a little Absorbine Jr., especially around the ankles and soles where the big blood vessels are located. You get relief in two ways!

First, Absorbine Jr. c-o-o-l-s! Second, it steps up your circulation through many of the affected foot muscles, tendons and ligaments. Fatigue acids, often the cause of painful swelling, are carried away.

In these days of extra walking, always keep Absorbine Jr. handy—it brings such grand relief and quickly, too! At all drugstores, $1.25 a bottle. W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

Famous also for relieving Athlete's Foot, Sore Muscles, Strains, Bruises

ABSORBINE Jr.

MISS SAYLOR'S COFFEE-ETS and CHOCOLATES

Our delicious Coffee-ets...little nips of pure cream and coffee candies are going out in great quantities to satisfy the candy hunger of our men in service and to give them added energy.

But we're not forgetting you. Each time we have a breathing spell, between government requirements, we all pitch in and make our delicious Coffee-ets and Chocolates for home folks just as fast as we can, so from time to time you'll be seeing them at your favorite dealers. If he should be out, remember it's only temporary. He will have them again.

MISS SAYLOR'S CHOCOLATES, INC.
ALAMEDA, CALIFORNIA

listened until he no longer could hear the staccato tapping of her heels on the pavement. . . .

A mounting sense of irritation warned Bolton to take it easy, to quit knocking his brains out. He was in the Penguin the next night, quietly minding his own business, which was a determined effort to get drunk, but nothing happened. The free liquor he was consuming freely and steadily, sharpened, rather than dulled, his perceptions. The shapeless, silent blank he was pursuing refused to take hold of his consciousness. One image dominated the inner camera of his eye, and a strained, choked voice was amplified in the echo chamber of his brain.

The core of bitterness that gnawed at him absorbed the whisky and was inflamed by it. Bolton decided to get out of there before it burst and tore him or the joint apart. And then he knew he had to stay.

She was standing in the arched entrance to the dining room. Her eyes brushed him with a veneer of awareness, and then she gave him the back of her fine neck and turned the charm on the guy who was receiving the homage of the headwaiter. The guy was Herbert Jacowen, a stinker of the first water, which he seldom touched. Jacowen had gone through three wives and two or three small fortunes, which had made only insignificant dents in his inherited estate.

Bolton saw what she was trying to do as clearly as though he had seen rehearsals of a staged scene. She had made with the shoulders and she had batted her big, blue eyes, and now she was showing him a thorough, triple-plated heel, not a caricature. She was trying to drive him crazy, and she was succeeding better than Bolton cared to admit to himself. She and Jacowen were taken to a booth on the opposite side of the room, a location reserved for those rich enough to impose their unreserved manners upon others. Bolton made a mental bet of one million dollars that Jacowen would order champagne. Champagne made a loud and impressive noise when the cork was pulled. Champagne provoked nostalgic memories of horse chestnuts in Paris in the spring and horseplay in New York the year 'round.

A bucket of champagne was brought to the booth with an appropriate flourish of napkins and pretentious submission of the bottle for the approval of Mamselle and Monsoor. Bolton told his waiter to bring him another Scotch, double.

He sat there watching her give him the needle and telling himself the injection wasn't taking, but each smile she turned on Jacowen was another jab that gave him butterflies in the stomach. Jacowen made a pass at her, but she managed to parry it with a laugh. Bolton wondered whether there were merry bells in her laughter now. She wouldn't find it so easy the next time, when the second bottle of champagne came. Bolton knew Jacowen's technique with a new babe.

Someone at an adjacent table called to Bolton and told him a long story, prefaced by the statement that it was screamingly funny. The story drew a loud hush from Bolton. When he turned back to the booth, he could not see her face. Jacowen was pulling her to him with one arm around her shoulders and he was trying to raise her head with his other hand. The second bottle had arrived.

Bolton carefully pushed back his chair and stood up. Quite calmly and precisely, he knew what he was going to do. He was going to punch Jacowen's face. He was going to tear up his meal ticket, and after they had thrown him out he would be marked lousy on every free list in town. But he would have that one punch at Jacowen, and if he hit the bum hard enough, she might feel it.

AS HE walked across the room, he hitched up his pants and batted his nose with his thumb after the fashion of a third-rate pug. He knew the gestures were absurd, but they gave him the assurance he needed. *Me, a tough guy,* he thought. *A hell of a note!*

He didn't know what he said to them, but she broke away from Jacowen and slid out of the booth. Jacowen reached for the water bottle. Bolton threw his punch. His fist clipped Jacowen's jaw. Bolton sprawled over the table and tried to get up to throw another punch. Someone was holding his arm. He wrenched himself free and wound up again and a punch connected, but it wasn't his.

The impact of the blow on the side of his head stunned Bolton momentarily and that was all the Penguin's strong-arm squad needed. Bolton's arms were pinned by an authoritative hand twisting the collar of his coat and a purposeful knee in the rear sent him on his way to the door.

Bolton felt good when the gongs stopped banging in his head. He felt fine even though he had not hit Jacowen. He grinned foolishly at the people who were staring at him and he winked at the doorman who was giving him looks of stern disapproval. He gave the man a quarter.

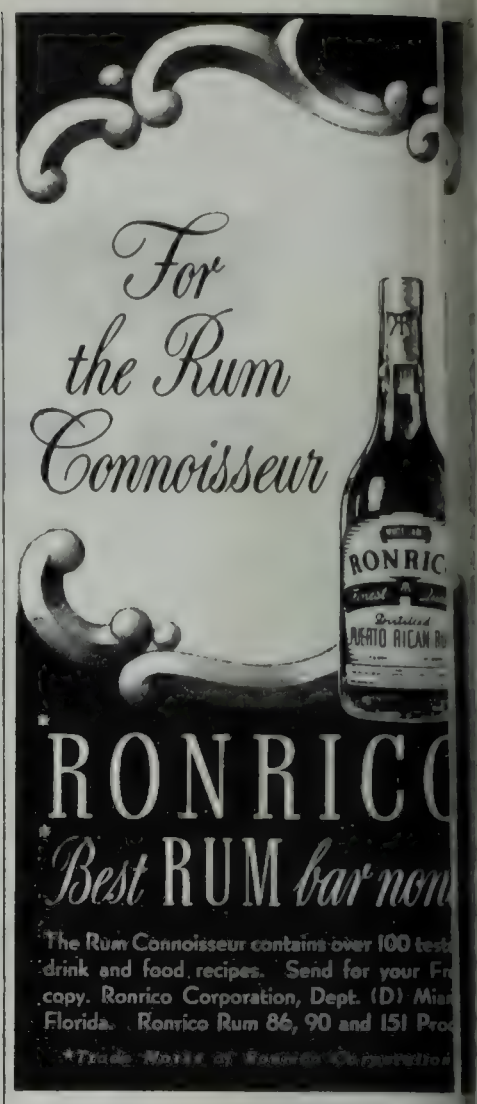
"Just like a regular customer," Bolton said.

He started to walk away and then the bravado deserted him and the butterflies

COLLIER'S

"This is positively the last picture I'm taking of you, Slim, with any of these natives"

CLAUDE SMITH



Keep car radiators cleaned out fo
greatest motor efficiency. Use

Sani-Flush *10c and 25c size Directions on ca*

ITCH
CHECKED In A Jiff

Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, scabies, pimples and other itching conditions. Use cool, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Soothes, comforts, checks itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist today for **D.D.D. Prescription.**

Room with bath $2.00 up

HOTEL LOWRY
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA
GARAGE • COFFEE SHOP

eturned to his stomach. He looked up nd down the street for her, but she had one. He thought he knew where he could ind her.

She was standing at the sea wall, and she urned quickly when she heard his footteps.

"Joe! Are you all right? Did they put ou out?"

"Like a bum without a dime in a Bowery joint, only faster."

"You did not have to make a scene. I ould have taken care of myself."

"Sure, I know, only the situation got a ittle out of hand." He remembered he ad not kissed her for nearly twenty-four ours. He corrected the oversight.

"I—I suppose you cannot go back there gain," she said.

"Not even in the unlikely event I went s a cash customer."

"But what will you do, Joe?"

"Well, I may even conquer my will ower and go to work for a living. After ll, a guy who's crazy about a gal has to nake a start to convince her that he's got little self-respect."

"You must not say such things, Joe. I hink I know."

He took her by the hand and leaned gainst the wall.

"I've got a confession to make, baby. t's a cockeyed twist in the script because want you to believe I'm not the utter eel I let you think I was. It's not a fancy onfession, Maris, but it's the truth.

"I'm 4-F in the draft. I didn't wait to e drafted. I tried to enlist after we got nto the war and I was rejected. I'm not flag-waving patriot, but I tried to get nto every branch of the service except the Vacs and the Waves and I was turned own cold everywhere."

"I knew it," she breathed, as though she as thinking aloud.

His words were coming in a rush of abraction; he didn't hear her. "You don't now how hard it is to be young and to e left out of all the excitement and the oop-la. You try to ignore the funny ooks people give a young fellow who appears to be as healthy as a horse and isn't in uniform. You look the other way, but it gets under your skin and it does things to you inside. Sometimes those things get you tied in such a knot that you give up fighting them. You can't go around showing everybody your draft card with the 4-F on it, so you cover up the hole that's been kicked in your pride and you put on an act. You say everybody in the war is a sucker, and if you say it often enough, you wind up almost believing it."

"I know, Joe," she said.

"You don't know the half of it. You showed me what a sucker I was and now I'm going to show you. I can do something worth while in this war. I figured it out tonight. I know everything about cars. I'm going to volunteer as an ambulance driver. Those guys really get front-line action. They do a dangerous and important job and I'll—"

"But will they accept you?" she said. "You cannot lift heavy stretchers and live in the open with your back."

BOLTON gawked at her. "My back! How do you know?"

She smiled. "I have been working in hospitals as a nurse's aide and I recognize the symptoms of sacroiliac trouble when I see them. I suspected it when you said you slipped while we were dancing and I was almost positive when you stumbled here in the park last night.

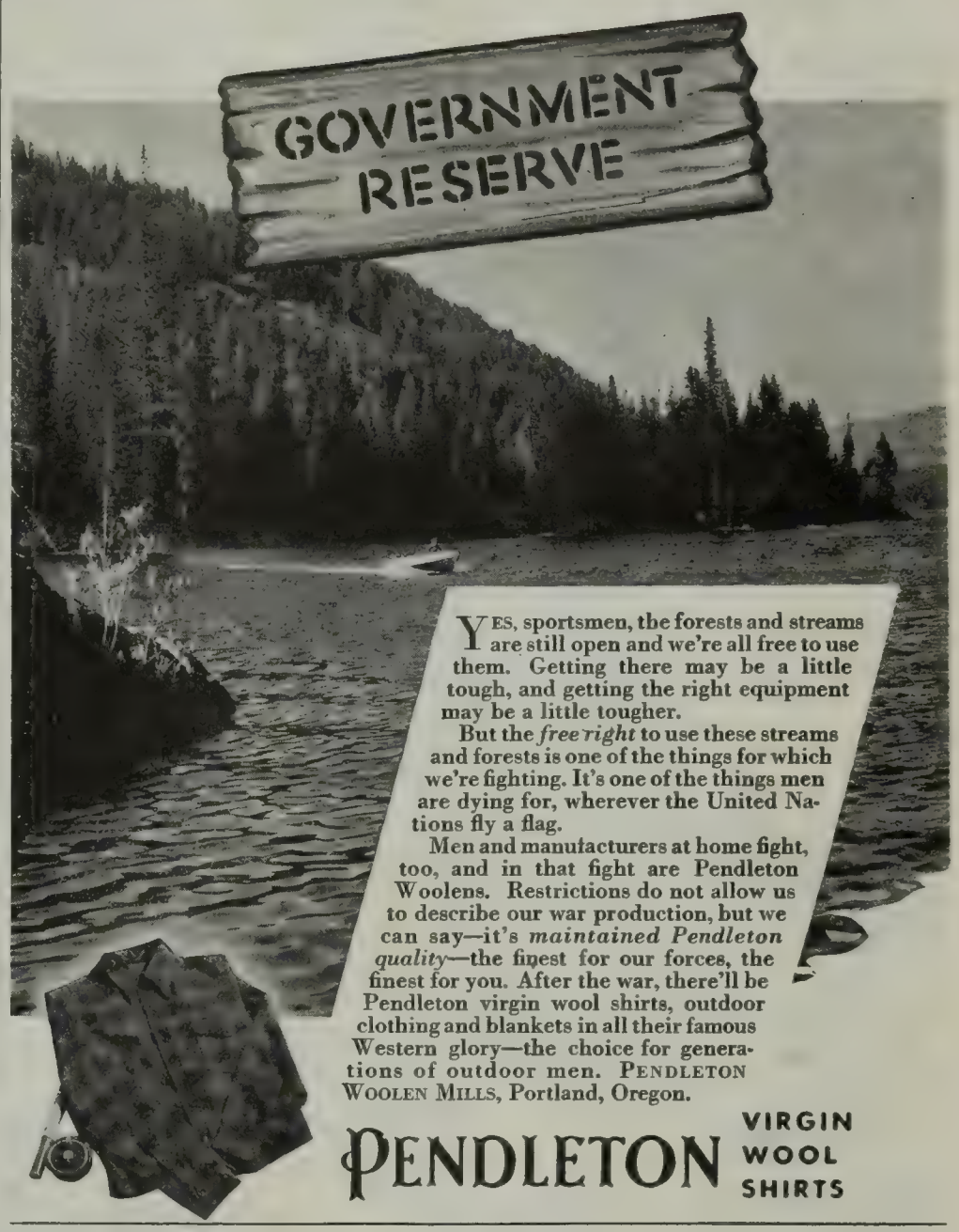
"No, Joe. It does not have to be a dramatic job. You and I are not made for glamor. We are not clever enough or ruthless enough. We are two little people, and the little jobs are meant for us. We will be happier if we are honest with ourselves and admit it."

"I suppose you're right," he said. "Me, a big hero. It's a laugh, at that. If a little job is good enough for my two gals, it's good enough for me."

He saw the widening question in her eyes, and he turned her toward the harbor.

"Sure, didn't you know? The two gals who are carrying torches for me."

THE END



YES, sportsmen, the forests and streams are still open and we're all free to use them. Getting there may be a little tough, and getting the right equipment may be a little tougher.

But the *free right* to use these streams and forests is one of the things for which we're fighting. It's one of the things men are dying for, wherever the United Nations fly a flag.

Men and manufacturers at home fight, too, and in that fight are Pendleton Woolens. Restrictions do not allow us to describe our war production, but we can say—it's *maintained Pendleton quality*—the finest for our forces, the finest for you. After the war, there'll be Pendleton virgin wool shirts, outdoor clothing and blankets in all their famous Western glory—the choice for generations of outdoor men. PENDLETON WOOLEN MILLS, Portland, Oregon.

PENDLETON VIRGIN WOOL SHIRTS

"The doctor says it's an eight-pound boy. Roll yourselves a cigar!"

COLLIER'S PVT. ALEX YOUNG

"HERE'S HOW I DID" says popular WOODY HERMAN, top-flight orchestra leader

Mr. Herman always insists on White Rock...claims it makes his drinks taste better...helps keep him feeling fit next day. White Rock is mineral water, *SUPER-CHARGED,* with a sparkle that stays to the end of your drink.

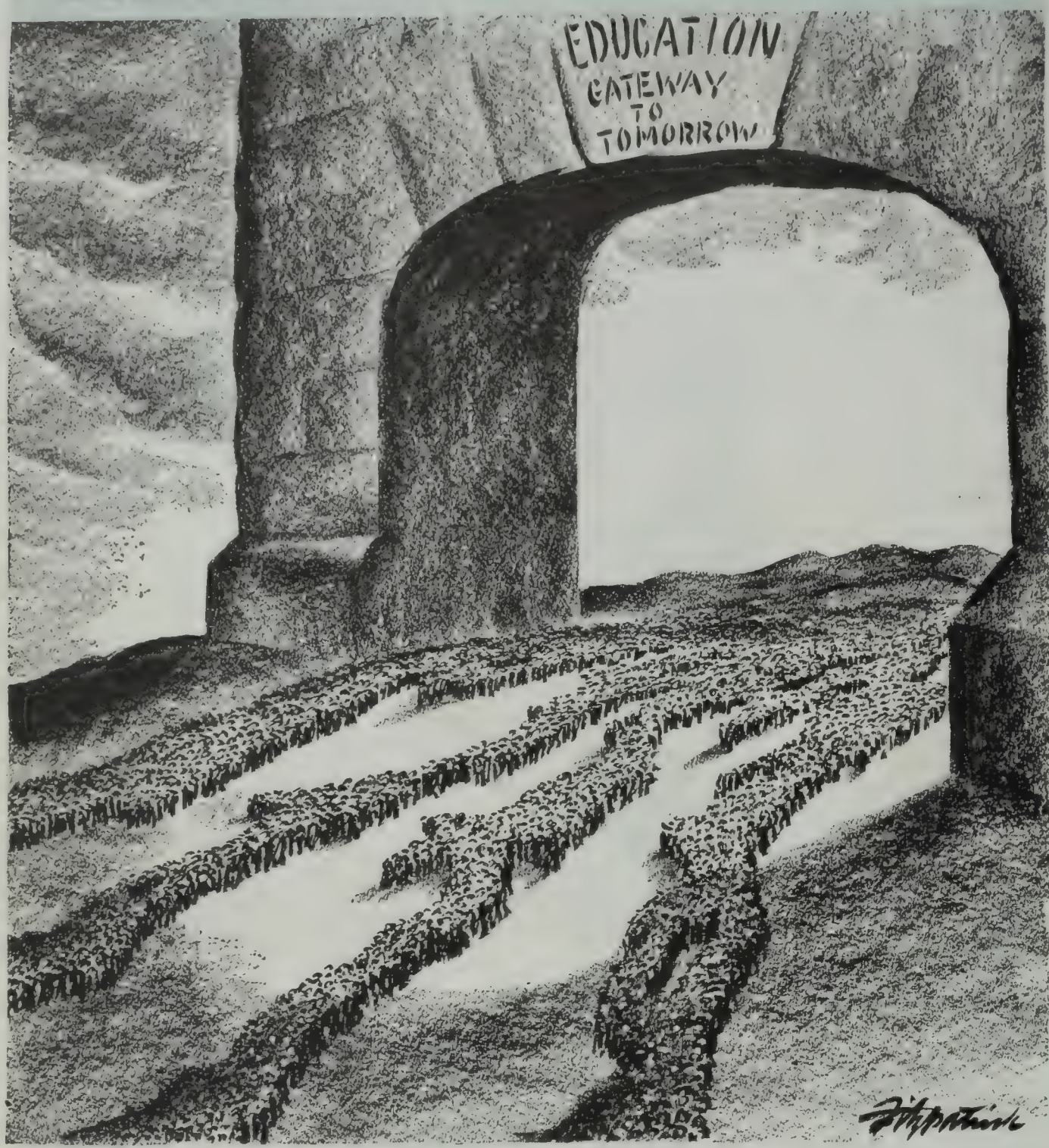
He takes a glass of plain, sparkling White Rock before going to bed and again in the morning for good health's sake...you see, White Rock is beneficial, more healthful...on the alkaline side.

The beneficial *natural* mineral salts in White Rock combat acidity, help keep you feeling fit next day.

White Rock
SPARKLING MINERAL WATER
ON THE ALKALINE SIDE

Save with the BIG BOTTLE! ...enjoy the best for about 3¢ a highball

Collier's WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher • CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor • JEROME ELLISON Managing Editor



Backbone of Democracy

GRADE schools, high schools and colleges are opening up about now, all over the United States. It seems a fitting occasion to pay some deep and heartfelt respect to all these institutions, from the humblest to the highest—to our whole system of public education.

Like every other phase of American life, education is feeling the strains of the war. The colleges are given over largely to military activities of innumerable kinds; the public schools have lost many teachers, at least temporarily, to the war or the war plants. Some people, too, have a tendency to feel that education of any kind in wartime is a pretty expensive luxury which might as well be curtailed along with gasoline and shoe leather.

Nevertheless, this popular, universal educational system of ours has been the backbone of our democracy for generations, and if we hope to keep our democratic system we must keep our educational system as nearly intact as may be—and as wide open to improvements and innovations.

Neither our schools nor our colleges are perfect, by a long shot. There are trends in both which alarm many people.

The progressive-teaching movement in the schools, for example, has undoubtedly produced some extremes and some absurdities. But it has at least caused a great deal of healthy soul-searching among teachers and school trustees up and down the land—and soul-searching is seldom bad for the soul.

In the colleges nowadays, the student demand is mainly for practical studies—chemistry, physics, languages which may come in handy later on in making a living, and so on—and away from classical instruction in literature, Latin, Greek, philosophy. There are people who fear that all this will make more college graduates too materialistic, too hard-minded.

These worries seem to us to be beside the point. What really matters in the American education system, we believe, is the central purpose for which American taxpayers always have maintained it.

The purpose of education in the totalitarian countries is to mold children as early in life as possible into little robots, little automatons, who will think, act and live (or die) as slaves of the state. The purpose of popular education in a democracy is exactly the opposite. Our schools and colleges exist for the sole object of giving the youngsters the best possible chance to develop their characters, personalities and talents, for better or for worse.

As long as we keep that philosophy uppermost in our system of public education, and continue to beat down all efforts to replace it with the totalitarian philosophy, our educational system should be safe for democracy. So should the United States of America.

Moral: Get Married

WE HAD long known that married people longer on the average than unmarried; bu didn't know how much longer until the Metro tan Life Insurance Co. recently published some ures on the subject, based on researches amo specimen U. S. population group—New State's 6,000,000 persons outside New York

The most striking fact dug up by the Metro tan in this research is that between the ages and 44, a married man's chance of staying ali just about twice the chance of a single man. A women in the same age bracket, wives' chance about 1½ times those of unmarried women. An with variations, go the findings for the whole of adult life.

The answer must be that the married stat addition to being approved by heaven, the ch and the body politic, is a generally healthier, b regulated and happier state all around than s not-so-blessedness.

So the moral is: Marry the gal, or marry the and do it as soon as you prudently can, and toc about the grim warnings of pessimists. If you' the Armed Forces, slant your daily life and cor toward marrying that grand gal when you get h If you're in civil life and have a modest compe or better, marry her—or him. The chances he favor your not regretting it; and, married, you'll likely be able to realize your highest potential

Paper Work and Suici

THE other day, a lady bookkeeper in a Pasa California, sheet-metal shop lost her head mentarily because of the brain-racking and la useless government forms with which she wre every working day. Screaming "I couldn't do a with them," the poor soul climbed into a bat and opened various veins in her wrists with a r

This procedure is not recommended to any struggling with government forms—or with other problem. It is recorded here for the atte of (1) bureaucrats who concoct these forms, (2) makers who let the bureaucrats get away with stuff, and (3) people who think the current talk a the blizzard of government forms is exaggerate

No Work . . No Woo

IT SEEMS that at the Albina shipyards in land, Oregon, some girls have started what call a No Work—No Woo, or NWNW, moven The members take the following vow:

> I solemnly pledge to our fighting men everyw that I will not date a man at any time who is worth dying for. A deliberate absentee from war is not worth dying for.

Having joined the NWNW, a girl thencefort fuses to date a boy friend who works in a war unless he can show a timecard evidencing a week's work previous to the desired date, or a excuse for any days off. At the Albina yards, senteeism dropped from 3.1 per cent to 2.85 cent soon after NWNW got under full steam. movement is now reported spreading up and d the Pacific Coast.

It looks good to us, because it puts the old appeal to work for war production in the blun most forceful way we can think of. To NWN originator, a good-looking shipyards worker na Jeannine Christiansen, we think a general vot thanks is in order.

VELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

Collier's

SEPTEMBER 25, 1943 TEN CENTS

DO NOT CUT, TEAR OR DEFACE BOOKS OR MAGAZINES.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

I. DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER, U.S.A.
nander in Chief, Allied Forces in North Africa

NALD
LEOD

ITH EISENHOWER IN SICILY BY JOHN

E DESTRUCTION OF GERMANY RADIOED FROM LONDON **BY W**

A 67259 C 1/2F
1JA44
PUBLIC LIBRARY BURLINGAME CALIF

Are you interested in a SHAVING CREAM

Guaranteed not to make Shaving a Pleasure?

Men, here is a product dedicated to the proposition that shaving is a nuisance and a bore!

Sure, there is solace and comfort for shavers, in the big sea-green and white tube of Listerine Shaving Cream. But *not* pleasure.

Pleasure is too much to ask of any shaving cream . . . because no matter how you slice 'em, whisking off the whiskers is no fun.

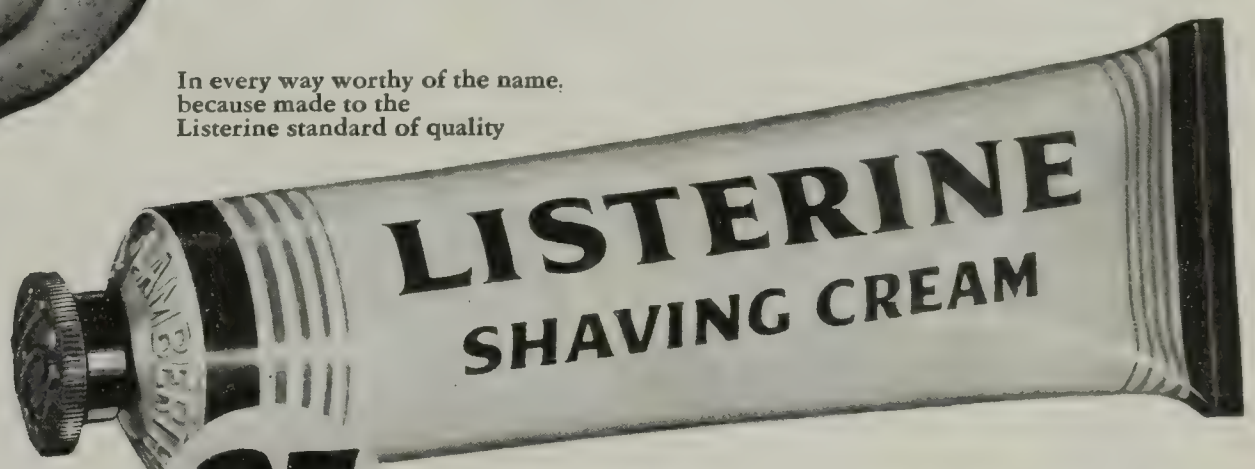
That is why a man is entitled to all the help he can get to relieve the tedium and to speed the razor across the finish line . . . which is exactly where Listerine Shaving Cream comes in.

It is a *sensible* shaving aid. In every fractional inch of its quality cream, there is lots and lots of good, rich lather. And every moist billow which you brush-up is crammed with coolness, packed with what it takes to make shaving as painless as possible.

If all this sounds reasonable to you, we'd like you to meet Listerine Shaving Cream face to face. Ask for it at any drug counter. The price is low, the tube lasts long; so it is just as smart to buy as it is smartless to use.

P.S. TO THE LADIES: *For a great shampoo try friend husband's Listerine Shaving Cream . . . just a little makes clouds of foamy, cleansing lather.* LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

In every way worthy of the name, because made to the Listerine standard of quality

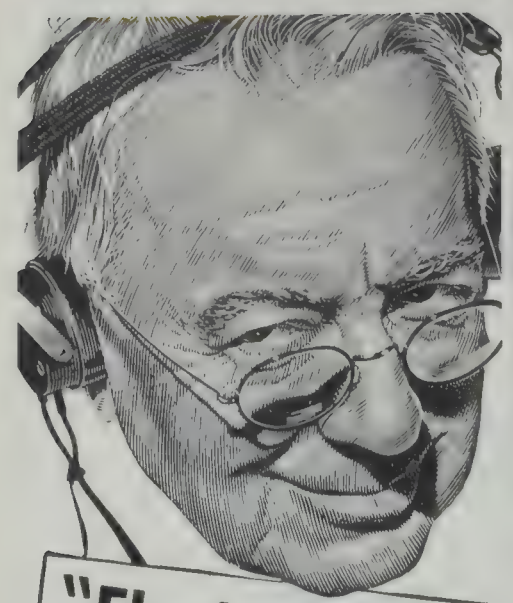


THE 35¢ TUBE THAT LASTS AND L-A-S-T-S

month after month after month

REMEMBER, THERE ARE 2 TYPES OF LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

Out of this tube come swell shaves for men who prefer no-brush cream



"Electronics?"

"SURE!

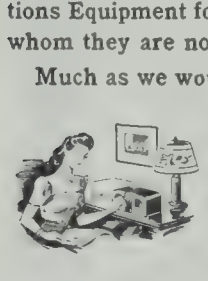
WE'VE HAD IT IN OUR HOME FOR TWENTY YEARS"

"YOU'RE not being fooled by what you've read and heard about the wonders of Electronics. We have been enjoying the miracle of Electronics these many eventful years. *Where? How?* Why that radio in our living-room and the one in our car is an electronic device. Next time anyone talks to you about Electronics you just be smart and say, 'Sure, I have an *electronic device right now . . . my radio.*' "

Motorola Radio
ENGINEERS

who built those fine pre-war home and car radios were pioneers in Electronics. They have added much to their wealth of electronic knowledge in the development and production of Radar and Radio Communications Equipment for our Army and Navy for whom they are now at work full time.

Much as we would like to, we cannot tell you what the post-war Motorola Radio will look like. But we *can* tell you that it will look and sound swell. Meanwhile, let's keep that Victory stuff coming off the production lines! *And let's buy all the War Bonds we can!*



For the development and production of Radio Communications Equipment for our armed forces, Motorola was awarded the Army-Navy "E" with added star for continued excellence of performance.

Motorola
AMERICA'S FINEST RADIO FOR HOME & CAR
GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION · CHICAGO

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
W. B. COURTNEY	European War Theater
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Russia and Far East
KYLE CRICHTON	Articles
HERBERT ASBURY	Articles
DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
ALLEN MARPLE	Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Articles
HENRY L. JACKSON	Wearables
WM O. CHESSMAN	Art
CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AMY PORTER	Articles
GEORGE CREEL	Washington
WILLIAM HILLMAN	Washington
FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
FRANK GERVASI	Middle East War Theater
JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
GRATTAN O'LEARY	Ottawa
AIMEE LARKIN	Disfaff
U. L. CALVOSA	Photographs
GEORGE DE ZAYAS	Hollywood
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

ANY WEEK

ACCORDING to Mr. Fred Neely of Washington, D. C., some of our young naval officers are having entirely too good a time in this war; just refuse to take it seriously. For example, one of our destroyers was approaching an East Coast port (Boston, if you must know). It was flying no recognition signals. It showed no disposition to comply with the regulations of the port control officer. We take out time to say that we just don't know what things are coming to. Anyway, the port control officer signaled the destroyer to stop, heave to. The port officer got no reply. So he fired a shot across the destroyer's bow. Whereupon he got a little recognition from the kid on the destroyer's bridge—just one word: "Missed." And the destroyer kept right on going.

THIS war is too big, too important to be made a bum of like that. In fact there are many wrong things, if our correspondents know what they're talking about—and they generally do. We can't give space to all of our government's errors, but you'll get the idea from a letter from Mrs. Lydia Wine of Denver, Colorado. She has written to Mr. Elmer Davis, director of the OWI and expects action. "We must drop the dreadful word Red when referring to the Russian people and their armies," writes Mrs. Wine to Mr. Davis—and us. "We must stop talking and writing of our heroic English-speaking allies as British, a word arousing prejudice in many American minds. We must forget the term Chinese. Let there be no distinction. I have written to Mr. Davis asking him to issue a directive to the effect that, inasmuch as we are all fighting God's battle together, we shall all be called Christians."

EVER since we published that piece about Governor Ellis Arnall of Georgia, we've been getting letters reproving us for not denouncing his advocacy of lowering the voting age to eighteen. And since the people of Georgia concurred by adopting such a constitutional amendment, making Georgia the first state to make eighteen the legal voting age, it's got worse. Mr. Ben Joe Wallis of Macon says that Mr. Arnall "is nothing but a young squirt himself and has no idea how much harder it is going to be now to pound any sense into other young squirts." Like almost all of our correspondents on this subject, Mr. Wallis is elderly—seventy-three in fact. "This law is a heathen Communist law and will be the end of the Ten Commandments, which say 'Honor thy father and thy mother'," protests Mr. B. G. Sinnie of Atlanta. One lady, from Wheeling, West Virginia, tells us that she has written to the F.B.I. asking them to investigate Mr. Arnall because "I understand that such a bill is to come before Congress, and if this is not the work of Hitler, I miss my guess," she says. "This movement tends to take authority out of the hands of us parents and grandparents and turn it over to babies who have no experience. This will mean the downfall of America and that is what Hitler wants to accomplish." But Mr. T. Evan of Lincoln, Nebraska, is going to "fight fire with fire." He is going to ask Congress to pass a law forbidding public office to anybody under sixty. "This," he thinks, "will clip the wings of our immature children."

OUR editorial about the rejection of venereal-diseased men by the Army is "misleading and not in line with the facts," says Major General Norman T. Kirk, Surgeon General of the U. S. Army. "The induction of individuals with gonorrhea was authorized on October 1, 1942, and of those with syphilis on December 10, 1942," writes the general—who certainly ought to know. "From October 1, 1942, to June 30, 1943, roughly 135,000 selectees infected with venereal diseases prior to induction have been accepted for military service. Moreover, for May, 1943 (the last month for which accurate data are available), the induction quota allotted by the Army for selectees with venereal disease was less than half filled. It can scarcely be implied, therefore, that military authorities are obstructing the induction of eligible registrants with venereal disease." W. D.

Vol. 112, No. 13. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1943, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board, Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

Collie

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publi
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Edito
JEROME ELLISON Managing

THIS WI

SEPTEMBER 25

SHORT STORIES

BEN HECHT
The Pink Hussar. A gallant band of refugees to fame and fo

JACLAND MARMUR
Fisherman's Luck. A good angle and how to take his catch—eve mess of Nazis.

ELEANORE KELLY SELLA
Married Ones Are Best. What ca a girl who prefers single blessed

THE SHORT SHORT STO
Revenge, by John O'Hara.

SERIAL STORIES

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Corner of Heaven. The eighth

ERNEST HAYCOX
The Wild Bunch. The fifth of

ARTICLES

JOHN GUNTHER
With Eisenhower in Sicily. A spondent accompanies the comma as he follows up the invasion for

W. B. COURTNEY
The Destruction of Germany. By day the German people know no cities face utter devastation from A

KYLE CRICHTON
Fire! Our greatest losses at hor been caused by the war, but by o lessness.

VERNON POPE
Miss Subways. A new kind of be brightens the life of New York's commuters.

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Nichevo Means "So What!" A tr titude of spirit has kept the Russian giving in.

AMY PORTER
Eve Curie. By grit and hard work ter of one of the world's great won out her own brilliant career.

CARL SANDBURG
Transatlantic Call.

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World.

WING TALK.

THE GUILTY (Heinrich Him
Profile of Axis Terrorist No. 8.

THE WEEK'S WORK.

EDITORIALS
Why Wartime Sweatshops?
Postwar Tax Refunds.
The "Fifth" Freedom.

COVER RONALD

When civilian feet go on a wartime schedule

BECAUSE OF GAS RATIONING, Americans are learning how to walk all over again.

In addition, thousands are working long hours at jobs where they stand or walk, or operate a machine with their feet.

All this makes it advisable to know more about your feet, their health and care.

The foot is a complicated structure containing 26 bones connected by ligaments. Some of these ligaments are among the most powerful in the body. Shocks in walking are absorbed by the leg muscles through tendons attached to the bones of the foot.

Like any complicated machine, the feet can get out of order. Poor habits of walking or standing, or the wearing of improperly fitted shoes, if long continued, can force the feet out of shape.

Habitual toeing out, for example, either in standing or walking, is a common cause of weak or flat feet. Even perfectly healthy feet may rebel against unaccustomed hours of extra duty.

Corns, calluses, bunions, and hammertoes are indications that something is wrong. Perhaps it is the shoes you are wearing. Such danger signs indicate the need of a visit to a podiatrist-chiropodist or an orthopedic doctor.

If your feet protest at the end of the day, perhaps your shoes are improperly fitted, or unsuited to your work. Your posture may be at fault, or your feet may not be getting enough rest. You may have sinking of the arches, so that your feet require more support than is given by ordinary shoes.

New shoes should be comfortable when you first put them on. "Breaking in" shoes really means "breaking in" your feet!

When you buy shoes, try on *both* shoes and test the fit both standing and walking. Select shoes for the job they are to do! High, narrow heels are unsuitable for long hours of standing or walking. They may upset the body balance and cause strain in muscles of the feet, legs, and back.

Good foot health is important not only to foot comfort, but to the health of the entire body. It is difficult to get all the exercise you need, when your feet are not in good condition. If the lack of exercise results in increased weight, the strain on the feet may become still greater. The wisest course is to do everything to prevent foot trouble from developing.

Actually, your foot health can be better than ever under wartime's extra demands, if you observe the rules of foot hygiene and wear properly fitted shoes.

On request, Metropolitan will send you a folder about foot care, "Light On Your Feet."

COPYRIGHT 1943—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

175th ANNIVERSARY ~ 1868-1943

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln,
PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 103-C, "Light On Your Feet."

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

FLORSHEIM SHOES

Designed and Built for Longer Rationed Wear

More shoes for fighters, fewer for civilians —that's the order of the day. Buy less often —buy more carefully . . . choose Florsheims. Their longer rationed wear saves money for you and leather for our fighting men.

Illustrated, left to right: THE DEARBORN, THE ECLIPSE, THE WESTFIELD

Most Styles $10.50 *and* $11

Florsheim Shoes

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

A new portable photographic flashlight, using a mercury lamp about the size of a cigarette, goes on and off in one millionth of a second, and it can "freeze" the action of a wheel making 70,000 revolutions a minute. While the life of this lamp is only one second, it will provide a million flashes or the number used in 10 years by 20 busy newspaper photographers.

The turnover among the members of Congress since President Roosevelt first took office ten years ago is 76 per cent. Gone from the rolls are 74 of the 96 senators and 330 of the 435 representatives who held seats on March 4, 1933.—*By Caroline King, Torrance, California.*

British warships now use the Eve Method of artificial respiration, as it is the most successful on persons who have nearly drowned. Wrapped in blankets, the victim is laid face downward on a stretcher, and his wrists and ankles are lashed to its handles. He is then placed on a horizontal bar and rocked, in seesaw fashion, at an angle of 45 degrees each way, 12 times a minute, full expiration and inspiration being maintained by the alternating pressure of the abdominal contents against the diaphragm.

Food production in the United States will not be restricted in any way in 1944, for the first time since the Agricultural Adjustment Act was passed ten years ago.

Although one third the size of France, French Guiana has no passenger railroads and only 93 miles of mediocre highways. Not one of its towns, including the capital, Cayenne, employs street cleaners or garbage collectors or has a sewage system; and five per cent of its entire population is afflicted with leprosy.

A New York State law permits an individual to start an action to recover damages for a personal injury as long as three years after the accident occurred.

During the three-year period b fore the war, the number of peo in this country who were charg with a violation of a state law or municipal ordinance averaged abo 225,000 a week.—*By John J. Jorda Bronx, New York.*

London's soil has been so chang chemically by bombs and fires th almost 100 species of plants alien the city have sprung up and are gro ing in the devastated areas.—*I Margaret Bourke, New York Ci*

While war prisoners in internme camps in the United States serve o another as barbers, tailors, cooks a cobblers, and also do much to co duct their own affairs, a typical ca housing 3,000 of these men requir three Police Escort guard companie or a total of 438 officers and enliste men of the Army, to supervise an guard it.

Of the 32 past Vice-Presidents the United States, only three we elected to the Presidency witho first having succeeded to the offic through death. They were Joh Adams in 1796, Thomas Jefferson i 1800, and Martin Van Buren in 183

About 8,000,000 photographs an motion pictures taken by America and British tourists in enemy an enemy-held countries during peac years have been donated to th Armed Forces of the Allied Nation to help them identify landmarks Many have proved very useful, par ticularly the snapshot from which R.A.F. bombers were able to recog nize and destroy the Axis headquar ters in Sicily, a hotel in Taormina just before the invasion of the island

The withholding tax on pay check now averages about $125,000,000 a week.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

MILES
means "a champion"

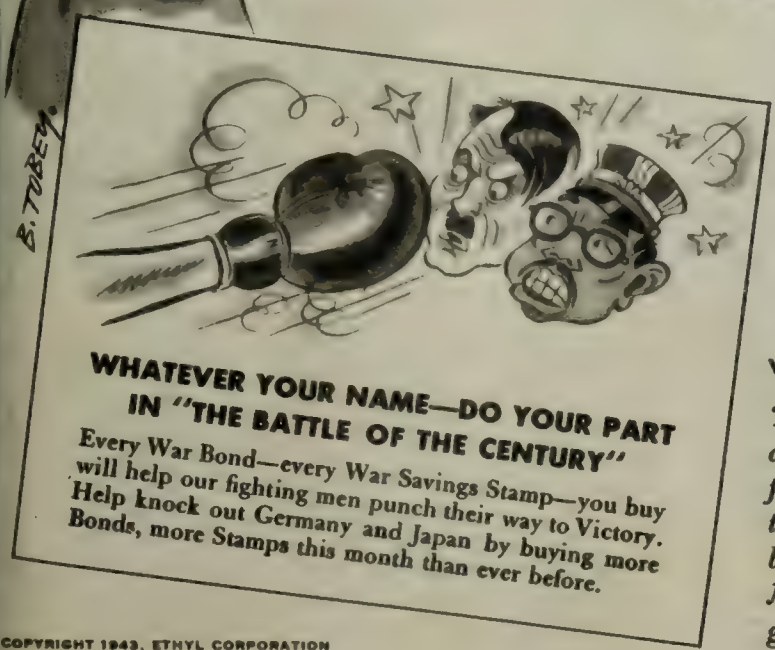
REGINALD
means "powerful judgment"

ALFRED
means "all peace"

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

CHAUNCEY
means "silent praise"

ROBERT
means "bright in counsel"



WHATEVER YOUR NAME—DO YOUR PART IN "THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY"

Every War Bond—every War Savings Stamp—you buy will help our fighting men punch their way to Victory. Help knock out Germany and Japan by buying more Bonds, more Stamps this month than ever before.

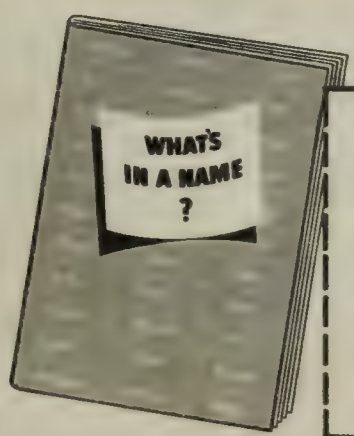
COPYRIGHT 1943, ETHYL CORPORATION

ETHYL *is a trade mark name*

It stands for antiknock fluid made only by the Ethyl Corporation. Oil companies put Ethyl fluid into gasoline to prevent knocking. The Ethyl trade mark emblem on a gasoline pump means that Ethyl fluid has been put into high quality gasoline and the gasoline sold from that pump can be called "Ethyl."

FREE booklet tells what your name means

The meanings and origins of over 900 masculine and feminine names are given in the fascinating illustrated booklet, "What's in a Name?" It's free—no obligation—just mail coupon.



ETHYL CORPORATION
Room 3507, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.
Please send me a free copy of "What's in a Name?"

*Name*_____
(PLEASE PRINT)

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Recipe for Victory Weed and water carefully one well-seeded plot and warm slowly under the summer sun. Watch closely, and when you've gathered the crop, add one heaping heartful of mother's home cooking and canning. Result: one backyard Victory, home-grown by you. As an old family friend, Canada Dry says: Victory begins at home . . . let's throw everything we've got into this fight.

LET'S BACK THE ATTACK *with work and energy . . . and with dollars for bonds in the 3rd War Loan Drive! 15 billion dollars are needed to back up our invasion armies. So buy at least one extra $100 bond, now!*

CANADA DRY "THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES"

ROBERT CAPA

WHEN American paratroopers hopped from their planes in the pitch-black night over Sicily, the first arriving invaders of the Italian island, they were putting into practical use a new phase of training which has become an important part of United States paratroop schooling.

The accent had been on night maneuvers for just such an occasion.

Long before the time came for the Sicily attack, the Army's parachute soldiers were busy flying, jumping and practicing ground action at night, in line with a policy of keeping training methods abreast of future needs. Thus they were ready when the order came to go aboard for the Sicily jump which paved the way materially for the beachhead landings.

At the Parachute School at Fort Benning, Georgia, this night-time training had been stepped up to a minimum of two nights a week, and diving out the door into inky blackness had become a familiar sensation to the flying troops.

It is no secret that in addition to familiarizing themselves with night jumping, the paratroops, part of the Airborne Command, are developing and perfecting further special fighting methods rapidly in order to take part, later on, in other important roles akin to their work in the Sicily surprise.

One lesson learned from overseas experience, vouched for by the War Department, is this: There is no reason to regard parachute troops as expendable, or able to fight on the ground only for short periods of time.

"Today they are fighting in the same capacity and under the same conditions as ground troops," a War Department spokesman explains. "Parachutists can be self-sufficient for at least 48 hours because of the equipment and food carried with them. But isolation is no longer feared, since aerial supply has been perfected to a high degree."

In the development of this new wrinkle in the tactics of war, it has been determined that chute soldiers, in mass jumping, can land within 50 to 75 yards of one another, and that this distance can be reduced to 30 or 40 yards if necessary.

One of the conclusions reached as a result of overseas action is that heavy guns (the Army does not say how heavy) can be dropped with clusters of three chutes, and "this has been developed to the extent that the gun, the ammunition and the crew, using seven chutes, can land in a 150-yard area."

Now regarded as a highly important factor in the delivery of such fighting forces from the air, is the camouflaged parachute. White chutes can be seen from great heights, and consequently the success or failure of an airborne operation is likely to depend on the color of the canopy used.

Night training and new methods have made the U. S. paratrooper a round-the-clock fighting man.

WINGING their way into an airdrome newly captured in enemy territory, come American fighting planes. The airport is a wreck. Ground storage tanks for petrol are shattered and burned, the fuel gone. Far from the ocean-going tankers of the invasion fleet, these fighters and bombers must have refueling facilities to hold the position and fly onward toward the retreating enemy. There is no time or means for bringing and installing bulky steel tanks of the standard type.

But the Army Air Forces has solved this one, too.

With the combat planes comes a transport. Within its cargo space is a bulky, folded gasoline storage tank of "thiokol," a rubber substitute.

There is little delay. An excavation is fashioned to receive the "nonrigid" tank, and it becomes ready to store, underground and camouflaged, thousands of gallons of precious aviation engine fuel.

The capacity of a container of this new type is a military secret. In this connection, the Army merely says the tank, which can be taken anywhere a cargo plane can fly, is as big as a six-room house.

How many have been completed for the Army Air Forces is also an unmentioned figure.

The material of which this giant tank is made is "thiokol," one of the more promising rubber substitutes, deterioration-resisting and needing little more than a hole in the ground for installation.

BOYISH Douglas "Wrong Way" Corrigan, who made the fantastic flight to Ireland a few years back in an old pre-depression flying "crate," is now working for Douglas Aircraft in California as a pilot. Until a few months ago he was with the Ferrying Command, flying bombers from the factory to modification centers where they were groomed for war. While on that job he got into another mix-up, only this time the story is slightly different.

One day he climbed into a big bomber at Albuquerque and took off, pointing its nose toward the east. He flew along easily for hours, spotted his destination and set the big ship down without a bounce. It was a perfect job: the right place and on time.

Then someone spoiled it. "What the hell!" the operations officer barked. "You guys brought the *wrong* airplane!"

So now they've changed his name to "Wrong Plane" Corrigan! BOB SIBLEY

"This is what I call a soft berth, Mom!"

Seaman First Class Red Roberts is home n two weeks' liberty.

He's done some hard work the last few nonths, Red has. Convoying cargo ships hrough packs of lurking subs. Standing lookut in some of the dirtiest weather the North tlantic ever hatched. Catching a little sleep nd rest when off watch . . . but always jolted y the brutal pounding of heavy seas on the estroyer's steel plates.

You can't blame Red for steering a course traight for that big easy chair with the innerpring cushions, can you? He figures to catch p on *comfort!*

Of course, chairs, bed springs and mattresses ren't being made today with Premier Wire. The machinery which used to turn out spring vire is making steel for war weapons now.

But when peace is won, you can plan to atch up on *your* comfort, too. Because U·S·S Premier Spring Wire will be back then . . . mproved by what we've learned in making vartime steels.

And the U·S·S Premier Spring Wire tag on a mattress or bed spring or piece of upholstered furniture will be better proof than ever before that the softest thing you can sit on or sleep on is steel.

AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY

Cleveland, Chicago and New York

Columbia Steel Co., San Francisco, Pacific Coast Distributors

United States Steel Export Co., New York

★ ★ ★

"The softest thing you can sleep on is STEEL"

★BUY WAR BONDS EVERY PAYDAY

The money you loan builds America's war strength. Yours again to spend in years to come . . . for new comforts, finer furniture, better living.

"Back the Attack—with War Bonds!"

Copyright 1943—Philco Corporation

BEGINNING September 9th, the battle cry of America's home front is, *"Back the Attack—with War Bonds."* The Third War Loan is on. The goal is fifteen billion dollars. To reach it, Uncle Sam is asking every American, *as an individual,* to join the offensive and buy an *extra* War Bond during September.

In cooperation with the U. S. Treasury Dept., the Philco series by America's leading editorial cartoonists is being devoted during September to the Third War Loan. While available, a reproduction of this Sid Hix original will be sent, free, on request to Philco Corporation, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask for Cartoon No. 65C.

America is on the move, thanks to the courage and valor of our men on the battle front, the toil and sacrifice on the home front, the might and ingenuity of the industrial front. This is no time to relax . . . it is the hour to *press the attack!*

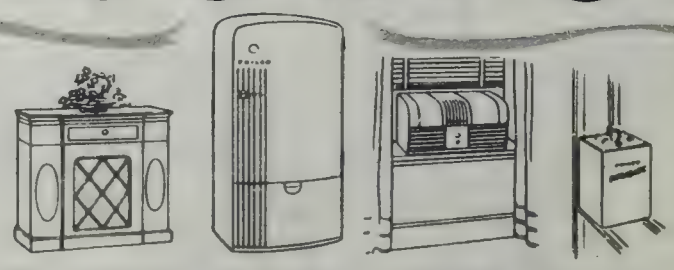
Our soldiers and sailors are doing it, under the magnificent guidance of their heroic leaders. Industrial America is doing it. The men and women of Philco, today, are producing radio, communications and electronic equipment, ordnance and storage batteries at an all-time peak. Now we of the home front . . . each one of us . . . must do our part.

During September buy an *extra* War Bond to back the attack of our boys at the front. Make this personal investment in victory today . . . and the fruits of victory tomorrow.

PHILCO CORPORATION

"BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS"

During the Third War Loan in September Buy an EXTRA War Bond . . . for Victory



Philco distributors and dealers are doing their utmost under wartime conditions to service your Philco Radio, Phonograph, Refrigerator, Air Conditioner, or Industrial Storage Battery.

LISTEN TO

"OUR SECRET WEAPON"

Hear Rex Stout expose Axis lies and propaganda. Every Friday evening, CBS stations.

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR SEPTEMBER 25, 1943

WITH EISENHOWER IN SICILY

BY JOHN GUNTHER

SIGNAL CORPS

Commander and Commander in Chief meet in Palermo, Sicily's captured capital—Generals Patton and Eisenhower, with aides, talk things over

mous correspondent here ribes a historic moment appraises the man who e it possible, as Ike Eisen- er sets foot on the soil of Europe for the first time

GAVE me an odd feeling to be the ird American to set foot on this rt of Sicily. The first was General hower, the second his naval aide, mander Harry Butcher, U.S.N. It ened that I was right behind them. s the only American newspaperman party of eleven that made the trip.

e place was a secluded beach near outheastern tip of Sicily off Cape Pas- the time was 10:24 A. M., Monday, 12th. I hoped Eisenhower would say thing in the Stanley-Livingstone tra- n—for instance, "My name is Eisen- r."

hat the Commander in Chief did say good enough. There was no warning ever that he was arriving. He walked o the British officer we saw, a colonel a long, dusty mustache, and said, od morning. I'm General Eisen- r." The colonel almost passed out surprise.

Our trip began the night before. A lovely lopsided moon dappled the shining water. We assembled near a blacked-out pier. A car with quadruple dimmed headlights slithered around a dark corner, and a brisk gray-haired officer in white uniform stepped out, Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, CINC, Mediterranean Fleet. A moment later came Eisenhower's car. Eisenhower and Cunningham talked a moment, then shook hands. We all stepped into the admiral's barge.

Cunningham said, "Good luck, General."

Eisenhower replied, "Thanks, sir."

Eisenhower glanced at the barge. "I'd trade you a lot for this," he grinned.

Cunningham, a salty fellow replied, "Wait till your dinner starts to go up and down."

The destroyer loaned us by the Royal Navy looked sleek and powerful as we drew close. We climbed up a joggling rope ladder, and Eisenhower chuckled, "I never know what to do when they pipe me on." Of eleven in our party two were American generals, one was a British general on Eisenhower's staff, others included a British commodore, representing the Navy, a young American parachute officer, and my colleague, E. J. Gilling, who represented the British press, as I represented the American. We were all working for the common pool.

Our generals, except Eisenhower, were in full regalia—steel helmets, knapsacks on their backs, canteens and torches in their belts. Butcher, Gilling and I had toothbrushes, nothing much else. I inspected with admiration the neatness and efficiency of American equipment. All their harnesses fit so perfectly even though I myself can never make them work. But our generals seemed embarrassed by the plenitude of their kit, especially the helmets. One general apologized, "General Patton won't let anyone ashore without one."

Most of us went to sleep in the wardroom as the destroyer slipped out of the harbor. A young ensign loaned me a bedroll. I stretched out on the floor. This destroyer had picked up four German aviators from the water the night before and brought them in. They had been on a life raft ninety hours. A British lieutenant, naked to the waist and with shaggy black beard, said, "They were pretty pooped. We almost chucked one of them over."

Later the Germans were brought up on the deck of the destroyer and shown

(Continued on page 84)

THE EISENHOWER PORTRAIT

If you'd like to have a copy of Ronald McLeod's fine portrait of General Eisenhower appearing on the cover of this week's issue of Collier's, send your name and address and ten cents in stamps to Collier's Reprint Department, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. The reprint is on heavy stock, suitable for framing, and bears no printing

THE Pink HUSSAR

BY BEN HECHT

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

It was a Great Plot—involving princesses and playwrights—launched on a flood of good fellowship, sparkling wines and cadenzas of laughter—a comic conspiracy pitting old Budapest against Broadway

THERE are many kinds of refugees in our land these days and, as is customary with people who carry too large a load of troubles, they are not among the most popular of folks. We Americans have hearts as open and unsnobbish as a drive-in frankfurter stand, but we are, nevertheless, a cynical lot. We are gifted with a sort of national schizophrenia, or split personality. We will play Galahad but we know the fight is fixed.

After we have whooped with piety and brotherly love it is our habit to sit down and sneer at ourselves. And having gone to war to save Europe from losing its soul, it is natural for us, as schizos, that we should become full of carping attitudes toward this aforesaid soul of Europe.

There is, however, a tribe of refugees who are more or less unknown to our citizenry, which is unfortunate, for they are a truly charming lot and could do much to popularize the continental exiles.

These are the talents from Vienna and Budapest—the little world of song- and playwriters, actors, journalists and bons vivants—that has fled its beloved cafés and brought its intrigues and goulash pots intact to the U.S.A. They differ from all the other refugees because they are not refugees at all—since it is in their power to bring the best of their homeland to our shores—themselves. Their homeland is an ego surrounded by wit and good cooking. It is a Strauss waltz and a handful of epigrams and a touch of gout. They were the hurdy-gurdy of art and letters that played in the last little charming corner of Europe, that favored anecdotes above panaceas and that, to the very end, sat polishing jests instead of sabers. Had there been enough of them, they might have laughed the Nazis out of countenance and conquest. But there were only a few cafés full, and their tunes and witticisms were outnumbered by the Panzer cannon.

It is of these spritely folk I write—a task a little hazardous for, sitting among them, I have heard a thousand and one tales, plots, jests and ironies—and should I put one of these on paper I will be sued for plagiarism instanter. For plagiarism suits are as firm a part of Magyar culture as double-decker pastries. In fact, the joke runs that in the golden days of Hungarian letters, the first thing a Budapest playwright said to his valet on awakening with a hang-over was, "Well, Rudolph, whom do I sue today?"

Luckily the story I have to tell is one that actually happened under my nose and should any of my Hungarian or Viennese admirers detect in it similarities to plays or novels they have themselves composed, I have a whole file of newspaper clippings to testify for me, and I am certain I will escape with only a small fine plus court costs.

The most interesting thing that struck me about these famous exiles, when I first met them two years ago, was that I had never heard of them before. I had friends who sighed at the mention of their names and murmured, "Ah, Budapest, ah, Vienna!" But not having been abroad since 1920 and having attended strictly to my American knitting, the galaxy of the Danube was unknown to me.

My introduction to this most amiable tribe of refugees was as unexpected and whimsical as if it had been written by one of them. I was engaged at the time in a sort of Desperate Desmond enterprise—that of raising money to produce a movie in New York. After several conferences with a bank president, I had been assured that the bank would put up half the finances needed, were I able to lay hands on the other half. This is not such a bonanza as it sounds. It is exactly like being promised the Lackawanna Railroad, providing you can go out and buy the New York Central first. The sum involved, known as the second money, was $200,000 and no cents.

My delight at meeting Mr. Vinsey was thus deep and genuine. For it was Vinsey who, appearing out of the blue in my hotel-room money-raising headquarters—not only offered me $200,000 as casually as if he were proffering a bite out of an apple, but inducted me almost immediately into the ghost cities of Budapest and Vienna.

Mr. Vinsey had read my script, he told me, after he had sat down and put his red-feathered green fedora on his knees, and he considered it a superb and lucrative piece of property. He begged to be allowed to place the $200,000 I needed in my hands.

He sat looking at me over his green fedora as if he were at home among his oldest friends. I have seldom met a man so instantly likable as Vinsey and, sensing he was someone of importance, I felt embarrassed never to have heard of him. Vinsey put me at my ease by reciting in an apologetic voice his list of achievements. They included the production of nine movies—three of which had won some sort of prizes—and thirty-seven plays in Hungary and Austria. I had never heard of the plays, the movies, the prizes, or of Vinsey.

"But my poor accomplishments are of no matter to you," he said. "What you want from me is $200,000. Am I right?"

I nodded.

"It will be very easy," said Vinsey. "We will be partners. I shall provide the money, you, the brains. It is for you an unfair arrangement. But one, alas, which the artist must always make in our mismanaged civilization."

"It's a very fine arrangement," I said.

There was an Alice in Wonderland sound to this interview, but honesty of a kind that cannot be simulated signaled from the Vinsey ego. Yet a man may be as honest as Abraham Lincoln and still not have $200,000 handy for a dubious investment.

Accordingly I asked, "When do you think you can get the money?"

"By Monday afternoon," Mr. Vinsey told me. "Over the week end. You may forget about all financial problems from now on. Consider your work already in production. It is a beautiful thing and is certain to win a prize."

"Then I'll see you Monday," I said.

"Yes." Mr. Vinsey stood. "But let us have dinner tonight at a friend's house and become more acquainted."

I MADE inquiry before dinnertime and learned that everything Vinsey had told me of himself was true. The only new fact I uncovered was that he had produced two plays since his arrival in New York and that they both had been immediate flops.

The dinner that night was in the home of Gita Lengel, the Bernhardt of Budapest and the Duse of Vienna. None of these things I knew about Gita when I met her. My first impression was that she was related in some way to Vinsey—probably his sister. The same witty smile widened her mouth, the same relaxed and good-natured tones issued from it, and the same graceful buzz of personality surrounded her. She was a woman of thirty-eight and I would have called her beautiful if she had had less charm. As it was I called her delightful.

We were joined for dinner by a third refugee, a handsome and boyish man of forty. He, too, struck me as a relativ both of Vinsey and Miss Lengel.

Vinsey introduced the new dinner gue

"My favorite dramatic critic, Jan Fulka," he said.

"Oh, no," said Gita, "novelist, essayi and philosopher."

"He is my favorite dramatic critic Vinsey said, "because he has given up th profession."

Fulka bowed slightly and looked ve cynical as he smiled.

"I have given up none of my profe sions," he said. "I am improving myse secretly in all of them."

"Janos and Vinsey once fought a du over an adjective," said Gita, "but turned out to have been a printer's erro Something like the word compatible b ing changed to contemptible."

WE ATE chicken paprikash, au Vinsey broke the news of our par nership to his friends. A great surge excitement swept the table. Kisses we exchanged. A fresh bottle of wine w opened. I was treated for a few minutes the joyous finale of a Viennese operett

When the huzzas had subsided, Vinse looked tenderly at our hostess and sai "It is too bad we have no part for Europe greatest actress." Fulka immediate seized one of her hands and kissed it.

"I still live on the memory of you Nora," he sighed.

"And of Julie," Vinsey cried, "and th

Turay stood in the doorway, and it was as though a beloved child had returned. Or he might have been a clown, come to amuse other children

ess Rividavia. You put over 'The ' "

lidn't know "The Sofa" was in capitters and looked a little startled.

uray's 'The Sofa,' " Fulka explained. ere was a pause and they all looked e. "You have heard of Turay?" Vinquired.

ood Lord, yes!" I said. "One of the playwrights left in the world."

e three sighed. Their faces glowed they nodded in unison as at a prayer ing.

ita's second act curtain in 'The Sofa' one of the greatest laughs in the his of the theater," said Fulka.

or two seasons," Vinsey cooed. "I hed her every night."

e partnership was for the moment otten and both men looked at Gita such homage as might have been n the queen of an ancient realm.

here is nothing for me in your script," Gita—I was to find that this delightful an had read every unproduced script roadway—"but, truly, the pleasure of ing it was as great as acting in it. ve me—and have some more wine."

he theater of New York," said Fulka, y be measured by this fact that Gita el is not on its stage. This is exactly same as if the United States decided in the present war by immobilizing its ."

y accent," said Gita, "and my stubness."

"Quite right," said Vinsey. "She has turned down excellent parts."

"A maid with a duster," said Gita, "who turns out to be the head of a gang of black marketers. And a mother who begs the governor to pardon her son from the electric chair." Gita looked pathetically at me. "Those are the two parts that have been offered—with salaries. I am not silly. I would have played them. I would play a cabbage or the hind legs of a horse —just to be on the stage again. But those plays! My dear—unbearable!"

"One of them is still running," Vinsey sighed.

"So is the war," said Gita. "Duration is no virtue for calamities."

"Tell me"—Fulka glared at me as he patted her arm—"how is it that in a city like New York with seven million adults you have a theater only for children?"

"It is the critics!" Vinsey smiled. "They are in a plot to keep the theater inferior to themselves. They like to look down instead of up—because if they look up, there is too far to look."

"Worse than that," said Fulka, "the critics of New York are so old or so fat that they usually collapse before the final curtain. As a result, they do not report the play but their own symptoms."

"Schopenhauer wrote the perfect line about critics," said Vinsey moodily. "When a jackass looks into a mirror you must not expect an apostle to look out."

"Poor Janos," Gita sighed, "you will never be a critic in New York. You always admired plays that were either too deep for your understanding or too brilliant to make jokes about."

Guests began arriving as we were finishing our dinner—and as the room filled I felt as if a land of charm and curious customs was coming to life around us. I met Dr. Alper-Mayer, a portly dark-haired gentleman with a short, square beard and a useless medical fame in his bow; and Stephan Holz, a thin-faced tight-mouthed painter with an overdeveloped sense of courtesy. Fulka whispered to me that his was the most vitriolic brush in Austria. A jowled and beaming playwright named Herzog appeared, and a tense young lady in a sort of peasant dress who looked as dedicated to something as an Ibsen heroine. There arrived a fragile brunette with white lace at her throat and a delicious voice that seemed to be produced by a zither and who turned out, on a second inspection, to be not twenty years old, but sixty. She was Lili Marisca, a musical comedy star with the names of Friml, Lehar, and Strauss in her diadem. And lastly, a gentleman named Lazlo with a paunch full of laughter. He announced joyfully that he was ready for a second dinner.

"Lazlo begins eating at seven o'clock," Vinsey explained to me, "and continues until after midnight. It is a difficult career in wartime. Luckily, he is highly in demand at dinner parties."

"Play your new waltz, Lazlo darling," said Gita, "and I'll see if there is any chicken left."

Lazlo played and the company listened like a group of doting relatives. I heard a lilting gallant bit of music that seemed to say, "Dance with me, love with me, and forgot how old and far away we are."

This was my first of many evenings in the ghostland of Budapest and Vienna. But during these original hours I learned all I was ever to know about its witty citizens.

I was never to know how they kept alive, what mysterious means made possible the chicken paprikash, the wine bottles, and the pleasant apartments. Nor was I to learn until the day of the Unbelievable Plot whether failure had secretly embittered them or the memory of vanished fame had left them with hidden wounds. For they apparently had only one face for life, the face of talent that remains intact whatever else has crumbled.

VINSEY spent a month trying to raise the $200,000 for our movie and kept assuring me daily that the project was a few hours from completion. I assured

(Continued on page 30)

THE DESTRUCTION OF GERMANY

BY W. B. COURTNEY

BY RADIO FROM LONDON

The Reich is being methodically pulverized. The Eighth U. S. Air Force by day and the R.A.F. by night have only begun their deadly round-the-clock team job. The coming months will see them unleash a fury that surpasses all the world's earthquakes

YOU will shudder many times in the days just ahead, though you may be safe at home thousands of miles away. The inability of your eyes to see or your ears to hear across the Atlantic will not exempt your sensibilities from sickening thunders and visions.

You will behold the sad and horrifying but wholly justifiable and inescapable tragedy of a great, modern nation being literally crumbled upon the face of the planet, and the sins of vicious men being scoured from their land by its rubble. Rome will be repeated a hundredfold and London a thousandfold in the cities of the Reich.

Air bombardment will so pulverize Germany in the next six months that a generation of diligent rebuilding will scarcely restore her. The sum total of all the world's earthquakes of recorded times concentrated upon the Fatherland couldn't raze and burn and convulse it more thoroughly.

This is the definite, measurable, terrible promise now given by Allied airpower as it grows swiftly toward full strength. Merely routine work remains to be done in co-operating the bombers of the R.A.F. and the Eighth United States Air Force, aided by their fighter and tactical commands, backed by the workers and the resources of our aviation industry.

Such a triumph has been quickened by a victory within victories—the vindication of daylight precision bombing which is America's greatest single contribution to the application of air force upon our enemies. This victory has been won by the Eighth United States Air Force, not over Germans, Japs or Italians; but against the home-front critics of our equipment, leadership and methods.

A Home-Front Victory

Fighting airmen here believe that when the postwar summing up takes place, the winning of American and British faith to our air corps' long-cherished theory of daylight precision bombing will loom as the initial major achievement of Major General Ira C. Eaker and his "combat kids."

Just a year ago, four-engined Yank-built and Yank-operated "heavies" first opened their bomb hatches over the Nazi-infested continent. They were planes of the Eighth Air Force, which is the aviation section "ETOUSA"—that's European Theater Operations United States Army." It w a very small air force then. It has gro impressively—from 12-plane jabs to 3(plane haymakers. In its first year t Eighth spewed almost 16,000 tons of plosives upon more than 100 targe brushed 1,728 enemy fighters from t skies and damaged about 900 more, c ried out 82 attacks in the full light of d But even as you read this, the Eighth w be sluicing as many bombs over Germa in a single month as it did all last year.

At any rate, the Eighth—having w its two-edged victory—now flies and fig as it was designed, trained and meant fight: independently, precisely and by d

The story behind this great war dra you are now watching—the biggest show of all time—goes back to the l war. The astonishing growth of the fli arm within the space of that one confl plus the development of aeronautical s

MAP BY KENNETH W. THOMPSON

ce in the historic postwar decade, en-
venedby Billy Mitchell and climaxed by
indbergh, made it apparent to all except
e-hat land-and-sea-bound militarists
at air power would be decisive next time.
Ever great world power always has its
articular military needs dictated by poli-
es, wealth, temperament and geography
, well as by many imponderables. Hence
e British navy, the German and Rus-
an land hordes, the old United States
vair Formulating their post-1918
ater s on the wonderful new weapon,
ch country had to make a choice of the
proportion of each major type of war-
ne would have within its air forces.
Hitler's Third Reich, conceived for ag-
ession, put its main faith in the airplane
ngression—and of army co-operation
ive bomber. Supporting it was the
rd thrashing, medium-range general-
air force of fighters, medium bomb-
and transports. It is easy now to see
hindsight that the traditional German
ility was latent in this setup. Once
Luftwaffe departed from co-ordina-
with the Reichswehr and struck off
f on the air blitz of England, it
have the organizational strength,
tion, versatility or the right air-
to win.

Poland's consideration was defense.
Peculiar necessities indicated that this should be short-range; she's but a score of miles at one point from the land mass whence enemy planes could swarm. She put her chief reliance in the single-seat fighter, superb all-around high- and low-altitude performance and speed. Her choice was notably justified in the Battle of Britain, in which Spitfires and Hurricanes prevented a world catastrophe. Even today—this is a fact difficult to accept when you remember the magnitude, ferocity, and wide range of her attacks—her bomber command still is only approximately one tenth of her total air strength.

United States leaders had quite different problems. "Hemisphere defense," becoming our national military-policy catchword, framed a practical job for our Air Corps strategists. First they had to reason how potential enemy forces might come to North or South America. Then they had to decide what types of planes were best to halt them.

Geographic Defense Strategy

It was logical for us to exploit the advantages offered by the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, our natural barriers. Our shores were beyond the reach of foreign bombers of known or expected ranges. Some day, perhaps before this war is over, there will be warplanes capable of nonstop round-trip flight from Europe and Asia to the United States on an important scale with useful bomb loads. But after four years of war, no power yet has such planes in service. Moreover, even if airborne foes seized land bases within our hemisphere—South America, say, and it was part of our air force design to prevent just that—they would still be, in effective military sense, as far or farther away from us than if at home in Europe. Carrier-based bombers did not have much performance. Therefore, it was reasonably expected that we, unlike England, would not be bombed from high altitudes, and we haven't been.

The calculated work of our warplanes loomed clearly. Our fighters would have to intercept, strafe and knock out enemy task forces that might have broken through our outer defenses and be trying to land on our territory. This required fast low- and medium-altitude fighters. These we developed better than any others in the world. The Airacobra at low altitudes can fly the ailerons off the Zeros and the Messerschmitts. Criticism of our fighters came only when they were taken to England, France and Holland, and applied to special needs and problems for which they were not intended.

Pearl Harbor was not a failure of this fighter policy but a failure of vigilance. A couple of alerted fighter squadrons might have matched the R.A.F.'s feats of September, 1940, and knocked the carrier-based Japs smoking into the pineapple fields of Oahu. Used within their intention, our prewar-designed fighters have been eminently successful. With various Curtiss Hawks, General Chennault's fliers dammed the Jap flow toward India and hold a score of twenty to one or better over the Zeros. The troop and tank-strafing Bell Airacobras with their 20- or 37-millimeter cannons have been the backbone of Russian mastery over Germany's attempted eastward blitzes.

Our bombers, on the other hand, under hemisphere defense, had to constitute our outer air bulwark. Certain features were therefore essential. Great range was necessary to fly to any point within the hemisphere or to roam halfway across the Atlantic to forestall enemy sea approaches. And because they must customarily operate beyond the possibility of help from our fighters, they had to have great speed and altitude and defensive powers—they had to be able, in short, to get through, bomb, and then fight off interceptors.

Finally, and most characteristic, they must sally by daylight because darkened ships could not be found at night, and they must be able to bomb with bull's-eye accuracy the very small targets presented by shipping, the only feasible method then or now available to our enemies for attacking our hemisphere.

In terms of hemisphere defense it was more important for our bombers to lay a single heavy bomb precisely upon a hostile ship than to sow ten bombs over a city.

Two Methods of Bombing

Modern heavy bombardment aviation recognizes two chief methods: "spot" or pin-point, and "area" or saturation bombing. Each necessitates the cutting down of certain plane attributes in order that others may be enhanced. Circumstances dictated that we must select the spot method, which requires particularized equipment, methods and training, and, as of now, daylight. England, with the continent's industrial and military localities under its nose, chose the saturation process—lug 'em over and let 'em go, using darkness rather than inbuilt defensive power for major protection. Germany's dive bombing of "set" targets as differentiated from mobile ones—set targets are cities and factories rather than troops—was a compromise between the two methods which England's balloon, flak and fighter defenses quickly emasculated by driving it too high for accuracy.

Our fundamental bombing problem resulted eventually in the Flying Fortress, later joined by the Liberator. But spot bombing required at least two corollary developments: an extraordinary bomb sight (hence the much-publicized "secret" United States bomb sights) plus long, tedious, teamlike drilling of bomber crews (hence the notable "hitting a fish in a barrel from 36,000 feet" demonstrations of our peacetime Air Corps).

There, in fighters and bombers, is the basic pattern of our hemisphere defense air force as of 1940. Then in 1941 our Air Corps was suddenly called to war far outside our hemisphere, to fight offensively rather than defensively, a task completely contrary to the one it had been prepared for.

On the professional military side, pressure to absorb its forces seems to be something the United States must always expect in one form or another from international allies. You will recall Pershing's fight to preserve the integrity of the A.E.F. as a strictly American undertaking. The Eighth Air Force had a comparable fight against a few British and Americans who thought it should abandon its independent daylight existence and join its personnel, equipment and production to the R.A.F.'s.

Luftwaffe Failure by Day

On the lay side, the English public had good reason for lacking faith in the daylight technique of their new allies. Just three years ago the English people watched the daylight bombers of the Luftwaffe hosed from the skies over Kent and Surrey by English fighters until the survivors were glad to scurry back to the continent with their rudders between their wheels.

However, such authoritative English leaders as Air Chief Marshals Portal and Harris saw the different values of the American theory of daylight precision bombing and perceived at once a "war chance" that's little short of providential. That is the manner in which daylight precision or spot bombing and night area or saturation bombing complement, fill out and complete each other.

That both types of bombing should be available to our side, making possible a round-the-clock 24-hour-a-day thrashing of our common enemies, is the most felicitous discovery within Allied power in this war. It is literally a miraculous gift of heaven that guarantees victory.

But even so happy a union could not be profited by at once. The Eighth had to walk before it ran. That's one reason our first raids were on Nazi targets in France, requiring only shallow penetration of enemy defenses. Another simple fact is that until now we did not have enough planes for a big showing.

Remember that R.A.F. heavy bomber production is largely for this European front alone, while our heavy bombers have to be allotted to a dozen fronts. Eaker was unshakable in his refusal to disregard arithmetic. He insisted upon maintaining strength at a rate, however slight, of increase. He wouldn't push his operations into the law of diminishing returns. That is, raid faster than he could make up his losses.

The third cause of delay was that the Eighth, after slowly gathering its strength over half a year, was robbed for North Africa. Thenceforth, the Eighth was really acting in support of the North African expedition, a matter hitherto unrevealed. In bombing Brest Peninsula, Saint-Nazaire, La Pallice and other U-boat nests, it was protecting the flank of great convoys to Africa. That those convoys had no losses from U-Boat action was due in large meas-

(Continued on page 54)

FISHERMAN'S LUCK

BY JACLAND MARMU

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE HEY

The Warrin's guns were blazing now at rapid fire. Over there a great sheet of flame suddenly drowned the raider's afterdeck

Commander Stark, of the U.S.S. Paul Warrin, goes fishing, with shrewd New England foresight as a substitute for bait

JOSHUA STARK was a Massachusetts preacher who had prophetic wisdom. At the turn of the century, he was uneasy with the import of his times. Perhaps that's why he named his first-born after a man who once had walked in a lion's den. As it turned out, the name was apt. After Pearl Harbor, Commander Daniel Stark often did the same.

Joshua's son was lean, with a bony, sea-weathered face the color of well-used teak. Under craggy brows his gray eyes held captive a dry New England humor. He was young for his rank. But you wouldn't notice it until he started gnawing a tactical problem like a bulldog at a bone. At a time like that his eyes went blue. They lost their look of gentle grayness and glittered. Like a hard, hot flame. And the same thing happened when he fished. The commander enjoyed the complete absorption of it. He admired the patience and the skill it taught. And he was fishing now.

He would have preferred a Western trout stream. Or, better still, the deep-sea tarpon water of his own East Coast. But his service now was in the South Pacific with Admiral Barnham's cruiser force. So Commander Daniel Stark had his boat off Cliffy Point, thinking to take sea mullet with light tackle on a barbless hook while his destroyer, the U.S.S. Paul Warrin, lay at harbor anchor inside the fairway buoy. The coxs'n had his eye on the Warrin's signal yard while his skipper fished. He was hoping for the best, knowing they'd have a chicken sandwich soon if all went well. The skipper would tell a nifty yarn, talking, man to man, the way he always did when he wasn't on the quarterdeck. But that wasn't how it went.

"I'm sorry, sir," the coxs'n said. "They've hoisted the recall flag."

The skipper's light bamboo was bent in a lovely arc; his eyes held a smiling glitter. "Stand by the landing net, Bailey. He's got some heft, this—"

"The recall flag," the coxs'n repeated gloomily. "It's flying, sir."

"Eh? What?" The skipper sighed. "Oh." Releasing the tension of his line, he saw an instantaneous flash of silver in the turquoise sea. "Very good, Bailey. Take her in," he said.

So the skipper missed his sport again.

IN REALITY, Commander Stark's innocent amusement was interrupted in a place three thousand miles away.

It was a large room, burrowed deep in the bombproof island earth. Brilliantly lit, its steel walls were lined with vast ocean charts. Information flowed down there in a ceaseless stream to be filtered, appraised, and dealt with properly. The charts had many colored markings, rarely static, for they represented ships of the battle fleets in action halfway round the world. A staff captain had a southwest corner of ocean ringed. It embraced fifteen meridians, and as many parallels of latitude, slicing carelessly through Tonga in the north and skirting New Zealand's North Cape in the south. He had pieced together there the part of a jigsaw puzzle. And now he was telling a white-haired admiral with a stubborn face about it. He spoke softly, pointing his findings out. The white-haired man kept his head tipped a little on one side in an attitude of intense attention, his lean hands clasped behind his back, the forearms heavy with golden braid.

"She is dodging around in this area, sir," he was saying. "She has kept herself amazingly well concealed. But that's where she is—or very recently was. I am quite sure of it."

The admiral merely nodded. He trusted his men and his tools. "Barnham's force," he murmured, "would be available."

"Yes, sir. But there's the Gilbert Islands operation. Admiral Barnham's force is sailing for fleet rendezvous tomorrow. If we detach one of his cruisers it would—"

"We must leave it in his discretion, John, as to what he best can spare. Is the signal prepared?"

"Ready and coded, sir."

"You had better get it off at once. She is dangerous."

So Commander Daniel Stark let loose a fine sea mullet that felt at least four pounds. And in the afternoon watch he boarded the cruiser Fresno wearing Barnham's two-starred flag. In the staffroom the admiral had the flats of his hands on an outspread chart, peering down. He didn't relish what he saw, for the pe petual cigarette in the holder clamped b tween his teeth had an angle steeper th usual and the crisp gray hair on the t of his head was badly ruffled. Blist Barnham looked up when Command Stark entered.

"Where the devil have you been?" boomed.

"Fishing, sir."

"I might have known it! I don't su pose you realize the boys in your Warr have got a song about you?"

"Yes, sir. They call it, Fisherman Da the Tin Can Man."

"What!" The admiral's eyes were susp ciously atwinkle. "Do you mean they' got the gall to sing it to your face?"

"Oh, no." The commander grinne "I just know. The words aren't bad. Bu wish I knew who dreamed up the melod It's terrible."

Blister Barnham snorted. Capta Laney, the aide at his side, smiled broadl So did Lieutenant Commander Jones, t navigator. But the admiral wasn't real surprised. He knew some instinct told skippers what seamen thought and spo in the messrooms underdecks.

He cleared his throat. "There's a J surface raider on the loose," he sai "Auxiliary cruiser. She must be d stroyed."

"Yes, sir," said Commander Dan Stark.

"She is operating in this area." Bar ham lifted one large hand for just lo enough to indicate the penciled circle

(Continued on page 79)

re losses have soared since e war began. The cause is t sabotage—it's carelessness

AMERICA has not been bombed in this war but it has suffered losses almost as deadly as if planes had n overhead. It matters little whether a mb destroys a war plant or whether it is rned to the ground by our own neglect. the first three months of this year, the ited States had more fires than in all of 42, which in turn was the worst year in enty-five years!

The most important of these fires have n in industrial plants. Consider the fire t destroyed a grain elevator in Minnea. The money loss was $1,350,000 but t was only a minor part of the disaster. at one elevator contained sufficient ad rations to feed an army of 700,000 n for an entire year.

Even before we were in the war, we re taking a beating from fires. On Octo- 11, 1941, fire broke out in a group of cient textile-mill buildings at Fall River, ssachusetts, which were being used as rage space for the United States government rubber reserve. The fire raged for twelve days and caused a loss of $15,000,000. But what was even more serious, it destroyed 15,850 tons of rubber, *ten per cent of the entire U. S. rubber reserve.*

Last year saw two spectacular fires—the Cocoanut Grove night-club fire in Boston that caused the death of four hundred ninety-one persons, and the Normandie fire in New York that resulted not only in a monetary loss of $53,000,000 but robbed us of the use of a war transport which is badly needed in these days of invasion. The Cocoanut Grove tragedy so occupied people's minds that they have forgotten that two weeks later a hostel for servicemen in Saint John's, Newfoundland, was burned to the ground and caused the death of 99 people and injury to 109 others. A month and a day after the Cocoanut Grove fire, an old hotel in Syracuse was destroyed with the loss of nine lives and a property damage of over a million dollars.

In case you think these fires unusual, take a look at what happened in the first week of June this year, the latest statistics available: Three war plants were destroyed in Seattle with a loss of $350,000; a rayon plant was burned to the ground at Cumberland, Maryland, with a loss of $500,000; a railroad freight depot was destroyed at Great Bend, Kansas, costing $153,000; a group fire at Wallington, New Jersey, meant a loss of more than $250,000; a refrigerator plant at Middle Amana, Iowa, was destroyed, costing $250,000. In the latter plant, equipment already crated for shipment overseas was destroyed.

This record can be duplicated for every week in the past year. The money loss is serious but the war loss is even more grave. We have averaged almost one serious fire a day in war industries. They ruined materials badly needed by the Army and Navy. They delayed production. They hindered the war effort.

Can't Blame It on Sabotage

In two days' time in April, 1942, the losses were: a business block in Richmond, Indiana, loss $300,000; a lumber mill in Portland, Oregon, loss $500,000; the business district of Kewanee, Illinois, loss $1,650,000; a department store in Janesville, Wisconsin, loss $300,000.

It might help our self-pride to feel that some of this was the work of saboteurs but we haven't even that excuse to fall back on. The most strenuous investigation in all of these cases, both by the National Fire Protection Association and the F.B.I., has failed to make out a single case of sabotage.

The fire-protection people maintain that "take a chance" philosophy is responsible for the trend. We are building in a hurry and we are building big. We throw up the largest structures we can build, many of them not provided with fire-protection appliances, and if there is a fire at all, it burns up everything.

Last year we had over 700,000 fires in the United States, approximately 30,000 of them in war plants. Nothing very technical or mysterious caused them. Approximately 125,000 can be attributed to careless smokers; another 100,000 were due to failure to maintain heating equipment and chimneys in good condition; another 60,000 were caused by poorly maintained electrical equipment; 25,000 of them were due to careless handling of gasoline and kerosene; and another 25,000 were started by a stray spark igniting a pile of rubbish that shouldn't be there.

The loss in foodstuffs has been particularly high: In two food-plant fires, the losses represented the annual productive capacity of approximately 2,000 farmers and more than 150,000 acres of wheat

(Continued on page 89)

Tons of precious rubber and latex went up in smoke when part of the Firestone Rubber Company's plant in Fall River, Massachusetts, burned to the ground

FIRE!

BY KYLE CRICHTON

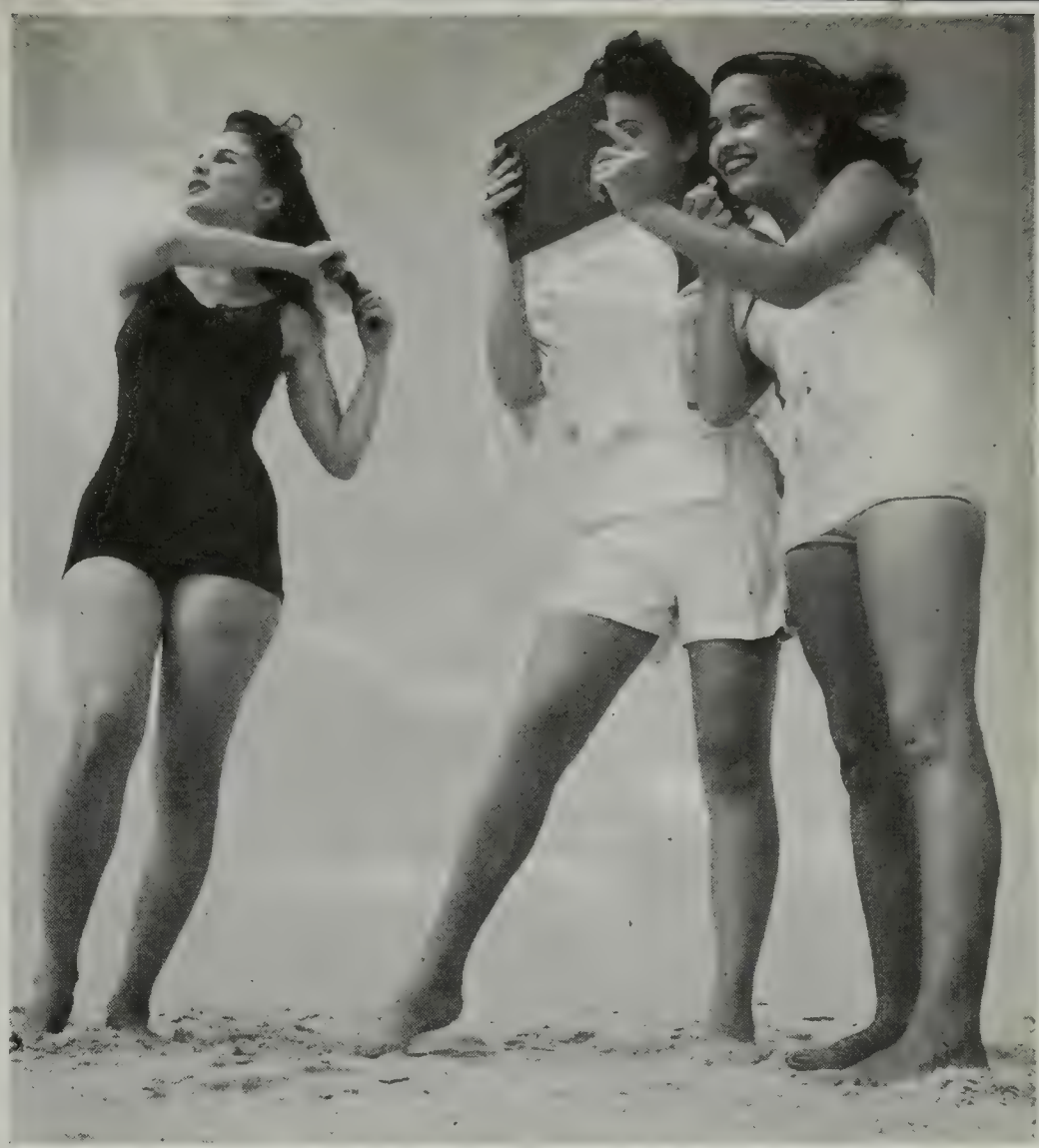
BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

MISS SUBWAYS

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY KNOPF-PIX

New York's prettiest strap-hangers relax on the white sand at Jones Beach on the ocean side of Long Island. These girls were chosen from some 22,000 entries, each to bear the title of "Miss Subways" for one month and to bask in all the attention that results from having her picture appear some 16,000 times in subway trains

mail of Attorney Helen Borgia, who is shown at the right, led to new clients. emary Gregory, left, and Dorothea Mate, center, now do modeling occasionally



Dorothea Mate, center, one of two Miss Subways who are married. Her husband's business (dealer in automobile parts), boomed after she won the Miss Subways contest

O MILLIONS of New Yorkers, the subway is just one way of getting around, but to more and more of the city's prettiest strap-hangers, it has become road to fame and fortune—anyway, fame. Each th, John Robert Powers selects one girl (or, in a tie, to hold the title of Miss Subways and have her pic- displayed on 16,000 cards in all the city's subway s.

After that, anything can happen to the lucky girl—and lly does: Hollywood and Broadway offers, fan mail, ers, gifts, and so many bids for dates that the girls track of the calls. Ruth Ericsson, manicurist at the dorf, is still getting an orchid a week from an un- wn admirer who sent her one every day for six months after her picture appeared. She is still single, despite 258 marriage offers, but she carries the picture of one young man she met through the contest. He is now piloting the bomber Miss Subways in North Africa.

There have been 31 Miss Subways since the stunt was started two and a half years ago. Some 2,000 pictures of candidates are sent to Powers each month, usually by boy friends, sometimes by the girls themselves. From these, the field is narrowed to 30-odd. Powers interviews the finalists, has the five or six prettiest photographed, and then picks the winner. For a month she sees her face in every subway car, suddenly finds herself a celebrity, gets job offers and mash notes—and loves it all.

From the diary of Jamie Sue Helms, one of the first Miss Subways: "Today about six people recognized me on the subway. . . . Everyone in the office is excited about the celebrity they're housing. . . . The phone won't stop ringing. . . . A young state senator phoned today. He's an artist. We're having lunch Saturday." Jamie was then a stenographer. Now she's teaching posing at a charm school.

Her story is typical. No professional model may enter the contest, but five of the winners have subsequently landed modeling jobs. Two have had screen-test offers.

To have fun and compare experiences, the girls formed a Miss Subways club. Most of their meetings are held in Manhattan, but for the last outing of the summer, the girls took themselves to Jones Beach for a day of sun and swimming and sandwiches. Collier's went along. ★★★

a Davis, at the top in the group below, and Ruth Ericsson try some acrobatics, le Cecile Woodley, buyer for Macy's department store in New York City, looks on

Connie Sameth, below, got this collection of military insignia from servicemen who saw her picture in the subways. With her, admiring the collection, is Jamie Sue Helms

The start of an egg-rolling race. Tera Davis is the starter. From left to right the girls are: Ruth Ericsson, founder and president of the Miss Subways Club; Helen Borgia, attorney at law; Cecile Woodley, Macy buyer; Rosemary Gregory, war worker at Sperry Gyroscope; and Connie Sameth, sales girl at Saks Fifth Avenue

Tera Davis appeared as Miss Subways in August. Now she is being groomed to sing with Leo Reisman's band and is working as a receptionist at the United Yugoslav Relief

Rose-Ellen Cameron, left, was a struggling artist, is now a successful model. Center is Evelyn Friedman, secretary; right, Dorothea Mate

On the subway going home with Ruth Ericsson, Tera Davis sits under her picture and is recognized as Miss Subways by two admiring sailors

REVENGE

BY JOHN O'HARA

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

ROST recognized her by her walk, a good half a block away, she coming north on Park Avenue, he going south. It was ten, closer to eleven years e he had laid eyes on her, but there had been thirty er years in which to observe her walk, and indeed every movement and her stillnesses, too. Like king, horribly self-conscious, across the floor at cing school. Like walking, pretty confidently, back ick up the tennis balls before serving. Like walking oss the living room (seeing her through the full-gth windows) to welcome him the first nights of ool vacations. The stillnesses: a night with the top n on the Jordan and the spooky dirigible Shenan-h sailed overhead on its way to disaster; times when was dummy at auction, her hands in her lap. He gnized her by her walk, all right; but of course he ld have recognized her hand if it had been sent to in the mail, or one ear, or a breast, or a foot. They ldn't have to go to her dentist to establish her iden- by her teeth. He could cup his hand over the back er head and be able to tell that it was *her* skull.

It was time for people to be going to lunch, and in half block between them a lot of people were doing that; but she was tall and he was tall. Because they e both tall he saw her; because she was tall and all life, even now, apparently, self-conscious about it, walked with her eyes down. Like many very tall s she had a tendency to be knock-kneed. She would k about it as she did her other faults, and he would y them all and believe his own denials. "No, I like No, I love them. Oh, you are not. No, she isn't." "Oh, you know you're the best. Stop fishing." Or: h, what the hell! I only said she was *attractive*. I n't say *you weren't*."

The proper study of mankind is man. I haven't died mankind, darling. I've studied you. No, it sn't a chore. No, it wasn't even a study. I did it—I it—unconsciously. I am with you, I watch you, I re-mber. I don't consciously study you, darling. And wanted to study mankind, or man, I'd go ahead and it. No, I don't think studying you is a waste of time. on't want to study anything else. In fact, I don't want study anything, period. When I said I haven't stud- mankind, but you, I didn't think before I said it. I s sort of—well, the thought ran through my head how ll I knew you, just from watching you and loving u, and somehow or other that saying occurred to . The proper study of mankind is man. And it oc-rred to me how some men study, archaeologists or an-ropologists or ethnologists; they dig for years and rn languages and all that sort of thing, studying man-nd. Or man. They find out a lot about the Pilt-wn man, or King Tut. Then they come back and blish their findings and get honorary degrees, or else aybe they die some tragic death because they opened the wrong tomb. But anyway, they devote their lives to studying mankind, or man. Now me, in my case, I am the greatest living authority on you, and will you kiss me?

She was wearing a suit of a black material and her gloves were white. She was getting closer and it was quite time he thought up something to say. After eleven years, and thirty before that, you ought to have something better than just, "Hello, Priscilla." Or her nickname: "Hello, Prill." And then he remembered, with her nickname, the letter wanting him to be the first to know. He remembered how badly he had taken it: the months of drinking; the two lost jobs; the fight with her cousin. He remembered how very long it had taken him to realize that you don't really get revenge on a woman who merely marries another guy.

No? No revenge.

He reached out and opened a taxi door. He got in. "Go south," he said. The cab started, and it was timed just right. She hadn't seen him

He reached out and opened a taxi door. He got in. The driver said: "Where to?"

"Go south," he said. The cab started, and it was timed just right. She hadn't seen him, and now he could almost reach out and touch her. But there was something he could do that was better than to reach out and touch her. In a voice that he knew she could hear, he spoke. "Hello, Prill," he said, and sank back in the cab.

Let her look around in the lunchtime crowd and try to figure out who had spoken. Ah, but better, let her wonder—now, this afternoon, tonight, next week —whether anyone had spoken at all.

НИЧЕВО MEANS "SO WHAT!"

(Pronounced NICHEVO)

By Quentin Reynolds

It's more than a word. It's the philosophy of all Russia. In 1860, it frightened Bismarck. It lives now to make a house painter despair

MAP BY KENNETH THOMPSON

THE Czar was very proud of his spirited horses, and Bismarck loved to ride. One morning in 1860, the Russian ruler and the man who was then German ambassador to Russia mounted two prancing Russian horses and set off across the country outside St. Petersburg. It took all the riding skill of Bismarck to keep his horse in check. Finally on a country lane just outside the city, the horse shied violently to one side. An unfortunate peasant happened to be walking along the lane. The horse knocked him down, one of its iron-shod hoofs opened a cut on his head, and he collapsed to the ground.

The horrified Bismarck leaped from his horse and tried to revive the victim. Finally the man recovered consciousness, although it was obvious that he was badly hurt. He waved aside the remorseful Bismarck's offer of payment, murmured "Nichevo!" and hobbled away.

"What does that word mean?" Bismarck asked the Czar.

The Czar was puzzled. He could think of no German equivalent for this most common of all Russian words. In fact there was no equivalent.

"Roughly," he explained to Bismarck, "it means *es macht nichts*—it doesn't matter. But it means more than that. It means that he accepts what has happened without anger. It means that accidents like that don't bother him. They are mere incidents which do not affect the destiny of Russia."

"I see," Bismarck said thoughtfully. Before he left St. Petersburg, the Czar presented him with a golden medallion made to hang about his neck, and on it was engraved the one word "Nichevo!" Years later when one faction in Germany wished to war against Russia, Bismarck made an impassioned plea before the Reichstag for

It is revealed now that the Germans v flown many hundreds of miles ni from behind their own lines to bomb production centers at Yaroslavl, (and Saratov, deep in the Soviet home

peace. He pulled open his shirt and sho the golden locket to the parliament. said, "You can never beat people w philosophy of life can be summed u that one word—Nichevo."

That is a story printed in the very history books in Moscow. Childre schools are told the story, and how n of it is true and how much of it le does not matter. It is true in spirit. something which Hitler, because of h norance of any language but German, not know, or, if he does know, ignore

I know that one third of Euro Russia (the most fertile productive tion of the country) is in German ha and that sixty million Russians in tha cupied territory are either dead, capt or enslaved. I know that, to date, tw thousand Russian tanks have been stroyed or captured. I know that ce of war production like Gorki, Sara and Yaroslavl are being systemati bombed and that many of their fact have been rendered useless.

Yet I balance against all of these backs the one word which Russians in answering them—"Nichevo!" In A ica, we would say, "So what!"

Training in Sacrifice

If the Russians had any other phil phy of life, they would have crumbled der the strain long ago. They had a r training for the sacrifices they have ha make since war began. Years ago St realized that the only real way he c guarantee peace for Russia was to b an army whose very presence would courage any invader.

He called upon the people to co-ope in two five-year plans. At the end of first five years, industry was humm Tanks, planes and guns were coming of factories in Kharkov, Stalingrad, R tov and Odessa. An army was b trained, not in antiquated war met but in methods which would have to used in a war of movement as contra with the war of position which charac ized that other war. The people hac sacrifice a great deal in labor, in com in food and in taxes to pay for this e mous development.

The army grew in power and in me anized equipment. It became strong, now people were able to relax a bit. C modity goods began to appear on counters of the department stores in M cow. In 1929, people were beginning live as they had dreamed of living. E Stalin, too much of a realist ever to overoptimistic, cried out in a spe *'Zhit Stalo Lutche, Tovarische! Zhit S veselei!"* The cry rang around Rus "Life is better, comrades! Life is gay His words were incorporated in a po lar song. All of Russia felt that the fr of ten years of sacrifice were about to gathered. And then came June 22, 19

It was war. And horrible, bloody far more terrible than the world had e seen. The Germans marched in and be to mow down this Russian army wh had taken ten years to build. Withi few months Vilna, Riga, Tallinn, Viteb Lwów and Minsk had fallen.

The battle of Lutsk cost the Red a ten thousand tanks alone. The Germ claim that they destroyed 1,900 Red craft on the ground that very first day war. The Russians admit to losing 1, during that twenty-four hours, and 4, since then. Whole divisions disappea without a trace. That magnificent a

(Continued on page 41)

CORNER OF HEAVEN

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

COPYRIGHT, 1943, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

Th Story Thus Far:

GISELLE MOUNTJOY, an orphan, is liv- ng with her grandfather not far from Wa ington, D. C., when the old man suddenly die A few months later, acting on the advice of eneral Cruickshank, her grandfather's best frie , she goes to the coast and enters the Uni- ery of California, at Berkeley, where the en l is living. She makes her home with Dr. Sa Cruickshank, the general's nephew, and his ny wife, Mollie.

Sortly after she reaches Berkeley, a man with wh n she had fallen in love in the East—Alan tyre, a captain in the U. S. Army Medical —shows up. And almost immediately she s the stunning truth: He is in love with Armitage, the general's niece (who has a nd in the Navy), and Mitzi loves him.

thoroughly decent sort, Alan tries hard to d of Mitzi, to forget her. Once he actually Griselle to marry him. Unfortunately, how- he weakens—jilts Griselle and goes back to . Then he goes away, reports for duty over-

artbroken, Griselle finds one person, and nly, who can comfort her. That person is s brother, Steve, a cripple with a remark- ersonality. Griselle admires him, likes him ; oes not love him. Despite what has hap- l, she still loves Alan!

tzi lives with the general. She feels sure that, he dies, she will inherit the bulk of his es- She is, therefore, much perturbed (as she s Griselle clearly) when she learns that he is e verge of changing his will, so as to admit beneficiaries—Sam and Mollie Cruick- , Griselle, the servants. . . .

n comes back to Berkeley. He meets Gri- takes her in his arms, tells her he loves asks her to marry him. Griselle, adoring him, promises to become his wife. Then—before any alterations in the will have been made—the general dies. He dies in his sleep, after taking some sleeping tablets given to him by Mitzi. And the evidence (as Griselle sees it, at least) is strongly against Mitzi.

The will (made twenty years before) is read. In it the general bequeaths ten thousand dollars to Griselle's mother, and the remainder of the estate to a person named Catherine Johansen.

Mitzi is among those present at the reading. She listens to the end. Then: "This," she exclaims, "is a ridiculous will, twenty years old and leaving everything to someone we never even heard of!"

VIII

YOUR uncle never told you in so many words that you were his chief beneficiary?" Walter McMurray asked Mitzi.

"No; but he—but he—but I always—" Mitzi floundered. "Didn't *you* always think that he was going to leave everything to me?" she challenged Griselle.

"Yes, I did," Griselle admitted readily. "He was always talking about his will," she said to the lawyer. "He might have written a good many wills, mightn't he?"

"He might indeed," agreed McMurray; "but as a matter of general procedure he probably didn't. When an old man talks like that, we often find that it is only talk. We have repeated cases of it. This is the envelope that came from his lawyers a few days ago. This is what he referred to as his will. He had sent for it to Philadelphia. I understood it to be of a much more recent date than it is, but he said nothing to give me that impression, now that I come to think of it. Last week he telephoned and asked me to come over here, which I did, and as you know a new will was drafted, which he was to sign today."

"Can't we go by that will?" Griselle asked anxiously, cut to the heart by the expression on Mollie Cruickshank's face.

"Oh, no; that is not legal without his signature," McMurray answered positively.

Doctor Sam Cruickshank cleared his throat. "Any objections to our knowing what the old man proposed to do?" he asked.

"I don't think so," said the lawyer. He took a document from his pocket. "You understand that this is of no value now?" he warned them. Immediately he began reading certain lines from it: handsome bequests to servants, ten thousand dollars apiece to Dorothy and Frederick Cruickshank—

"Oh, dear!" Mollie was unable to let this pass without a rueful ejaculation.

"To my nephew, Doctor Samuel Cruickshank, and to his wife, Mary Truman Cruickshank," McMurray read on, "the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars respectively, free of all inheritance tax; to my niece Miriam Cruickshank Armitage

(Continued on page 44)

"Alan, you've come back just when I needed you!" faltered Mitzi. Griselle stood watching them, feeling awkward and shy

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

EVE CURI

BY AMY POP

PHOTOGRAPH FOR
BY W. EUGENE SM

Being the daughter of one of the world's immortals isn't easy. But Eve Curie made a superlative job of it, besides attaining considerable eminence in her own right

EVE CURIE could, if she would, sail through life on her charm. She could, in fact, if ever she accepted all the invitations offered her, be a perpetual guest, perpetually honored in the world's most honorable houses.

But because she is what she is, Eve Curie must work very hard. Very, very hard—even when she feels ill, even when she has not slept the night before, even when the task before her seems beyond her strength.

If an international opinion poll were possible, she probably would get first place as "the perfect guest."

India certainly welcomed her warmly, and so did Russia, and Africa. As for China . . . Well, take the incident of the eggs. Miss Curie prefers fresh eggs, when she eats eggs, but at a formal banquet in Chengtu she ate a delicacy of the country —100-day-old eggs. These eggs are green inside and they taste like strong Roquefort cheese. Miss Curie ate them and smiled. For this and other greater and lesser evidences of grace, the Chinese, from Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek on down, were delighted with the lady. They hope she'll visit them often.

Of course President and Mrs. Roosevelt and the king and queen of England and most of the very famous people in the Western World already knew her, long before her world tour as a war correspondent, and had entertained her when opportunity offered.

For Eve Curie is the most agreeable sort of person to have around—attractive to look at, witty without being unkind, intelligent, accomplished, warmhearted.

Her latest working contract calls for her to take military training in England. She has enlisted with the Voluntaires Francaises—the Fighting French equivalent of the WACs—and if things go with her as they usually go, she'll soon be doing the most difficult, back-breaking work she can find as near to the fighting front as she can get.

But, however taxing her patriotic chores turn out to be, they can hardly be more strenuous than the last eight or nine years of her life. Those years encompassed a prodigious output of lectures and newspaper articles, besides the production of two remarkable books, Madame Curie, a biography of her mother, and Journey Among Warriors, the record of her tour of Allied fronts.

Ten years ago Eve Curie still was considered the frivolous member of the serious, scholarly Curie family. The resounding fame of her parents overshadowed both her and her sister Irène. What could the children of the discoverers of radium hope to do in their own right?

Irène solved her problem by calmly following in her mother's scientific footsteps. She and her husband, Professor Jean Frederic Joliot, jointly won the Nobel prize for physics, just as the elder Curies had done before them.

With Eve, it was different. "I don't hate science," said Eve. "It just terrifies me." Eve put on high heels and make-up and went dancing. Eve bought her dresses from celebrated designers in Paris. Eve frequented caviar and champagne spots, consorted with world cosmopolites.

Overshadowed by Greatness

Looking back on herself in that era, Eve says, "I loved gaiety . . . Paris was a wonderful city to be gay in. . . . But perhaps some of my frivolity sprang from a terrible conviction that no serious effort of mine ever could seem more than pusillanimous, coming from a member of the family that harbored my great mother."

Eve thought music might be her answer. She played the piano nicely as a child, and when she was sixteen, shortly after she accompanied her mother on her first triumphal tour of America, she set herself to long hours of practice. Her concert debut, made in Paris in 1925 when she was twenty-one, brought immediate offers of more engagements in Paris, the French provinces, in Belgium. She accepted a few.

"The critics were kind. I think my mother's name had something to do with it."

No critic could convince Eve that was more than mildly talented. . . . "In own estimation I was not a truly go pianist. I was not professional. Perh I started too late. My fingers never co unbend as they must."

She took to writing music criticism Paris papers—under a pen name, beca as usual she was obsessed with the id that she must not shine in Marie Curi reflected glory. She adapted seve Broadway plays for the Paris stage, no bly Spread Eagle, successfuly produc as 145 Wall Street, in Paris in 1932.

But the deepest concern of her life this while was to serve her fragile, agi mother. Five nights out of seven dined alone with her mother in their Pa apartment, and would not go out partyi until she saw Sweet Mé contentedly tled down to an evening with her pap on radioactivity.

Toward the end, she devoted all h time to her mother, conspiring to conc from the world the fact that Madar Curie was almost blind, helping her write scientific treatises, and finally, pr ticing a kind deceit to hide from her t near approach of death.

Madame Curie died in 1934, and so after the American publishers, Doubled Doran & Company, were urging Eve write her mother's biography.

"I told them I would try. I had apprehension to write. How could I ev do her justice?"

Here at last was a task worth tacklin

(Continued on page 87)

Guess what's next on the program!

YOU'VE SEEN home movies that are grand —and some that are just so-so.
But here's an idea that's worth trying—if you'd like to be known as a top-flight amateur photographer, *and host.*

All you have to do is this: after running off a few reels on the screen, you simply wind up the program with a gorgeous picture of four red roses, by way of saying, "Time out for drinks—drinks made with Four Roses."

Would that get a round of applause? You bet it would!

Applause for your skill as a photographer —and *certainly* applause for your thoughtfulness in serving the most gloriously flavorful whiskey ever bottled!

FOUR ROSES

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville and Baltimore

An Explanation to Our Friends

IF YOUR BAR or package store is sometimes out of Four Roses, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our prewar stocks to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other vital war products. (Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.)

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

BELOVED AND HONORED BY ALL THE WORLD
... RECORDED ONLY BY VICTOR

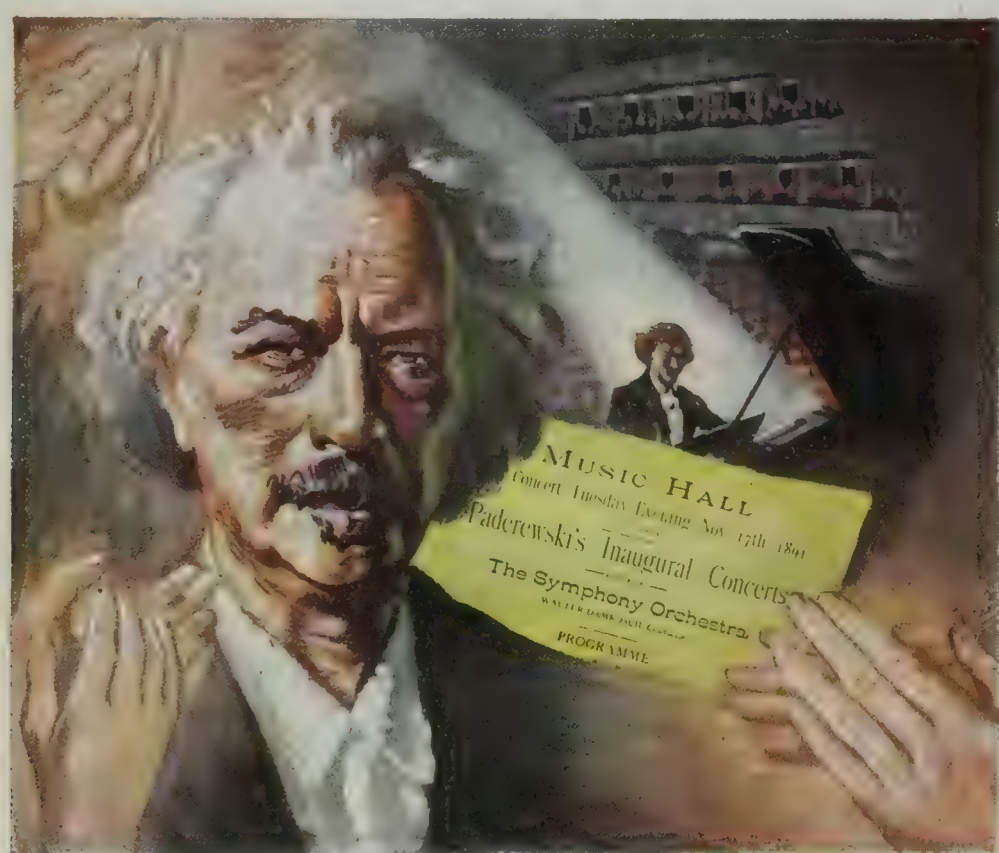
Caruso · Flagstad · Paderewski

HIS GLORIOUS VOICE IS OURS FOREVER

• Perhaps never again will there be a voice like Enrico Caruso's—so radiant and pure, so magnificent in power. Fortunately, many of Caruso's most thrilling performances have been preserved on Victor Records. Several have been re-recorded with new techniques—so that you hear Caruso with a clarity and richness startlingly like his living voice.

IF WAGNER COULD HAVE HEARD HER!

• Kirsten Flagstad brought to opera a voice of entrancing loveliness, rare emotional warmth and sincerity. In fact, many have hailed her as the supreme Wagnerian soprano of all time. Though the war has taken Flagstad from America, her exquisite voice is still singing on Victor Red Seal Records, yours to enjoy as often as you wish.



WHEN PADEREWSKI CAME TO AMERICA

• When Ignace Paderewski first arrived in New York, his manager said, "We hear you had brilliant successes in London and Paris. But don't expect anything like that in America. Don't expect extraordinary houses." Of course, Paderewski captivated America, and soon became the world's best-loved pianist. For Victor, Paderewski recorded many of his most exciting performances, priceless records you will surely want to own.

Enrich Your Library with these Victor Red Seal Records

SYMPHONY IN C MAJOR (Jena)—Beethoven. Janssen Symphony of Los Angeles, Werner Janssen, Conductor.
Album DM-946 (also available in manual sequence) *$3.50**

DON QUICHOTTE SUITE—Telemann. The Arthur Fiedler Sinfonietta, Arthur Fiedler, Conductor; Erwin Bodky, Harpsichordist.
Album DM-945 (also available in manual sequence) *$2.50**

A SONG PROGRAM SUNG BY JAMES MELTON. Includes Miranda; A Ballynure Ballad; The Low Backed Car; The Little Irish Girl; Mah Lindy Lou; Witness (Negro Spiritual); and others. James Melton, Tenor, with Robert Hill at the piano.
Album M-947 *$2.75**

PRELUDE and HULA—Dai-keong Lee. National Symphony Orchestra, Hans Kindler, Conductor. *Record 11-8452* *$1.00**

BLESS THIS HOUSE—Taylor-Brahe; AH, LOVE, BUT A DAY—Browning-Beach. Gladys Swarthout, Mezzo-soprano, with Lester Hodges at the piano. *Record 10-1050* *75¢**

TUNE IN! RCA's great new radio show, "What's New?"—a full hour every Saturday night, 7 to 8, EWT, Blue Network.

*Suggested list prices exclusive of excise tax

To help us make new Victor Records, sell your old ones to your dealer.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

BUY WAR BONDS EVERY PAY DAY

RCA

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ARE ON

VICTOR *Red Seal Records*

"What's the connection," Rohr asked, "between the fact that your mother was a belle and the fact that you can dance with me but not with Hank?" "Hank's single," Tiffany said

MARRIED ONES ARE BEST

BY ELEANORE KELLY SELLARS

ILLUSTRATED BY ROWE NEWHALL

Tiffany was a gal who avoided all men, especially single ones. It took a red-headed soldier with an ersatz wife to give her an entirely new point of view

AND so," Mary Ann concluded, "I told her that you're married."

Rohr Carson looked at his sister and reflected that twenty-three years of experience had not equipped him to cope with her. Her snub freckled nose and wide gray eyes always looked so innocent and she had an annoying way of making her voice sound very practical, as if what she was saying were just good common sense. His mind reached out for anger but captured nothing more potent than exasperation. "So I am married," he said.

"It won't hurt you for a week," Mary Ann assured him, "and it's the only possible way that Tiffany could enjoy herself."

"Someone should have told me that this furlough was for Tiffany's benefit and not for mine," said Rohr. He took out a cigarette and lit it, tossing the match into the fireplace. "The whole setup is impossible, sis, and here's why: San Francisco's full of fellows on furlough who know me, and we're sure to meet somebody who'll tip my hand."

"You don't understand," Mary Ann insisted. "You don't have to drag her all over town with you. While you're loafing around the apartment, it won't hurt you the least bit to have a wife and a couple of children."

"She doesn't require her married men to have children, does she?" asked Rohr.

"Raul has two children. I told her you're my married brother. She knows all about Jane and the babies and all you need to do is act as if they're yours."

"Now look, sis," his voice indicated that this time he was not to be cajoled. "I'll take your word for it that your friend, Tiffany, is a great girl, even if she is a bundle of cockeyed inhibitions. But I'm here to forget my troubles, honey, not take on a new batch."

He pulled his carrot-topped six feet two out of the chair and gave his sister a friendly little clip on the chin. "You can leave her a note," he said. "Tell her I made plans on my way into town."

He was no sooner on his feet than the sound of a key in the lock made him toss his cap back on the table with an exasperated, "Oh, hell!"

A MOMENT later Tiffany Russell entered the room, and Mary Ann's eyes twinkled mischievously as she introduced them and watched Rohr's transformation from an exasperated male to a man with a new interest in life.

Tiffany was a very tall girl and very slim, with long fine bones which gave her a willowy grace completely devoid of angularity. Her features were delicate and her skin had a faintly luminous quality. She was wearing a flame-colored suit, and all her accessories were a deep, flat black, even to the precisely tailored blouse. Blond hair shone through the open meshes of a black fascinator, the ends of which *(Continued on page 60)*

PAINTING BY LE

TRANSATLANTIC CALL

Of what are you thinking
And how are your thoughts and afterthoughts
And what are you going to say
When this creative pause comes to an end,
Reichschancellor of the Greater Germany,
Founder of a thousand-year herrenvolk?

When you talked of Mein Kampf in jail
And Hess with a pencil put it all down,
The book sold and you went to town as a spieler
And later the spotlights played on you in the Sportspalast
And after the purge in 1934 you took to the microphones
Sending your alibi to five wide continents:
About Sudetenland you had remarks more than brief,
About Danzig, Poland, lebensraum, more and more remarks.
About the Communists, the Jews, pluto-democratic warmongers,
We heard you weekdays, Sundays, Nazi-anniversary days.

What other mouth poured so many earfuls into so many ears?
So many promises, threats, edicts, so much "Do this — or else!"
Who since time began?
Who since language came born for loose tongues?

In days that came, could you throw a scare
With a couple of innocent-looking syllables,
A shrug here, a whisper there?
And you took what you wanted, by the timetable,
According to plan, calling the turn correct,
Your guns covering Europe from Calais to near Moscow,
Your hangmen having fun at your order:
"Implacable violence."

We listened when you let yourself go fast and hoarse
And clipped your syllables telling us who was next,
How the map of Europe looked silly to you
And you would wreck it and fix it new and nice,
From Narvik to Novorossiisk all new and nice,
How England would fall, not a doubt about it,
How Russia would be hammered to pieces on your anvils
And Leningrad, then Stalingrad, were in the bag
Any time you gave the word for the pincers to press.
And America was a mongrel-bred democracy run by Jews,
And America, the U.S.A., was soft and would never throw in.

Words, language, jargons, did you have it?
The speech of fright, scare-talk, fear-talk, big-talk,
That was your line, your technique. It had worked.
The war of nerves? Why, you had a patent on it.
With Storm Troopers, Gestapo, Luftwaffe, Wehrmacht
Backing your words, you went to town with tongue and tonsils.
You spoke three words: "Heads will roll!" and a million men
Felt of their necks where they might get the headsman's ax.

And now — now we don't happen to hear from you any more.
Now in a silence of deep caverns,
Now in a silence of deep cisterns,
The Reichschancellor of the Greater Germany sa nothing.
The big wind once blowing now blows no man knoweth whither.

Of course, what we're doing to you costs us
And it's going to cost us more and more,
So you, too, will have to pay and pay.
And we've counted the cost and we're willing,
And there will be hell to pay, for you, for us,
And one for sure will be gone when the hell is over
The Reichschancellor of the Greater Germany.

Sometimes in the creep of the hour hands
Clocking the summer of 1943
We ask how you will take the pay-off, the rendezvous,
How come you never figured what was cooking,
And how are your thoughts and afterthoughts,
And what are you going to say when your big moment comes
For the founder of a thousand-year herrenvolk,
You and your hell-bent New Order
Getting hammered to hell-and-gone in round-the-clock blazes,
Getting shattered in shambles of reek and fire—
And the people, the little people
Hoping to God for only a hundred years of peace.

They'd settle for that—a hundred years of peace.
Of what are you thinking
And what will be your lines
When again you must speak lines—
Chancellor of the Greater German Reich,
Reichschancellor of the Greater Germany?

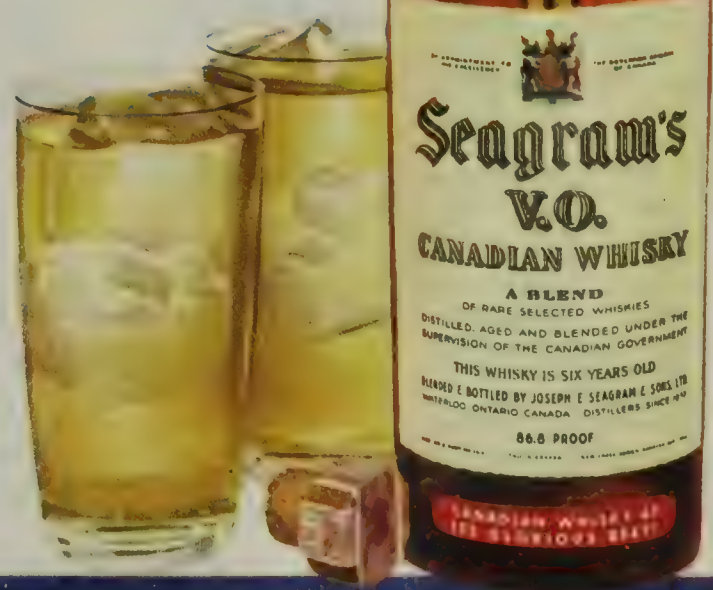
CARL SANDBURG

Men Who Plan beyond Tomorrow Prefer the World's Lightest Highball!

Deriving its power from a radio beam, this triple-hulled floating palace of dream-like luxury will span the oceans carrying 5,000 passengers at unbelievable speed—steadied by the pontoon design. Social life will center in the main streamliner, with swimming pool, dance floors, promenades and spacious salons. Sleeping quarters will be in the smaller ships. Planes will take off from the hangar deck for foreign capitals as the liner approaches shore.

* * *

REMEMBER WHEN "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" first delighted movie-goers? When the Russian airmen made history's longest non-stop flight over the Pole to California? When the Yankees won the World Series from the Giants in New York? That was the year when the rare whiskies in Seagram's V. O. CANADIAN were carefully blended for exquisite flavor and stored away to mellow. Ever since then these distinguished whiskies have been treasured for *Tomorrow* — so the V. O. of today will always be preferred FOR THE WORLD'S LIGHTEST HIGHBALL.



Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY • A BLEND OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

Six Years Old — 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

THE Guilty

HEINRICH HIMMLER

VIII

WHEN Heinrich Himmler left his job in a fertilizer plant to march with Adolf Hitler in the Munich *putsch*, he cut a comic figure among the wild ex-soldiers captained by Ernst Roehm, that swaggering homosexual. With his myopia, retreating chin, spindly legs and mincing speech, the new recruit epitomized insignificance, and soon earned jeers as Gentle Heinrich, the sissy.

Not a gangster had the wit to look behind the thick glasses where pale, cold eyes held a calculating malignance that was to prove even more terrifying than the hysterical rages of the Fuehrer. A poor hand at street brawls, shop wrecking and like activities that called for strength and open violence, Himmler quickly showed himself a master hand at catering to Hitler's suspicions and distrusts, developing a spy system that left no word or movement unreported.

From this humble beginning as a tattler and talebearer, Heinrich Himmler has risen until today he is Number 3 in the Nazi hierarchy, outranked only by Goering. Head of the police, the Gestapo and the Black Shirt army, Himmler is his own law by virtue of the power to imprison, torture and kill without a trial. Counting in the thousands that he has doomed to death by starvation and disease, the "sissy" has taken more lives than have been lost in battle.

Scarcely one of the many Nazi inhumanities but traces back to this bespectacled, soprano-voiced little man who once had no higher ambition than to own a chicken farm. Concentration camps were Himmler's original conception, and Dachau was set up as a classroom where he personally instructed pupils in beating, bonebreaking, latrine ducking and mutilation.

It was Himmler who first shrilled that there was no room in the New Order for the unfit, bombing asylums until American correspondents estimated that he had slaughtered more than 100,000 defectives. It was Himmler who planned and superintended every pogrom, even going through the records of cities, towns, villages in his search for all with a drop of Jewish blood in their veins.

When the peoples of the occupied countries look up from the pit into which they have plunged, it is the smirking face of Gentle Heinrich that looks down upon them. His agents, bribing, corrupting and sabotaging, paved the way for invasion, and it was his Gestapo, following fast on the heels of the armed forces, that took over the business of murder, torture and deportation. In Poland, Norway and Czechoslovakia, Himmler set the pattern for Hans Frank, Terboven, Heydrich and Daleuge.

Like a school principal, he goes from country to country, checking up on his "teachers" and every visit is followed by more ingenious methods for crushing the spirit of the people.

Even more than Hitler, Heinrich Himmler is the master of Germany today. One by one he has destroyed all who stood in his path. His poison, dripped steadily into the ears of the Fuehrer, was responsible for the blood purge of 1934 that removed Roehm, Gregor Strasser and Kurt von Schleicher. Just as his agents assassinated General von Fritsch and Field Marshal von Reichenau, so was Himmler's hand plain to be seen in the "accidents" and "illnesses" that proved fatal to other members of Germany's high command.

Building up the Gestapo to a point where every prominent figure in military and civil life is spied on, he has seduced children and servants until each home has its "informer." An incautious word, the lifting of an eyebrow, and the guilty wretch is dragged away to a concentration camp or death chamber.

It was Himmler who revived the medieval custom of axing, and not the least of his impish tricks is to send a bloody head to the family along with a bill for the sack.

First promoting the Black Shirts as a bodyguard for Hitler, Himmler has developed it into an army of 400,000 with its own tanks, artillery, air force and arsenals. A *picked* army, recruited from those who have proved themselves in Himmler's slaughter pens, and enlarged by youths trained in Himmler's own Schutsstaffel "universities," where the trainees are divorced from home and religion, taught pagan rites and schooled in the inhumanities. An army such as has never been seen before, for it has nothing to do with national defense, being organized and maintained for no other purpose than domestic terrorism.

An evil genius, this graduate from a fertilizer plant, but still a genius. As long as Heinrich Himmler lives, internal revolution is a vain hope, for his clawing hands are at every German throat. Remember him! ★★★

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

The Pink Hussar

Continued from page 13

him in return that the delay was of no consequence and that I would not be ready to shoot the movie until the fall.

"Ah, by that time," Vinsey said, "we will have twice that much in the bank. In the meantime, we remain partners without capital—but a future," he sighed. "It would have been so simple once in Budapest. I had only to pick up my telephone, and wagons full of gold drew up to my office. Here the telephone is not such a magic instrument."

The Unbelievable Plot began a few nights later with the arrival of a startling Vinsey at my hotel.

"I am very upset," he said, after downing three beakers of beer in silence, "and I have come to you to talk because I love and trust you."

"Just what is it?" I asked.

"Turay," said Vinsey in a voice of doom. "Turay is coming to America. He leaves Lisbon today. He will be in New York in no time."

I looked at Vinsey with some surprise. Turay, as the greatest living Hungarian and perhaps European playwright, seemed hardly a visitor to wring such groans from a fellow refugee.

"Why, that's marvelous," I said. "I'm glad to hear that Turay is alive and bringing his greatness to our city."

Vinsey groaned again.

"What's the trouble?" I asked. "Is he an enemy of yours?"

"I adore him," said Vinsey softly. "He was my god for thirty years. Since I am a boy I have sat at his feet—as have all the writers and actors and critics of Budapest and Vienna. Turay"—Vinsey's eyes grew misty—"ah, if there is a graceful soul and a fountain of wit left in the world, it wears that name. You have had many charming talents in this country. Put them all together, all the poets and lovers and brilliant playwrights and happy storytellers—and you have, perhaps, Turay. No, not a full Turay. Such a one could only exist in Budapest."

"WHY, then, are you beating your bosom over his arrival?" I asked.

"Because," said Vinsey softly, "he must not come. It is wrong for him to come. He must not do what we have all done—on a smaller scale—change from a man of fame into an eccentric nobody. Dear friend," Vinsey's voice throbbed, "we all admire your country. And New York—ah, it is the last of the Ali Baba cities. But it is a curious robber—the new world. It robs the old of its glitter, its meaning, its importance. My friends whom you have met. Myself. We were all great men. The press was filled with our achievements. The public adored us. That was in Budapest, in Vienna. Here in New York, what are we? Nobodies. We make jokes, we write plays, we paint pictures, we hold salons, we do everything we ever did—and we are still nobodies. The ear of your country is not for our jokes. Our wit dies at your feet."

Vinsey paused and handed me a cablegram. It was no climax to his eloquence. It read only, "Arrive, Dodo."

"That is the first word of English he has written," Vinsey groaned.

"Are your friends as upset as you?" I asked.

"Oh, completely," said Vinsey. "Even Dr. Alper-Mayer. Dr. Alper-Mayer is a great intellect. He was the very leading physician of Vienna. Turay's own doctor. And Schuschnigg's. The most expensive and complicated diseases sought him out. And here he is able to find neither patients nor even an office and is mistaken by everybody for a vaudevillian out of work. I spoke to him before I came to you. Turay, he said, must not come to New York. He must not be defeated here as we have been. To see him fail, as we have—that would be the unbearable thing for us."

"But why must he fail?" I asked.

"Ah," Vinsey sighed, burying his nose in a fourth beaker, "the critics!" . . .

I waited at Gita's home for the great entrance. The party was in honor of Turay, and the ghost cities were assemb in full. The three rooms—including dining room—were packed with cele ties who had lost their names.

THE playwright had arrived in N York in the afternoon. This was welcoming party, his safe-from-home-co ing. During the hour I waited I lean a number of surprising things about friends Gita, Fulka, Andri, Marisca, H Dr. Alper-Mayer, and Vinsey. I lean them from strangers who, finding me their midst, imagined I knew everyth that was known to them.

Gita had been Turay's wife some fift years ago. Marisca had once been m ried to Turay thirty years ago. And A dri, the young Ibsen heroine, had b Madam Turay five years ago. Fulka h left his own wife twelve years ago a stolen Gita from Turay. And twen five years ago Vinsey had stolen Mari from the great playwright. On the ot hand, Turay had lured away Vinsey's th later wives from his keep. As of today, gray-tufted Vinsey was desperately in lo with Gita who, however, had given h oath to Fulka that she would marry him as soon as she got a job; although it w the opinion of several of the guests th it was not the job that stood betwe Gita and Fulka but the ghost of Tur

This is the Shopper

of BLUE RIBBON TOWN

...who has put on her slacks and discarded her gown

"I work in a war plant,"
said Mrs. Carruthers,
"Along with my husband,
and thousands of others—
And frankly, I haven't
much time to go shopping,
For doing my job has
been keeping me hopping.

"YES, working from 7 till 3
is quite taxing,
And I understand why a
man needs relaxing,
So when I go marketing,
I often place—
Our order for Blue Ribbon Beer
by the case!

"EXPERIENCE has taught us
that Pabst is the best,
It's kindlier tasting—
and yet it has zest,
A sort of a mellowness,
nice and befriending—
Resulting, no doubt, from
its *full-flavor blending!*"

Copr. 1943, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

Pabst Blue Ribbon

Now More Than Ever
A Symbol of
Friendly Companionship

THESE are busy days in Blue Ribbon Town, U. S. A. (your town—everybody's town). But even busy days demand occasional "breathing spells"—moments of relaxation—in solitude...or with neighbors. Be prepared! Always keep plenty of thirst-quenching Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer in your refrigerator.

Unlike ordinary beer, Pabst Blue Ribbon is *full-flavor blended*—from 33 master brews. Softer, kindlier tasting—Pabst Blue Ribbon is, more than ever, a symbol of friendly companionship.

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED

into One Great Beer

"BLUE RIBBON TOWN" IS ON THE AIR! Starring GROUCHO MARX...
Famous Stars...Coast-to-Coast CBS Network...Every SATURDAY NIGHT

"I learned the hard way about ordering coal early!"

"Last winter, after my husband went to war, I thought I was doing my part. I kept pretty busy, too, taking care of my baby and helping out at the Red Cross. But I never gave a thought to the problem of transporting coal from the mines to my bin without interfering with deliveries to war industries.

"Then I learned my lesson — the hard way. One cold morning I found myself with a sick baby and one bucketful of coal in the cellar. Frantically I called my coal dealer, told him of my plight. When he said that he simply couldn't do anything about it for a couple of weeks — well, I was a wreck.

"With the help of kindly neighbors things eventually turned out all right, and believe me I learned my lesson."

ORDER YOUR SEASON'S COAL NEEDS...NOW!

If you are fortunate enough to burn coal, the least you can do is to order your season's coal needs *now*—and gladly accept partial deliveries whenever your dealer can make them. Remember, he is doing his best to provide for your family's welfare despite handicaps of limited manpower, equipment, gasoline and tires.

COMBUSTIONEER OWNERS

If you own a Combustioneer, be grateful enough to take care of it. Let your distributor inspect and service it so that you may enjoy the full benefit of its money-making efficiency and the carefree comfort of Automatic Coal Firing.

VICTORY WORK BY COMBUSTIONEER

Until Victory—Combustioneer's entire manufacturing facilities are dedicated exclusively to the precision-production of gun turrets, propeller hubs and other products for American warplanes.

Combustioneer — A PRODUCT OF

THE STEEL PRODUCTS ENGINEERING COMPANY

Designers, Engineers and Manufacturers of Precision Products Equipment

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

Keep Making It Hot for the Axis—Buy and Keep War Bonds and Stamps

whom she had never ceased to love during the twelve years despite her two subsequent marriages and present betrothal.

This all seemed a little confusing, but what most confused me was the fact that I had been dining almost nightly with these fanatic wife and husband snatchers and had never detected anything but an innocent camaraderie among them.

I was talking to the Countess Graudenz, a former opera star whose beauty was now a little dimmed by overeating.

"What about Dr. Alper-Mayer and Holz, the painter?" I asked. "Are they related to, let us say, Turay?"

"Dr. Alper-Mayer was married to Gita after she ran off with Fulka," said the diva, "and Holz—Holz is the father of the two children Turay raised in Paris. He supported them for twenty years. But I thought you knew that."

"No, I didn't," I confessed to the countess, and the silence of a curtain-raising came over the room. It was Turay. He stood in the doorway and smiled on the ghostland before him. And this moment of silence was like a salvo of ghostly applause. The eyes of those around me—eyes that were the connoisseurs of mockery—grew misty. And though no one wept, there was the smile of tears as if, not a man of fame, but a beloved child had returned to them.

This was true. The thing that distinguished this great man in the doorway was a quality of childishness. Or he might have been a wide-mouthed, gentle-eyed clown come to amuse other children. He was tall and plump about the waist, and the sleeves of his rumpled coat were a bit too long. His gray hair slanted in a boyish mop across his forehead, and his face was pink. Looking at this smiling and abstracted face, full of innocence and mockery, I realized where Vinsey, Fulka, Gita, Lazlo, and all my new friends had got their expression. They had borrowed it from Turay—for he resembled all of them except that he looked a little dreamier.

The silence was now over and there was talk and laughter as if nothing had happened. There was no rush of handshaking and no crowding of admirers around a hero. He had sat down at a table in a corner with four friends and was nibbling at a platter of cheese. The rest of the company occupied itself with the business of gossip and jest but, though they seemed to ignore the arrival, there was a verve that had not been in their manner before. Sitting quietly in a corner, eating his cheese, Turay was among them—and all was now right in their ghostland.

VINSEY brought me to the table. Turay was telling a story, and Dr. Alper-Mayer, Fulka, Gita, and the hungry Lazlo were listening to him as attentively as if they were seated in a schoolroom.

Vinsey asked softly, "The new play, is it done, Dodo?"

"Yes, I finished it on the plane," Turay said. "You do not expect a playwright to come to market without a basket of fresh eggs."

"You have a title for it?" Vinsey sighed.

"I call it The Pink Hussar," said Turay, and added with an apologetic smile, "Do you think it sounds a little old-fashioned?"

"My dear friend," Fulka spoke up loyally, "Turay makes his own fashions. Is that right, Gita?"

"Yes, always, always." Gita laughed, and Turay's eyes widened innocently at the drama in her voice. Then with a smile he took her hand and, looking around the room said, gently, "We are all here. All except Immelmans, the waiter. I miss his dirty apron."

"What a play that was!" Fulka cried, and explained for my sake. "A one-acter. Immelmans was the hero. Ah, his exit with the coffeepot spilling! You remember, Gita?"

Fulka laughed, overcome, and Lazlo interrupted.

"Do you remember the waltz in A Handful of Isoldes?" He began to hum.

"There was no music in the Isoldes," Gita said.

"Off stage, off stage!" Lazlo cried. "The waltz when you were dying. During the long speech—when the little orchestra in the café downstairs drowns you out. Good Lord, such is fame!"

"I will never forget the night you lost your voice," Dr. Alper-Mayer said. "The opening night of The Sofa when I gave you the electric shock in the larynx. It was the first time in Europe this treatment was ever used."

"She could only speak in a whisper," said Vinsey, "and I chased all over Budapest looking for Turay to make him write in the line, 'The Princess Rividavia has a cold.'"

"What a characterization that was!" Fulka sighed and added, "Of course, it was a great play."

"They were all great plays," said Vinsey. "Masterpieces."

"The Pink Hussar is much better," said Turay slyly, "at least so it seems to me."

I HAD decided to see if money could be raised in Hollywood for a New York movie production and spent the next three weeks shaking futilely at the Hollywood Christmas tree. Nothing fell from it but advice.

But there was still Vinsey. Vinsey was waiting for me on my return but not with $200,000. He was in a state of shock and apparently had forgotten entirely the matter of our partnership.

"The very worst thing has happened," he told me at dinner. "No. Order for yourself. I cannot eat. Even Lazlo can not eat. We are all very, very upset."

"About Turay," I said.

"Naturally," said Vinsey. "He has sold his play. It is going into production. It is like waiting for a massacre."

"I'd like to read the script," I said.

"It is not necessary," Vinsey sighed. "I will tell you all you have to know. It is beautifully written. Very tender. Extremely cynical. In short, Turay. And it is also as full of failure as a broken-down old actor. The critics will kill it!"

"You can't always tell," I said.

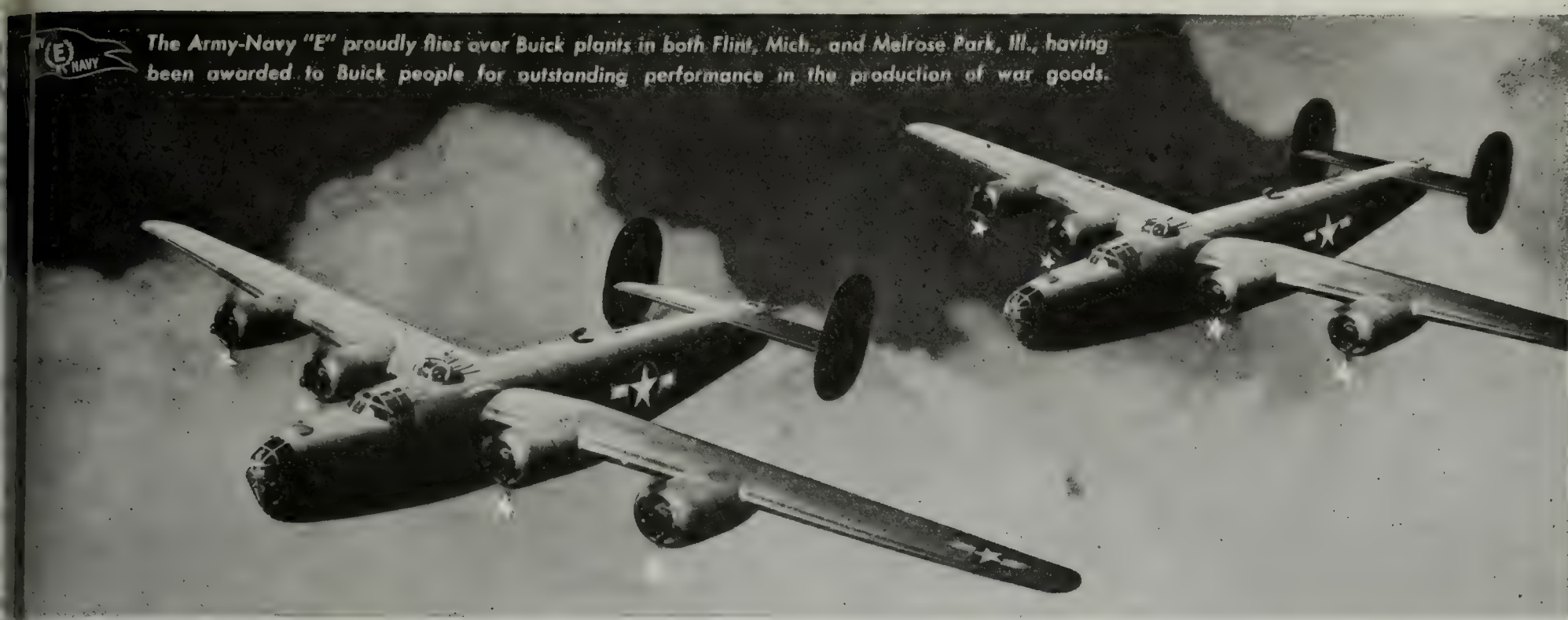
"You can tell about The Pink Hussar," Vinsey groaned. "Four plays exactly like it—all stolen from Turay—were produced last year. By four of our best Hungarians. Did you happen to see them? They were cut to ribbons by the critics. One of the playwrights—Fodor—is still in bed moaning. Believe me, The Pink Hussar has even less chance. It is half fantasy. It has one speech three pages long. Guess who recites it? God. And He is not even on the stage. The stage is empty for three pages. No, there is no chance. The critics will have a feast."

"Who's producing this?" I asked.

"Jock Kane," Vinsey said, "the final black wreath on top of the hearse."

I knew Jock. He had once produced a play of mine. In those days he had been a puissant man of the Broadway theater and hailed to the ends of the earth as a wizard. In the space of five years he had been demoted by the critics from wizardhood to oblivion, which, on Broadway, is not so far a throw as it sounds. The critics run an elevator service between these two points—with no stopovers.

At his peak as a wizard, Mr. Kane had produced nine flops in a row. There was this, however, to say for him. Disaster had not tempered the man. In clover or in limbo, there was never a more nerve-racking, macaw-souled figure connected with the Broadway scene than Jock Kane. With his talents and his gold petals fallen from him, and the maniacal bloom of his certainties and wizardries gone to dust, he



WHAT'S BETTER THAN PRECISION BOMBING?

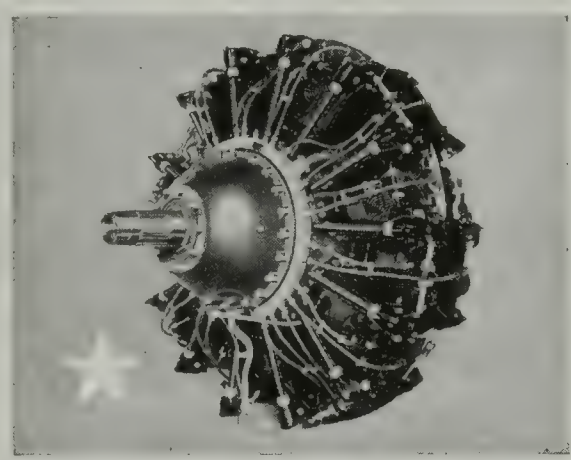
NOTHING, perhaps. Unless it's precision bombing *plus* bigger bomb load and extra speed.

So we call your attention to the characteristics (and the deeds) of that good American bombing plane, the Liberator, shown here.

It carries a husky load over record-setting distances.

With its retracting bomb-bay doors, it takes its run over the target without halt or hesitation, so it's heart's-delight for a sharp-eyed bombardier.

And with four big Pratt & Whitney aircraft engines, it has plenty of power and plenty of speed to get in fast, get home fast — and get back for more cracks at the enemy.

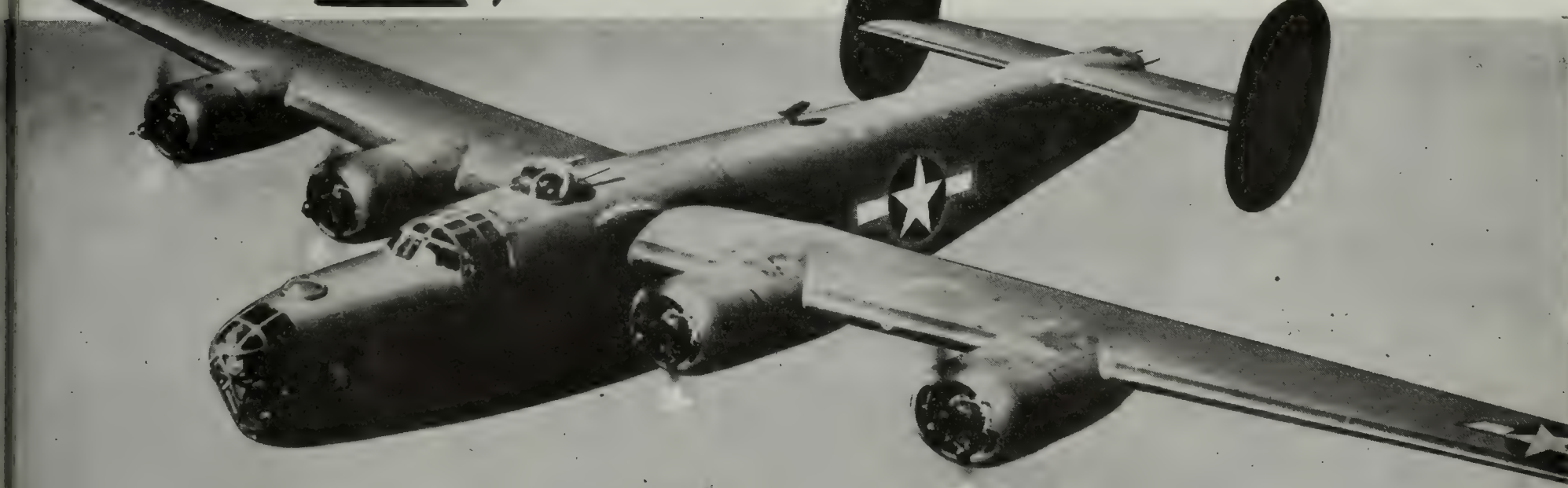


HERE'S WHERE BUICK COMES IN

It so happens that Buick builds those engines. All the thousands we turn out go straight to plants where the Liberator gets its start in life.

Looking at its record — and it's written daily in the papers for you to read — do you blame us for taking a little honest pride in that fact?

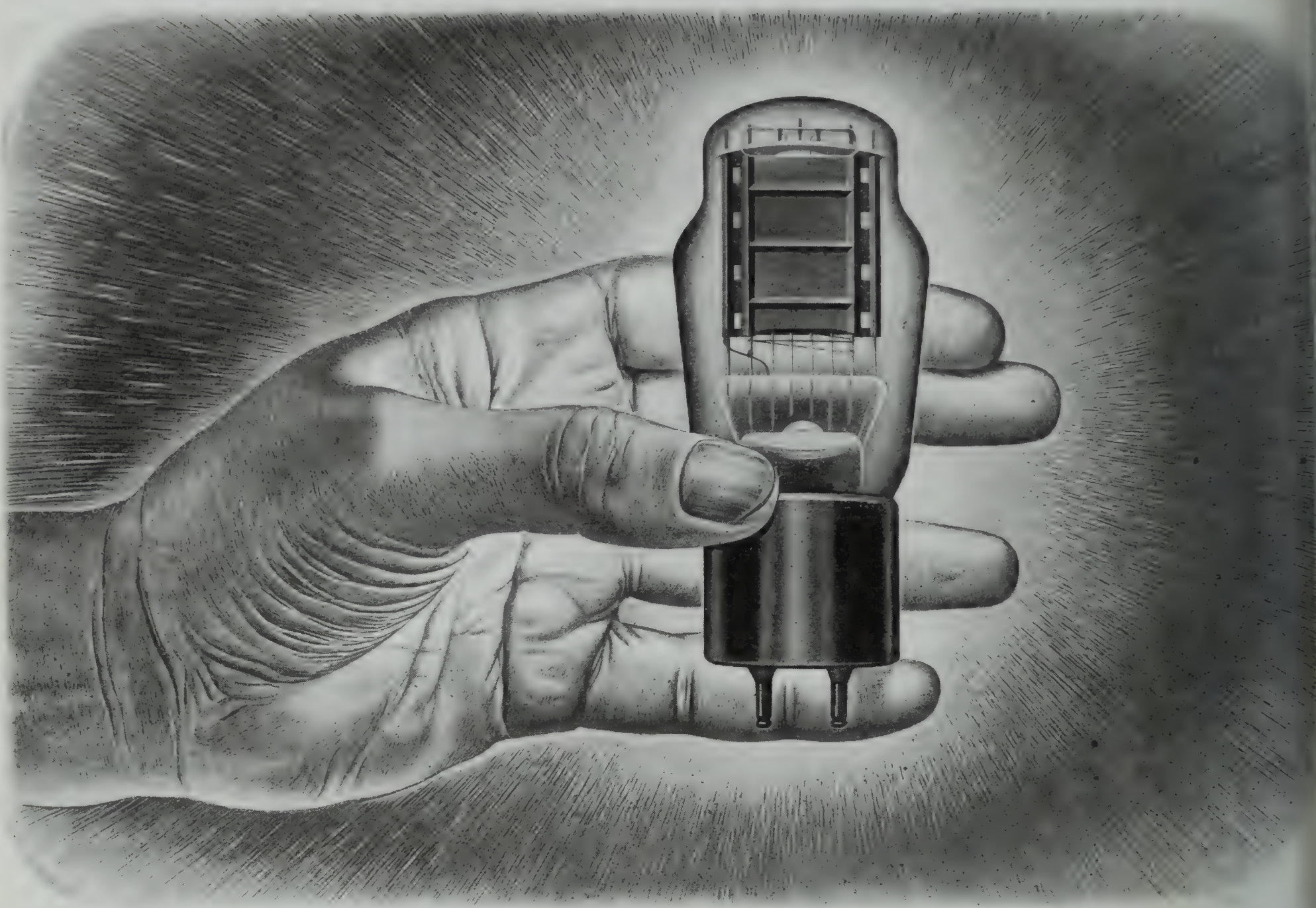
Buick powers the Liberator



WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

BETTER BUY BONDS • **BUICK** DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS** • BETTER BUY BONDS

"IT OUGHT TO GET A WAR MEDAL"



THIS little tube *can't* help you smell. But it *can* help you talk, see and hear. Right now, it helps direct guns, planes, ships. It ought to get a war medal.

It has given birth to a new art called Electronics.

In 1912 in the Bell Laboratories, Dr. H. D. Arnold made the first effective high-vacuum tube for amplifying electric currents.

Vacuum tubes made possible the first transoceanic telephone talk by the Bell System in 1915.

Vacuum tubes are used on practically all Long Distance circuits to reinforce the human voice.

That's why you can talk across the continent so easily.

Over 1,250,000 electronic tubes are in service in the Bell System. Bell Laboratories developed them, Western Electric made them.

But both Laboratories and Western Electric are busy now with war — turning out tubes and putting them to work in many a device to find and destroy the enemy on land, in the air, and under the sea.

After the war, this Bell System army of tubes will work in thousands of ways for peace.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

HELP THE WAR BY MAKING ONLY VITAL CALLS TO WAR-BUSY CENTERS. THAT'S MORE AND MORE ESSENTIAL EVERY DAY.

mained a noxious weedlike fellow stick-
in your eye.

"Jock used to be quite a genius," I said. "He may have a rebirth."

"When Jock Kane is reborn," said Vinsey, "it will be as a tarantula. He is a vious, greedy, and unscrupulous man who knows nothing and has the quality of murderer."

Vinsey watched me eat for a spell and then went on:

"On top of his faults, he has a vir- which is even worse. He loves Tu- . He sits around listening to Dodo and rolling his eyes like a little girl up to neck in art. And already he has swin- d him. Five per cent less royalties. A iful advance, only. And no say by ray in the casting. He begged, prac- ally on his knees, that Gita should play lead. She would be perfect. But Mr. ne, who loves him like a brother and ta like an uncle, would not even con- er it. Also, Mr. Kane has taken an ex- twenty-five per cent from Turay out of movie rights. But, this matters noth- . There will be no royalties, no movie e. There will be only a funeral."

Vinsey drew a deep breath and repeated cry of a month ago, "It must not be. e must save Turay from becoming one us—another broken-down genius from dapest who eats chicken paprikash and es to remember who he was. Dear end, I have a mission. I am going to event the New York critics from wiping t the last bit of glory that belongs to dapest. Gita Lengel is a bum. Fulka is a m. Lazlo, Holz, Dr. Alper-Mayer, Fo- r, Marisca, Litauer, Vinsey—we are all bums. But Turay is going to stay Turay."

Vinsey's eyes were glowing and he leaned forward with the air of a conspirator under a pier.

"Will you help in our cause and be a member of our committee?" he whispered.

I nodded.

"Then I will call for you tomorrow at seven," said Vinsey. "The producer is giving the celebration for the opening of rehearsals at Gita's home. Mr. Jock Kane dislikes public restaurants where the check interferes with the camaraderie."

I JOINED Vinsey and Fulka in the hotel lobby at seven.

"We are an hour early," Vinsey greeted me. "The dinner is at eight. We will spend the hour here, discussing the plot."

"The critics of New York," said Fulka, "once loved Turay. Twenty years ago, even twelve years ago, they considered him one of the world's greatest. Even today they are willing to admire him as a museum piece. What we are going to do," Fulka stared at me, "is arrange for the critics to hail The Pink Hussar when it opens, and fill the city with their love of Turay."

I stared back at Fulka and then at Vinsey. It seemed odd that two such witty men should take leave of reason together.

"What are you going to do?" I asked. "Bribe the critics?"

"In a way, yes," said Fulka. "Tonight Turay is going to be taken ill. Desperately ill."

"Dying," said Vinsey, happily.

"He is going to be rushed to the hospital," Fulka went on. "Dr. Alper-Mayer will attend him. In the morning the papers will be full."

"Turay stricken as his last and finest play goes into rehearsal," sighed Vinsey.

"And then," continued Fulka, "he will remain unconscious. His death will be assured. A matter of days. Perhaps hours."

"Wait a minute," I said. "Does Turay know about this?"

"Good heavens, no!" said Fulka. "We are not consulting him in any way."

"Then how is he going to get sick?" I asked.

Vinsey drew a small bottle out of his coat pocket.

"In his coffee tonight," he said quietly. "It is tasteless."

"What's in it?" I asked.

"I don't know the name," said Vinsey. "Dr. Alper-Mayer prepared it. Two spoonfuls will produce a heavy perspiration and also unconsciousness."

"He will have the seizure after he drinks the coffee," said Fulka. "Tomorrow when he wakes up in the hospital, we will give him another spoonful at noon. There is no danger. It is entirely harmless and even good for the nerves."

"That part of the whole thing is in Dr. Alper-Mayer's hands," said Vinsey. "We will work in another direction. The publicity."

"On the night of the opening of The Pink Hussar," Fulka said, "Turay will be in his last coma. Imagine the effect this will have on the critics. And the first-nighters as well. They will be listening not to a play but a swan song. Turay dying will be like an orchestra playing sweetly in

A "Pot" shape Super-Grain Kaywoodie, $5.00.

"I Smoke a Kaywoodie"

Here's a friend who never went back on me. I do the talking; he never talks back.

I sit and smoke my Kaywoodie, and pretty soon things all straighten themselves out.

I guess no man who ever drew that pleasing, provocative Kaywoodie smoke over his tongue, could keep on being troubled or perplexed very long. It's never bitter, never tiresome.

I'm not surprised that Kaywoodie is an international favorite—everywhere in the world. The Mediterranean briar that it's made of has proved to be the best material for pipes for a hundred years. And it's seasoned and cured beyond anything done to other pipes.

I never get too much of my Kaywoodie.

Kaywoodie Co., New York and London

In New York, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

The Week's Work

Ben Hecht

Sgt. Larry Reynolds

IF YOU'VE read the five stories by Ben Hecht which have appeared in Collier's this year—the latest is on page 12 of this issue—you've probably wondered how he can write about so many different places and such an amazing variety of people. There must be a reason for such versatility. Well, of course, we can't prove any connection, but it is a fact that at one time in his career, when he was ten, Hecht was an acrobat, one of the star attractions of Costello's road show in Wisconsin. In Chicago, where he was one of the famous group of literary fledglings which included Sherwood Anderson and Maxwell Bodenheim, there is a legend that Hecht wrote his first story standing on his head in Schlogel's Bar. And many of our literary critics, confused by his explosive style, his lusty interest in life, his extraordinary imagination and his adept handling of the grotesque and the macabre, insist that he hasn't yet found time to change his position. For our part, we don't care whether he writes standing on his head or sitting in Grandma's rocker, so long as he continues to write stories for us.

Unfortunately for the circus business but fortunately for Collier's, Hecht could see no future for himself as an acrobat, so he quit Costello's and went to work for the Chicago Daily News. He stayed there for nine years, writing principally sketches based on his observations in police courts and on the streets. Published in book form in 1922 under the title, 1,001 Afternoons in Chicago, these sketches are still considered probably the best human-interest stories ever written for an American newspaper. Several novels by Hecht appeared in the 1920's, and in 1928 he collaborated with Charles MacArthur on The Front Page, a violent play which brought the authors both fame and fortune. It has twice been made into a movie. In the early 1930's, Hecht and MacArthur produced a few movies on Long Island, and in 1937, Hecht signed a contract with Samuel Goldywn and became a movie writer at something like $6,000 a week. Although he was responsible for such popular films as Scarface, Viva Villa, and Nothing Sacred, he tired of Hollywood and its screwball antics after a few years, and he turned to writing fiction again. Just seven weeks ago, in collaboration, he produced a Hecht original which weighed 7 pounds 8 ounces and has been named Jenny.

IT PROBABLY isn't necessary for us to point out that there's no Butch cartoon in this issue. We'll hear about that from you along about next Tuesday. So we might as well announce now that there may not be a Butch cartoon in next week's issue, either. This lamentable lack of lawlessness in no way stems from paucity of enterprise on the part of either the artist or us. Nearly thirty of our regular cartoon contributors are now serving in the Armed Forces, and one of them is Larry Reynolds, whose Butch drawings during the past year have revealed his military progress. First, they signed Pvt., then Cpl., and now Sgt. Larry Reynolds. When he was plain prewar Larry Reynolds, the now 31-year-old and still unmarried cartoonist sold drawings to many magazines, but Collier's Butch and a quaint old lady called Grandmaw were his favorite subjects. Some readers preferred Grandmaw (Larry himself did, we suspect), but Butch finally nosed her out in popularity about three years ago and became what we hoped would be a regular weekly feature.

Therefore, whenever Larry gets a week end off from Fort Meade, Maryland, to visit his home in Pelham, New York, we waylay him and bring up the subject of Butch; but no amount of threatening, cajoling, or Scotch and soda will elicit any promises.

"Army life," Larry says, "is rugged, and after a day in the field, I'm in no shape to take pen in hand. Besides, did you ever try to draw a cartoon with an Army cot for a drawing board and a couple of interested buddies resting their chins on your shoulders?"

We always say no. "Well, then," concludes Larry, putting down his glass.

At this moment, Sgt. Reynolds is camping out at the A. P. Hill Military Reservation in Virginia, as a surveyor with his Field Artillery outfit. Frantically frustrated, we recently wrote him to ask when we might expect another Butch drawing. His response was prompt.

"We are settled here for what looks like a long stay," he explained. "Training is even more intensive than at Meade, but more interesting. I fired forward observation the other day. I bracketed my target after three or four sensings, which is about average for that type of firing. Best regards! Larry."

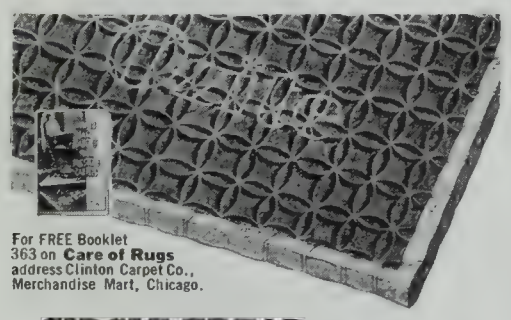
And that's what happened to Butch. ★★★

how much care are you giving your rugs now, to be *sure* they'll last? Remember, they're precious—good rugs and carpets are worth protecting.

to save rugs, turn them around every 3 to 6 months to distribute the wear. Change furniture, too, so lines of "traffic" are changed. Be sure your rugs are clean . . . and watch for moths.

care for even your oldest rugs before it is too late. Circle Tread Ozite Cushions will make them feel luxuriously new . . . prolonging their life amazingly. And the Circle Tread Ozite will still be good for use under new rugs later.

rugs worth using are worth Circle Tread Ozite. The cost is more than repaid by extra wear, plus a softness that enriches your entire home. Look now—have you any unprotected rugs? Then order Circle Tread Ozite today—but be sure you get the *genuine.*



For FREE Booklet 363 on **Care of Rugs** address Clinton Carpet Co., Merchandise Mart, Chicago.

CIRCLE TREAD

OZITE

RUG CUSHION

OZITE NOW MAKES AVAILABLE 3 WONDERFUL HOME CLEANING FLUIDS

DES-TEX FOAM
Soapless Shampoo for Rugs, Carpets, and Upholstery. You can clean your own rugs easily and beautifully right on the floor. Very economical.

DES-TEX DRY CLEANER
—for practically every type of fabric, especially woolens and silks. A perfect cleaner for twist-weave rugs and carpets, also mohair upholstery. A remarkable spot remover.

KLENS
Soapless Cleaner—amazingly effective for windows, glassware, painted surfaces, Venetian Blinds, tile, and all kitchen cleaning needs. Detarnishes Silver.

the wings. The reviews will be simply sensational. And then Turay will recover slowly."

"And retire," said Vinsey. "Another deathbed would give the show away." . . .

"You need worry about nothing," Vinsey whispered as we rang Gita's bell. "Everybody has been assigned a part to play."

"How about Kane?" I asked. "Is he in on it?"

"Heavens, no!" said Vinsey. "I would not trust a crook like Kane with an old shoe."

"We have saved the best news for you as a surprise," Fulka whispered. "There will be two critics at the dinner. Two big ones."

"That's a little dangerous," I protested.

"My dear friend," Vinsey said, "have no worry. We are the best actors in the world."

The room was filled. There were three aliens in ghostland—Jock Kane and two of the leading drama savants of the press. Fourteen of us sat at the table. Laughter rang. Witticisms bounced about like table-tennis balls. I looked nervously at the two captive critics, fearful that they recognize all this gaiety as that of a cast performing. But, no. They sat smiling politely through the great scene, hiding the discomfort of their wallflower souls in an air of tolerance and superiority. Their manner spoke that it was a noisy old-fashioned evening worthy of the museum piece who sat pensively at the head of the table. I wondered at this pensiveness and thought several times that I noted a frown on the child-like pink face.

Vinsey explained to me in a whisper as we left the table and scattered about the room for our coffee.

"Dodo is angry," he said. "He thinks we are trying too much to impress the critics with how gay and witty we are. He has an excellent sense of the theater. How he would enjoy the scene, if he only knew what it was."

Lazlo went to the piano.

"Dear ladies and gentlemen," he announced, puffing with four helpings of goulash, "I have arranged especially in honor of Mr. Turay a medley of his favorite songs—going back to when we were both boys together and in the cafés of Budapest they were singing—"

Lazlo began to play and the contralto of the Countess Graudenz sounded softly.

"Is it not beautiful?", Fulka whispered at my side. "He is going to die—with the music of his youth playing in his ears."

I looked at Turay who was frowning abstractedly over a coffee cup. The song ended and another tune was begun and then, suddenly—although I had been expecting it—Gita's voice cried out in fright.

Turay had dropped the coffee cup. He was swaying in his chair, his head rolling from side to side. Then, with a sigh, audible in the silenced room, the pink face and the gray hair slid to the rug.

THE morrow found the committee gaping at victory. The newspapers showered manna. We convened in my room, behind locked doors.

"Look at this one," said Vinsey and read aloud in a lover's voice, "'The stricken Turay's position in the theater is a high one. With G. Bernard Shaw he is the last of the great contemporaries.'"

"This one is better," said Fulka, and read, "'For the past twenty-five years Turay has been regarded as one of the theater's pillars of wit and ideas.'"

"Perfect, perfect!" Vinsey beamed. "We have, without question, scored a triumph."

For four days the committee sat on top of the world. The Unbelievable Plot was surpassing all their dreams of it. The press had taken the bit in its teeth and there was no need for publicity spurs. It offered interviews with Gita, Andri and Marisca, the three lovely ex-wives of Turay, and all at his bedside weeping in exotic unison—a scene the gifted playwright himself might have written. It told of messages from kings and coachmen, from big and little celebrities all over the world.

By Sunday the style of all the leading dramatic critics had undergone a change. They wheeled out whimsicalities and greeted the Grim Reaper hovering over the Hungarian genius as if they were Turays all, sprightly and wistful before disaster and never forgetting that life was a waltz. It was all highly wonderful, and the committee reeled about in its cups, giddy with the Hungarian renaissance that had smitten the town—until the fifth day.

VINSEY brought me the news. He was white, his eyes were bloodshot, his hands fluttered like fans. He entered, collapsed on the couch and sat moaning.

"Something gone wrong?" I said.

He nodded.

I asked what it was.

"It is too terrible to think about," Vinsey groaned. I poured him a large drink, which he swallowed abstractedly.

"Turay is sick," he said hoarsely.

"I know that," I said. "He's dying."

"Please, no!" Vinsey cried. "Don't say that! Don't!" He clapped both hands to his head and weaved as his eyes overran. "We have done something awful. It is the judgment of God."

"I'm waiting to hear," I said.

"I am telling you," Vinsey cried. "Turay is ill. He is unconscious. He cannot talk."

"You mean honestly ill?" I said.

"Honestly unconscious," Vinsey groaned. "Dr. Alper-Mayer did not give him the medicine yesterday. We were skipping a day. The committee had agreed that Turay should regain consciousness so he could make a little statement for the press. For his sake, you understand. He would never forgive us if we did not give him a little speaking part in his death scene."

Vinsey shuddered and I handed him another drink.

"Dr. Alper-Mayer telephoned me at nine," he whispered. "I flew to the hospital. There he was. Lying there, unconscious. Turay in a coma. A real coma."

"What does the doctor think it is?" I asked.

"He doesn't know." Vinsey wiped his eyes. "He examined him for two hours. The heart is beating—but that is all. I tell you we have killed him," he raised his voice, "the greatest mind in Europe."

"The medicine was harmless," I said. "I took some myself for a sleeping dose."

"It is not the medicine," Vinsey said. "It is the shock. Turay found out he was dying. Somebody must have left a newspaper by the bed. He read it while he was only half drugged. A sensitive soul like his. A mind so delicate, so open to phenomena! It reads it is dying. And it dies. It is psychological murder. We are a committee of murderers."

"What's being done?" I asked.

"Gita and Marisca have gone to church to pray," Vinsey whispered. "Fulka wants to give himself up to the police. Dr. Alper-Mayer has ordered some kind of a life-saving apparatus. And Lazlo and I have agreed to be buried on the same day with him—one on each side." Vinsey held out his empty glass and murmured, "A few last drops."

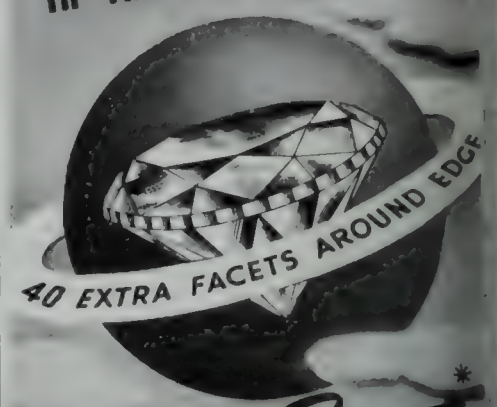
The committee crowded the hospital waiting room. Lazlo arrived last with all the afternoon papers. We listened as he read in a husky voice, "'The scene around the dying playwright is a page out of Murger's *La Vie de Bohème.* It is a wake of wit. Each of his old cronies vies with the other in gay reminiscences of Turay's spicy sixty-two years. Jests fly and chuckles sound, but behind the mirth is the tear of a waltz ending.'"

"That was yesterday," Fulka groaned.

"'The waltzes of Budapest play on,'" Lazlo continued reading.

"Shut up about waltzes," Gita cried

A NEW PLANET rises in the DIAMOND skies



Multi-Facet DIAMONDS

Cut with 98 Facets instead of the usual 58

The diamond world is agog with the advent of a dramatic new development. An exclusive method of diamond cutting makes possible 40 additional light-reflecting surfaces on Multi-Facet Diamonds. Impartial laboratory tests prove that these extra facets do provide measurably increased brilliance. Expert opinion confirms that these added facets also afford greater color intensity and help to prevent chipping . . . Multi-Facet Diamonds are available in smart rings from $100 at selected jewelers.

Write for important free book, "The Story of the Diamond."

LOUIS A. ROSELAAR
551 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

*Reg. App. for U. S. Pat. Off. Design Pat. App. for

WHEN FUMBLES *mean Death-*

Klikit FASTENERS COME THROUGH!

Seconds are precious - a snap fastener MUST work! No time to fumble with a stubborn fastener when the enemy is at hand . . . That's why Klikit Fasteners were chosen to serve our armed forces on Grenade Carriers, Parachutes, Cartridge Belts, Gas Masks, Tanks, Radios, Signal Corps, and other vital equipment.

★

Whether in war or in peace, Klikits, (Brother-in-Arms to the famous Gripzit buckle), always go on the best . . . Until Victory, Klikit snap fasteners are in battle dress, helping to make America's armed forces the best equipped fighters in the world.

Made Only By
RAU FASTENER CO.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES
CLEVELAND, N.Y. • MONTREAL • TORONTO

om the chair. The committee breathed eavily and avoided looking at one anher.

Dr. Alper-Mayer appeared. His beard istened, but his voice was calm. He owed in front of me and said, "Mr. Tuy wishes to speak to you, sir."

"He is alive!" Gita cried.

"We have rallied him slightly," said Dr. lper-Mayer. "Ice packs. Adrenalin. The ass drip. Electricity. We have overoked nothing."

"Is there hope?" Vinsey trembled.

"We are struggling with a hypnotic ate," Dr. Alper-Mayer said. "The life rce is gone."

"Think of it," Fulka moaned. "Turay hould become a zombie!"

"Not quite," Dr. Alper-Mayer said. There are left a few organs that have not ecome cataleptic. We are working on ese."

"But if he can speak," Lazlo cried, "that eans—"

"Nothing," Dr. Alper-Mayer interpted firmly. "He will go under in a few inutes. It is only a flicker. Please reember I have had many similar cases in ienna and Berlin. Hurry, please."

I followed him to the sickroom. He pened the door.

"I will wait outside," he said. "He wishes see you alone. At such a time we humor e aberration."

HE CLOSED the door behind me and I was alone with the dying Turay. I ared down at the wasted face on the pilw, and a distaste for Hungarian plots vercame me.

"Get me two bars of chocolate, please," e playwright whispered without opening is eyes, "and, if possible, a liverwurst ndwich. Soon as you can."

I stared.

"And be so kind to break the needle n that damn' machine." The blue eyes pened and scowled sleepily at the intraenous drip apparatus. "I need a colaborator," he sighed. "It is too big a roduction to handle by myself."

"Your friends outside," I began, "I'll all them."

"My God, no—please!" Turay whisered. "I will explain. I am nearly dead—ut only from hunger. I have been living or five days on dew. Maybe you can ring a chicken leg back in your pocket. No. Too dangerous. I could not swallow he bones. Sit down, please. As my collaborator, you will now hear everything."

I sat down and stared.

"When I woke up the first morning in the hospital," the wasted face resumed, "I knew right away what had happened. It is an old plot. Fulka and Vinsey may even be sued for using it. They were going to make The Pink Hussar a success by having me on my deathbed. The coffee was drugged, as in The Juggler's Return. I wake up. I read the papers and I understand everything. It is not a bad idea. But on the second day I begin to worry."

"You were unconscious." I stared down at the childlike face. "I was here. I saw you."

"I saw you, too." Turay smiled. "I was unconscious part of the time. The rest of the time I worried. You cannot play a death scene with epigrams and gypsy waltzes. My friends were behaving like an 1890 operetta. Did you read Fulka's interview about death is like a pierrot in a black ruffle? Very bad dialogue. It is the Hungarian failing. He writes with rouge." The voice grew fainter. "Do you know how I became famous? By not putting any jokes in my plays. I was the first Hungarian to write without epigrams. The whole world embraced me—with great relief."

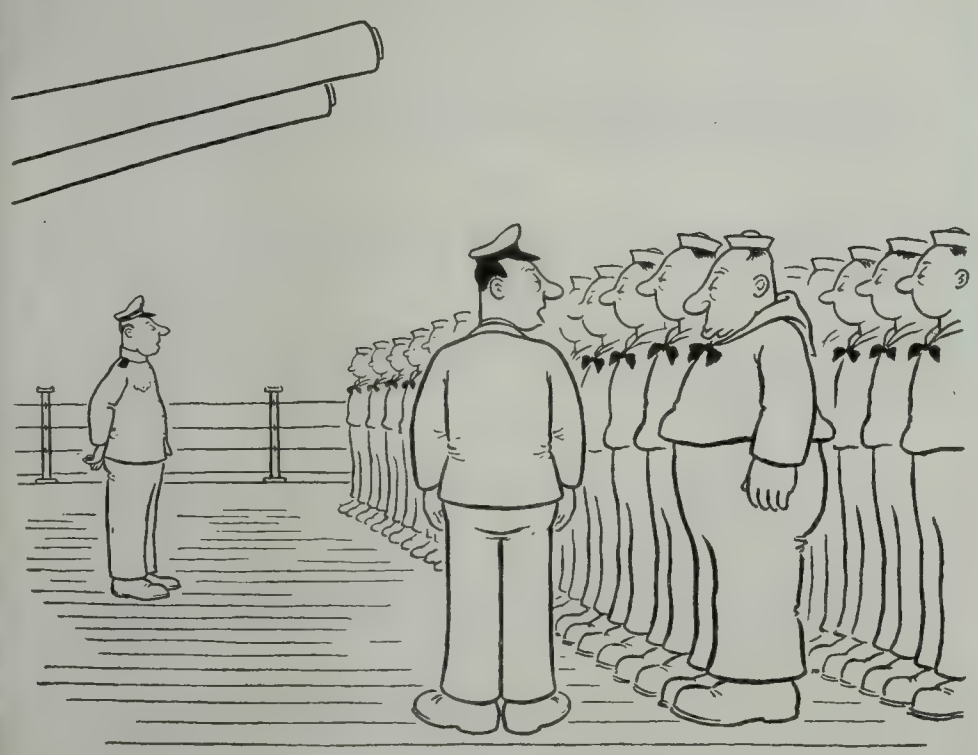
Turay sighed and rallied himself.

"You will bring some cheese with the liverwurst," he said.

"What kind?" I asked.

"A pocketful," he said weakly, "I am not particular. I will finish the plot for you. Yesterday, when that idiot Alper-Mayer—My God! He has been freezing and electrocuting me for thirty-six hours!" Turay's voice brightened as if he were only now waking up. "Yesterday he gave me no drug. I understood at once he was going to let me regain consciousness so the public would have some hope. And then I am drugged again and the grief is greater. This type of suspense is ridiculous. It is good only in the movies. Did you see the picture Little Women? Very sickening. As soon as I understand, I see it is my opportunity to take over the whole plot myself. I have a bottle of sleeping pills in my pocket. Very powerful ones—from Budapest yet. I hide the bottle under the mattress and I take three. You saw the improvement in the situation immediately. Vinsey, Fulka, Gita—all of them. Now they are acting with conviction. No more epigrams. And that idiot Alper-Mayer. He is behaving like a doctor. He is con-

ALFRED by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



COLLIER'S

"Alfred! Take that cotton out of your ears and listen to the captain! This is no time for personal feelings"

THIS CIGARETTE RECOGNIZED

by medical authorities—

PROVED less irritating to nose and throat

HERE'S the proof—from clinical tests with men and women smokers. The findings by distinguished doctors—reported in an authoritative medical journal—show that:

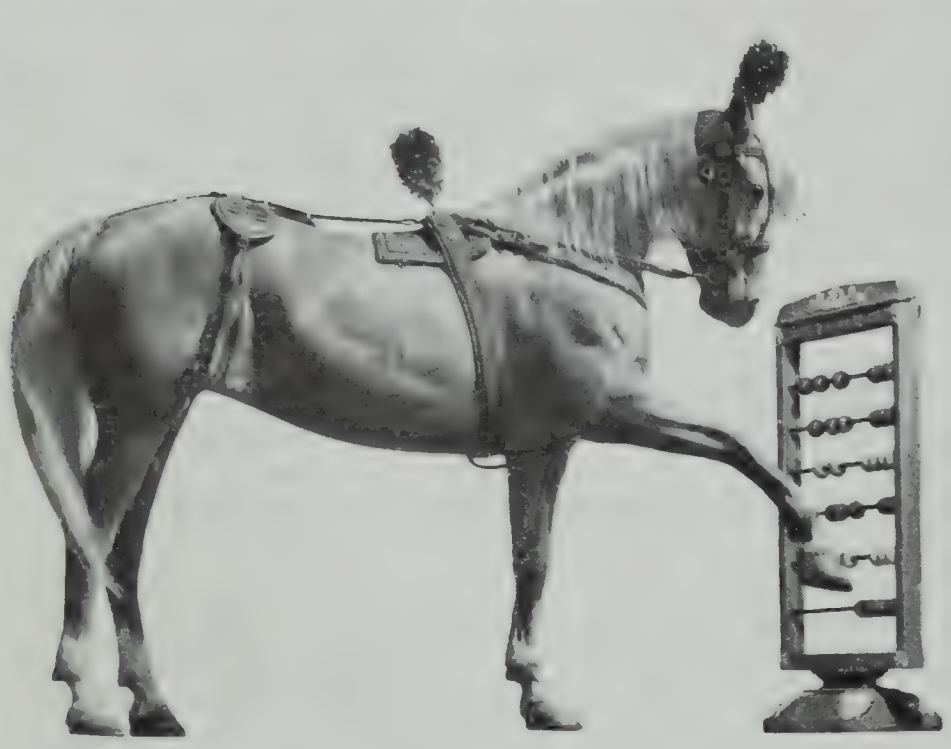
WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

finer-flavored—and finer in every way . . . America's FINEST cigarette! Try it

TERRY

the horse with the comptometer-mind



Several years ago, a farmer discovered that one of his work horses could add and subtract numbers up to ten, which is considerable smart for a horse.

But the farmer allowed that horses were supposed to be plough pullers and not cost accountants, so he up and sold the critter to a circus.

The circus changed the horse's name from Dobbin to Terry, and billed him as "The horse with the comptometer-mind." In no time at all, Terry was a sensation from coast to coast.

But one day a man with a brief-case walked into Terry's stall. He looked and spoke official-like.

He explained that "Comptometer" is a registered trade-mark, owned by Felt & Tarrant Manufacturing Co., and should be spelled with an *upper-case* "C." It is *not*, he insisted, a generic term. He presented Terry with a cease and desist order.

Terry listened to the man for a good while, and then kicked him ears over tincups. A little later a riot squad arrived at the circus and removed Terry to the local Bastille.

Today, Terry is a decrepit old plug. If it weren't for the rubber situation, he would probably be unemployed. Two butchers have already looked him over and said nix. He hauls a milk wagon, and counts milk bottles just for the hell of it.

And he still doesn't understand why the word "Comptometer" can't be used by everybody.

Felt & Tarrant Manufacturing Company, 1714 North Paulina Street, Chicago, Illinois, makers of Comptometer Adding-Calculating Machines.

BACK THE ATTACK—
WITH WAR BONDS

fused, desperate and he knows nothing."

"A sort of revenge on your friends," I said. "I can see its charm."

"No, please!" Turay smiled. "It is not revenge. It is Act Two—*my* act—with a new plot turn. You will help me?" he asked eagerly. "Please, I need you."

I nodded and Turay removed a bottle from under the mattress. He spilled three pills into his hand.

"I have learned to swallow them without water," he said. "It is quite a trick." He put the pills in his mouth. "In an hour I will be unconscious. You cannot wake me up with a hammer. In the meantime, here are the principal points of Act Two. With a hint of the theme of Act Three."

Five minutes later I joined the committee in the waiting room. They rushed toward me.

"His play?" I said. "He's worried about it. He wants to see Jock Kane at once."

Dr. Alper-Mayer, followed by a nurse carrying three large ice bags, hurried to the sickroom.

"Did you tell him he wasn't dying?" Fulka asked tensely.

"He only smiled," I said. "The hypnosis is very deep."

"His soul is exiting on a wrong cue," Vinsey moaned. "I am going in there and scream in his ears. The truth! The whole truth!"

"He will only think you are treating him like a child," I said. "Call up Jock Kane. It may be wise to humor him."

Jock Kane arrived from rehearsal in a half hour. He was left alone in the sickroom. The committee discussed him grimly for fifteen minutes. One and all were agreed that he was the greatest swindler and rogue in the history of the theater, and its lowest intellect. Jock finally came out. He was oddly changed. His dark, avid face with its scorpionlike glitter looked toward us with the gentleness of a Madonna. The unscrupulous eyes were wet with tears. He sat down beside Gita and took her hand.

"You are going to play the lead in The Pink Hussar," he said softly. "Report for rehearsal tomorrow morning."

"He asked for it," Jock continued in a purring voice. "It was wonderful. If I live to be a thousand I'll never forget that scene. A human soul stripped bare. He could hardly speak. He sounded just like a little child whispering in the dark. He took my hand like this and said softly, simply—that God was good to him because He had provided a great producer for the epilogue. Then he said to me, 'You were right about Gita. She is not ideal for the part. But with your genius as a director, she will be perfect. You will remove from her that phony Hungarian foolishness. You will breathe reality into her.' Then he smiled and said, 'When I am in my box on opening night—in my little box with the satin lining, I will feel closer to heaven if Gita is behind the footlights again.' "

Jock paused and looked far away.

"Those were his last words," he whispered.

A sob came from the window where Andri sat with two newspaper reporters. Gita's head drooped, and Jock put an arm around her.

"You must be a soldier," he said, "and forget everything. Forget your grief, your heartbreak and your Hungarian tricks. And turn in the wittiest performance of your life."

Gita nodded, and a flashlight exploded.

I RETURNED to the hospital at midnight. Dr. Alper-Mayer was in the corridor with two interns. He seemed to have aged. The three were grouped around a large apparatus.

"I was going to try electric shock tonight," Dr. Alper-Mayer muttered sleepily, "but this *verdamte* machine is broke again. That is American equipment for you!"

I entered the sickroom and slid a bag full of dainties on the closet shelf. It was dangerous but the plot called for it.

For a week I played blockade runner

LONGER SERIAL INSTALLMENTS !

In Collier's for October 9th, you will find one serial story instead of two.

•

Each installment will be twice as long as the present ones.

•

From now on each serial will be completed in four weeks.

•

In the course of a year Collier's will bring you more serials than before.

•

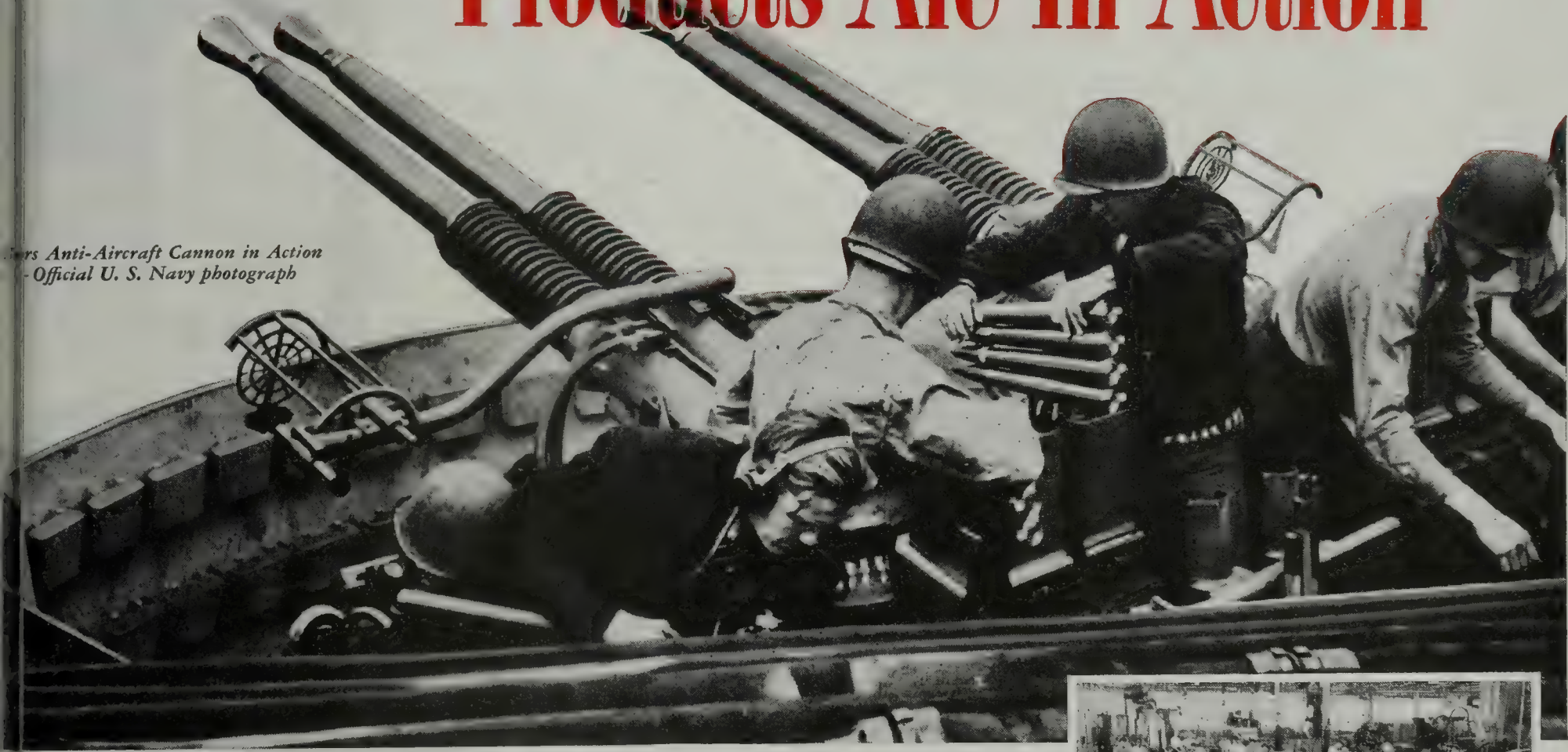
The first novel to be presented in this new way will be

NOBODY LIVES FOREVER

an important new story by **W. R. Burnett,** who wrote LITTLE CAESAR, HIGH SIERRA, WAKE ISLAND, and many other famous books and moving pictures.

De Soto

Products Are In Action



rs Anti-Aircraft Cannon in Action
- Official U. S. Navy photograph

On War Fronts Abroad *and* At Home

s, De Soto can be followed to the battle-nts of the world—where famous Sherman ks go into action; where the great B-26 rauder bombers take the air; where ghty Bofors anti-aircraft cannon bril-ntly repel enemy attack.

The same craftsmen, who used to make Soto cars for you, are now making vital rts of these most powerful and essential apons of modern war. There can be no eater evidence of De Soto war-time quality and service than the performance of these weapons whenever they go into action.

. . . On the war-fronts at home, De Soto holds firmly its place in the Nation's transportation system with half a million vehicles in essential use, and also by the thorough job being done by De Soto dealers everywhere in maintaining, in top condition, these De Soto products of peace.

DE SOTO WAR PRODUCTION includes the precision building of airplane wing sections—bomber fuselage nose and center sections—vital assemblies for anti-aircraft guns and General Sherman Tanks—and a wide variety of special manufacturing services to a large portion of American war industry.

•

DE SOTO DEALERS, too, are carrying on—standing by their country and their De Soto owners—whose cars are safely entrusted to their expert care for needed parts and service.

•

DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

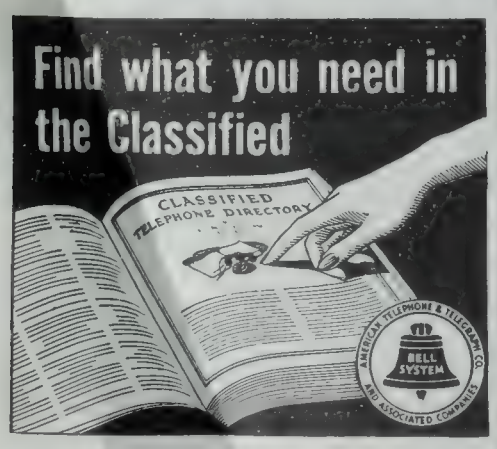
Back the Attack—With War Bonds

TUNE IN ON MAJOR BOWES, EVERY THURSDAY, 9:00 TO 9:30 P. M., EASTERN WAR TIME

It's patriotic to Patch-it-up

In these days of shortages what do you have that repairing can restore? A suit? A bicycle? A washing machine? A radio? Then look in the Classified pages of your telephone book.

There you'll find local people for the jobs. It's the direct way. It saves needless shopping around.



and my hat went off to Hungarian courage. Bedeviled by Dr. Alper-Mayer and his ice bags, electric shocks and mass drips, Turay kept heroically to his six sleeping pills a day—three in the morning and three at midnight. This allowed him a few hours of fuzzy articulation. It was during these hours that he performed his wonders.

Vinsey brought me the news of them. A second deathbed scene with Jock Kane had resulted in Vinsey receiving a ten per cent cut of The Pink Hussar as a gift. Turay had offered to buy this for his old friend, but Jock had refused to accept any money. Three newspapermen had been present to applaud this scene of largess. And on the following day Andri was announced as having joined the cast of The Pink Hussar in the important part as the Young Ghost. The afternoon papers carried news of a third substitution. Madam Marisca had been coaxed into playing the Old Ghost, another vital role in the eagerly awaited fantasy. And all three substitutions had brought only gallant phrases from the actresses who had yielded their places. Two of them had even gone so far as to tear up their run-of-the-play contracts. This was all in deference to Turay. What more fitting than the dying dramatist should have his last play performed by the three women he had loved and made famous?

But Vinsey, Gita, Marisca, and Andri were only part of the achievements of the wily possum of Hungarian letters. One of the more emotional gazettes offered on Wednesday the opening chapter of a serial entitled, Turay—The Last Smile of Europe. It was written by Janos Fulka, identified as the most renowned and cleverest critic in Europe. And it was illustrated by Stephan Holz, identified as the foremost caricaturist of the Continent. Fulka had launched a sprightly tale of Budapest's art life. There were enough epigrams in the first installment to stun any salon. None of them, however, were about critics. And there was, lastly, the wonder that befell Lazlo, the unemployed waltz king and mighty eater. An entr'acte score was being specially composed by him for The Pink Hussar, a score destined to jingle for months over the air waves.

OF HOW these amazing things had happened, I received only bewildered and hysterical accounts from Vinsey.

"He held the editor's hand in his coma," Vinsey reported, "and he was barely able to talk. We all thought it was the final scene. 'If I live,' he said—I never cried so much, I swear to you. Gita and Andri, too. It was unbearable. 'If I live,' he said, 'I would like to write my life for your paper. It is the perfect paper for my life. But I would be cheating your paper. Because it would not be as well written as if Janos Fulka wrote it. For drama, me. For prose, Fulka. He is our greatest genius.'" Vinsey sighed. "The same way with Holz and Lazlo. A few words he speaks. Then his eyes become glazed. His voice disappears. And the coma comes back. Death is beside him again. We hear only phrases out of a tomb—a living tomb."

I listened to Vinsey daily, read the paper, smuggled in the cheese and chocolate bars, and watched the second act unfold. The master dramatist, soggy with sleeping pills, recoiling under Dr. Alper-Mayer's scientific assaults, operated without falter.

We had a last whispered conference in the sickroom the night before the opening of The Pink Hussar. I suggested to Turay that he begin his recovery and so lighten the spirits of his cast.

"The girls sit and cry between scenes," I told him.

He looked at me wearily and his voice was blurred.

"No," he said, "it is better this way. They will give a wretched performance. They will overact. They will frighten the audience with their gaiety. But this hysteria will be mistaken by the critics for genius. Thank God, I will not be there to see it." The voice weakened. "My last five pills," he murmured, "I am taking them all at once in the morning." He opened his palm and looked dully at the five pellets. "I assure you I will not be nervous on this opening night." He smiled and dozed off.

THE great triumph of The Pink Hussar is theatrical history. The three new dramatic stars, Gita Lengel, Madam Marisca, and Luba Andri are also theatrical history. The names Janos Fulka and Stephan Holz are loud in the gossip columns, dinner parties and fancy barrooms where the arts still find precarious haven. Lazlo, the new Lehar, is the toast of all radio lovers. These matters need no further comment.

The triumph of Dr. Alper-Mayer is, however, a little less known. His great work in pulling Turay back from the very brink of the grave, has resulted in medical recognition unprecedented among refugee doctors. He has not only an office crowded with adoring patients, but is busy almost nightly lecturing to psychiatric and neurological societies. The Alper-Mayer treatment for narcolepsy, so successfully practiced on Turay, is certain to win world renown for the hyphenated scientist.

I sat with Turay alone in his new apartment a month after the opening. It was Sunday and the dramatic sections of the morning papers were scattered around his bed. The playwright was still weak, but the pinkness was returning to his dreamy face. Each time I saw him I was bowled over anew by his continued modesty, for he had revealed to none of his friends the manner in which he had toiled and suffered to reinstate them in the arts.

"The critics continue to be very kind to me," he said. "Did you read them today? I am the spirit of the waltz. I am the spirit of democracy. I am the spirit of the ages." He smiled. "I will tell you something secret. The Pink Hussar is not a very good play. I sneaked in and saw it for the first time last night. What awful direction! It is like a ballet under water. That Jock Kane is a complete imbecile. And the acting! Even Gita. Abominable. And the play is no better. Those speeches by the ghosts and God. They are absolutely without meaning. Why didn't somebody have sense enough to cut them out? Yet everybody raves—the critics, the audience. Imagine standing room only for a Hungarian play! They applaud. They weep and laugh. It is things like that that make me love the theater. Everywhere else people see only what is before them. In the theater they see what is inside them. I am happy to be the spirit of the ages for them."

Vinsey came in.

"Ah!" He embraced me. "I am glad you are here. Tonight we are having a party. Everybody will be there—including an old friend of Turay's. Did you tell him yet, Dodo?"

Turay shook his head.

"Mr. Mangriff," said Vinsey, "the munitions maker who is a refugee. But a special kind of refugee. A refugee with millions. Turay read him your script. He's mad to be the second money. Tomorrow morning he puts $200,000 in the bank. Tomorrow also Gita marries Fulka, and Andri marries Lazlo. That is why the party. And tomorrow I am a producer again. Everybody is famous and everybody has money. How can such things happen?"

I looked at Turay sitting on his throne of Sunday dramatic columns. The pink hussar who had ridden singlehanded to the rescue of Budapest's ghostland winked at me like a happy child.

THE END

Nichevo Means "So What!"

Continued from page 22

built by the sacrifices of Russian civilians over a 10-year period was almost completely annihilated.

The most productive land in Russia was in the hands of the Germans. Great industrial centers like Smolensk, Kharkov, Rostov and Odessa fell. People wore grim faces in those days as the enemy approached the gates of Moscow, but when you mentioned the tragedy they merely shrugged their shoulders as the peasant had done in 1860, and murmured, "Nichevo!"

Voroshilov and Budenny took hundreds of thousands of new recruits back between the Volga and the Urals to train them with desperate haste. These green, untried troops were thrown into the breach and it was they who saved Moscow in the counterattack on Mozhaisk in the winter of 1941. Thousands and thousands were killed, but they died with their faces toward the enemy. And the German advance slowed down and finally halted.

No defeat, no tragedy could shake the imperturbable nature of these men and women who were so confident of their ultimate destiny. In the fall of 1941 Moscow was bombed nearly every night. I was in the capital then.

"But the bombing is sure to get worse," you'd say, with visions of London bombings in your mind.

"Nichevo! Nichevo!" the Moscowites would laugh. "What of it?"

In the Face of Disaster

Every day in Moscow you hear tales based on the philosophy of "Nichevo!" After Stalingrad was successfully defended, the papers carried stories of the destruction of the city. Newsreels showed to somber Moscow audiences scenes which revealed that the ruin of the city was complete. Literally not one building remained in this city of a million people—a city twenty miles long and a half mile wide.

One newsreel ended with a citizen of Stalingrad crying out, *"Nichevo! Novyi postroim!"* (So what? We'll build a new one!) The city had been absolutely destroyed, even to the sewers and water pipes underground. Today this corpse of a city is rising from its grave.

The spirit of Nichevo is just as strong at the front as it is among the civilian population. One of Russia's greatest air aces is Lieutenant Narses Stepanyan. He is one of the few to receive the highest award given by the government. He was made a hero of the Soviet Union. This award has the same significance, and is as rarely awarded, as the British Victoria Cross and our own Congressional Medal of Honor.

Pilot Stepanyan recently received a letter from the girl he was engaged to marry. She was working as a secretary to a government official in Tashkent. Her letter told tearfully of the unwelcome attentions she was receiving from her boss. Unless she complied with his wishes, she wrote, he would discharge her and make it impossible for her to get another job.

Stepanyan wasted no time. He ran to his Yak (the standard Russian fighter plane), refueled and flew off toward faraway Tashkent. He stormed into the office where his girl worked. He grabbed the villain of the story, knocked out some of his teeth, gave him a thorough beating and then went to the authorities and told them what he had done. They looked at the shining gold star on his chest. They heard his story. They hauled the amorous official before them, tried him immediately and sent him to the clink.

To take advantage of one's official position to further personal love affairs is one of the most serious crimes in Russia. Stepanyan took his girl to the registry and they were married. Then he hopped back in his plane and headed for the front to take his medicine.

He went to his commanding officer, who had been disturbed at the disappearance of his ace fighter. He told his story simply, without excusing himself.

"You realize that you are guilty of desertion and you know the penalty for that?" the commanding officer said sternly. "Yes, tovarisch commander," Stepanyan said indifferently. "You can either have me shot or allow me to go on shooting Germans. In any case—Nichevo!"

The understanding commander allowed him to go on shooting Germans.

The spirit of Nichevo is one which comforts sorrowing parents who have lost sons at the front, and it is the word which helps young widows to bear the loss of husbands.

At the Metropole Hotel in Moscow, where the correspondents live, I often saw examples of it. There were twelve American and British correspondents at the hotel. Each of us had a woman who acted as secretary-interpreter-assistant.

It was impossible for any of us to operate without such an assistant. Four of these women had lost husbands at the front; two had lost sons; and two had lost brothers. But they never mentioned these tragedies to us. Yet they were normal, sensitive women who were suffering just as American women suffer. But they did not show their sorrow.

Typical of the way they took refuge in the protective shell which the word Nichevo gives them is the incident of Tania Andreitch, who gives Russian lessons to several of the correspondents.

One morning I was having breakfast with David Nichol, of the Chicago Daily News, in his room. His secretary came in to say that she hardly thought that Tania Andreitch would be able to give Nichol his usual lesson that morning.

"She got word last night," the secretary said, "that her husband had been killed in the Kuban fighting. They have only been married a year."

A few minutes later, Tania Andreitch walked into the room. Her face was calm, and she even smiled a bit as she said good morning. Nichol and I were both embarrassed.

There are times when words of sympathy seem impertinent, and this was one of those times. But Nichol managed somehow to convey his appreciation of her sorrow and suggested that the Russian lessons be postponed for a few days.

No Time for Sorrow

"Nichevo! Nichevo!" the Russian teacher said without expression. "Now, Mr. Nichol, let us go on. You remember we were on the subject of adjective endings. Unlike English, Russian adjectives . . ."

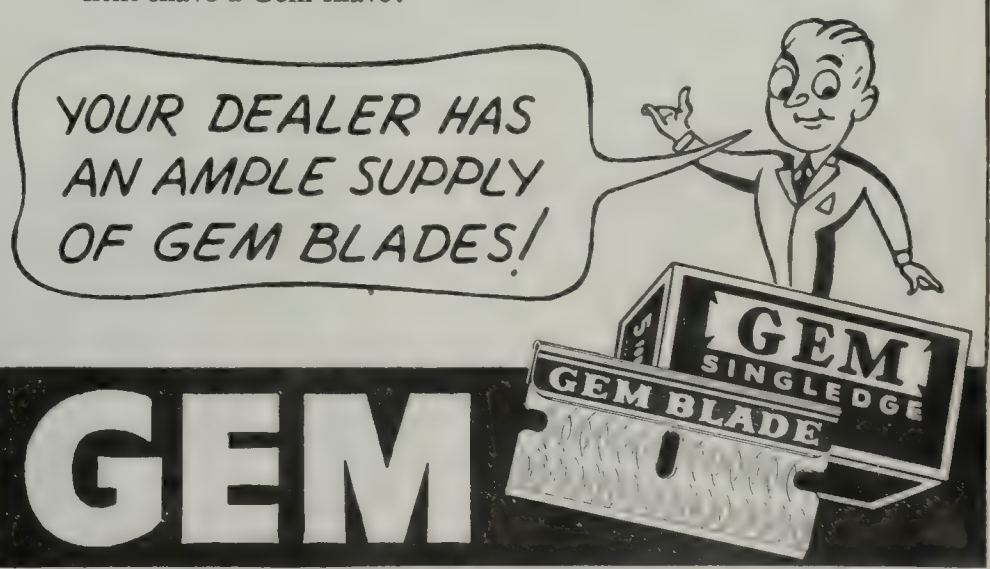
The lesson proceeded as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened—as though tragedy hadn't struck at her. This implied no lack of affection for her dead husband. It was merely an admission that no matter what had happened, life must go on, and that her personal tragedy should not be allowed to interrupt the normal day's work.

Even Stalin accepts this difficult philosophy. His son, Major Jacob Dzugashvili—Stalin's family name—had been with the Red army since the Germans invaded. The fact that he was Stalin's son did not make him news in the sense that the son

WHEN YOU SHOULDER ARMS—
AVOID '5 o'clock Shadow'!

1. **In Our Manual of Arms** this pleasant maneuver calls for the clean-chin technique. She'll linger longer if you avoid "5 o'clock Shadow" by shaving with a genuine Gem Blade.

2. **Gem's a Thicker, Tougher Blade . . .** Sturdy Gem is stropped to a deep wedge-edge. No flimsy steel can stand up to such a stropping or take such a keen, *long-lasting* edge. Make your next shave a Gem shave!



GEM

Your Gem Razor must last you for the duration; dry it carefully after each shave.

first readers' eyes

NEED THIS SPECIAL CARE

See that they have good "See-ability"

WHEN they're just beginning to enjoy reading—that's when you have to watch "See-ability" like a hawk. Because, then, children will sit down anywhere, read or study, regardless of the light.

Get more light from every lamp

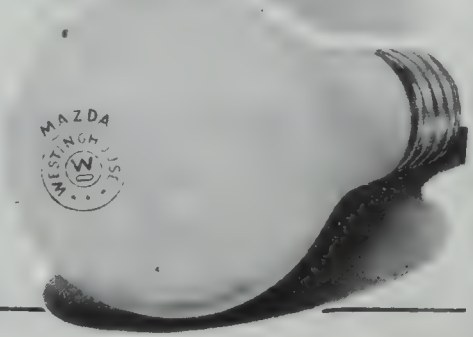
YOURS is a double duty. First, protect childhood's precious sight by means of good "See-ability" from good lighting. At the same time, with fewer lamps available, get the most light possible. (1) Move lamps closer to work or reading. (2) Keep lamps, shades, reflectors, clean. (3) Use only lamps you need—when you need them.

FOR ADDITIONAL SUGGESTIONS on better "See-ability" and how to get it, see new Westinghouse booklet "How To Get More Light For Your Money." Write for copy, Dept. C-9, Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., Bloomfield, N. J. *Plants in 25 cities . . . offices everywhere.*

Westinghouse

* MAZDA LAMPS *

FOR BETTER "SEE-ABILITY"



of any famous American would be news to us.

One day there was an article in Red Star, the official army newspaper. It was by a Russian colonel whose unit had been surrounded near Smolensk. The unit was completely wiped out, or captured. Later, the colonel escaped from his German captors, and in this article he told the story of the battle. He told of the bravery of his men and he ended by writing: "Major Jacob Dzugashvili fired his gun until the very last. He died fighting."

That is how Russia learned that Stalin's son had been killed in action. Neither Stalin nor any of his government ever mentioned the tragedy. No paper ever carried an editorial or a comment upon the death of the young major. The death of one man was not important enough in the long run to affect the destiny of Russia. Stalin? Who knows what he thought? Probably he, too, when informed of it, merely said, "Nichevo," and went on with his work.

Not long ago I visited the large Bodkin Hospital in Moscow. A Soviet pilot was recovering from his wounds, and we talked of air fighting and of the various types of fighter aircraft used by the Red air force.

He had received his wounds when shot down by a Messerschmitt 109-F. He had been flying a Yak. I asked him how he liked the Yak.

"All right," he said indifferently. "Of course it isn't as good as a Messerschmitt 109 or a Focke-Wulf 190. When we fight those planes, we cannot take the initiative. They can climb faster than we can and dive faster, too."

"You'll be going back soon?" I asked.

"Yes, and I'll be glad to be back at the front," he said earnestly. "It will be good to be fighting again."

"Even if you have to fight against superior planes?" I asked.

He smiled carelessly. "Nichevo! Nichevo! What if their planes are a bit better? We will do all right."

Russia would have been crushed a year ago if it hadn't been for the spirit of Nichevo. They have spent two dreadful winters living on poor and scanty food rations. Last year there was virtually no fuel for civilian use, but they refused to let this discourage them. Each subordinated his personal comfort and health to the welfare of the country and to the furtherance of the war effort. In any consideration of the military problems ahead, the spirit of the people must be taken into account, just as the number of their guns, tanks and aircraft must be taken into account.

This word Nichevo is nothing new. It beat Napoleon in 1812 as any reader of Tolstoi knows. The Czar pleaded with General Kutuzov to attack. Kutuzov merely said: "Nichevo! They will beat themselves." And so it turned out in an icy winter of retreat.

Defeat is Inconceivable

Ask a Russian how his country can possibly be strong after the horrible losses in manpower and land and industry of the past two years, and he will shrug his shoulders once more and be unable to rationalize his confidence.

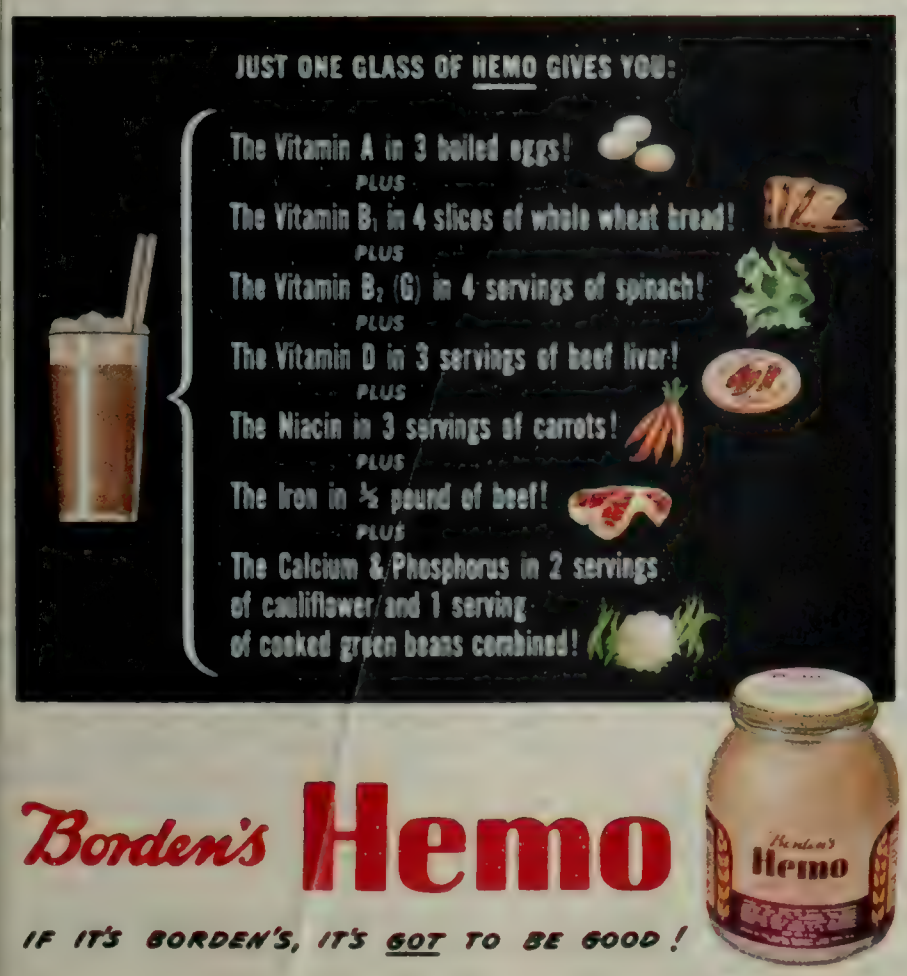
He doesn't know how Russia can survive; doesn't even know how Russia can withstand another terrible winter, but he does know that Russia will survive and will, if need be, withstand more than one more terrible winter.

This idea is his faith and his philosophy, and back of it in the hearts and souls of men is that one word which has come down through the centuries; that glorious, easy-to-pronounce and hard-to-understand word—"Nichevo!"

THE END

COLLIER'S "Would you people mind leaving me alone for a few minutes? I have something very confidential to say on the phone" I. KLEIN

Hemo can help you work better, too— Drink your Vitamins and like 'em!



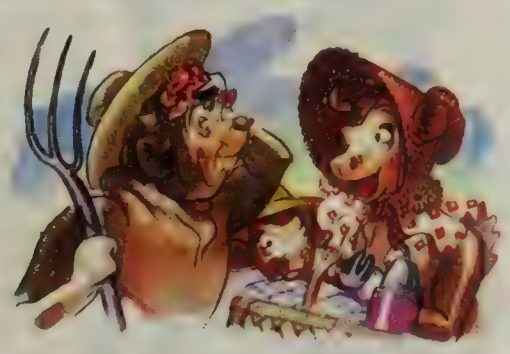
Borden's Hemo

IF IT'S BORDEN'S, IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

"ELMER, I'm proud of you!" praised Elsie, the Borden Cow. "You do more haying than any ten men on the place! Must be all the HEMO I feed you!"

"Ho, Ho!" roared Elmer. "So HEMO made me what I am today?"

"Not entirely, dear," laughed Elsie. "But it does help keep you fit. HEMO's a wonderful way for *all* hard-working folks to get needed vitamins. And, as you know, government authorities say that 3 out of 4 Americans may not get enough of them with meals. Now, with food shortages and rationing, isn't it just possible—?"



"Isn't it possible," cut in Elmer, "that you're a bit prejudiced in favor of HEMO?"

"And with very good reason!" answered Elsie emphatically. "JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO (mixed in milk) gives you half your daily needs of Iron, Calcium, and Phosphorus; and Vitamins A, B_1, B_2(G), D, and Niacin. Of course . . . wartime conditions

prevent putting Vitamin C in HEMO. But, folks can get that in fruit and tomato juices."

"Oh, I see! No C!" chortled Elmer. "But do you have to go on raving about HEMO, while your husband goes raving mad with thirst? What's in that thermos, woman?"

"Nice cool HEMO," replied Elsie. "And just as soon as you finish up this load, we'll all sit down and have a glassful!"

▶ Serve HEMO every day at home. The full-pound jar costs only 59¢. And when you're downtown, get HEMO at soda fountains, made up in any flavor you prefer. HEMO picks you up between meals; HEMO and a sandwich make a tasty, wholesome lunch. © Borden Co.

Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS — Saturday Night — NBC Network

Corner of Heaven

Continued from page 23

the sum of twenty thousand dollars, free of inheritance—"

"What!" Mitzi interrupted, her face first flushing deep red and then paling as suddenly. "And the rest to whom?" she demanded, staring blankly at the lawyer.

"The rest of the estate was to go to Griselle Mountjoy," McMurray said in his completely expressionless tones. "But I must remind you," he went on quickly, "that this is not a valid document."

"To me!" Griselle gasped. "But why to *me?*"

"That I have no idea," said the lawyer dryly.

"But—but—but that's crazy!" Griselle protested, and there was a brief moment of nervous laughter.

"However," Walter McMurray said, ending the pause briskly, "we have now to find Catherine Johansen. Do you know that name, Mrs. Armitage?"

MITZI had sunk into her chair. She looked stunned.

"No; I never heard it," she said dully.

"Did you, Miss Mountjoy?"

"Never," Griselle answered, shaking her head.

"You saw a good deal of the general when you were living at your grandfather's home?"

"Well, yes, we did. My grandfather and he were old, old friends."

"But you never met this Catherine Johansen?"

"No; I never saw her or heard of her. I was just twenty when my grandfather died, but she might have been someone he and the general knew when I was quite small," Griselle said, frowning in an effort to recollect.

"Not among your mother's letters or papers—diaries, something like that?" McMurray persisted.

"She didn't write a diary," Griselle said; "but there were old letters up in a Chinese leather box in the attic. I used to read them rainy afternoons. Sometimes I'd bring one downstairs and read it to my grandfather. But I never saw that name."

"And where are those letters now?"

"Mostly burned. They weren't letters that she wrote," Griselle explained. "They were letters from other people—friends of hers. Girls she'd gone to school with, and one aunt, Aunt Caroline. She was an old Mrs. Butler—Mrs. Carberry Butler. But she died a long time ago. They didn't mean much to me because I didn't know the people. We cleared them all out. Miller and I got the place ready to sell; we had bonfires going there for days."

"Your mother was Laura Carberry?"

"Yes. She married my grandfather's only son after the big war. My father was Oliver Mountjoy," Griselle answered.

"Not such a big war, but I know when you mean," Walter McMurray said with a rather wry smile. "You'd no brothers and sisters?"

"No. I was only a baby when my father died."

"Well," McMurray said, on a long, baffled sigh, "you may be the only person to benefit under this will. I'll write these people at once, of course," he added, glancing at the engraved lettering on the envelope. "They may be able to place Catherine Johansen. You think Andrew Cruickshank had no children?" The question was directed toward Doctor Cruickshank.

"Andy? No. Never married. He was my grandmother's favorite son, I believe," Sam Cruickshank said. "She lived with him until she was a very old woman. After that he lived alone. If you don't need me any further—" he went on, interrogatively. McMurray shook his head.

"No," he said dubiously. "I'll see what I can find out, and let you all know, of course. I appreciate that this is disappointing to you. We may be able to clear it up."

"And what about making sure that Uncle Andrew didn't leave another will?" Mitzi persisted.

"We will remember that. His desk—his papers—those have been locked up. He also had a safe deposit box. It is possible, of course, that we may find something there. But in view of our very recent conversation I don't think it probable," the lawyer said. He began to put papers back into his brief case.

"My head aches," Mitzi said, tears coming into her eyes. "I'm going upstairs to lie down. Griselle," she said in a low tone as the Cruickshanks engaged McMurray in conversation, "is Alan still here?"

"I think he is," Griselle said; "he was talking to those newspapermen from the city, and he said he would sit on the porch steps and see that nobody disturbed us."

"Will you tell him I want terribly to see him, upstairs in my room, in about ten minutes?"

"I'll tell him." Griselle followed the Cruickshanks to the front door; Alan was on the porch in one of the basket chairs. He got up and came toward them, and when Mollie and the doctor had gone away, he and Griselle sat down on the top step side by side.

"This is a queer state of affairs," Alan said to her seriously. "After last night—when I couldn't sleep for sheer happiness—"

"No, nor I either," Griselle finished the sentence, smiling. "But you don't really know how queer all this is," she said. "The old general died of an overdose of sleeping pills, or at least they say he did, and they're having an autopsy. And from the way they talk they think—or no, they don't think it exactly, but they want to know how much Mitzi knows about it. And as if that wasn't bad enough, the general didn't leave her one cent in his will. No; nor the Cruickshanks, either. Isn't that a shame!"

"Say, that is a shame," Alan agreed, amazed. "What'd he do with it all?"

"He left it to some old friend in the East. His will is twenty years old. Mitzi says she *knows* there's another will somewhere, but Mr. McMurray thinks not. Mitzi just seems broken. I don't think in her *life* she's ever felt so low," Griselle said impressively. "She just looked ghastly when he had read the will."

"Could it be an old sweetheart?"

"You mean this Catherine Johansen? I've known the general since I was a baby, but I never heard of her."

"GRISELLE!" Mitzi called from somewhere inside the house.

"Coming!" Griselle called back. She and Alan went into the hall. Mitzi, in a floating black garment, was coming down the stairs.

"Listen, Mitzi," Griselle said immediately, "it's six o'clock. The doctor and Aunt Mollie are going over to the mortuary at seven. You'd better get into street clothes and come home and have supper with me. Or aren't you going?"

Mitzi, followed by the others, had made her way into the glass-walled room beyond the sitting room; now she extended herself on the lounge. She was pale and her face wore a sorrowful and weary expression, but Griselle thought that she had never seen even Mitzi look so lovely. The deep shadows about them only made her eyes look bluer; her long

"I'll dance around him a few times but if that doesn't help you'll have to get him down to my office for some X-rays"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

hes were still wet from tears; her nder little body was exquisitely set off her diaphanous gown, and the late el sunlight, slanting into the sun parlor, ned her mop of bright curls into an reole of gold.

"Alan, what a day!" she faltered, exding a small, soft hand to him as he sat wn beside her. "You've come back t when I needed you!"

"It's been pretty bad, hasn't it?" he said. just heard of it this afternoon." Grile stood watching them, feeling in her irit a return to the old mood of awkrdness and shyness.

MITZI, you're not going with us tonight?" The expedition was to the ortuary; it was a painful prospect. But ollie Cruickshank had spoken as if it s one that could not be avoided. here'll be other people there," Mollie d said; "every old admiral and general d colonel in the bay towns will go in ere tonight or tomorrow. Dodo says was to be announced in this evening's ws. The family ought to be repreented."

But Mitzi, turning imploring eyes to lan and then to Griselle, begged to be cused.

"I couldn't! I really and truly couldn't! ease don't ask me to. I'm going to talk Alan for just five minutes and then I'm ing upstairs."

She was still holding Alan's hand. Now e looked into his eyes and, with her vn beautiful ones filling and her mouth embling, she said:

"When you last saw me I was David's ife and I was going to inherit Uncle Anew's money. You loved me then. Do u still love me now, when I'm in troule? I'm in such horrible trouble, Alan. hey think I poisoned Uncle Andrew. hey took my fingerprints; did you know at? And I've nothing, no money, nothg. You won't let me down, will you? I aven't any real brother, you know."

"No; I won't let you down," Alan said owly. He did not look at Griselle, and fter a moment Griselle quietly slipped om the room, and started rapidly on the alk home.

"This is no way to behave for a doctor's ife," she said aloud to the sunset light at streamed in across the bay and the ridges and Treasure Island, and touched ith lines of flame the quiet trees that ordered the streets. "I've got to get over eing jealous of him or I'll never know a oment's peace."

But the tumult in her heart continued; he stopped short once or twice and said loud, "I hate her. No; I don't, of course. es; I do. I hate her!" And then, penitently: "I ought to be ashamed. The old general dead, and perhaps leaving me enough money to buy my ranch!" . . .

"What's Rosenshine like?" she asked Stephen two days later.

"The big specialist? Oh, surprising. I expected to find him fat, middle-aged and Germanish. Instead he's a lean, sinister, Spanish-looking fellow, not more than forty, I should think. He's been married twice; I don't believe he's a particularly good man for a woman to have any dealings with. But what hands! D'you know what," Steve interpolated eagerly, laying down his pen and folding his big arms on the table, "he's going to operate on me; he thinks it'll work."

Her eyes flashed to his, were riveted there. "Steve! But it'll be dangerous!"

"Kind of. The danger, that is, that it won't work."

"How soon?"

"Few weeks."

A silence. Then she said timidly:

"You want him to, don't you?"

"If he says he can."

Griselle put her elbows on the table and covered her face with her hands.

"I wish it was over!" she breathed.

"Thanks."

"Griselle," Steve said, flushing a little and returning to his work, "did Alan see you last night?"

"Yes." She typed a line busily; stopped. "He came to the house after the funeral," she said; "he was awfully nice."

"YOU know what he's up against, don't you—with Mitzi?"

"Of course." But she did not sound any too sure. "Mitzi gives me a pain. Yesterday it was the inquest; she had to have Alan holding her hand through that."

"They seem to have dragged it out a good deal, and I suppose it was natural enough for her to be nervous. Of course, they couldn't have brought in but one verdict," Stephen said. "'Accidental death due to overdose of narcotics.' But I'll bet you were all relieved!"

"She didn't want me to go with them," Griselle said. "I went anyway. I've never seen the way a coroner's jury works. Mitzi was a perfect picture through it all; she moved her eyes from one person to the other, and answered the questions in such a frightened, good little voice! I was wondering," she went on, "just what excuse she'd think up to see Alan today, but when we got home it was all ready for her: notice from the customs that poor David Armitage's trunk was here. That was enough!"

"You can bet your life Alan isn't enjoying it," Stephen said.

"I hope he isn't," Griselle returned. "Oh,

CAR INSURANCE *by the quart*

New cars and trucks will not be available for most of us until from six months to a year *after* the war is won! Every engine part has now become a vital part to be protected and preserved.

The one *sure* thing you can do to prolong the life of a car or truck is to give it the best possible lubrication. That means the best oil money can buy! Buying the best oil is literally buying auto insurance by the quart.

How can you know which oil is best? You can be guided by automotive and aviation experts, so many of whom use Wolf's Head. Pan American Airways has used it in the "Clippers" for over 14 years; airplane engine manufacturers use it during critical testing and breaking-in runs; Wolf's Head has been shipped all around the world for use in United Nations' planes; hundreds of operators of great truck fleets use it consistently. Wolf's Head Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.—New York, N. Y.

TRUCK OPERATORS: *Latest tests show Wolf's Head HEAVY DUTY OIL is definitely superior for protecting truck and bus engines. Available in drums, halves and quarters. Write today for facts and figures!*

WOLF'S HEAD

MOTOR OIL AND LUBES

100% Pennsylvania WOLF'S HEAD P.G.C.O.A. Permit No. 6

VICTORY THROUGH PROGRESS

PANCAKES THE U-BOATS *can't stomach*

VICTORY in this war is less likely to go to the side that could put the most weapons into action at the outset, than to the side that can most swiftly increase its output and most steadily *improve the performance* of its arms.

For example, one of the Navy's most useful helpers in fighting the U-boats is a recently perfected Diesel engine called a "pancake" because its cylinders are stacked one above the other. Combined with GM-developed controllable pitch propellers, this engine has made possible a new-type sub-chaser with more speed, wider range, increased maneuverability—and therefore greater effectiveness.

That engine grew from the same roots as GM Diesels powering tanks, trucks, landing barges and the like. It is blood brother of the mighty GM Diesels that haul swift streamlined trains and power the newest destroyer escort vessels.

It was made available for wartime use by technological progress which enables us to get equal power out of one-fifth the weight packed into one-third the space.

Poison to U-boats, the "pancake" Diesel is not alone helping our fighting men to win victory. It is tangible and impressive proof that our manufacturing knowledge plus our war-gained experience in ways to improve the product, increase volume and stretch vital materials, can be used after victory to provide more and better things for more and more people.

GENERAL MOTORS

"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

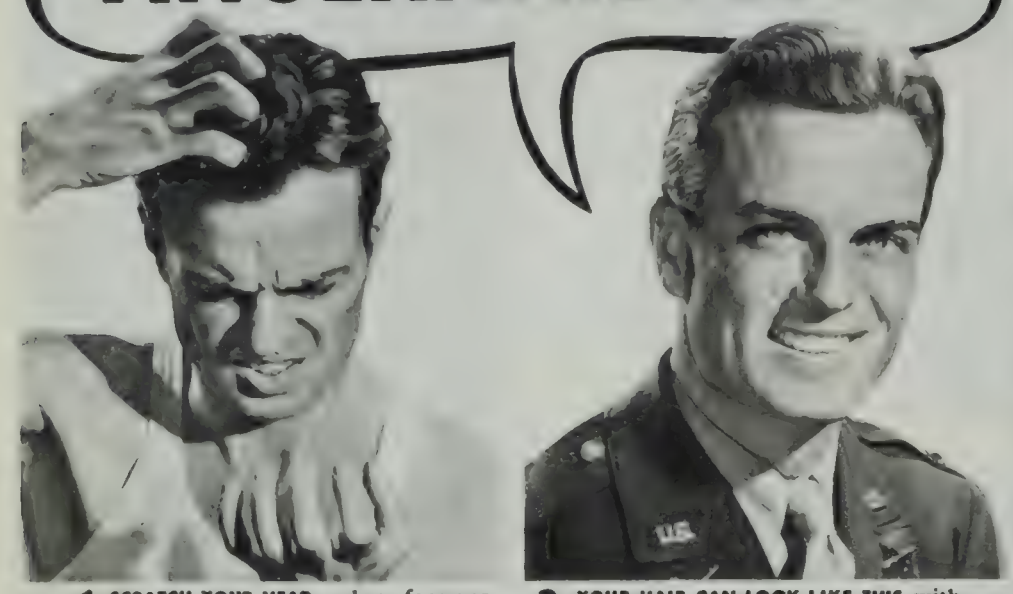
BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS TODAY

★

Keep America Free

PROGRESS THROUGH VICTORY

Can your scalp pass the FINGERNAIL TEST?



1. SCRATCH YOUR HEAD and see for yourself. If dryness or loose ugly dandruff is spoiling the looks of your hair, you need the new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula today. Safe 3-action grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff!

2. YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS with Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Gives you well groomed hair without that slicked down look. Contains no alcohol. Made with soothing Lanolin★. Get a bottle today. Two sizes, 60¢ and $1.00.

Try it today!

NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

NON-ALCOHOLIC FORMULA

GROOMS THE HAIR . . . RELIEVES DRYNESS . . . REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

Don't worry if you find loose ugly dandruff under your nails when you try the Fingernail Test! New Wildroot Cream-Oil made with Lanolin★ removes loose dandruff and relieves dryness. Keeps your hair *well groomed all day* without that greasy look!

Get a bottle of Wildroot Cream-Oil today! Discover why 76 out of every 100 users, on a recent nationwide test, prefer it to hair preparations they had been using! Mild, pleasant odor. Equally good for women and children! Grooms and relieves dryness.

★REFINED LANOLIN is an important soothing ingredient that closely resembles the natural oil of the skin. Wildroot Cream-Oil is scientifically homogenized for uniformity! Get a bottle today. Two sizes.

contains LANOLIN ★

EASY AND ECONOMICAL TO USE!

Just pour a few drops into the palm of your hand. Rub hands together and apply to your hair.

Massage briskly. Dampen hair with water if desired. Then comb or brush in usual way.

BACK THE ATTACK—WITH WAR BONDS

I trust him—I trust him!" she went on restlessly. "But is it going to be this sort of thing all my life? Being magnanimous and noble, with beautiful blondes carrying on with Alan!"

"It won't be like that," Stephen assured her laughing. "Once you're married there will never be any other woman in the world for Alan but his wife."

"Horrible—liking people—" the girl said under her breath, opening the sink closet to hang up the dishpan, spreading damp tea towels on the drainboard to dry. "But that isn't what I came over to say this morning, Steve!" she added animatedly. "Mr. McMurray spoke to me at the funeral yesterday. He said that he had looked at all the general's papers and through his safe-deposit box and everywhere, and there wasn't a sign of any will. The only reference to a will was to the old one that the firm in Philadelphia had. But more than that! This firm is Swallow and something—Swallow and Bassomfield or something like that—and one of the members of it telephoned Mr. McMurray night before last and said that they were sending him a few documents in the case, they believed that to have been the latest will as far as they were concerned, and they would take immediate steps to locate Catherine What's-her-name. So that *he* thinks," Griselle concluded, her eyes shining like stars, "that very probably I will come in for my ten thousand! Imagine! And in that case I'm going to try to buy the little ranch the general meant me to have."

"Will it be ten thousand? You're not in the direct line of inheritance. Wouldn't there be a pretty stiff inheritance tax?"

"No; it says 'free of all taxes.' I could pay off Aunt Mollie's mortgage and give her enough for the new bathroom, and buy quite a nice ranch!" Griselle exulted.

LATE that afternoon, Griselle went to Mitzi's house; Mitzi was lying limp, as Griselle had expected to find her, on the couch. Alan, she said, had just gone.

"I have had the most frightful day!" Mitzi said faintly, her eyes closed. Griselle, sitting near her, noticed the violet transparency of the dropped lids, the loosened glory of the flyaway gold hair that was spread against the dark velvet cushions. "Opening up poor Dave's trunk," Mitzi went on. "Finding my picture in the silver frame, and the leather things I gave him for Christmas—brushes and mirror and boxes!" She paused, choking, and touched her eyes with a big black chiffon handkerchief monogrammed in silver. "Alan was wonderful," she presently added as Griselle made no comment. "He said so little, but he was always *there*. It's going to be awfully hard to give him up to you," Mitzi finished wistfully, managing a little smile. "I know—" she went on quickly, "I know how he feels. Bound to you in honor, that sort of thing. But I like him so much!"

The last was on a childish note, appealing and sweet. Griselle got to her feet and walked to the window.

"Don't talk nonsense!" she said.

"That isn't nonsense," Mitzi countered in quick resentment.

Then for a long while there was silence. Griselle meditated flight. Just as soon as she could speak composedly she would leave this house, and immediately afterward she would leave Berkeley, leave California, leave America. She would become a nurse, and go off to foreign war zones. And perhaps there when she was absorbed in her mission of love and service, Alan would some day walk into a field hospital—notice a nurse bending over a wounded man—

SHE came abruptly out of her dream. Hurried footsteps had sounded on the porch, in the hall. The girls turned to see Walter McMurray in the doorway. He was out of breath and looked excited; he addressed Griselle.

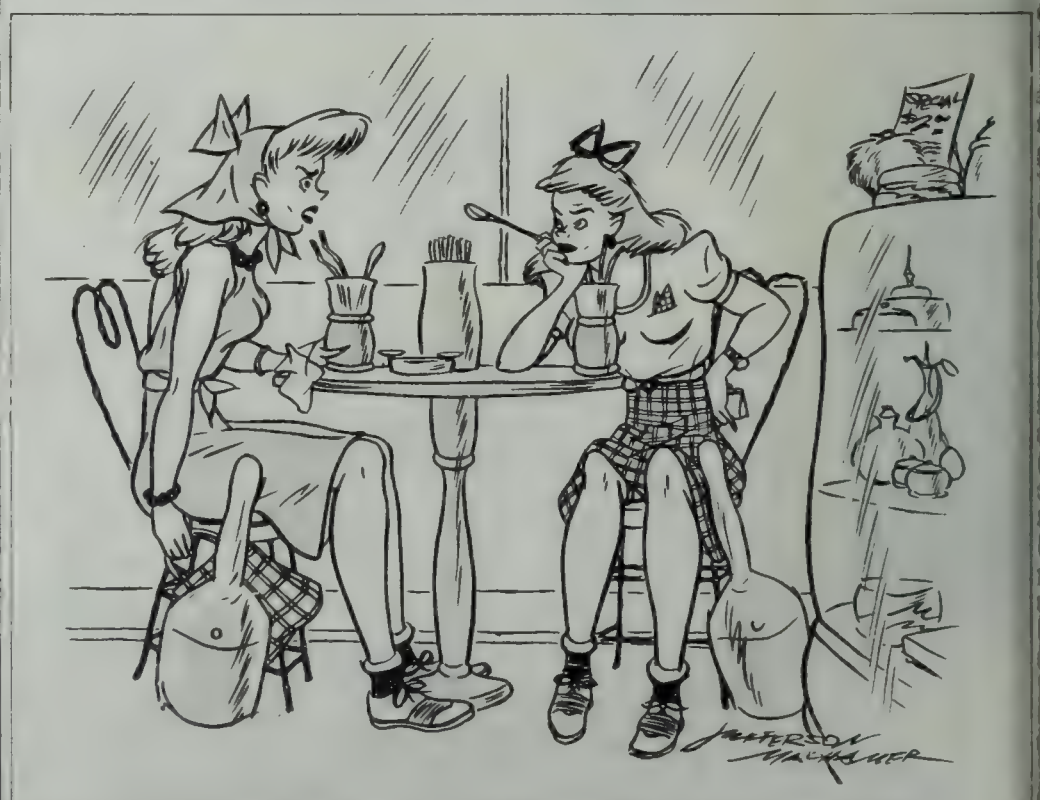
"Miss Mountjoy, I'm sorry to come in without warning this way. But I've been trying to find you," he said. "I have some very strange news for you. I telephoned Mrs. Cruickshank, and she said you might be here. May I sit down? Will you sit down? *Now*—"

As Mitzi turned about on the couch to face him bewilderedly, and Griselle, puzzled, took a chair, he drew from his brief case a long envelope and opened it impressively.

"This letter," he said, "came from General Cruickshank's lawyers in Philadelphia by air today. I immediately telephoned Mr. Bassomville, Jr., in New York. I had looked at the document; it contains news for you, Miss Mountjoy. It is a letter addressed 'To Whom It May Concern,' and it is in General Cruickshank's handwriting. It begins, 'Concerning my dearly beloved granddaughter, Griselle Mountjoy,' and it leaves his entire estate to you."

"Granddaughter!" Griselle said in a sharp whisper.

"He never married!" Mitzi exclaimed. "That's a forgery! It's a forgery!"



"Listen—he's handsome an' virile enough to be in a comic strip!"

COLLIER'S — JEFFERSON MACHAMER

He never married," Walter McMurray d. "But when he was a much younger n, he had an affair with a woman ned Ingeborg Johansen, and she had on. That son was reared and educated is mother's care; he never knew who father was. In time he married, and a child of his own. A little girl who adopted by friends of the general, o brought her up as their own and gave their name."

Griselle spoke in a moment of intense nce; her voice hardly audible. Her s were blazing fires.

And that name?" she asked, swallow- with a dry throat.

That name is Mountjoy," Walter Mc- rray said.

OU thought of this Laura Carberry Mountjoy as your mother?" Walter Murray asked gently.

She *was* my mother," Griselle an- red in a thick, tearful voice. She had n crying; her eyes were wet; her man- almost sullen.

And Professor Quentin Keith Mount- as your grandfather?"

He *was* my grandfather," Griselle per- ed. "I never heard of Conrad Johan- ; I don't know anything about him!"

Will you read this paper, Miss Mount- ? It is headed, 'Concerning my dearly oved granddaughter, Griselle Mount- .' I have already read it," the lawyer d.

Alan," Griselle said passionately, "how ld a paper like this have anything to with me!"

Why, Griselle, darling," Alan said, f laughing and half pitying, "it means are very rich. It means any amount money for you. At least *read* it!"

He had come in a few minutes earlier find the group in the sitting room elec- ied into immobility by the amazing tement Walter McMurray had so athlessly made. The document that just arrived from the East consisted several pages upon which General An- w Cruickshank had bared the secret half a century.

Oh, for heaven's sake, read it, Alan," tzi commanded him impatiently. "It sounds crazy to me," she muttered re- tfully, "and I think it's a fake!"

Want me to?" Alan asked. Griselle, stunned and bewildered, nodded her d, her eyes for some reason she could herself understand filling again.

ere was silence in the sitting room into ich the last light of a fog-shrouded au- n day was filtering. Mitzi sat erect the couch, her angry eyes turning from e member of the group to another; iselle was trying to efface herself as far was possible in her big wing chair; lter McMurray and Alan were at the le, with the light of a single lamp fall- upon the paper Alan had in his hands.

Concerning my dearly beloved grand- ghter, Griselle Mountjoy," he read. wish to make a statement concerning granddaughter, known as Griselle untjoy. I am writing this at the Little lian Creek Tavern, in January of the r 1942, hoping that after my death it l help to clear up any doubts as to her ntity and parentage, and that whatever terial comfort I can leave her will mpensate her for the inevitable shock s declaration will give her. She is of no od relationship whatsoever to the untjoy family. Her grandparents are self and Ingeborg Johansen, at one e a servant in my mother's house in ryland. Her father Conrad Johansen s my son by Ingeborg.

He was born in September, 1898, while was away in the Philippines with the my," Alan read on. "Upon my return learned for the first time from my ther that Ingeborg had had a child. the time I was embarked upon a prom- g career, stated for promotion, and engaged to be married to a Washington girl of a prominent family. To my lasting regret and shame, I was unwilling to do the right thing by the child of my liaison by marriage with his mother, nor was Ingeborg especially pressing that I should. She was established comfortably in Philadelphia, and for all the years of his youth I was regarded by my son as merely a friend and benefactor. He was well educated, had some years of European travel, and became a commercial photographer. In 1922 he married a French girl, Catherine Borel.

"His mother, Ingeborg, had meanwhile died, and before the birth of his daughter, Griselle, my beloved granddaughter, my son also died suddenly. It was then that Catherine brought the child to me, saying that she wished to go back to France, and preferred to leave the child in America. I believe she intended to return, but instead she married one of her own countrymen and died childless several years later.

"It was when I was desperately seeking for a solution of the problem of raising a baby granddaughter that my beloved friend and neighbor, Louise Carberry Mountjoy, proposed to me that as she was childless and widowed, she should assume charge of Griselle. The result was that she became so devoted to the child that within a few months she begged that she might adopt her and give her her name.

"I saw my little dark-eyed girl grow up in the house next door to mine, and after I disposed of my own Maryland home, by making long visits at the Tavern I could still watch her. For many years I was determined that she should never know of her own story, but now the principals are all dead and the time has come to make a new will and to include in it as beneficiaries not only my granddaughter, Griselle, but my brother Philip's daughter, Miriam Cruickshank Armitage, and my brother George's son, Doctor Samuel Cruickshank, of Berkeley, California."

THE document finished with some carefully annotated references to birth and death certificates.

"He says a new will!" Mitzi exclaimed the instant Alan's voice ceased. "Where is it?"

"I presume it is what he had drafted for me to put into shape," McMurray said. "That is the will he was to sign on the very day he died."

"I think if you don't mind I'll go home," Griselle said, getting to her feet. She had greeted the announcement of her inheritance with a burst of tears, had sat listening to Alan's reading of her grandfather's letter with a tear-streaked, colorless face and tightly closed lips. Now she seemed not to be hearing anything they were saying; when the lawyer asked her for an appointment for a talk about her now so strangely changed affairs she answered him absently, almost with an air of weariness.

"Things can go on here as they are, can't they? Tomorrow—? Yes, I can be here at ten tomorrow. Anything you like."

"It must feel very pleasant to realize that you are a rich woman, Griselle," Mitzi said on a bitter note.

"It isn't. I didn't want it," Griselle answered very low. "My head aches—I'm going to lie down—"

"I'll take you home," Alan and Walter McMurray said together.

"No, thank you," she answered quickly, not looking at either. "I really want—Thank you very much, but I want to be alone."

An hour later Mrs. Cruickshank found her crying on her bed. Or, rather, she had been crying, as her kindly Aunt Mollie instantly perceived.

"Griselle, you didn't come down to help

What's a woman doing in a man's shirt ad?

A woman knows what looks best on a man! She has a sixth sense that tells her what is becoming and well made . . . and that's where Essley Woman-Wise Shirts win her complete approval. They're styled by America's foremost men's fashion authority and tailored by master craftsmen in the true Troy tradition—the highest standard of shirtmaking! For your pleasure, see them—in a wide variety of patterns and fabrics!

It pays to look for the store that features Essley. $1.75, $2, $2.25, $2.50 and up. Essley Shirt Company, Empire State Building, New York City.

Originators of the *TRUBENIZED** Collar

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

BRILLIANCE WITH A PURPOSE

Like mirrors and jewels is the sparkle of polished metal parts in an Allison — but the eye cannot begin to see the perfection this brilliance reflects.

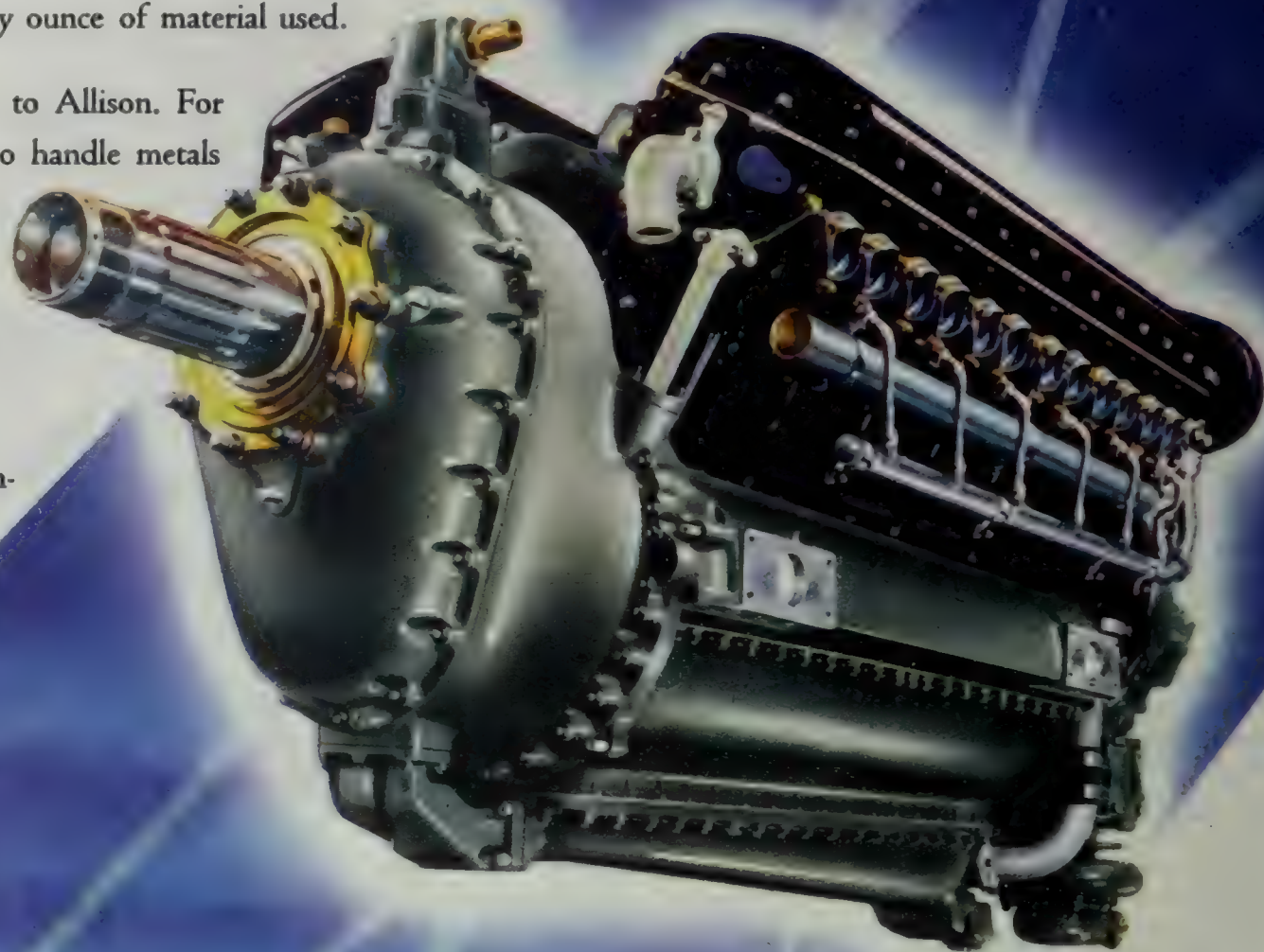
For one of the challenges in making aircraft engines is this . . .

To preserve — by exquisite accuracy of manufacture and finish — all of the inherent strength and endurance in every ounce of material used.

This need for perfection is nothing new to Allison. For years it has been our special province to handle metals with precision and lapidarian skill.

In today's tasks we are advantaged by all that General Motors has to offer in production techniques.

The result is a liquid-cooled aircraft engine which in performance can speak for itself — and an engine which we are resolved to make the finest in the world.



KEEP AMERICA STRONG
BUY MORE BONDS

POWERED BY ALLISON

P-38—Lightning
P-39—Airacobra
P-40—Warhawk
P-51—Mustang

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

with supper?" Mrs. Cruickshank said m the doorway.

Oh, is it nearly time?" Griselle started tousled and apologetic.

It's after seven, dear. We've had our per." The older woman sat down, lay- a hand on Griselle's hand. "Is it n?" she asked. "Is it Mitzi and Alan?"

Not quite," Griselle answered, gulping smiling. "It's all mixed up," she went her lips beginning to tremble again. "I ught I was someone and I'm not. dn't anyone tell you?"

Nobody told me anything," said Mol- Cruickshank, looking puzzled. "All I w is that Mr. McMurray came here afternoon and seemed very anxious to hold of you and I said he might find at Mitzi's."

Well, it was a letter from General ickshank," Griselle began. "You re- nber that everything was left to Cath- e Johansen? That was my mother. eral Cruickshank was my grandfa- ."

No, darling; you are old Oliver Mount- s granddaughter," Mollie said gently. u're tired, Griselle. You—"

But the Mountjoys just adopted me," selle interrupted.

Oh, no; they didn't. Uncle Andrew d to talk about you years ago when he d to see you at your grandfather's."

But, don't you see, that was because I really his granddaughter! It was when was younger; he fell in love with one he maids in his mother's house—Inge- g Johansen. That was—oh, a long e ago. He would have been nearly y then; he wasn't a young boy. I sup- e he felt it would ruin his career to ry her!" Griselle said bitterly. "He t away to the Spanish War," she con- ed, "and when he came back his her told him that this maid had had a y, a little boy named Conrad. That was father. The boy grew up and married Catherine who was my mother."

Let's tell Sam about this," Mollie said stupefied voice, unable to stand the tement of the revelation alone. They t down to the doctor's consulting m, and Griselle went over the story n.

But what are you crying about?" the doctor demanded. "You've come in a fortune, and it's the first time I've seen you cry."

"It's because—" Griselle began, experiencing a little difficulty again, "I seem to have lost so much. My mother—I loved my mother, and she wasn't my mother. My own mother hadn't cared much about me; as soon as my father died she turned me over to a strange woman. And my dear old grandfather—he wasn't my grandfather at all!"

"But they were good to you, and you were lucky," Mollie said in her sensible way. "Now you come out to the kitchen and finish up the crab salad, and I'll make you a cup of tea—but you don't like tea, do you?"

"It makes my nose red," Griselle said, smiling resolutely, wiping her eyes and moving various hairpins here and there to tighten the loosened braids of her hair. "But I am hungry, and I suppose I must reconcile myself to inheriting a fortune!" she ended with a shaky laugh.

TWO transports together and after them a third troopship had come creeping into San Francisco Bay under cover of the night, loaded with wounded boys from the south seas. Alan was called to hard duty; was busy night and day. Grinning boys, perhaps with a head bandage showing, an arm in a sling, a helping crutch or stick, were loaded on the trains at Oakland, were headed safely for Buffalo and Santa Fe, Butte and Columbus, Augusta, Maine, and Augusta, Georgia. Alan was sent with a boy on a stretcher to a New Jersey home. Griselle was free to resume her visits to Stephen without meeting Alan. She did not want to meet him.

"Getting used to being rich?" Steve asked her.

"Oh, beginning to love it," she admitted shamefacedly. "Who wouldn't?"

"And what does Aunt Mollie get out of it?"

"Oh, that." Her bright color came up. "Well, I'm going by the conditions of the new will," she reminded him.

"You said so that first day. But I didn't know—money changes people. Too much cotton wool is stifling to the feelings. I'm glad it hasn't changed you." He paused. "How much did he leave you?"

"I don't know. Lots. McMurray is working over it all; the contents of safe-deposit boxes are coming on from Philadelphia; it's going to be weeks before it's all cleared up. Meanwhile I have an allowance for the house and wages. Not for me. I still have plenty of money."

"And what's Mitzi's attitude now?" he asked.

"Sulky. Resentful. She seems to feel that it's my fault. But the will was written the year I was born, so I can hardly be held responsible."

Her typewriter clicked for a few minutes; then she stopped again.

"Steve," she said, "this money will change my life."

"I suppose it will."

"In this way, I mean. It seems to oblige me to—to make something of myself. If I hadn't it, nobody would blame me for not amounting to much. But when you have money you have to be cultured and —well, superior. I'm not going to marry for years now, Steve," Griselle ended thoughtfully.

"Not?"

"No; I think there's been too much talk about who's in love with whom, and who's going to marry whom," Griselle explained it somewhat confusedly. "I don't think I'm *developed* enough to marry. I've an idea that if girls don't marry at eighteen or nineteen, right off, you know, they wait much longer. You can be married at twenty-six or twenty-eight, Steve, and still have children and a natural life," Griselle argued seriously.

"You can, indeed," Stephen answered, his lips twitching a little.

"Alan won't look at me now with all those thousands a year and I don't want him to," Griselle went on. Tears suddenly stood in her dark eyes. "I've made a mess of everything, and especially Alan," she said. "I was just in too much of a hurry. I thought he *had* to love me, and Mitzi couldn't have him, and every postman's whistle and telephone call meant nothing but that he might want to see me. It was all very silly.

"I feel much older now, Steve—terribly older. And I'm going to be wiser and happier too. If Alan marries Mitzi—"

"Alan won't marry Mitzi."

"I don't think he will, or anyone. And I know I won't marry anyone. Mitzi'll find someone else—she always does—and Alan will go away to the service, and everything will quiet down. I'll settle all the general's—my grandfather's affairs," Griselle said, "and go up to my little ranch and work away like mad at my stories and send them down to you to read and correct, and maybe you and your mother'll come up there and stay sometime, and we'll all write Alan. And then when he comes back everything will straighten out."

"I THINK you're wise, my very dear little sister," Stephen said, looking up from his work, to which he had returned his attention. "I don't pretend for one instant that Alan isn't a freak—he is. His life has made him anxious and nervous and apologetic in some ways, and yet terribly big in others."

"Women like a man to be like that," Griselle said simply. "A fool where they're concerned, and wise and strong and silent and bossy at the same time."

"He'll be home again, and perhaps gone again, in another six days," Stephen commented. "And I wouldn't be a bit surprised if Mitzi flitted away too, once she gets that twenty thousand. Any woman who looks like that has no trouble making new friends."

"She resents the war conditions that make it impossible for her to go to Europe," Griselle told him. "She says she thinks David would want her to travel and forget."

"Did she say that?" Stephen asked, his mouth twitching.

"Quite seriously, to Aunt Mollie last night."

"Alan's completely disillusioned as far

COLLIER'S "We're the people from the police department" DAVID B. HUFFINE

ALL THIS EXTRA FLAVOR RATION FREE!

You get Lea & Perrins Sauce without spending a single point! . . . But more important, this tangy, tempting flavor "saves" meat-saving dishes. Makes them *different* and delicious. Try it!

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE
The ORIGINAL Worcestershire!

AVOID ANOTHER WINTER OF CHILLY ROOMS

apply BALSAM-WOOL *Attic Insulation Now*

Yes, winter in your home can be warmer—more comfortable—more healthful—despite fuel shortages and restrictions. Apply Balsam-Wool Attic Insulation *NOW*—to prevent chilly rooms—to provide fuel savings up to 20%! Balsam-Wool is the famous high-efficiency blanket insulation that's so quickly and easily applied in your attic . . . that is moistureproof, flameproof, windproof and sturdy . . . sold under a *money-back guarantee* of complete satisfaction. Your lumber dealer can offer liberal credit terms —see him or mail coupon.

WOOD CONVERSION COMPANY
Dept. 199-9, First National Bank Bldg.
St. Paul, Minnesota

Gentlemen: I want to know more about Balsam-Wool for ☐ New Construction ☐ Remodeling.

To assist us in giving you special information, please check: I am a homeowner ☐, renter ☐, architect ☐, student ☐, contractor ☐.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

"Why so blue, McGrew?"

McGREW: Because the gas business has gone to pot, Jockey. I suppose the war affects you, too. I have trouble finding Jockey Underwear!

JOCKEY: Indeed it does, McGrew. Jockey Underwear—of which I'm the trade-mark—is in greater demand today than ever before. Naturally Uncle Sam has first call on raw materials so our regular customers have trouble finding Jockey.

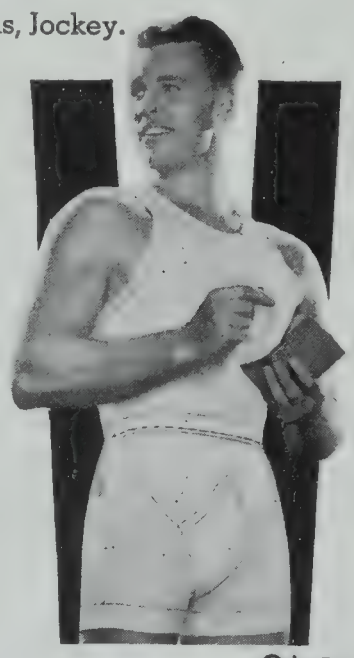
McGREW: Well, then, how come you're so cheerful?

JOCKEY: Because everyone is accepting difficulties without complaint. People are willing to shop around for popular brands like Jockey! They know that trade-marks like me, and the trade-mark of your gasoline, are the *backbone* of the American economic system. In war or peace, good times or bad, trade-marked merchandise provides the greatest assurance of satisfaction.

McGREW: I guess that goes for all brands, Jockey.

JOCKEY: Yes, we trade-marks make it easy for Americans to buy with confidence and get their money's worth. Manufacturers regard their trade-marks as great responsibilities. They spare no expense to keep faith with the public. Even when changes are forced because of wartime shortages they use all their designing skill and material research to make their products the best obtainable.

McGREW: You're right, Jockey. We are learning a lot these days. When peace comes, our customers will be served better than ever. Meanwhile, we can both be proud of what our companies are doing to help win the war—and be thankful that we can have a hand in the job, too!



Jockey Midway
Two-piece—Contoured Shirts to Match

Jockey Underwear
REG. U.S. PAT OFF.

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN

NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE

Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by Speedo Knitting Mills, Pty. Ltd., Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; in New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S 1

as she's concerned," Stephen said. "But he does feel bound to be of use to her in what the dear old idiot imagines is her time of grief. Well, a little interval will help everything, Griselle. Alan feels now—he's not put it into words—but he isn't going to turn to you now, when he's hurt you and preferred another woman to you, and ask you to forget it all and bestow yourself and your fortune on him. I know him well enough for that. But time will change everything, and—" He looked back at his work, spoke unemotionally. "And I'll have my little sister yet!" he said.

"Whatever happens you've got your little sister!" Griselle assured him, without any self-consciousness in the bright look she gave him. "Our careers are all going to keep step, Steve. Alan in the surgery, you in the laboratory, and me writing stories. My having this ridiculous money isn't going to make any difference about my working hard. But when the war's over," Griselle said, leaning back, her hands locked behind her head, her eyes on the heavy, dusty leaves of the apple tree, "when we can get bricks and lumber again, I'm going to do wonders for that ranch."

THERE was a long silence. "Steve," Griselle said, struck by a sudden thought, "I've thought several times of asking you this. My real name is Johansen. Would you change, if you were me?"

"In California," he said, "your name is whatever you sign yourself. I wouldn't change. You were legally adopted, weren't you? You were given the Mountjoy name?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then I wouldn t change, and start people speculating and talking."

"You quiet me down, Steve," Griselle said after a moment during which she had studied him with affectionate eyes. "And that's what the whole situation seems to need. Quieting down and not fussing; just a breathing space. Emma and I," she went on, "are clearing out the general's house. Mitzi wanted a few of the silver pieces, and I was only too glad to give them to her; they'd never fit a ranch. That made her feel a little better. Then I'm not going to live in the house, and she was glad of that."

"Why not live in the house?"

"Me?" Griselle asked, appalled. "Oh, I couldn't. It's to be sold, furnished, pretty much as it stands, if we can find a buyer. I never would want an establishment like that, Steve," she said, almost reproachfully.

"Well, I didn't know!" he said, laughing. "And I can't imagine," he added, "what objection Mitzi could find to your living there."

"Just—that she was mistress there and she doesn't want to see me in her place."

"I see. Well, perhaps that's natural enough," Stephen conceded.

"If I leave this—it's only four pages—will you have time to read it?" Griselle said, gathering the pages of her manuscript together.

"I certainly will."

She came down to his end of the table, laid the papers beside him, and leaned over his shoulder. The soft frill at her breast touched his cheek; the perfume, the warmth, the youngness of her were very close. A swift, oblique, smiling glance reached him from the dark-lashed eyes that were so near his own.

"What on earth is that—a map of the Balkans after the war?" she asked.

"No; it's the inside of an eye."

"Oh, now, Steve, don't tell me that all that machinery's inside one's head! It gives me the most horrible headache to think of it."

"It's all there." He looked at his drawing thoughtfully. And then suddenly, savagely, she was gripped and brought down close to him; suddenly his fierce voice was at her ear. "Do you think," he said measuredly, "that I am not human? Do you think for one instant that you can be here—talking with me—laughing with me—"

A silence. She was standing some distance from him now, her breath coming fast.

"I beg your pardon," said Stephen formally, his eyes on his work, his drawing pen making a fine touch or two on the paper. He did not look up. "I am very sorry," he went on. "I hope you'll forgive me."

"Oh, Steve, there's nothing to forgive!" she whispered breathlessly.

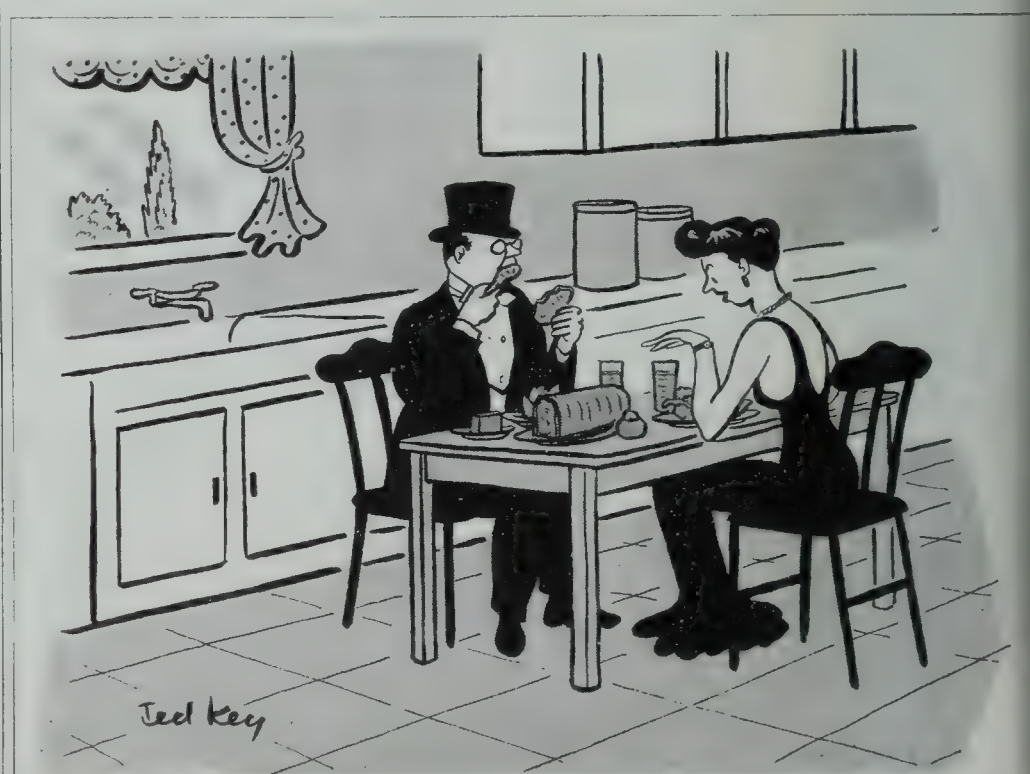
"How did you *think* it was?" he asked, busily working.

"I didn't—I don't think I thought—"

"Because I am crippled," he said firmly. "Well, one would like to be worthy of your consideration in the matter, even if it was only to anger you. You're going home?"

"Yes; I—I— Tell your mother I had to go," she said, reaching for his mother's name as for a protecting presence. She stood in the path for a second, fluttered, infinitely distressed, but he did not look up again, and after a faltered, "I'll see you soon," she turned and went away.

(To be concluded next week)



"We'd better hurry. They said to come for dinner at seven-thirty"

COLLIER'S TED KEY

UP goes the Mustang's ceiling - - - 2 miles higher - - - -

THE BOYS WHO'VE been flying the bullet-like North American Mustang say it's one of the Army's hottest fighters.

Time and again, though heavily outnumbered by the enemy, they've turned in spectacular box scores.

Imagine, then, what these hell-for-leather American fighter pilots are going to do when they get an even *hotter* Mustang—an even *swifter* Mustang—a Mustang they can push upstairs into the thin high air *farther* and *faster* than they ever could before.

And that's exactly what they're going to get!

For this superb plane is now being powered by the Packard-built Rolls-Royce engine, with a new supercharged surprise:

British and Packard engineers have found a way to skyrocket the Mustang 2 miles higher than its effective fighting ceiling used to be!

Two more miles of blue sky for Mustang pilots to fight in!

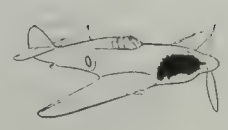
To make this possible, Packard has added engines for the Mustang to its mass-production output—another contribution to the finest fighting Air Force flyers in the world.

PACKARD *Precision-Built Power*

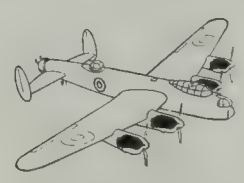
ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

MUSTANG
fighter

WARHAWK
fighter



HURRICANE
fighter



LANCASTER
bomber

MOSQUITO
fighter-bomber

NAVY
PT boats

"WE KEEP IT HERE BETWEEN MEALS"

That's proper pride . . . and prudence. An irreplaceable possession like a *Toastmaster* toaster deserves to be cherished. Because—what would you do without it?

It's not merely the cheerfulness of *Toastmaster* toast for *breakfast*—popped up perfect every time, with no watching, turning, or burning. It's the way this delicious toast—bread in its most digestible form—"extends" scarce or rationed foods. Serve them on toast—on *Toastmaster* toast—and they'll look like more and taste like more.

We aren't making toasters now—ours is a full-time war job. So buy War Bonds instead. That's *everybody's* job this month—to put the Third War Loan over the top. *Back the attack—with War Bonds!*

SIMPLE CARE . . . FOR YEARS OF WEAR

Even a long-enduring *Toastmaster** toaster lasts longer and toasts better if well treated. Remove crumbs often. Don't risk damaging the heating elements by prying inside with a fork. Don't jerk the cord or coil it around the toaster while hot. Oil occasionally, unless you have one of our latest models. And see your dealer for repairs.

TOASTMASTER *Toasters*

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

*"TOASTMASTER" is a registered trademark of McGRAW ELECTRIC COMPANY, Toastmaster Products Division, Elgin, Ill. Copyright 1943, McGraw Electric Co., manufacturers of Buss Electric Fuses, Clark Electric Water Heaters and Toastmaster Products.

The Destruction of Germany

Continued from page 15

ure to the shellacking of the submarine pens by the Eighth.

Loss statistics don't show that night raiding is safer than day raiding. Actually, at this writing, the percentages show a shade more havoc for the latter, but this has no useful relation to the job of winning the war. There's no such thing as "safe" or "safer" warfare. Inherently it is a business of death and wastage. What democratic war leaders can and do seek, however, is economy of life: that economy ("safety," if you will) is often best served by quick prodigality with equipment, material and human lives. Night and day bombings are safer than either method alone.

Many of the trappings of Fortresses and Liberators, needful in daytime, are useless at night. Yet scrapping them wouldn't make room for all their equivalent weight in bombs. Any keenly useful, high-performance airplane is too acutely designed for such versatility. Consider just three examples in the American heavies: armament, bomb sights and exhausts.

Each of our four-engine bombers carries nearly 2,000 pounds of ammunition for its guns, and the latter weigh more than 3,500 pounds, a total weight of active defensive equipment (not including armor) of nearly 3 tons. Left out, that could not be replaced by 3 additional tons of bombs without redesigning throughout the ship.

The insignificant weight saved by removing the bomb sight would be more than offset by the large weight of flares essential in area bombing. Night raids are commonly preceded by planes that drop target-marker flares. As much as a fifth of the total load of an R.A.F. night formation might be taken up by incendiaries and flares. Compared practically, the 8-ton possible load capacity of the Lancaster and the three tons of Fort isn't really a five-ton difference. The heavy-explosives-per-plane loading of a British raid is probably closer to 3 tons, the rest being taken up by flares and incendiaries. The load of each Yank plane is all heavy explosive bombs—the most useful on small, concentrated targets.

To maintain flight efficiency at the high altitudes from which they bomb, our heavies are equipped with turbosuperchargers. These are not customarily flame-dampened, and the exhausts make a spectacular glow in the dark—flaming torches for the benefit of flak gunners and night fighters. Corrective gear is heavy, takes hours to install, and affects performance. Nevertheless, it will be installed on some, so that approaches can be made by night for dawn bombing, or return trips homeward can be made in darkness after dusk assaults.

Retraining for Night Flying

As with the ships themselves, so with their crews. Ours are trained for day operations. They would have to be re-educated for night operations—not alone in bombing but in flying also. Frankly, English and North European night weather with its mists and clouds and vagaries is beyond the capabilities—without much additional training—of our young fliers schooled under the less tricky climate of the United States. Besides, there is a definite limit to the expansion of night operations. England is only so big. It takes nearly a minute to get off one bomber or land it. Nights have definite lengths and time must be consumed for rendezvous and flights to and from targets. Obviously the notch for night flying will come in R.A.F.-Eighth joint strength when for both to operate at night would choke England's air lanes and communications beyond safety, bring collisions and other operational losses.

Each member of a bomber crew is a specialist. To retrain ours to R.A.F. methods would take several months for each man. The upset would extend to home, compel a virtual revamping of our whole bomber training system.

Manifestly, to withdraw our Fortresses and Liberators from day operations and

COLLIER'S "I don't care how they do it in the Navy" GUSTAV LUNDBERG

Finger Man —AT MIDWAY

To avoid the possibility of giving information to the enemy, illustration of the Torpedo Director, intended for this space, has been omitted.

TORPEDO DIRECTOR

AUTOMOTIVE SPARK PLUG

NEVER in fighting history had aircraft done more damage to warships than U. S. torpedo bombers did in the great Battle of Midway. Most of the credit goes, of course, to the men who manned the planes. But, some of it belongs to the torpedo directors which enabled those men to "put the finger" on the enemy. Many of these devices are built by AC.

Torpedo directors are accurate because they are made with extreme precision, and *kept* in condition by trained technicians.

Trained Technician Service Awaits YOU

America's automotive repair men are *your* trained technicians. They stand ready, with the "know how," to help you prolong the usefulness of your car, truck, or tractor. They can give your spark plugs the cleaning and adjusting they must have regularly to make them last, to save gasoline, and to promote easy starting. They can also give expert service on the eight other AC products with which millions of vehicles are equipped. Thus, these men can help you save expense,—and conserve gasoline, oil, and tires.

Take a minute, won't you, to read the few details (below) of the care your AC products should receive? When replacement becomes necessary, select AC—and be sure of complete satisfaction.

Awarded to AC on September 2, 1942, and renewed on June 19, 1943, for outstanding achievement in producing for Victory.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

SPARK PLUGS—Dirty or worn plugs waste as much gas as one coupon in ten. Oxide coating collects on the plugs and causes them to misfire,—especially when the engine is working hard. Dirty plugs also cause hard starting which weakens your battery. Under present slow driving conditions, have your plugs cleaned and adjusted every few months.

AIR CLEANERS—A dirty air cleaner increases gasoline consumption because it chokes down the flow of air into the carburetor. Your air cleaner should be rinsed whenever your car is lubricated.

FUEL PUMPS—Practically trouble free. But, if yours has been in use thirty or forty thousand miles, it may be worn to the point where a check-up is due.

DRIVING INSTRUMENTS—Speedometer, gasoline gauge, oil pressure gauge, ammeter, and temperature gauge seldom need service. But, if they give trouble, have them cared for *at once.*

OIL FILTERS—Slow driving accelerates formation of soot and carbon in engine oil. If not constantly filtered from the oil, this dirt will clog piston rings, cause increased consumption of oil and gas. So, replace your oil filter element whenever your dealer's AC Oil Test Pad shows that your oil is dirty.

BRING VICTORY QUICKER—BUY U. S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS AND BONDS

PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

How Skippy Jones helped me make *Bombs for Berlin!*

TIRED?

DISCOVER TOOTSIE ROLLS—FAVORITE CANDY OF TIRELESS YOUNGSTERS!

● To get extra energy for war-time days, take a tip from the kids! Pep up with delicious, chewy, chocolaty Tootsie Rolls!

Made with milk . . . enriched with energy-giving dextrose, Tootsie Rolls are real "action food"! A 5¢ Tootsie Roll contains more energy units than a man uses walking 3 miles!

Include Tootsie Rolls in your lunch box—eat them often. (If they're hard to get, remember—U. S. soldiers love them, too. We ship millions a month to the Army.) Get a Tootsie Roll today!

Tootsie Rolls Co. also makes these other fine food products

TOOTSIE FUDGE
TOOTSIE POPS
TOOTSIE TEMPTEES
TOOTSIE CARAMELS
TOOTSIE V-M*

* Vitamin-Mineral fortifier that makes milk taste like Tootsie Rolls.

★ *Still only 1¢ and 5¢*

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

refit them for night sorties, and to remove Yank crews from combat and return them to training schools would constitute a disastrous hiatus in the total Anglo-American war effort. It would be a gift on a plate to the Luftwaffe. But, most serious, joined-forces bombing would insanely surrender the golden advantages of eruptions around the clock—the cold-blooded, ferocious, relentless mangling of the enemy in any one or more of each 24 hours. It would commit the unpardonable military error of failure to exploit a heaven-endowed superiority.

The Eighth Air Force, of itself alone in daylight bombing, has made three immensely useful contributions toward the final discomfiture of the Nazi machine:

First, it is the only United States fighting unit that has reached the body proper of Germany at all.

Yanks Over Germany

Second, early in this war I reported to you from Germany that Hans Schmitt's loyalty as war progressed would be endangered by only two things: heavy casualty lists and United States entry into the war. The Russians and the R.A.F. have notably arranged the former. The latter, Goebbels subverted for a long time with a fictional picture of American impotence. Military commentators assured the public that the United States, harassed by politics, isolationism and strikes, might give a little material and financial help to England but that Germans would never see Americans actually fighting.

All last year during the Eighth's battering of submarine pens Goebbels told Germans there were no Yank-manned American planes in Europe. Now the Fortresses and Liberators by the hundreds are swarming into German skies in broad daylight for German eyes to see. And to oppress German hearts.

Third, attrition of the Luftwaffe's fighters. This goes back to the hemisphere-defense plan of Yank heavies. Designed to protect themselves without fighter cover if necessary, they have tremendous fire-power. A flight of 100 Fortresses of the latest type has 1,300 machine guns capable of firing 100,000 pounds of bullets—50 tons—per minute in its own defense. They fly in very tight, almost wing-kissing formation, literally a single maneuverable fort.

Latest figures show about 6 German fighters destroyed for every four-engined Yank. Merely as figures, these are not in our favor. In crews they mean 9 or 10 American specialists downed for every 6 German pilots. In money, the Germans can probably build 20 of their fighters for the price of one Fortress.

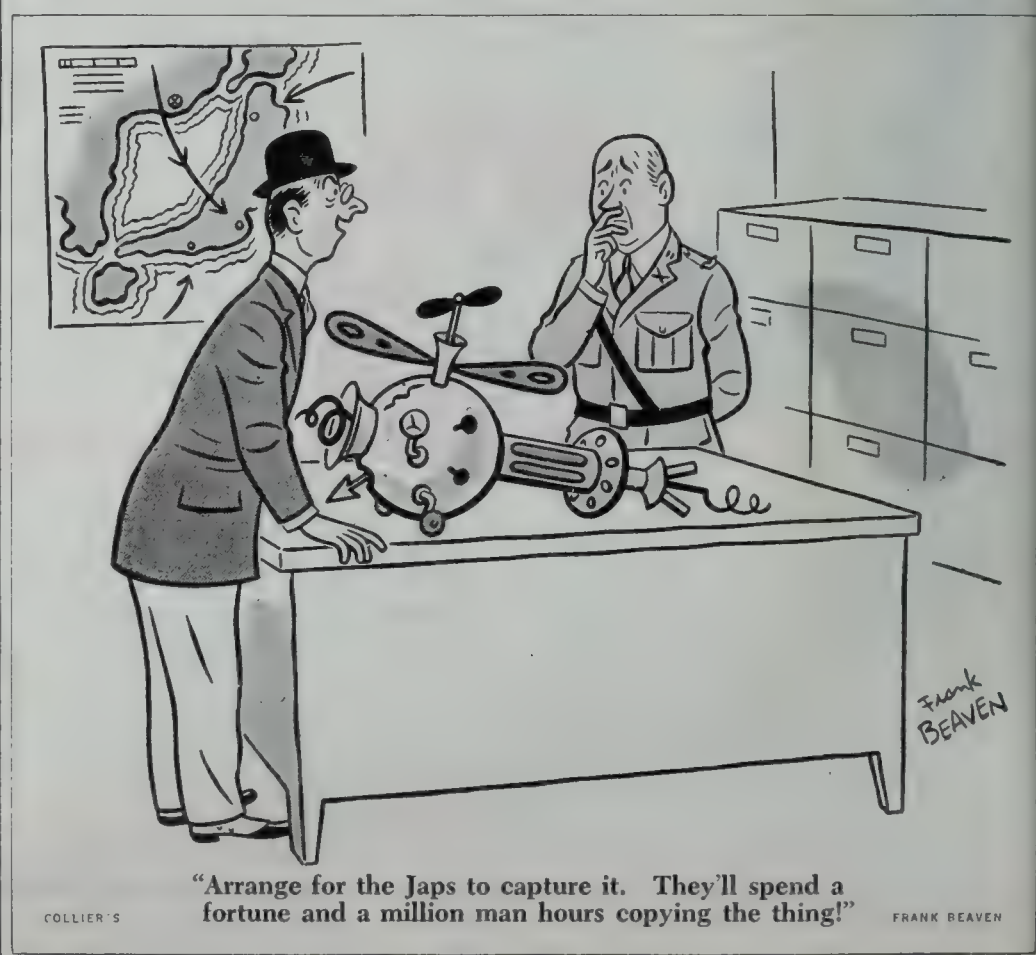
However, the overwhelming strength of American production redresses the balance in our favor. American industry works without fear of bombs. German industry struggles under the handicaps of a disorganized nation, constant raid interruptions, the killing of workmen. It is likely that for every German pilot dead in combat, scores of skilled aviation workers are killed in raids. So Germany cannot afford her losses, whereas we could afford ten times as many as we have. The Luftwaffe is compelled to come up and meet the American heavies, for home morale if for nothing else. Our crews say they do so with courage and resolution.

The Luftwaffe is trapped by the law of diminishing returns, with a battered home front that cannot keep up with its losses. This is the reason Allied casualties have been diminishing. So pressed is the Luftwaffe that its black-painted and thinly armored night fighters now go up with the sturdier day fighters against the Eighth.

Yet it is not the virtues of American heavies fighting alone, but the co-operation with the night-flying R.A.F. that counts most. In a sense they are like two knight-doctors working on Hitler's fetid dragon. The R.A.F., the anesthetist that slugs the body into unconsciousness and paralyzes it. Then the Eighth comes along and with surgical precision cuts off the limbs and extracts the poison fangs.

The R.A.F. does not bomb in formation. Every plane shifts for itself over the target. In their hundreds they confuse and spread the defenses, burn and crush and devastate the whole military or industrial area in hour-long earthquakes.

The Eighth Air Force bombs in formation, all letting go at the same instant at specific things like docks, small factories, airplane plants, hangars, utilities—targets too circumscribed to be found at night. A formation of say 100 Yank heavies will lay all its bombs from thirty thousand feet by this method within a circle the diameter of which is about the length of three football fields. The roar, the jar, the terror of hundreds of tons of heavy explosives going off in a single cataclysm in a space not much larger than



COLLIER'S "Arrange for the Japs to capture it. They'll spend a fortune and a million man hours copying the thing!" FRANK BEAVEN

With time-saving, life-saving movies.... *outgrowth of* Kodak's *pioneer Teaching Films*.....the Army and Navy are giving millions the "know how" of war

HISTORICAL NOTE—Back in 1923, having perfected "safety" film—making classroom projection practical—Kodak made available 16-mm. movie cameras and projectors . . . and shortly afterwards pioneered a program of teaching films for schools.

PUT YOURSELF in the boots of one of those young men at the Induction Center. You've been accepted for the Army or Navy. You know quite a lot about life—not so much about war.

What do you know about *this* war—of 2,000-horsepower aircraft motors . . . Bazookas . . . submarine detectors?

Our Army and Navy Commands realize this lack of experience. They know that you may go up against battle-wise troops or ship crews or flyers. You may have to fight in the toughest spots in all geography . . .

They have been through all this, done the worrying for you. They've got a system. It will turn you out a better man—more competent in the use of your weapons, abler to take care of yourself, readier for the sights and sounds of battle—than any "trainee" before you.

* * *

TRAINING FILMS—movies and slide films—are a great and growing part of the system. The Army and Navy have turned out literally thousands of these training films, and hundreds more are in production now.

Don't get the idea that you're just "going to the movies," though. These movies are different. Each movie teaches you how to do something—*do it exactly right.*

Maybe it's how to dig a foxhole. Or inflate a rubber life raft. Or take down and reassemble a 50-calibre machine gun. Or—bake a batch of bread.

You won't see all these thousands of films, naturally. Just those related to your job. But in an Army and Navy made up largely of "specialists," thousands of films are not too many. (Kodak is a major supplier of film for these pictures—one big reason civilians are not getting all the film they want.)

You'll see battle, in these training movies. You'll hear it. But not to thrill you—to make your new life and work "second nature" under all conditions. *You'll be hardened . . . ready to "dish it out and take it" . . . up to 40% sooner because of the training you'll get through Training Films.*

* * *

After this war is won, you—and the millions like you who have learned so much, so easily, through training films—are going to want your children to learn the Arts of Peace this way.

Teaching through motion pictures and slide film—steadily growing in importance during the twenty years since Kodak made its first teaching films—will really come into its own . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Serving human progress through Photography

Back the Attack—with War Bonds

Maybe he's your boy

He had waited anxiously for this moment. Then, early one morning, his instructor hopped out of the Boeing PT-17 Kaydet and casually waved this youngster off on his first solo.

He felt a chill, a sinking wave of uncertainty, and then excitement . . . the exultant climactic realization that "This is it!" He shoved the throttle ahead and for the first time in his life lifted up into the sky . . . on his own!

When he climbed out of the sturdy trainer, he glowed with expansive pride that even a self-consciously repressed smile couldn't hide. He was a *flier* now, and gloriously happy.

If you had been there, you'd have seen him give his Boeing Kaydet a friendly pat. For, like all fliers, he feels a real affection for the primary trainer that first lent him wings.

If your son, or brother, or that boy from down the street, is now in the Army or Navy flying services, chances are that he, too, received his first flight instruction in a Boeing designed and built airplane. For more Army and Navy pilots have gotten their initial training in Boeing primary trainers than in any other primary training plane. Boeing has delivered, all told, more than 7000 Boeing Kaydets to the U. S. Army, U. S. Navy, Great Britain, China, Canada, Mexico, Cuba and six South American republics. Expertly engineered, soundly constructed, they have contributed to the aviation training services' outstanding safety record.

Boeing Kaydets are built at Boeing's midwestern plant in Wichita, Kansas. Not as spectacular as their big brothers, the Flying Fortresses,* they are, nonetheless, built to the same unyielding standards of design, engineering and manufacture.

Boeing products have always exceeded the claims advanced for them. True today, it will be equally true of any product tomorrow . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's bound to be good.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**

*THE TERMS "FLYING FORTRESS" AND "STRATOLINER" ARE REGISTERED BOEING TRADE-MARKS

the Yankee Stadium is for you to imagine.

The R.A.F. is still dropping three or four times as many bomb-tons as the Eighth. The Eighth will catch up. But the present difference in tonnage is evened by the exactness, the intense focusing of the Americans' smaller deliveries. The R.A.F., for instance, could not have done the Rome job nor the Eighth that at Remscheid. For the first time in the history of airpower, complementary bombing was done on a mature scale upon the late city of Hamburg. That erstwhile greatest seaport of the Reich was the sixteenth largest city in the world, exceeded in size by only three American cities and second to Berlin in population. The late Essen was in the first 75 of the earth's great cities.

The ordeals of Hamburg and Essen are over for this war. Their lines in the atlas are blank. Soon, I think we can refer to the late Berlin—or Hanover or Bremen or Frankfort or Leipzig. Today there's surplus evidence—from aerial reconnaissance photos, from intelligence sources and from the "Rhine whine" seeping to neutrals—that human existence as we've known it is now utterly impossible when air force in great proportions is applied round the clock. If men continue to live in German cities listed on the Allied master plan for destruction they will have to crowd out the deepest-burrowing moles and worms.

Day-and-night bombing has many advantages, but the greatest of all is its theft of all ease and order and familiarity of daily life. Londoners knew that, although their nights would be tough, day would bring respite when the R.A.F. fighters cleaned the skies. Germans have no such assurance. They have neither day nor night—only the bleakness of unmeasurable time. Never to leave home and family in the morning knowing they'll be there that night. Never to know, when they start the day's work, if they'll be alive to finish it. Never to have complete rest. Never to be without fear. Never to be clean. Never to have normal, decent social contacts or comforts or recreations Civilians never with time to rebuild what's knocked down, to put together what's been torn apart, to heal bodies that have been hurt. Soldiers and airmen alerted 24 hours every day, all victims of desperate weariness and the neurosis recognized by doctors of Europe as worse than the shell shock of the last war—they are "siren happy."

Our Air Corps now has left hemisphere defense far behind. We've high-altitude fighters. Soon we'll have heavy bombers capable of ranges and loads double, perhaps triple, those of the Fortresses and Liberators. Even the present heavies can be fixed with wing racks to carry three times as many bombs for special jobs. And our tactical commands are shoving the enemy's favorite weapon, the dive bomber, down his throat with a vengeance.

But war is the least predictable of the arts. There's never been an unanswerable weapon. Our airmen know the Germans may turn up a counter to day-and-night complementary bombing or to daylight precision bombing. They'll have to hurry.

Berlin's numbered days as a real place upon the map promise something beyond an ultimate demonstration of the power of round-the-clock bombing. Berlin in modern times came to be more than the capital of Germany, more than the heart, brains and nerve center of the monster. It was the false-front showcase that Hitler erected upon rotten national morale left by the defeat and revolution of the last war and the inflationary years of aftermath. In it he displayed his successes and sold the Germans his bill of goods. The decayed foundations are still there and will be revealed when Berlin passes from reality into dust. Not only German courage but that most important thing, German hope, will then collapse.

Berlin Will Mark the End

Based on what I know from years of work as a correspondent in Germany, from sitting in air-raid shelters with German people and being in the field with German soldiers, I am taking bets without qualifications, without "on the other hands" and "we shall sees," that with the end of Berlin will come the end of the Nazis. Whether it will also mean the end of the European war depends on diplomatic and political fronts as much as military.

And this bombing you are now seeing holds an even further promise. Killing of men has not stopped wars. The spectacle of utter devastation of a homeland might. That's the wish, at any rate, of your flying young men who are now visiting history's greatest reign of terror on Germany—where live the only people who'd really like to see the Eighth United States Air Force abandon daylight bombing.

THE END

COLLIER'S "What'll we need tonight besides the frying pan?" LAWRENCE LARIAR

1 *Smoo-ooth! Collarcan'tpucker—it's woven in one piece instead of usual three layers of cloth. Looks starched, is soft!*

2 *Like magic! Always folds right, irons perfectly, for the foldline's woven in. Keeps a clean curve around your neck.*

Only the Van Heusen Shirt has the famous Van Heusen collar *attached!*

WHY sacrifice good looks for collar comfort? Van Heusen white shirts have *both*. Their collars can't wilt, can't wrinkle, *look* starched yet *need no starch!* They're woven—not just sewed but *woven*—to fit the human neck. Ask for Van Heusen Shirts—Sanforized, laundry-tested, in a wide variety of patterns and collar styles. Phillips-Jones Corp., New York.

Van Heusen Shirts, **$2.25** *and up*

Van Heusen Shirts

SHIRTS • TIES • PAJAMAS • COLLARS • SPORTSWEAR

FOR MEN WHO REALLY KNOW PIPES

Royalton

Makes a home-body feel like Somebody.

To enrich your close-to-hearth hours select a Royalton for complete smoking satisfaction . . . The pleasure that a Royalton brings will endure long after ordinary pipes have been laid aside.

Royalton Silver Crown $5 Choice Grains

Wherever Better Pipes are Sold

© 1943, Henry, Leonard & Thomas, Inc., Ozone Pk., N. Y.

HEAR a world of sound through a MAICO

Small, light and easy to wear, yet enables hard of hearing person to carry on normal conversation at 20 feet — to hear even a whisper with loud noises cushioned

Send name of relative, friend or your own name for a new experience in hearing. No obligation. Address Maico Co., Inc., Dept 50-S, 2632 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis.

MAICO Vacuum Tube Hearing Aid

A product of the Maico Co. which provides 90% of America's precision hearing test equipment. Choice of ear physicians, hospitals, universities, clinics, airlines, U. S. Army and Navy.

EYES TIRED?

TWO DROPS

QUICK RELIEF

Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then soothe and refresh them the quick, easy way—use Murine. Just two drops in each eye. Right away Murine goes to work to relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle—and oh, so soothing! Start using Murine today.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES • CLEANSES • REFRESHES

★ Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps ★

Married Ones Are Best

Continued from page 27

she had tucked casually under her collar. Rohr had time for just two fleeting thoughts. The first was: No wonder they call them fascinators! The other thought was a disgusted: And I'm supposed to be married!

"I'm so glad you've come," said Tiffany, holding out her hand. "Mary Ann has been living for this."

Rohr took her hand in his and noticed that it had a soft, crushable quality. Tiffany regarded him with frank but friendly appraisal. "You brothers must look as much alike as your names sound alike. I thought Raul was the married one. Now I find that *you* are the married one. But I must say that you look like the pictures of the single brother."

"If we hadn't been born two years apart," said Rohr, "they would have called us identical twins." From behind Tiffany, Mary Ann blew her brother a kiss and relaxed in her chair.

He again caught up the cap and beamed first at one girl and then the other. "Come on, you two," he said. "We'll go over to the Army-Navy Club and pick up someone for Mary Ann to waste her sweetness on. Then," catching Mary Ann's eye and ignoring its warning, "we'll go someplace for dinner."

It had been but little more than a month since Mary Ann, determined to be as close as possible to her two brothers while they were still on this continent, had followed them to the West Coast and taken a copywriting job in one of San Francisco's department stores. Seated at the next desk in the advertising department was Tiffany Russell. "Mary Ann Carson," Tiffany had repeated. "Mary Ann Carson. It seems to me there was a girl by that name at Wellesley."

"I thought I recognized you," cried Mary Ann joyfully. After that it was inevitable that when she moaned about the ghastly room she had found, "the only empty one in the city, I do believe," Tiffany had invited her to share her own small bright apartment on Nob Hill.

IN THE weeks that followed, their lives fell into a happy and congenial pattern. They rode up and down the San Francisco hills in the clattering cable cars. They lunched together at the Claridge or El Prado or went up Grant Avenue to Chinatown. They went to the Blood Donors' Center together and spent one evening a week at the Red Cross. They talked about school and shared their home and their confidences until the day that Mary Ann hung up the telephone receiver and said, "Tom and Bill Haskins are in town and I told them they could take us to dinner."

Tiffany's face had gone white. "I can't go with you, Mary Ann. I never go on blind dates."

"Phooey," said Mary Ann. "I can vouch for both of them. Good-looking, witty, Yale—known 'em since I was a kid. Now what more can you ask? Nothing blind about that."

"It doesn't matter," said Tiffany stubbornly. "I never go on any dates."

Mary Ann's nice gray eyes were thoughtful. After a moment she said, "They're tall. Both of them over six feet."

Tiffany's pallor gave way to an embarrassed flush. "I don't go on dates," she said flatly, and spinning about to her typewriter, wrote across the top of the page: "Polka dots are new this year." Then she x'd it out, muttering, "New, heck! They're old as the hills." She rolled the page farther up, wrote "polka dots" and then sat staring at the words. . . .

"You two wait here," said Rohr as he got out of the taxi in front of the Army-Navy Club, "while I go fishing."

"Bring me a tall blond," instructed Mary Ann, "with the face of a saint and the soul of a demon."

A few minutes later, Rohr found Hank Gleason dropping quarters in a slot machine. Although Hank in no way filled Mary Ann's specifications as to either face or soul, Rohr considered him particularly amenable to suggestion. "I have my sister and her roommate outside," he said. "How about joining us for dinner and perhaps a spot of dancing?"

Hank deposited a final quarter, pulled the lever and then gathered in the coins as they clattered down. "Just as I've begun to win," he moaned.

"Before we join the girls, I want to explain something." Rohr attempted nonchalance but found himself stammering a little over his words. "This may sound crazy but if the subject of my being married ever comes up, just take it in your stride."

"Congratulations, fella!" cried Hank.

He attempted some violent back-thumping, but Rohr dodged with a hasty, "No, no, you've got it wrong. I'm not married. Come on." He drew Hank toward the hall. "Mary Ann's got herself in some kind of a jam," he explained. "She told this friend of hers that I'm her married brother. So when I speak tenderly of my family you just look as if it were the natural thing. And while you're at it," he added, "remember you're coming along for Mary Ann. The blonde belongs to me."

"I don't get it," Hank admitted. "I've known blondes who were interested only in married men. But you're neither old enough nor rich enough, me lad."

When the two men climbed into the taxi, Rohr had an opportunity to see what Mary Ann had meant when she said that Tiffany froze in the presence of eligible men. She had been so gay and happy and alive when there were just the three of them. Now she sat quietly in the corner of the seat, her fingers pressed taut and stiff against her handbag, her eyes intent upon the tips of her slender shoes. In the restaurant she concentrated on the dancers, her contributions to the conversation limited strictly to an occasional yes or no. Then Rohr asked her to dance and made two discoveries—that she danced divinely and that she could again chat without restraint. Later in the evening, he asked, trying to sound more casual than curious, "Why wouldn't you dance with Hank when he asked you? He's a swell dancer."

"I didn't dare dance with him," explained Tiffany, her manner suddenly diffident. "I'd have been all stiff and jerky with self-consciousness."

"But you dance marvelously."

"With you I do," said Tiffany. "After all, I've gone to the best dancing schools in New York and Boston. Mother thought it might help but it didn't."

"Help what?"

"Me." After a moment she added, "Mother's the dainty, fluffy type. She was always a great belle. That's the reason it's been so hard for her."

"What has?" asked Rohr.

"Me," said Tiffany again, as if that were a completely adequate explanation.

The music stopped and the couples started drifting back to their tables. "Come on up to the bar," said Rohr. "Mary Ann no doubt wants to get Hank under her spell and, anyhow, I have to get this thing straight." They pushed their way up the steps and across the lounge. "Tell me," he said a few minutes later, looking over his glass into Tiffany's clear blue eyes. "What's the connection between the fact that your mother used to be a belle and the fact that you can dance with me but not with Hank?" Tiffany's eyes had a faraway look in them.

"Hank's single," she explained in such a low voice that he had to lean over to hear her words above the hubbub of the room. "*You* know that I'm not interested in you."

"That," said Rohr, "is what could be termed a devastating compliment." Tiffany laughed in a kind of happy embarrassment.

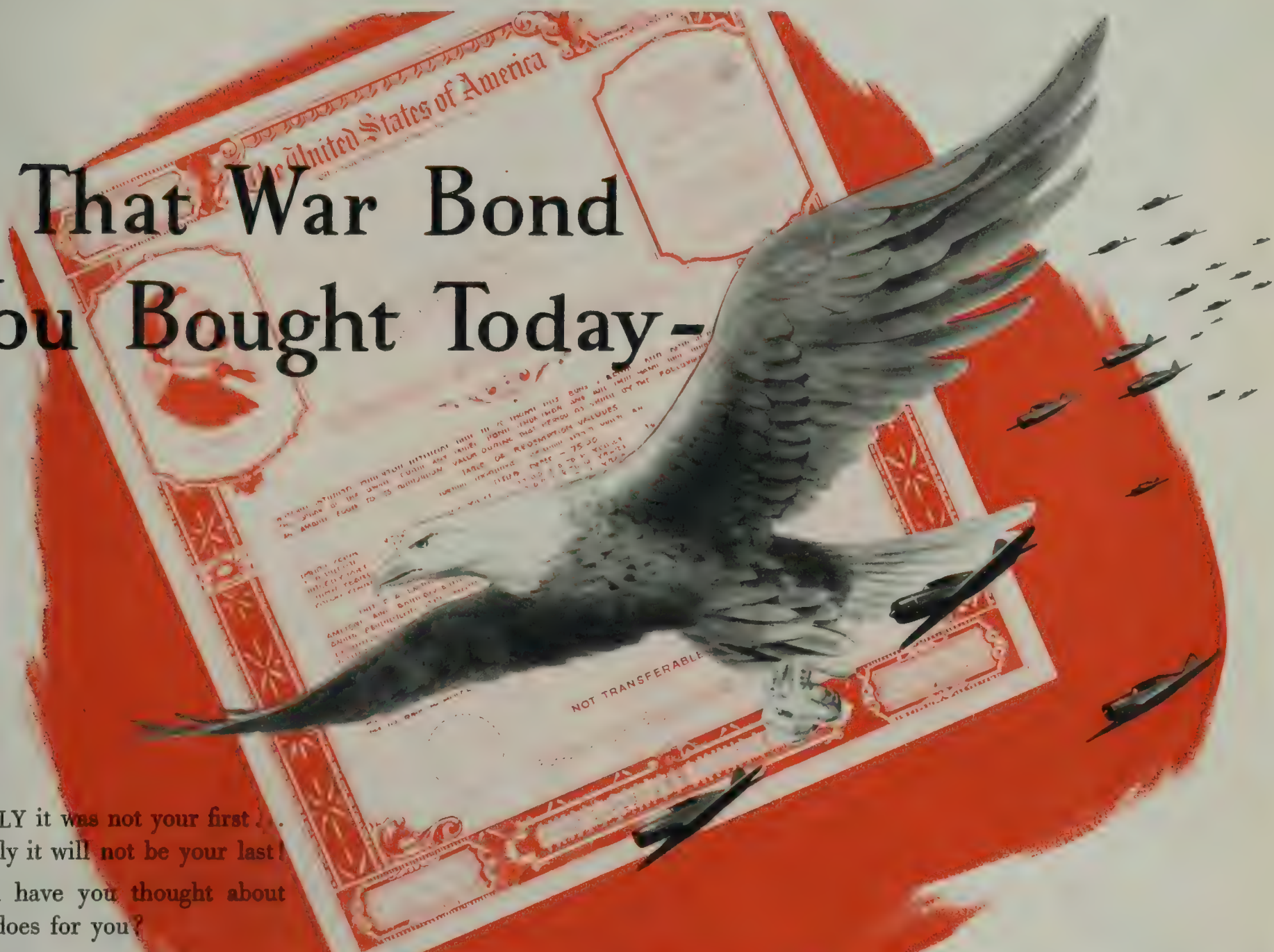
AS THE week wore on, it astonished Rohr to find how easily he fitted into his new role as his own brother. The fact that they had gone to the same college, been in the same business and lived in the same small Ohio town was a great help. He carefully kept Tiffany away from the places at which he was most likely to meet intimate friends and when forced to introduce her to anyone, he eased her away before conversation could become personal.

On the whole, he kept excellent track of his dual life although occasionally he was disconcerted to have Tiffany correct him on such intimate details as the exact age of his younger son.

Once Rohr said to Mary Ann, "How about whispering in Tiffany's ear that the slightest reference to my family leaves me devastated with homesickness? Tell her it's the better part of patriotism to ig-

COLLIER'S "Would you hold that a second?" VIRGIL PARTCH

That War Bond You Bought Today—



PROBABLY it was not your first ... Certainly it will not be your last! How much have you thought about the job it does for you?

It plays a leading part in the War's first essential—Victory! It contributes to the munitions and materiel for the men who fight for us. It helps satisfy your emotional longing to do your bit for the cause. It gives the thrill that makes you feel you belong to the War effort—the certitude, the assurance that, multiplied by all other War Bond buyers, yields the indefinable something we call "Morale."

But that War Bond does not stop there. It underwrites, through War purchases, development of products, essential in War, that will be converted to post-war uses no less essential. It is responsible for efforts that give new usefulness to basic raw materials.

A specific example is silver—jeweler's pet of antiquity, the base of coinage over the centuries. Metallurgists have found new essential uses for silver in the engine bearings which assure the functioning of war planes through all of the tremendous poundings, pressures, vibrations, strains and tortures that airplane engines must undergo. Silver, bonded to base metals through the Mallosil* Process developed by Mallory, has provided the solution where other metals failed. Silver-bonded bearings have loosed the shackles on engine performance and contributed no small share to the miracles performed by Allied airmen. Today virtually all high output warplane engines rely on silver-bonded bearings for all engine, reduction gear and supercharger bearings. Silver, indeed, has come into its own for new essential use.

What does this mean for the future? Simply this, Mallory Bearings have a new contribution to make to design engineers wherever precision bearings are needed for improved engine performance—in the air, on the road, in mill and factory. That can mean only higher standards at lower cost.

This is but one example. From the thousands of plants participating in war production, new progress is coming; in products, in techniques, in materials—improvements born of War effort but destined for conversion to the higher standards of living that make for mankind's greater happiness.

Buying that War Bond today makes you a responsible party in our Country's progress. You will want to buy another tomorrow.

P. R. MALLORY & CO., Inc.
INDIANAPOLIS 6 · INDIANA

P R MALLORY & CO. Inc.
MALLORY

SERVES THE AERONAUTICAL, AUTOMOTIVE, ELECTRICAL, GEOPHYSICAL, RADIO AND INDUSTRIAL FIELDS WITH . . . RESISTANCE WELDING ELECTRODES NON-FERROUS ALLOYS, POWDER METALLURGY AND BI-METALS . . . ELECTRICAL CONTACTS, . . . THE MALLOSIL* PROCESS—BEARINGS . . . SPECIALIZED PRECISION ELECTRONIC PRODUCTS

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

© 1943, The Studebaker Co

"You purr just like those engines Dad builds!

They're Studebaker-built Wright Cyclones for the famous Boeing Flying Fortress

SOLDIER HARRY RYAN and his father were fellow craftsmen in the Studebaker factory prior to Pearl Harbor.

They comprised one of the many father-and-son teams that have been a unique Studebaker institution since the business was founded in 1852.

Today, all over the world, large numbers of young men who once were Studebaker craftsmen, are engaged in using military equipment instead of building it.

In many instances, their fathers, and other older members of their families, are producing Flying Fortress engines, multiple-drive military trucks and other war matériel in the busy Studebaker plants.

For generations, one family after another in Studebaker's home community has maintained a tradition of Studebaker employment. This has resulted in a quality of craftsmanship unmatched in the automotive world.

That craftsmanship is now being utilized to the limit, on behalf of our Nation and its Allies, in the production of large quantities of military equipment. And you may be sure that it will provide finer Studebaker motor cars and motor trucks than ever before for civilian use, after victory comes.

BUY U.S. WAR BONDS

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Wright Cyclone engines for the Boeing Flying Fortress, big multiple-drive military trucks and other vital war matériel

"Always give more than you prom

That Studebaker watchword has been faithfull served for 20 years by craftsman Henry C. Ryan. T he is helping to build Flying Fortress engines i of Studebaker's aircraft engine plants. On some too-distant tomorrow, he and his soldier son, I hope to be building Studebaker cars again for

ore the whole subject. And," he added, will you please tell me how we're ever oing to end this deception? Raul will urn up here some day and then you'll e in a pretty mess."

"I'll just say he's single," retorted Mary nn. "And Tiffany will go and visit her ousin in Berkeley for a week."

"That's not exactly what I mean," said ohr bitterly. "This is a tough spot for me."

One evening while Mary Ann was build-g up the morale of the Marines, Rohr nd Tiffany climbed the steps to the Coit ower on top of Telegraph Hill. All about hem lay the bay and the city, the one a ide curving ribbon of fathomless black, he other a dark carpet sprinkled with San rancisco's dimmed-out wartime lights.

THEY sat down on the broad, shallow steps encircling the base of the tower nd Rohr gradually swung the conversa-ion to Tiffany's life in New York. "I sup-ose," he suggested casually, "that you're orking out here for experience so that ou can go back and get a job on Fifth venue."

She fell into his trap readily enough. I'll never go back," she said. "I deliber-tely moved as far from New York as pos-ible. But," she added, and there was a ote of surprise in her voice, "I can think f it quite impersonally now."

"It's an impersonal place," agreed Rohr.

"Not when you've grown up in it. Not hen you're part of a definite crowd. New ork is just a small town except that there re more people to watch you fail."

Her tone indicated that this was not the oment for a flippant reply, but Rohr, his ttention caught for the moment by a tiny ight dodging across the bay, said absently, Yes, you're obviously a complete flop." A moment later he put his arm about her nd fished for a handkerchief. "Now, isten, baby, I wouldn't have said it ex-ept for its impossibility. Why don't you ell Uncle Rohr all about it?"

"It was mostly Mother." The words ere muffled behind the handkerchief. She wanted me to be the most popular eb in New York and from the time I ould talk she was coaching me about what o say to boys and how to smile at them nd how to be coquettish." A strangled augh came from behind the square of inen. "Imagine me being coquettish at ancing school, looking down on the heads f all those nasty little boys. When I danced with the shortest ones, the others would say, 'Why don't you get a ladder?' "

He swung around bracing his elbow against the step above them, his long legs stretched out ahead. "I don't understand it, Tiffany. Here you are, a beautiful, clever, intelligent girl and you're letting a complex carried over from your early teens ruin your whole life."

"There was more to it than dancing school," said Tiffany. Her face was just a pale oval in the soft darkness but her voice betrayed her agitation. "Can't we forget it?" she asked. "I've decided what kind of life I'll be happiest living and I'm very nicely adjusted to it."

"You wouldn't deliberately cripple yourself physically," said Rohr. "Why cripple yourself psychologically?" To release her from a sense of scrutiny, he tilted his head back and looked at the stars. "I suppose you blame your mother for all this."

"Mother really wasn't to blame. She couldn't help it that I was just the wrong daughter for her. I finally persuaded her to let me go to a girls' college and in return I tried to live her kind of life during vacations. To please Mother, I tried to make the boys like me but the harder I tried, the more I scared them off. Then during my senior year, one of them started taking me out quite regularly. It was the first time anyone had ever asked me for even a second date and I was pathetically grateful."

"And what became of him?" asked Rohr.

"I went into the powder room at one of the hotels and overheard something I wasn't intended to hear. Or maybe," she added, her voice little more than a whisper, "I was intended to hear it. Don't make me tell you."

"Things are hardly ever as important after they've been honestly faced," said Rohr.

Tiffany took a deep breath like a swimmer about to plunge into cold water. "My father was paying his tuition for two years of postgraduate work."

Suppressing an impulse to take her in his arms, Rohr lighted a cigarette and inhaled deeply before he spoke: "So you came to San Francisco."

"Yes."

"You showed enough courage to walk out and make a new life for yourself. Why not make it a full life?"

Tiffany looked away from him to the west where a string of amber lights spanned the Golden Gate. "Do you think you'll be sent some place in the Pacific?"

"Could be."

They were silent watching the searchlights which had come on about the horizon, their shafts relentlessly searching out a plane until they held it imprisoned in their converging beams. It was a startling reminder of the war. He said, "Someday you may see a convoy going out and weeks later you'll learn that I was part of it."

She stood up suddenly and turned her back upon the panorama before them, tilting her head upward as if she were looking at the tower. "Until now convoys have always seemed thrilling," she said, "but they're really terrifying, aren't they?"

Her abrupt movement and the quiver in her voice made him forget the plane in the lights. He sprang to his feet with the sudden urgent need to comfort her. The blond hair was on a level with his lips, and he put his arms about her and found that her shoulders had the same soft crushable quality that her hands had. There was just time to catch a hint of what it might be like to love Tiffany when she became a slim rod of steel in his arms. "Come," he said somewhat shakily, as he released her, "we'll go over to Julius' Castle and have a nightcap. Then I'll take you home."

THE next day over the telephone Rohr inquired of his sister in an embittered tone, "When a married man makes passes at a single girl, what does that make him?"

"A wolf."

"Then you two girls can entertain yourselves tonight," retorted Rohr. "I'm going out and eat Grandma."

He was, of course, waiting for them that evening when they left the store. "You'll never guess what I have." He patted the package under his arm affectionately.

"It's butcher-shop paper," said Mary Ann. "But it's probably wrapped around fish."

"A thick juicy steak," Rohr declared. "The hospitals are crowded with the women I had to knock down to get it."

"Much as I need some good red beef to stave off anemia," said Mary Ann, "this is my night at the USO. So you two will have to eat it by yourselves."

If Rohr had cherished any visions of Tiffany bustling about the kitchen and preparing a cozy meal, he was doomed to disappointment for, upon their arrival at the apartment, she took him out to the kitchen, made a sweeping gesture with her hand and said, "There it is and it's all yours."

"Oh!" He took a moment to adjust himself to the idea. "I'm cooking dinner, am I? Well, it's luck that steak is my specialty."

Rohr prepared the dinner that evening to a running accompaniment of underbreath comment which would have startled Tiffany if she had heard it. "This pretty little courting scene," he thought, "has the proper setting but the casting is in reverse." He snatched up the singing tea kettle and dumped some water onto the peas, muttering, "I think I've been had." I really should bake a pie, he decided as he sloshed the greens up and down in the sink, because if this scene is going to be authentic I need a daub of flour on my cheek. He rummaged around in the cupboard for the oil and vinegar. If that girl's sitting in the living room reading the newspaper, I'll shake her.

"Hey, Tiffany!" he shouted. "Do you have an apron?"

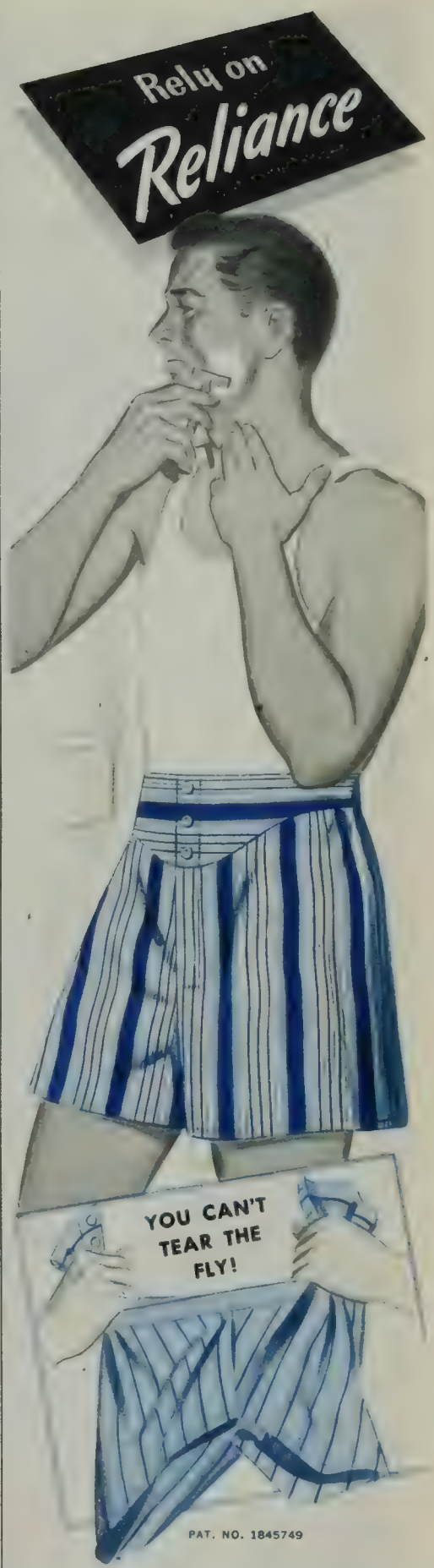
Tiffany returned to the kitchen and took an apron from the lowest drawer. "I suppose this is how you won Jane," she said.

"If anything makes me nervous," he said, "it's having people in my kitchen while I'm cooking. Will you please get out of here?"

After dinner, during which they dis-

"Yes, we lay over here for a certain length of time after arriving from wherever we were until we shove off for someplace"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD



Extra Wear in Every Pair!

Pull as hard as you like, you won't rip or tear the fly on Reliance No-Tare Shorts. The amazing patented fly design takes care of that. It means longer, more comfortable wear. Choice of handsome stripes and colorings, and so moderately priced. That's why No-Tare Shorts are the choice of millions. Get the genuine—ask for Reliance No-Tare Shorts at good stores everywhere.

RELIANCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

212 W. Monroe St. • Chicago, Ill.

New York Offices: 200 Fifth Ave. • 1350 Broadway

MAKERS OF Big Yank Work Clothing

Aywon Shirts • Yankshire Coats • No-Tare Shorts Universal Pajamas • Kay Whitney and Happy Home Frocks • Yank Jr. Boys' Wear • Parachutes for Men and Matériel

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

ıssed the arts and sciences because iffany considered that intellectual conersation was stimulating to a married ıan, Rohr opened all the windows to chill ıe room and then built a fire in the fireplace to warm it up. "Cozy, what?" he sked, sprawling comfortably in his chair. With a setup like this, marriage wouldn't e half bad."

The doorbell rang, two sharp urgent eals. "Who could that be?" Tiffany wonered. She went out in the hall and a moıent later Rohr shot to his feet, for Jane's oice was saying, "Is Mary Ann here? 'm her sister-in-law, Jane Carson."

There was a confusion of greetings and childish voice piped, "Does my Aunt Mary live here?" Then he heard Tiffany rge them to come in.

"Let me take the baby," she said; "you ıust be exhausted from carrying him. Mary Ann isn't here, but," she added, as offering a priceless treasure, "Rohr is."

"Why, how nice," said Raul's wife in a ordial sister-in-law voice.

Rohr reflected that he was here only beause going out the window would be ertain suicide. "Offense is the best deense," he murmured and dashed into the all exclaiming, "Jane, darling! How are ou?"

"Dead," said Jane and submitted to his iss. "Why didn't somebody meet me? wired Mary Ann when I left Chicago."

"The telegram never reached her," said Tiffany. She had taken the baby out of ane's arms and was holding him against ıer shoulder. "Mary Ann will be surprised to see you," she added and led the vay into the living room.

"I don't know why she should be," said ane. "She wrote me to get here before Raul does and he arrives tomorrow morning."

Tiffany turned to Rohr. "Mary Ann's been keeping this as a surprise for you," she exclaimed.

"So she has, the little devil," Rohr agreed. He was not looking pleasantly surprised. Tiffany glanced from him to Jane, and Rohr saw the question in her eyes. Does she suspect, he wondered, or does she think we are prospective candidates for Reno? He picked up Raul, Junior, praying that the child would confine his remarks to the weather, and said, "These youngsters had better get to bed immediately. Mary Ann probably has some hotel room reserved and is keeping that a secret too. You can take over the apartment, Jane, and the two girls can go to the hotel later." He herded them toward the bedroom, hoping he was doing a convincing act as the masterful family man. "You brought more luggage than that didie bag, didn't you?" he asked.

"It's at the station."

"Come on, Tiffany, we'll grab a taxi and go down and get it."

Tiffany looked at him in astonishment. "You don't need me," she said.

Rohr disappeared into the hall and came back a moment later with her coat. "Come on," he insisted. "Jane'll get along better alone with the children. They always act up in front of strangers." He held the coat for her and managed to wink at Jane over her shoulder.

"Sure," said Jane, remembering that she too had once been single. "Go along with him. I won't be fit for human companionship for a while anyhow."

"It seems so inhospitable," protested Tiffany as Rohr eased her toward the hall.

THEY had reached the front door and Rohr was drawing a great deep breath of relief when Raul, Junior, called out in his baby treble, "Uncle Rohr, when is my daddy coming here?"

"That does it," said Rohr. He opened the door, pushed a paralyzed Tiffany through it and closed it behind him. "Now, young lady," he said severely, as if the whole thing were her fault, "you and I are going to have a long talk."

Half an hour later, once again on the steps of the Coit Tower, Rohr said furiously, "How much longer do you expect me to keep up this monologue? What do you think this is, a Senate filibuster? I've told you how it happened. I've told you that I didn't intend to go through with it until you walked into the room and I fell in love with you on sight—" he broke off suddenly. The spotlights had come on again searching for a plane, and they watched them in silence. "I don't know," said Rohr, after a while in a voice that was suddenly quiet, "but it seems to me you're doing an awful lot of thinking about Tiffany and not much about Rohr. There's a war to fight and this may be my last leave—" He let the words trail off. Just then, her hand slipped into his.

"I don't know what to say," she whispered, "because I haven't had any practice."

"Say yes," said Rohr.

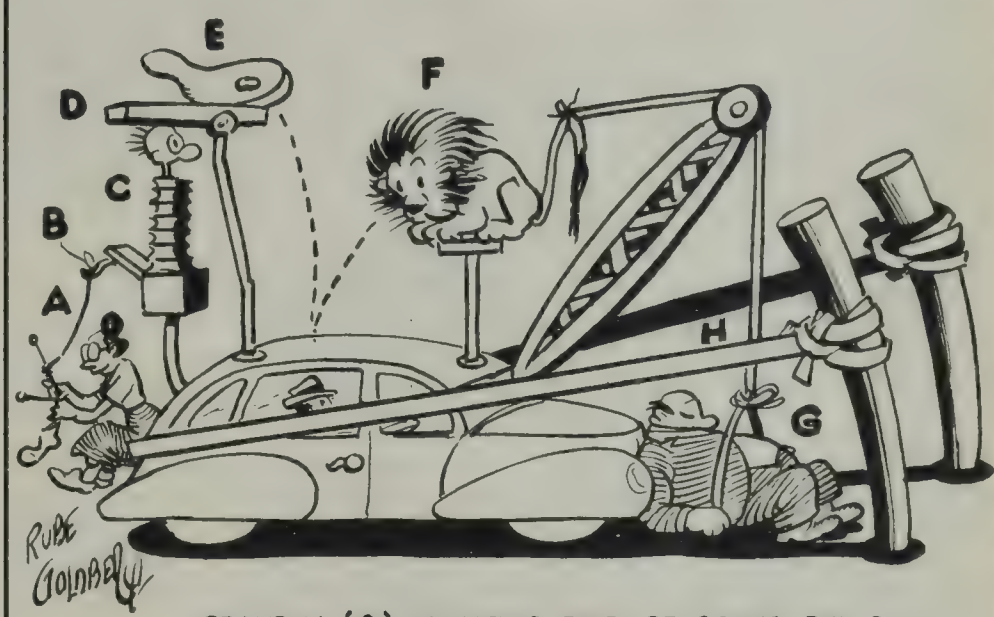
THE END

"Run, Ma—run for my life!"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

DON'T WASTE GAS!

SAYS RUBE GOLDBERG



GRANDMA (A), KNITTING PAIR OF SOCKS, PULLS LATCH (B), CAUSING JACK-IN-THE-BOX (C) TO POP OUT AND HIT TEETER — BOARD (D), DROPPING LARGE STEAK (E) ON TOP OF CAR — LION (F) DIVES FOR STEAK, LIFTING 300-POUND GENTLEMAN (G) AND ALLOWING POWERFUL SLING-SHOT (H) TO PROPEL CAR AHEAD — IF YOU CAN'T GET A STEAK, STAY HOME AND BUY WAR BONDS INSTEAD, SO OUR BOYS CAN BRING HOME THE BACON.

Save gas for fighting engines... keep your car in condition by sounding your Z for PENNZOIL

How Oil Can Save Gasoline

Only about *one* of every four gallons of gas you use actually moves your car. The rest is "wasted" overcoming air resistance and friction and in producing heat.

If sludge causes piston rings to leak and valves to stick, additional power is lost. Under today's conditions, only the best oil can resist sludge formations so your engine will stay clean and easy on gas.

PennZoil is refined from pure Pennsylvania oil especially to reduce friction and engine deposits. It helps you get every possible mile out of that vital fourth gallon of gas. Next time, specify PennZoil—and be sure to sound your Z!

DON'T WAIT FOR BELTS TO BREAK!

On most cars, a broken fan belt stops the water pump and generator. Engines overheat and batteries run down. Maintaining proper tension and keeping belts free from oil will lengthen their life.

Write for "Keep Your Car Alive" —16 pages of facts and pictures devoted to preserving your car for the duration. Address Dept. AC, The Pennzoil Co., Oil City, Pa.

SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication

*Registered Trade-mark

PENNZOIL GIVES YOUR ENGINE AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY

THE Wild Bunch

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

The Story Thus Far:

MARY GOODNIGHT runs away from her Oregon home with Theo McSween, a ne'er-do-well. She dies a few months later in Nevada, after being abused and deserted by the scoundrel.

Learning of what has happened, Mary's brother, Frank, vows that he will kill McSween, if he can find him. He rides to Sherman City, where Niles Brand, his best friend and a former suitor of Mary's, tells him that McSween is somewhere in the near-by hill country.

Shortly after his arrival, Goodnight meets two girls: Rosalia Lind, an orphan, who owns Sherman City's one hotel; and Virginia Overman. Virginia's father, Hugh Overman, is the proprietor of a prosperous ranch, "The Sun." He and his friends—the "hill crowd"—are at war with the "desert crowd"—other cattlemen led by a man named Harry Ide.

Through the friendly offices of Virginia, Goodnight gets a job at "Sun." Then comes a series of tragedies. Someone—some hidden killer—shoots Niles Brand, wounds him badly. Hugh Overman is shot to death, under mysterious circumstances. *And Goodnight gets his man*—cornering McSween in a neighboring town, he shoots the fellow, kills him. . . .

With her father dead, Virginia Overman needs a reliable man to help her run the ranch. Believing that Goodnight is strong, dependable, she makes him her foreman. Whereupon "Boston Bill" Royal, a leader of the hill crowd, who hates Goodnight, makes a secret deal with Harry Ide—he and the leader of Sun's enemies agree not to molest each other in any way. . . .

Niles Brand is killed—someone, apparently mistaking him for Goodnight, shoots him. Suspecting that Rosalia (whom Boston Bill regards as his property) knows who murdered his friend, Goodnight interrogates her. The girl refuses to name the assassin.

Feeling sure that Boston Bill was behind the killing, Goodnight makes an unsuccessful attempt to force him into fighting a gun duel. But Virginia Overman protects him. So—fed up with the whole business—Goodnight leaves the ranch.

Losing no time, Boston Bill assembles some of his associates, follows him. Goodnight rides slowly. The country (in the near-by Owlhorns) grows more and more rugged. He reaches the edge of a precipice. Stopping his horse, he gazes down into a canyon. The canyon is deep; its bottom is covered by night shadows.

V

A PATHWAY dropped along the face of the precipice at a breakneck angle, running lower and lower until Goodnight could no longer see its course. From the look of it, he judged it had not been recently used and possibly was nothing more than a foothold cut out by deer.

There was undoubtedly a better way of moving off this ridge. One end of it was probably anchored against the Owlhorns, providing him with a level route; but it grew darker and he wished a sheltered spot for his camp. So, not altogether free of doubt, he tipped the horse over the brink of the precipice into the descending ledge.

The cliff was rock and earth, with some vegetation clinging to it; the trail was no more than three or four feet wide, sometimes tightening against the cliff and causing him to foul his leg against the outcrop of rock. The horse was both tired and doubtful and frequently stopped, to be pressed on by a touch of the spurs. The pathway at places pitched downward so steeply that the horse's front feet slid along the loose rubble, and the farther it dropped the blacker it became until there was no view above Goodnight and no view below.

He had gone about three hundred feet when the horse stopped and would no longer advance. He waited for the horse to move; he waited a full two minutes and then, knowing that something stood in the way, he slid carefully to the ground —crowded between horse and canyon wall—and moved forward. He got down on his hands and knees and used his hands for exploring; he felt the slide of rock and soil which, coming from the cliff, blocked the trail entirely.

It took him half an hour to clear the barrier, and when he was through, his fingers bruised and raw, he estimated he had scooped aside a pile of dirt five feet long and three feet wide. Catching up the reins, he let the horse take its time, and again descended.

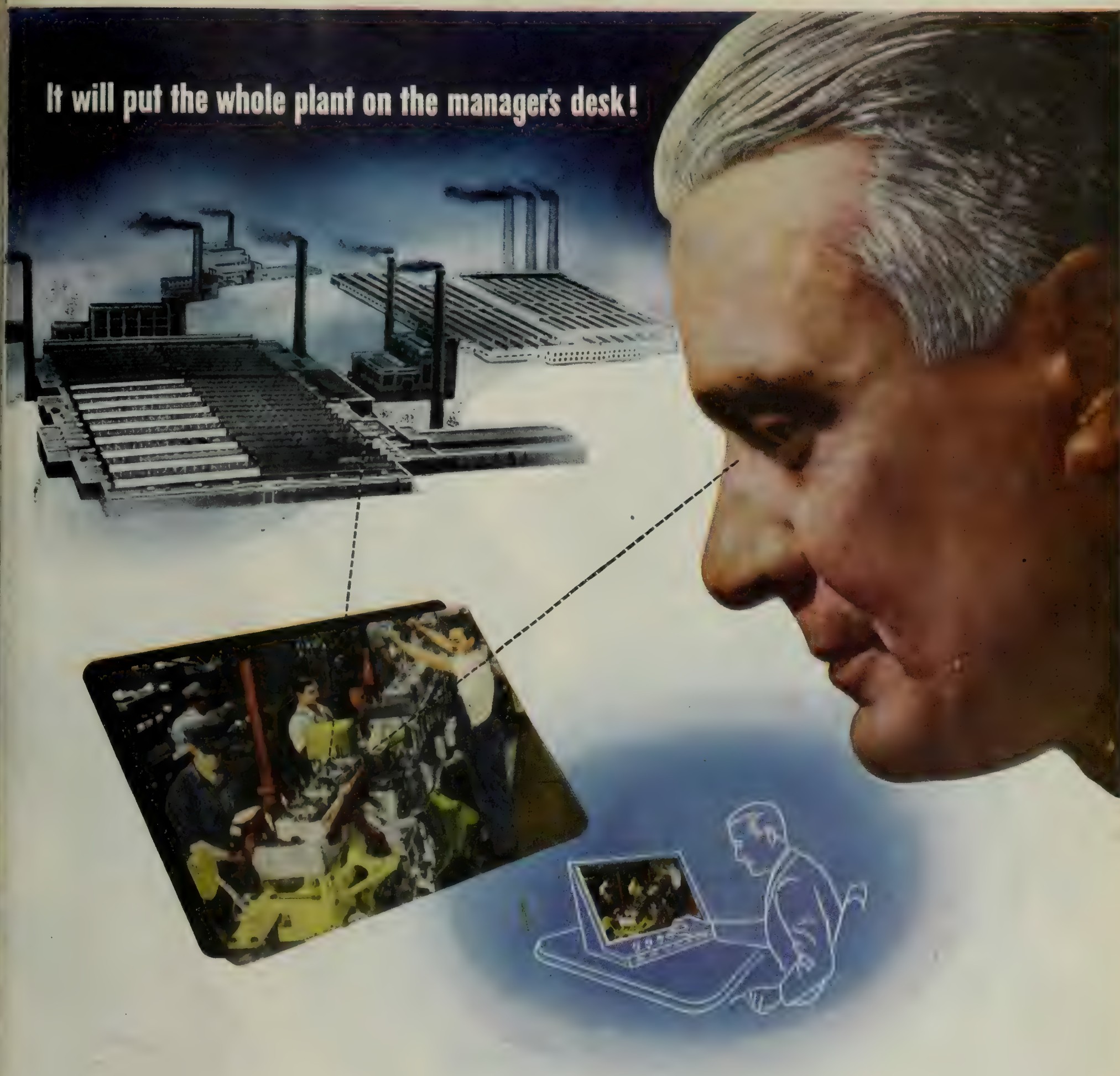
There was water flowing at the bottom of the canyon; the cold dampness of it began to rise to him and the sound of it strengthened.

He had been walking with a short forward step, surer of himself as the bottom of the canyon appeared nearer; he took one more step and, without warning, fou no trail to meet him and lost his balar and dropped forward into emptiness.

He had been lightly holding the rei As he lost his balance his grip tighten upon them and as he swung forward, o foot still on the trail, the weight of fall stuck hard on reins and horse; horse took that pressure with an alarm upward fling of his head, hauling Goo night upward. He whipped himself arour grasping the reins with his free hand ar with this double hold, he swung outwa into space and downward. His other fo slid off the trail and he dropped until chest scraped the edge of the rocks; horse, alarmed, moved backward, this tion dragging Goodnight along the sha edge of the rocks and sawing at his ri He got one elbow hooked over the ri he let go the reins completely and a chored himself now with both elbows. hung there, feeling a moment's sharp pa in his chest, his feet digging against wall of the canyon and finding poor su port. He kicked at the wall with his toe he moved them up and down and fou lodgment for one toe. He lifted hims gently, his elbows taking the strain fro the insecure foothold, and he gathered strength, made an upward lunge a crawled back to the trail and rolled a sat upright.

He still had the cigarette in his teeth, t

Goodnight heard his name called a felt a hand flat on his chest. He opene his eyes and saw Virginia bendi over him. "Supper's ready," she sa



It may be miles from the plant manager's office to his most distant buildings, but it won't take a second for television to *show* him the production line in Building N, the mold problem in the foundry or the design change developed in the engineers' office.

Television equipment located in each department — and a receiving set on his desk . . . the manager's whole plant will be right in his office!

This is only one of the many unique possibilities of the magic of television. Industry and education, medicine and merchandising, science and entertainment—all will use it widely in the better world we're fighting for.

It is 17 short years since Farnsworth, pioneer in electronic television, first demonstrated the kind of television which today has brought clear images, colors and speed, and that waits only peace to establish itself as one of America's next great industries.

The results of Farnsworth's many years' pioneering in television and radio are now applied entirely to military equipment. Our extensive factories, well-equipped laboratories, our thousands of skilled workers, trained in the precision manufacture of the superlative Capehart Phonograph-Radio, are building highly technical electronic equipment for all our fighting forces.

When peace comes, Farnsworth television and radio equipment — including the superb Capehart — will be better because of what we've learned in war work . . . and much closer will be the day of home television . . . when you will *see* news made in world affairs, in sports, science, art and entertainment, on a television screen in your own home.

Help bring peace and Victory closer. Buy the War Bonds that buy America's winning weapons.

Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana
Farnsworth Radio and Television Transmitters and Receivers; Aircraft Radio Equipment; Farnsworth Dissector Tube; the Capehart, the Capehart-Panamuse; the Farnsworth Phonograph-Radio.

FARNSWORTH TELEVISION
PRODUCT OF
FARNSWORTH TELEVISION & RADIO CORPORATION

Style-wise men prefer

SUGAR and SPICE* $1

"EVERYTHING THAT'S NICE IN A TIE"

muted colors • powdery texture • easy to knot

P.S.

TO THE LADY who shops for that war-busy man. You've always been his best critic. Be his best friend as well. When you're buying his ties — remember to ask for Sugar and Spice.

Ask the man with an eye for style what he looks for in a tie. Soft tones that blend . . . wrinkle-resistance that keeps it looking new . . . draping quality — and a knot that doesn't slip. You'll find all these essentials for good taste and good looks in Sugar and Spice. Join the group of well-dressed men who make it their choice always. Featured at leading stores.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © 1943 Superba Cravats

SUPERBA CRAVATS • Rochester, New York

scattered grains of tobacco half down his throat. He strangled on them and his coughing reminded him of the beating he had taken in his chest. He got to his feet. He said, "Coley," calling the horse. He couldn't see the horse and he took a step onward until he brushed its muzzle. He ran a hand back along its neck. He said, "All right—all right. Stand fast." He drew a deep breath and was relieved.

He walked back to the break in the trail, shuffling his feet until he reached the edge; he got down on his knees and stretched his arm outward and touched nothing. He sat back a moment, drawing a long breath, and then he flattened on his belly and inched forward until he teetered on the edge of the break like a balanced board, and reached out again, and again touched nothing. That was a five-foot stretch; the gap was wider.

He sat back, defeated and full of exasperation. He drew in a huge breath and let it go. He got a handful of small rocks and dropped them one by one over the edge of the trail, listening to the strike they made against the canyon bottom. He tried to visualize the distance but had no great luck. As a final resort he pulled out a match, struck it and cupped his hands so that the light would shine upon the break in the trail.

It was better than a ten-foot gap. But he saw something else which gave him heart; the break had taken away the outer half of the pathway, leaving an inner shelf of about two feet or so in width snugged against the cliff's face.

The light died out, leaving him hopeful in one respect: He himself could cross over. What troubled him was the situation of the horse. He doubted if it would stand on this narrow ledge all during the night without attempting to turn and so come to disaster. That meant a try at the ledge. He figured the girth of the horse against the width of the ledge and came to the conclusion that, with some luck, the passage might be accomplished.

He rose and tackled the ledge, testing it for footing. He walked back, running his hands along the face. He struck an outstanding rock and stopped and dug it out and threw it into the pit; he crawled back to the horse, removed the saddle and carried it over the break, there dumping it, and came back again to catch up the reins. He paused a moment, thinking of the depth below. It seemed to be a full fifty-foot fall. "Well, Coley," he said, "this is the jack pot." He led the horse forward, holding to the extreme end of the reins. He got halfway out upon the ledge and pulled.

COLEY was a sure-footed brute, made wary by his experiences. He came up to the break and stopped there. Goodnight came up to him and laid a hand on his neck. "Coley," he said, "you got to gamble once in a while. Don't be a fool." He backed onto the ledge, hauling suggestively at the reins.

Coley took another step and hit firm footing and came forward. Goodnight held the reins firm until he figured Coley's hind feet had reached the ledge. Then he let them sag so that the horse might drop its head and see the trail. Coley thrust its muzzle downward, breathing against the ground. It placed a forefoot ahead like a weary old man unsure of his bones, and advanced the other front foot. Goodnight heard Coley's flanks drag along the rock face and he spoke gently, to check Coley from panic: "You're halfway. Stretch out your neck and you're across." Suddenly Coley's near hind foot, too near the edge, slid downward and the horse made a lunge that carried it all the way across to firm ground. The surge caught Goodnight off balance. He jumped away, stumbled and fell. He got up again and went forward. Coley had stopped and was trembling.

Goodnight led the horse downward, taking his steps with caution. Hunger rolled around his belly, growling, and he was very tired. Somewhere in the night new sounds lifted and fell away and lifted again, barely clearing the increasing rush of the river. He halted, waiting and listening. Somewhere men were talking and as he swung his head the sound came clearest from above him. He could see nothing, but the murmur broke and ran on in idle fragments, and presently died.

He thought, "Echoes from the river," and moved cautiously downgrade again.

The trail played out through gravel and chunks of rock to the river's edge. The river's surface had a thin glow. The gravel churned under his feet and his horse stumbled and stopped, dead-beat. He pulled it on, coming to better footing. Here he unsaddled again, put hobbles on the horse and rolled up in the saddle blanket. He felt a continuing ache in his chest, but he was almost instantly asleep.

NOT more than five minutes after he crossed the small creek in the earlier afternoon, Jack Babb and Monroe Mullans came up the creek on a scout, having been sent out by Boston Bill. They cut the fresh damp tracks of Goodnight's horse on the trail. Babb said, "I'll wait here. You go back and bring 'em up."

Boston Bill arrived with the main party an hour afterward and immediately pushed uptrail, following Goodnight's clear prints.

When Goodnight woke, at gray dawn, he heard a clean, distinct shout, hollowly echoing. Looking upward he discovered a man standing at the lip of the trail, four hundred feet away. The man brought a rifle to his shoulder and fired, the bullet striking wide of Goodnight's position.

His horse was twenty feet from him at the moment. Beyond stood a loose board structure, an abandoned cabin. Goodnight made a run for his horse, unsnapped the hobbles and led it back toward the house. A bullet broke ground ahead of him, and a third one splintered the side of the house wall as he jumped through the doorway, leading the horse inside. He made one more run to seize up his saddle and blanket.

Goodnight hauled the horse well inside the shack and swiftly saddled it.

A volley crashed down, crackling through the roof and raising the floor's long-collected dust. Goodnight caught the reins in his left hand, slapped the horse out through the door and went up into the saddle. He was twenty feet from the shanty, rushing up a small meadow beside the river, when the party's firing swung over and began to reach for him.

The distance was four hundred feet and most of the firing was from revolvers, which were not meant for long-range work. But there were some rifles searching him out and coming close upon him. He veered in until he scraped the edge of the cliff. Then looking back and up, he found himself sheltered.

He stopped and studied his situation and looked about him. The canyon made a long slow turn into darker country. The right-hand wall remained sheer as far as he could see it; across the river the rough shoulders of a ridge came down in heavy folds of timber and rock. It was a rough slope but a passable one, once he crossed the river.

The river itself, freshly born in these hills, was small and shallow and fast; he put the horse over the meadow and into the water and at once heard the renewal of gunfire. He pointed Coley upstream for better footing and felt the current break hard against the animal's legs; at the halfway point the water began to push against Coley's barrel and chest and a bullet struck the stream close by with a gurgling echo. Coley struggled with the slippery rocks, came to a full pause to gain its balance, and moved on again, working

NEW WAY TO FIGHT ATHLETE'S FOOT

MEDICAL SCIENCE has made important advances recently in fighting Athlete's Foot. It is now known that the fungus organisms which cause the disease cannot live under certain *alkaline* conditions, and may thrive in shoe linings—as well as on feet—causing danger of re-infection.

Based on new scientific knowledge, a new Mennen product—Quinsana (a fungicidal powder)—is producing sensational results. Records kept of thousands of persons show that Athlete's Foot infection disappeared in practically all cases after only 30 days treatment with Quinsana. You can get Quinsana now in drug and department stores throughout the U. S.

2-WAY TREATMENT

Use Quinsana on feet daily to help prevent and relieve infection. Most common symptoms of Athlete's Foot are cracks and peeling between toes; mild infection may suddenly progress to more serious form. Inflammation may mean germ infection; see physician or chiropodist.

Shake Quinsana into shoes every day to absorb moisture, thereby reducing chances of re-infection from this source. Being a powder, Quinsana is conveniently used in the shoes as well as on feet.

Only 50¢. Use Quinsana daily as a protective measure as well as for relief. It is also excellent for excessive perspiration and foot odor.

Pharmaceutical Division, The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., San Francisco

through the shallows to dry land. Across a narrow beach stood the foot of the ridge, with its timber. Toward it Goodnight rushed. Gaining the shelter of pines he stopped and dismounted.

Boston Bill's party was against the side of the cliff, coming single-file and slowly down the reverse pitches of the trail. He counted eight men, spaced out and moving with caution; and although it was at a considerable distance, he recognized the high shape of Bill in the lead. He noticed that one man remained on the rim, guarding the party as it descended.

He pulled his rifle from its boot and crouched down, steadying the gun beside a pine trunk. He made a guess as to distance and elevation and drew a thoughtful sight on the marksman. He waited, and took up the trigger's slack, and waited until he had the marksman's shoulders in the notch of his sights, and let go. He saw the marksman roll back out of sight.

He pulled down his rifle and went back to his horse. He put away the gun and stepped to the saddle, turning to the rough hill. He found a kind of footing and moved forward until outcrop stopped him; and found another short passable vista and pushed forward. In this manner he worked himself two or three hundred feet up the side of the ridge before stopping. Now looking below him he caught sight of Boston Bill and the party at the mine house. They had halted.

He fought his way over some of the roughest footing he had ever seen. He had to dismount and lead the horse, breaking through vine undergrowth, circling great masses of fallen rock and soil, skirting logs lying breast-high before him.

THIS was the way of it for half an hour. Presently some kind of a glen made a wrinkle in the ravine's side, forming a long chute; Goodnight took to it and made better time, and eventually came upon an area of bald, worn rock. He passed around chunks of rock two stories high and discovered a trail winding between worn walls of like rock. Turning the corner of such a rock he came upon a small campfire burning.

He stopped at once and looked about him and saw nothing, but he knew that somewhere around one corner or another of this massive boulder patch a man stood and held a gun against him. He knew that because of the frying pan beside the fire and the blackened can with hot coffee steaming in it. He stood still in front of his horse, feeling his danger. He said in his easy voice, "All right."

He heard a scrape behind him, he heard boots slide forward over the solid rock floor. A man went by him, slowly swinging—a young man with a sharp, pointed face pinched sharp with the shadow of hunting and being hunted. He had a gun in his arm but a moment later, considering Goodnight closely, he put the gun back in his holster. He pointed at the fire. "Those fish are ready to eat. Go ahead and eat 'em."

"A drink of coffee is all I've got time for," said Goodnight.

"Why?" said the young man. "That outfit won't ever get up this way. Go ahead and eat my breakfast. I been livin' easy for the last month. I ain't hungry."

Goodnight walked to the fire and squatted before it. He dragged the coffee can aside, saw another can near by, and poured himself a drink. He took it down in noisy swallows, hot as it was. He looked at the fish and bacon lying crisp in the pan and he pulled out his pocketknife and went to work. The young man crouched across the fire from him, watching with amusement. "I remember when I was that hungry. But I found this spot and I been livin' fine ever since. Fish in the river, venison for the lookin'. Rabbit any old time. I never lived so well in my life. That fish taste all right?"

"Fine," said Goodnight.

"Yeah," said the young man. "You can't beat this place. It is a funny thing. A man gets in trouble. All wound around with grief and disaster. Hunted like a dog. Can't ride without watchin', can't sleep without one eye open. Can't walk down a street. So he says if he ever gets to a place where he can just relax and never worry, then he'll be happy and never move again. Yeah. This is the place. I can hear anything come, half a mile away. Don't suppose more than four men have ever found this spot in couple hundred years. Why, it's perfect."

"Should be wonderful," said Goodnight. He sat back to roll a cigarette; he relished

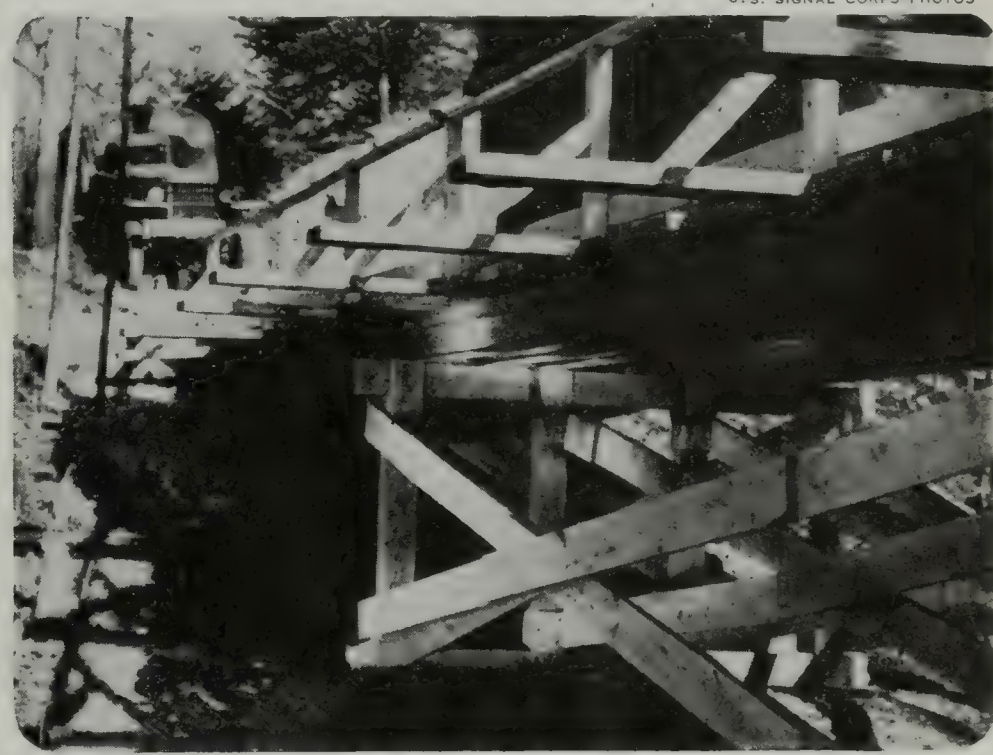
COLLIER'S "What the heck did you load them with?" RODNEY DE SARRO

They learned to build a bridge by sitting in the dark

1. Soldiers build small trestle to be carried to its position at the bridge site.

U.S. SIGNAL CORPS PHOTOS

2. High trestle for bridge is too heavy for lifting, so a derrick is rigged.



3. Portion of completed bridge strong enough to support trucks, or light tanks.

THIS IS THE REMARKABLE story of thirty-six green men . . .

. . . a bridge

. . . and a 40-minute movie seen in the dark.

The thirty-six green men had had only three weeks of Army training, *none* of it in Engineering work. But they were shown a Signal Corps training film titled: "*How To Build A Timber Trestle Bridge.*"

They saw the movie *once.*

Then they were given a Sergeant who had never built a timber trestle bridge, and they were taken out into the country and told to build a bridge.

What happened?

Here's the answer in a direct quotation from their Engineer Major:

> "In three and a half hours they had completed a 45-foot timber trestle bridge which is as good as any I've ever seen. If that isn't an argument for training films, I'll eat one."

Well, that's the way the whole Army feels about the Signal Corps and its magnificent training pictures. Engineers . . . Infantry . . . Armored Divisions . . . Tank Destroyers . . . they all use moving pictures made by the U. S. Army Signal Corps.

The men who make the training films don't win many medals or often get cited for heroism. But their pictures are helping to make our men *better-informed* and *better-trained* — the *hardest-hitting* Army the United States has ever had!

Note to Camera Users:

Agfa Ansco supplies a greater percentage of its film direct to the government than does any other photographic manufacturer.

In fact, almost three-quarters of our total production goes to the government and war industries.

So, if you find temporary shortages of your favorite Agfa Ansco Film, remember where it's going—and what it's doing. We're sure you'll understand.

Agfa Ansco, Binghamton, N. Y.

Agfa Ansco — Keep your eye on Ansco — first with the finest

PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

ENLIST YOUR DOLLARS ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ BUY WAR SAVINGS BONDS

Knowing how...and Showing how

Building optical instruments is a job for skills built on experience. Bausch & Lomb has the skills, and the experience. Albert Vragel, emery expert, is one of 39 men and women who, with 50 years or more at Bausch & Lomb, have helped America through three wars. They are part of the remarkable organization known as the Early Settlers—the Bausch & Lomb 25-year-service club—whose 518 members alone represent collectively more than 22,000 years of specialized experience.

Such experience is irreplaceable today. It indicates why Bausch & Lomb was ready, when war clouds gathered over Europe, to supply the United Nations with the optical instruments of war. It provides the "know-how," too, to meet ever-increasing production demands, by training thousands of new workers . . . for our own plant and plants of other manufacturers, to whom we have made available Bausch & Lomb specifications, methods and experience for production of certain military optical instruments. Bausch & Lomb experience, skills and facilities are devoted today to the production of range finders, binoc lars, anti-aircraft height finders—to the tools modern war. After Victory, these resources wi lead in the interpretation of optical science to th needs of a finer new world.

BAUSCH & LOMB
OPTICAL CO. ROCHESTER, N. Y

ESTABLISHED 1853

AN AMERICAN SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION PRODUCING OPTICAL GLASS AND INSTRUMENTS FOR MILITARY USE, EDUCATION, RESEARCH, INDUSTRY AND EYESIGHT CORRECTIO

he smoke, and the food sent its warmth nd its energy through him. Sunlight noved overhead. Presently heat would pour full down into this rocky cup. "This place gets hot, doesn't it?"

"Around ten o'clock," said the young man, "I move up to my parlor in the trees. Cool there. I sleep here at night. Sleep there durin' the day. Never found anything like it."

He rose and vanished around the corner of a rock. Goodnight, lying back relaxed, heard him scuffle around the top of the rock, thirty feet above; and heard his voice: "They on your trail serious?"

"That's right."

"They ain't in much of a hurry," said the young man. "Well, here comes a couple more men from the lower end of the canyon. I'll just watch 'em a while."

GOODNIGHT threw the rest of the coffee on the fire, killing the flame. He dropped on his shoulders and drew a hat over his face, grateful for the rest and for the chance to do a little thinking. So far he had been on the run to clear himself of the weight Boston Bill could bring against him, well knowing he could not buck the man's whole outfit. All he wished was a straight chance at Bill, an even encounter. He wanted nothing more, and would have nothing less. It was another obligation in his life, like the obligation to satisfy his sister's memory.

The young man came off the rock, into sight. He squatted on his heels, made cheerful by this break in a long day. "They've started up the canyon. It'll be two-three hours before they get out of it. Ain't a decent trail short of five miles from here."

"Where will the trail lead them?"

The young man swung his arm to the east. "Up there is an old Indian trail over the summit. They'll come up the canyon and strike it. Then they can either go over the mountains, or turn and follow the trail back to the main road, ten miles off. That's another way of going over the mountains. Or of going back to Roselle and Sherman City." He dropped back on an elbow, content with the day. "But they won't ever find a way of gettin' here. There ain't any way." He gave Goodnight a hopeful look. "How'd you like beans and biscuits for supper—with a side dish of fried rabbit?"

Goodnight rose. He walked to his horse and tried the cinch, and tightened it. "I am obliged," he said. "And I wish you luck."

The young man's face dropped. He got to his feet. He said, "Anything excitin'? Maybe I can get in on this?"

"Thought this place pleased you," said Goodnight.

The young man drew a heavy breath. He lost his cheerfulness. "It's a wonderful place. But I'm sick of it. If I got to stay here and talk to myself any longer I'll go crazy."

"Safe here," Goodnight reminded him. "No worries."

"I know—I know," grumbled the young man. "But you're in trouble, ain't you? You could use help, it looks like. Take me along."

"I could use help," agreed Goodnight. "But I won't take you. If you came with me you'd be slammin' the door on your cell for good. You want a life of this business? You think it's fun?"

"I'll do all right," said the young man.

"Like now?" said Goodnight, and watched the young man's eyes show uncertainty. He stepped into the saddle, looking down. "The finest thing I know of," he said, pressing home his point, "is for a man to be able to ride into a strange town, go inside a restaurant and sit down with his back to the door, drinking his coffee without worrying what's behind him. How long you been in this hole?"

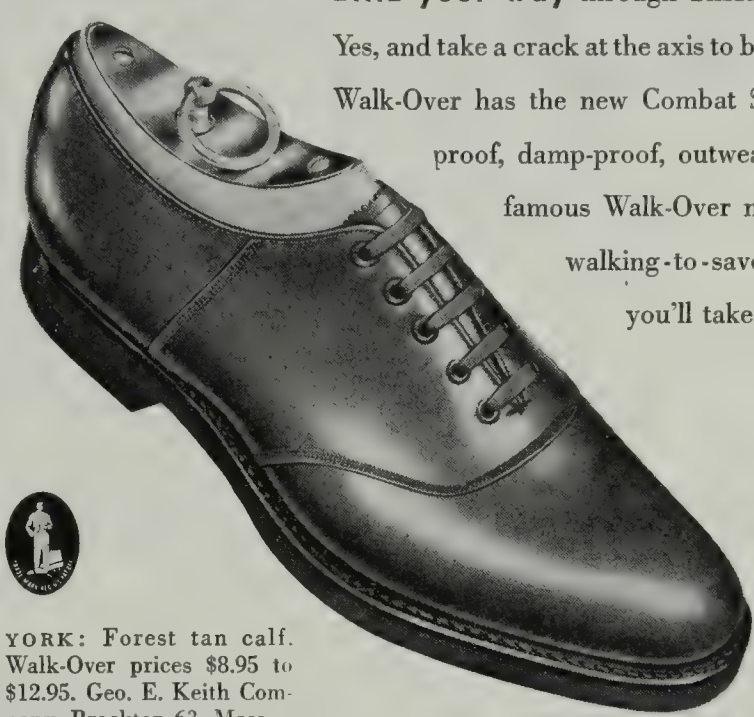
"Twenty-four days, at seven o'clock tonight."

"Twenty-four days of misery. If you're smart you'll ride over the hill and a long way from here. You'll find an outfit and you'll stick there until the smell of smoke wears off. Then you'll be out of prison for good."

He rode over the rock floor of the bowl, turned a corner and put the young man behind him. Two hours of riding brought him to a trail—the old Indian trail men-

WALK-OVER COMBAT SOLES

Blitz your way through blizzards, rain, mud. Yes, and take a crack at the axis to boot. This rugged Walk-Over has the new Combat Sole that's cold-proof, damp-proof, outwears leather. And famous Walk-Over natural-fit makes walking-to-save-gas something you'll take in your stride.



YORK: Forest tan calf. Walk-Over prices $8.95 to $12.95. Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton 63, Mass.

NOT QUITE REGULAR?

TRY THIS HEALTH DRINK FIRST

Juice of 1 lemon — in glass of water — first thing on arising

Has a natural laxative effect for most people, and it aids digestion, supplies needed vitamins, builds resistance, too!

Here's a surprisingly simple way to avoid the usual harsh laxatives.

Most people find the juice of 1 lemon in a glass of water, taken *first thing on arising*, is all they need to insure prompt, normal elimination—*gently*. And lemon and water is *good* for you.

Lemons Build Health! Lemons are among the richest sources of vitamin C, which restores energy, helps you resist colds and infection. They're the only known source of vitamin P (*citrin*) and supply valuable amounts of B_1. They alkalinize—aid digestion. Millions *not* troubled with constipation take lemon and water daily just as a *health builder*.

Why not keep regular with this refreshing morning drink that builds health too? Try it ten days, first thing on arising—see if you don't benefit!

P. S.—LEMON & SODA • Some prefer juice of 1 lemon in half glass water with ¼ to ½ teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate) added. Drink as the foaming quiets.

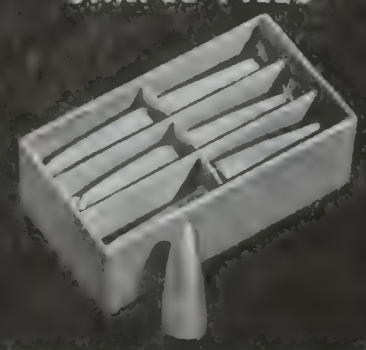
California Sunkist

Keep regular the Healthful way!

LEMON and WATER

...first thing on arising

TO RELIEVE THE DISTRESS OF SIMPLE PILES



UNGUENTINE RECTAL CONES

The makers of Unguentine offer a nationally recognized product—*Unguentine Rectal Cones*—to relieve the burning pain and discomfort of simple piles or hemorrhoids.

Millions of *Unguentine Rectal Cones* have been sold . . . because they help bring quick relief . . . help guard against infection . . . and promote healing. *Try a package of 12 Unguentine Rectal Cones*—and if you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

Guarantee: Your druggist will refund your full purchase price if you are not satisfied.

Norwich

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By the Makers of *Unguentine

FOR DRY SCALP AND DULL HAIR USE JERIS HAIR OIL

MILLIONS OF BOTTLES USED YEARLY

QUICK RELIEF FOR SUMMER TEETHING

EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion—the actual prescription of a famous Baby specialist. It is effective and economical, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums

tioned by the young man, and this trail Bill's party had taken. Something had hurried Bill at this point, the hoofprints showing a deeper bite in the earth.

Goodnight paused a moment to debate the proposition. If he delayed he lost them. If he took to the trail he ran the risk of being ambushed. It was one of those quick decisions, ended immediately. He turned into the trail and set his horse to a canter along a series of little curves and up-and-down pitches.

He had his mind entirely on this business and still, from time to time, the thought of the young man came back to him, to worry him; and then other thoughts came quickly, and quickly left him—of Niles, of McSween, of his sister, of older days that had been pleasant. Of Virginia Overman. That thought with its recollection of her face and her voice and her quiet smile stayed longest. It was still with him when, rounding a bend, he came upon a horse and a man dismounted and sitting with his back to a tree.

Goodnight pulled up to avoid a collision with the horse, and as he pulled up he saw the seated man make a half-hearted effort toward his gun, touch the butt and then drop his hand away. Goodnight waited, not bothering to draw; for he noticed the sick set of the man's face and the purple coloring of his lips. This, he remembered, was one of Bill's men. He recognized the face.

"What's up?"

The man shook his head. He pressed a hand against his heart and a distinct fear came to his eyes. "Too much for me. Too much climbin'. Never happened before."

"They left you here?"

"I guess," said the man, "they're in a hurry."

"A hurry for what?"

The man looked up at him, once his enemy, once pressing him for the kill. This man looked up at him, wiped clean of the desire by the slow ticking of his heart, too sick to feel hatred. He had reached for his gun and then, as a gesture of something no longer important, he had dropped his arm. "To swing around and box you in," he said.

GOODNIGHT said, "Where's a good way to Roselle?"

The man motioned along the trail. "It comes into the Roselle road." He stopped speaking and again put a hand over his heart, and fright showed on him clearly. He struggled through it and murmured, "Whut you think I can do for this?"

"Fall back and rest—and sleep," said Goodnight. "And hope you wake." He crowded by the man's horse, intending to go on. But he stopped and he got down and unsaddled the other horse and took off the blanket. He laid out the blanket on the ground; he took the man by the armpits and shifted him to the blanket. "Lie back," he said, and hauled off the man's boots. "If I had some water I'd leave it. Good luck."

"Don't go," said the man, fear full in his voice. "Don't go." Then he shook his head and said dully, "Never mind."

Goodnight returned to his horse. From the saddle he looked back. The man's eyes were on him; the man held them open, as though afraid that if he closed them he would die. He held on, bitterly afraid. He shook his head. "Funny thing. You're the same as any other man. Why was I in the pack that chased you?"

"I'll send somebody back, when I reach a ranch."

The man gave Goodnight a bleak look. "Who'd come?" he asked. "Who'd give a durn?" He turned his head away and his voice echoed the futile feeling, the faith that was gone, the wreckage that could never be repaired: "You're the first man to give me a hand in many years. I'm older than you, ain't I?"

"Yes, you are," Goodnight replied.

"This is no good," said the man. "This business you and me are in. Look at me and see what it comes to. We're livin' like dogs and this is a dog's end. Take a look at me. It'll happen to you. Better get out."

"So long," said Goodnight and rode on.

He had lost time and now went along the trail with less caution. The trail grew broader and better; and presently fell into a road which came upgrade and passed before him on its way over the Owlhorns. It was, he believed, the same road which touched Roselle and Sun Ranch on its way down to Sherman City. Boston Bill's party had swung into it, going downgrade.

That outfit was by now a quarter hour ahead of him and presumably still in motion; and since he had no other plan than to keep within sound or sight of Bill, he set out upon the road, following Bill's tracks.

The sun had now swung low and the timber was taking on its early shadows, its first night stillness. Suddenly out of the timber, hard by him, he heard a voice—a woman's voice—speak to him in soft urgence:

"Frank. Turn and come here. Hurry."

He looked directly to his left, from which direction the voice had come, and saw nothing. He wheeled and ran in, swinging right and left around the pines. The root system of a capsized pine made a bulwark before him, and when he turned it he discovered Virginia Overman waiting there on her horse.

"Bill's just ahead of you," she said.

"I know that."

She looked at him with a swift, sharpened interest. She turned her head. She called, "Ned," and waited. Goodnight heard an echo break behind him, and swung about to find the long, black-whiskered Ned Tower move into sight, walking. Tower gave him a short sizing-up, not speaking. The girl said, to Goodnigl "Did you see his outfit?"

"Yes."

"How many did he have with him?"

"Ten or so."

"He passed here with nine," she said.

"He's got more men than that scatter around," said Tower. He paused, a placed his suspecting glance back to Goo night. "If he was chasin' you," comment Tower, "how you come to be chasin' h now?"

GOODNIGHT gave the man a st glance; the preceding twenty-fo hours had wearied him and he was hung and in no tractable frame of mind. H rolled himself a smoke, making no a swer. The girl, meanwhile, had been d bating something in her own mind, ar now said to Tower, "Better drift dow toward Roselle. I think he'll stop there eat." She started to say something els checked it, and later added, "Keep an e on them, Ned."

He nodded and moved away. Befo disappearing, he swung, speaking again Goodnight, "You comin' along?"

The girl quickly spoke for Goodnigh "We'll follow later." She watched Tow go; she turned and looked at Goodnig with a full, light expression. She smil and the smile went warm into him. S kept her eyes on him, open and silent promising, and her lips were broad wi the weight of her thoughts. She was bea tiful to him, a poised and deep woma slow to awake and slow to give; but on awake and once willing to give she glowe and was beautiful.

"I have not slept at all, thinking of yo I have been through the hills, setting dozen men on your trail. Then we car back here, hoping. I guess we felt th same thing Bill did—that you'd come he to eat."

There was movement around him, i

COLLIER'S "Intuition again?" ERIC PETERS

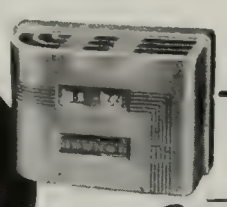
TOMORROW'S *Children*

The new generation, at home or in school, will soon benefit directly from research and experiment in automatic temperature control now going on in the laboratories and test rooms of Minneapolis-Honeywell. For example, there will be available M-H sectional control for every home, so that bedrooms, amusement or play rooms, etc., can be maintained at health or economy temperatures, according to their use. There will also be available M-H individual control for apartments, a great step forward in the protection of health and comfort. There is a hint, too, from our laboratories and our "all weather" house, of a new M-H Thermostat employing electronic means to provide ideal temperature and effortless control — a bright promise for the health and sturdy growth of Tomorrow's Children. Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co., 2720 Fourth Avenue S., Minneapolis 8, Minnesota . . . In Canada: Toronto, Ontario . . . In Europe: London, England, and Stockholm, Sweden . . .

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL

TEMPERATURE CONTROLS



the Chronotherm

THE NEW CLOCK THERMOSTAT THAT SAVES FUEL.

ARMY E NAVY

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

STILL BEING SHIPPED

Due to wartime demand for vital ingredients by our armed forces there's *less* A·1 Sauce for civilians nowadays. But there's *some, and don't you forget it!*

Keep asking for A·1 Sauce. It'll be along from time to time—to add mouth-watering flavor to your meals. *Send for free recipe booklet. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn.*

The DASH that makes the DISH

No. EB124—Sturdy, 15 jewel, anti-magnetic waterproof watch precision tested for accuracy. Non-breakable crystal, waterproof strap, radium dial and hands, stainless steel back. SHOCK RESISTANT. $34.75
No. EB121 — Same watch with sweep second hand. $39.75

Attractively Boxed. Price incl. Fed. Tax.

POSTAGE PREPAID • ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

Write for Free Illustrated Booklet "EB"

BELL WATCH COMPANY

Time-Life Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, 20, N. Y.

the farther reaches of the forest. He heard horses move and he had a sharp look and and saw motion in brief flashes. "Who's here?"

"Ned's got a few men with him. We'll go toward Roselle later. You come with me."

She swung away, heading into the forest with confidence. In a short distance she picked up a trail and went with it, downgrade across a creek and upgrade over a small ridge. The sun had dropped and the shadows turned steadily blacker and the visibility lessened until he saw only the shape of the girl and her horse before him. In a general way it seemed to him they were dropping from the high point of the hills; and presently they reached a meadow and crossed it and came upon a cabin. She said, "One of Sun's line cabins," and got down and went inside.

HE REMAINED in the saddle, looking back at the meadow's edges. She had lighted a lantern and he heard her rattle the lid of the cabin's stove. The lantern's light came through the doorway, touching him; he pulled aside, so long on the alert that he was dissatisfied now. Smoke lifted from the chimney, its smell curling through the night. She came out, curious at his delay.

"Nobody will come this way," she said. Her voice had a ring to it. He listened to its sureness, its confidence. He thought, "She is used to authority, she is used to being obeyed." But he was suddenly tired into his bones and he dropped from the saddle and moved inside the house. The fire had caught hold and added heat to the small room. There was a dirt floor, and a bed against one side of the cabin; there was a soapbox on the wall and some supplies in it. This line cabin, he judged, was in use through the season. He saw an empty bucket and he said, "Where's the water?"

"Lie down and sleep until I call you."

He obeyed her. The night and the day had caught up with him and when he lay back on the bed—on its lumpy, straw-filled tick—he shut his eyes and thought of the man upon the trail, dying or now dead. The memory troubled him and he thought: "I've got to tell somebody about that." He heard the girl lift the bucket and he heard her leave the cabin. He meant to rise and do that chore for her but he thought: "I'll do it in a minute."

He heard his name called and called again. He felt a hand flat on his chest and he opened his eyes and found her standing above him, bent over, her eyes and her mouth close to him. "Supper's ready."

He said, "Fell asleep," and rose and was ashamed. She had walked somewhere for the water. She had cooked a meal. He sat down at the table before biscuits, fried potatoes, bacon and coffee. He drank the coffee first, badly in need of it. She refilled his cup, then sat opposite him, her chin cupped in her hands, her elbows propped on the table, her smile steady on him and her glance sharp in its survey.

"You slept hard. The print of the straw is on your face. I should have let you sleep longer. Didn't you get any rest last night?"

"Not much."

"Where were you?"

"Bottom of a canyon. By a little river. By the bunkhouse of an old mine."

"The Glory mine," she said. "Was Bill following?"

"Yes," he said. "He followed."

"Were you shot at?"

"They were poor at it," he said.

Her eyes hardened and her lips crept together, making a line. "I made a mistake, Frank. I should have let you alone when you had your chance with him on Sun. I should not have interfered. When he started after you with his outfit I knew what I had done. I'm sorry."

"The time will come again," he said.

She had a strong jaw for a woman. He saw it set, and wondered about that. But presently her face softened. She dropped her eyes, gravely speaking: "The last hours have been the worst in my life. I never ceased to think about you. I have missed you."

He looked at her, surprised at the change. He said, "I'm the same man you said was just another candidate for the wild bunch."

She shook her head. "I know I said it. And I felt it. I do not feel it now. How can I tell you when the change happened? I do not know."

He said, "What have you got started now? What's this Ned Tower doing?"

"By now he's waiting outside Roselle, keeping watch."

He said, "I thought Bill was the man you needed to help you against Harry Ide."

"I once thought that, too."

"How many men with Tower?"

She paused on the edge of her answer. She watched him closely for a moment, then turned back to the stove to catch the coffeepot. She filled his tin cup. "I don't know how many he got together."

He said, "I'll drift down there and lend a hand."

"Ned will have enough," she said.

He listened to the answer and found it strange. "I don't make this out. What does Tower figure to do?"

"Break up Bill's bunch. Once and for all, and forever."

"My understanding was," he said, "that these hill ranchers got along well enough with Bill. What's made them turn righteous, after he's supplied them with prairie cattle for a year or two?"

She said, "They were his friends as long as he knew where to stay. When he forgot that, they turned."

She was offering him nothing. She answered his questions in her even, short manner, explaining nothing extra. He sat before her, watching the strength of her face, its resolution and its will; and it seemed to him that she gave him what he wanted to know only as a favor and not as a right; that even then she questioned his right to ask. But her small smile remained.

"Who got them started against him?"

"I did," she said. "As soon as he left Sun, following you." She added, very softly: "I changed my mind about him, Frank, because of you."

"This was the man," he said, "you depended on to keep Harry Ide away."

She drew a breath, a deep breath, and let it fall. Her smile pinched out and he realized she was impatient with him. "Listen to me," she said. "He has his ambitions. If he helped me against Harry Ide, he wished payment. There's only one way of paying him—to marry him and give him Sun. He would take nothing less; and he would at least take Sun if I refused to marry him." She paused, showing her small irritation at the need of this explanation. But she went on: "To be honest with you, I once thought of marrying him. I once saw admirable things in him. You changed that. When you faced him, he broke before my eyes. In that room. When you offered to fight, I stepped between you two to stop a killing, not for any love. He had changed to a poorer man, with less in him, in that moment."

"You're takin' a chance of a killing now," he pointed out. "How do you think it will go at Roselle when they begin to shoot?"

She looked at him with her resolution showing around her mouth. "He went after you and meant to kill you. I would no longer try to save him. He must be driven out. Otherwise he'll stay by and hunt you again."

He had his own irritation, and rose. "I'll take care of my own quarrels," he said.

She stood up with him, watching him tensely as he moved over the room. "You are rather proud," she observed. "I apologized for interfering the other day. Do I have to apologize again?"

"You like to run your own affairs," he said. "So do I. Now it's time to ride on. But how will you get back to Sun."

"You'll take me," she said.

"I'm going to Roselle."

"Nothing will happen until you get back there," she said. But she had never ceased to watch him with her strained expression; and when he lighted his cigarette and looked at her he discovered she seemed ready to cry. The look was on her, and that look softened and made her beautiful again, so that everything he thought about her returned in full flood, and he desired her as he had before. He told himself, "I'm the biggest fool alive. I want her." But he said aloud, "Let's get started."

When they left the cabin she turned to the left, which seemed wrong to him. "Better take the Roselle road until we reach town, then circle it. But keep on the road."

"I know a shorter trail," she told him, and led away.

BOSTON BILL and his seven men rode into Roselle at sunset and put up before the saloon. Bill said, "He left Sun without any supplies. A night and a day will starve him out. He won't go back to Sun because he'll be afraid of running into us. Sherman City is too long a haul for a

"Could I interest you in a nice quiet game of Cowboys and Indians?"

COLLIER'S COLIN ALLEN

Douglas Builds All Three

When United Nations air strategy called for concentration on heavy bombers and transports, only Douglas was chosen to produce all three current 4-engine types: Douglas' own C-54 Skymaster Combat Transport (bottom), the B-24 Liberator Bomber and the Flying Fortress. Douglas production of "big brutes" has been on schedule or ahead of schedule, in addition to fabulous output of more other types of aircraft than any other manufacturer.

DOUGLAS

Douglas Aircraft Co., Santa Monica, Calif.

LONG BEACH, EL SEGUNDO, and DAGGETT, CALIF.
TULSA, OKLAHOMA OKLAHOMA CITY CHICAGO

3rd WAR LOAN

BACK THE ATTACK—WITH WAR BONDS

Save Your Pride with Simoniz!

Make Your Car Look New . . . *and Save Its "After Victory" Value!*

Why drive a dull discolored car? Embarrassing . . . yes, but it is costing you money, too. The longer you put off Simonizing the less your car brings on a trade-in when Victory comes. So start now! It's easy to make your car sparkle like new again with the amazing Simoniz Kleener. Then the famous Simoniz keeps the finish beautiful. Gives you more pleasure per "rationed" mile. Protects and preserves the enamel. Besides, the less you drive the more the finish needs Simonizing. Get Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener for your car today.

The Simoniz Company, Chicago, U. S. A.

hungry man, and he'll be too suspicious of the hill ranches to drop in at one of them. He'll come here." He started to leave the saddle, and then changed his mind. "If we leave the horses here he'll spot 'em and know we're waiting for him."

He led the group around to the back side of the empty building—that same building in which Goodnight and McSween had had their fight. He rode into the building with his outfit. "Good place," he said and left his horse and walked to the saloon.

The bunch stood around the saloon, drinking up a sharp thirst, and later crowded into the back room for supper. It was dark then and Boston Bill thought about setting out a guard. "He'll scout the town very carefully before he comes in. We'll have to lay low. Rex, you go out and keep an eye peeled."

AFTERWARD the rest of the bunch returned to the front part of the saloon. Boston Bill's attention was caught by the side window which had no curtain. He said to the barkeep: "Cover that with something."

Some of the group started a poker game while the others sat idly by. Jem Soders laid himself out on the floor and fell asleep. The barkeep came back with a blanket and nailed it across the window.

The echo of other riders came on in dull rhythm and presently four new men of Bill's outfit arrived. He said, "Put your horses across the street in that empty building," and watched them go out. He rested the small of his back against the corner of the bar, looking at the card game. One of the men began to sing to himself, making an odd noise. Bill said sharply, "Cut it out. You can be heard outside." He turned and placed his elbows on the bar and poured himself a drink. He drank the whisky at one swallow. He said irritably to the barkeep, "Nothing as rotten as this." More of his crowd had drifted in, so that the room was comfortably full. Some of the late-comers went by him, into the little dining room. Jem Soders was sound asleep and snoring. Lane Brazee, who was most alert of this outfit, looked up from the poker game.

"No use all of us waitin'. I'm goin' to turn in. We stay here?"

"We stay until he comes."

"Ed ought to be limpin' in pretty soon."

Ed was the one fallen back on the trail with the bad heart. Boston Bill shook his head. "That lad's dead by now. I've seen that happen before. His mouth was blue."

"Maybe somebody ought to go back."

"He's better off dead," said Boston Bill. "Lane, you better go out and relieve Rex. I think—"

He looked at the open doorway and saw a man walk slowly across it and disappear. "I think he'll crawl in before much longer. I'm going to stay up."

The passage of the first man had not caught his attention, for he had thought it one of his own men. But another man came into the doorway's square and turned and stopped and looked at the crowd a moment; and that man said, "Hello, Bill," and whipped out his gun and fired.

Boston Bill whirled aside from the bar as the bullet struck. He saw Harry Ide back away from the door into the blackness and he shouted to his own men, "Get away from that lamp," and watched them rise and swing in immediate confusion. He drew and killed the lamp with a shot; and at the same moment a full volley crashed in through the door, and somebody yelled in the darkness, and the whole side of the house shook as another blast of gunfire tore through the window that had been covered with the blanket. He called, "Drop!" as he whirled and dropped behind the bar.

Boston Bill dropped full length on the floor behind the bar and heard the splintering of the wood above him as the bullets of Harry Ide's party crashed into the saloon room, through the front door and through the side window. The glass of the window shattered and dropped, chairs and tables went down in the violence of his own outfit rushing for the back room and for the rear door. All these men were near the bar's end trying to get into the small room and slugging and cursing one another as they jammed together. He heard one of his men die; he heard death come as a rough, tearing impact of lead through clothes and bone and flesh, followed by a grunt and a sigh. The man fell against the bar and slid around it, dropping across Boston Bill's legs.

He had a creepy feeling about it and a small moment of panic that made him roll and jerk his feet away; he kicked at the man, feeling the soft, dull flesh give and roll back. He crawled farther along the bar, keeping well down, using his forearms to drag himself.

The firing swung around. It seemed no longer to be pouring through the front door; it seemed to be smashing against the back end of the house, toward which his outfit fought their way. The thing was terrible. It was a savage destruction that shook him to the very roots of his courage. Lead flailed through wall and room, making a sieve of the house; he heard more men yell and drop, he heard them race back from the rear, run over the saloon room and jump out the front door—and he heard them cry as they were hit. Nothing in all his imagination was like this. He lay flat, not so much frightened as cowed by the inhuman execution of an idea. He said to himself distantly, "Nobody could do a thing like this. Nobody."

Every muscle in him was so tight that he began to ache; his big leg muscles of his front thigh were cramped. His mind was very clear, very sharp; he heard every sound in magnified importance. He followed the fight and the shifting of Harry Ide's attack with his ears and he thought now of one thing alone, his own survival. Ide intended to wipe out the wild bunch, but Ide wanted him more than he wanted the others. Ide would search every corner of Roselle, break down every door, pour lead into every black corner in search of him. He thought, "Why should he do it? There was room for both of us. We could have gotten along."

THE barkeep had been behind the bar at the commencement of shooting, but had apparently slipped away. That made Boston Bill think of this room quite carefully, visualizing it, and then he remembered there was another door leading from the far end of the bar directly into the kitchen. Boston Bill rose to his hands and knees and crawled on.

One palm came full and flat down upon a ragged splinter of glass and the weight of his shoulders plunged the splinter deep into his hand. He sat back, gritting his teeth together and seized the end of the splinter and pulled it out. Blood gushed warmly into his palm; he untied his neckpiece and wrapped it around his palm, closing his fingers on it, and got to his feet and moved forward. His hands found the doorframe; the door stood open.

He dropped again, crawling into the kitchen. He heard somebody breathing heavily, not far away; he heard two people breathing—the barkeep and his wife, he supposed. He crawled on, listening to some of Harry Ide's men run fast and clumsy down the outer wall of the house, toward the front. He heard voices sharp calling out on the street, and once again the shooting boiled up on that side. He crawled over the floor, striking a table and going around it. He reached a wall, noting the dull patch of a window above him. He explored the wall with his hand until he found a door's knob. Opening the door, he drew back and waited.

(To be concluded next week)

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

Back to school or off to war . . .
College course or Signal Corps
Wearing Socks that fit the part
Snugger ankles . . . really smart . . .
The girls all vying for selection—
That's Westminster Sock perfection.

Be a model—be a star—
Remember Sir, where'er you are
It pays to keep your ankles neat . . .
To be well "socked" is not effete.
So buy Westminsters by the box
And wear America's Finer Socks.

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

Fisherman's Luck

Continued from page 16

his chart. His coal-black eyes were twinkling fiercer than ever now. "You are to proceed to sea on detached duty. Locate and sink her." And he went on with a dry grimace of ironic humor. "It would be well if you could rejoin us in time for the Gilbert Islands operation. I need the Warrin badly. We sail tomorrow at dawn."

Commander Stark looked at the chart with his unsmiling, level gray eyes. The circled area was a matter of hundreds of thousands of square miles of sea. He looked quickly up at his admiral again. He knew that man well. The affection they all had for him had battle roots, and roots like that live deep. He understood that fantastic orders like that were tough old Blister Barnham's way of letting you know this was something that couldn't be helped; you did what tasks were needed with whatever was best at hand, no matter how impossible it seemed. It had happened before, in grimmer days. In Philippine Islands waters, and in the Java Sea. You remembered that, when Admiral Barnham spoke like this. That's why the commander nodded, faintly smiling.

"I may be an hour or two late," he said quietly. "Is there anything further, sir?"

A LOUD grunt issued from somewhere deep in Barnham's chest to indicate profound and affectionate approval.

"I can't spare a cruiser," he said. "As a matter of fact, I can't spare you. But the Warrin is the only destroyer of her class I've got. So your eight five-inchers will have to do—if you ever find her. None of our air patrols report anything like a raider in these waters, so she's thoroughly disguised. Converted cargo ship, most likely. Captain Fenworth on the Old Man's staff has pieced her probable movements together from odd reports of missing merchant ships, sighted wreckage, and the devil only knows what else.

"Jones has plotted Captain Fenworth's guesswork on the chart here. I know Fen. He's a wizard at stuff like this. He says she's been knocking off sailing ships, 'way off the convoy routes. But he ties the mine field off North Cape and this one here"—Barnham poked the chart with his thumb—"to her. They were too many, he thinks, for the operation of a mine-laying sub. So he puts her in this area—unless she's already flown the coop. You go find her, Dan."

"Any description of what she looks like?" Commander Stark asked mildly. "From survivors, I mean."

The admiral grunted, "Three were picked up in a half-filled smallboat off the Kermadecs yesterday. Riddled with machine-gun bullet holes. The men, I mean. One of them was barely alive, mumbling something before he died. It's in Fen's report. There are no survivors!" Barnham growled with finality.

"Oh," said Daniel Stark, and the gentle grayness started fading from his eyes. They began to glitter a hot, hard blue. "Oh," he said, "I see."

"Do you? Well, here. Take a copy of Fenworth's report. It took hours to decode those pages. And you better take Jonesy's chart."

"May I make a signal to the Warrin, sir? Tommy can have her hove short by the time I get aboard."

The admiral nodded, grinning appreciatively. "Jonesy will take care of it. . . . Captain Laney, will you see this firecracker to the gangway? He seems in a hurry to leave."

So the U.S.S. Paul Warrin left her anchorage and put to sea in the afternoon watch, spoiling the skipper's fun. Instead of fishing, here they were swinging southward under a hot white sun through lazy cobalt swells, with a funny look in the Old Man's eyes as if he were chewing on something the flavor of which he didn't much like. And he didn't. That was plain by the three frowning lines between his craggy brows as he stood in the sea room where his officers were still poring over the plotted chart like men over a newfangled puzzle to which they had lost the instruction page.

"I've laid the courses to cover the indicated area," Lieutenant Manning, the navigator, was saying. "It's just plain potluck, sir. We could stumble around here for weeks. The devil only knows where that brute is running now."

"If I was the Jap," snapped Tompkin, the executive, "I'd be tailing it south as fast as my wheel would turn. That's what I'd do."

"Why, Tommy?" asked Commander Daniel Stark.

"Because she probably came out of Java, painted and rigged like one of our merchant ships, with her battery disguised and a 'tween-deck full of mines to sow. Well, sir, if I was in command of a cruise like that, with luck enough to get as far as this and lay a mine field off North Cape at night without getting blown to hell, I'd drop south for forty pretty quick and hightail for the mainland coast. I'd want to pop the rest of those mines into Frisco harbor channel water, or maybe off the Canal. And then couldn't Radio Tokyo howl! That stunt would be worth while."

"I concur in that, Tommy. If I was the Jap, that's what I'd do, too."

"Then we're on a wild-goose chase, sir! And missing the Gilbert show besides. I wish—"

"But suppose she isn't a Jap at all?" mused Commander Stark aloud. "That would be a good stunt, too."

The executive looked at his skipper with a sharp, quick twist of his head. So did the others. They thought such a notion a little bit daft. But they had seen that odd glint in their captain's eyes before. So they said nothing, patiently listening.

"You will observe, gentlemen," he went on quietly, "that the three windjammers reported overdue and considered lost by enemy action were on the sailing track between Cape Town and Sydney. Fenworth assumes it's a Jap surface raider out of Java. So does Admiral Barnham. But suppose she didn't come out of the Sundra Strait at all? Suppose she broke through the North Sea patrols?"

"YOU mean she's German?" the Warrin's navigator gasped.

"They did it last time, Joe. Ships like Dresden, Moewe, Wolf. They raised particular hell. This time they slaughter the crews after they take to the boats."

"That," growled the executive, "could just as well be Japs."

"But by Fenworth's report, there was one poor devil still alive in that boat off the Kermadecs. If it was a Jap he saw machine-gunning him, I think that's what he'd remember best before he died. Yet instead he was mumbling something that sounded like, 'Hungry-looking lot.'" The skipper frowned, repeating that phrase to test it. "Hungry-looking," he said again.

"Well, they *would* be," growled Tompkin, not taking much stock in such fantastic reasoning, "if they came down the North and South Atlantic to get around to here. But it doesn't make sense, sir. They'd duck into Sumatra or Java for Jap fuel and stores if—"

"I don't think so, Tommy." The skipper slowly shook his head. "It would spoil a very spectacular show if they got any help at all from their Jap ally. But

If you stop one happy-looking pipe-smoker after another, and ask what's the tobacco that gives them such bliss, chances are they'll all say: "Briggs." Good reason, too! For Briggs is cask-mellowed for years—longer than many costly blends—and every slow month adds to its rich, tender flavor. But don't just sniff that heavenly aroma enviously—treat yourself to Briggs *today!*

The Smoke with a Smile

PRODUCT OF P. LORILLARD COMPANY

86 PROOF • GOLD LABEL OR WHITE LABEL • SOMERSET IMPORTERS LTD., NEW YORK

A PRIME ESSENTIAL...

Give real thought to its selection!

The better the toothbrush, the better you clean your teeth—the better you protect your health and brighten your smile. As any dentist will tell you, a brush of the right size and shape to fit your individual needs is of paramount importance. Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft gives you a choice of such brushes—each properly designed, each offering the many exclusive advantages of "EXTON" brand bristling: longer life, more thorough tooth cleansing!

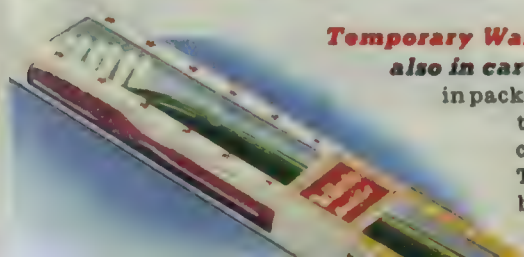
IN ADDITION TO THE FAMOUS REGULAR SHAPE, DR. WEST'S NOW OFFERS

Two Great 2-Row Brushes

"PROFESSIONAL" A smaller brush-head in the famous Dr. West's double-convex design—a brush that is preferred by many.

"ORO" Designed at the request of leading dental specialists. The shape many dentists recommend for cleaning and massage.

Copr. 1943 by Weco Products Company



Temporary Wartime Package. Miracle-Tuft now also in cartons—50¢. No change in quality, only in package. Great numbers of our famous glass tubes have been enlisted to carry medicines and serums to our fighting men. That's why many Miracle-Tuft Toothbrushes are now packed in cartons.

if a Nazi raider came steaming safely into Batavia *after* all her mines were laid and plenty of damage done—in the heart of the Jap theater of war at that!—think what it would mean. The diplomatic and propaganda effect is tremendous! German heroic naval strength aiding the Japanese partner from halfway round the world. Wouldn't Berlin and Goebbels howl! That's why I think she refueled northeast of St. Paul Rock where that cross is marked on the chart. She probably caught that Dutch tanker solo there. I think Fenworth is right. She's still in this area. But I don't believe she's a Jap."

"Nazi or Jap," the gunnery officer drawled, "it's just a target to me." He was a Texas man, and he loved the Warrin's doubled five-inch rifles. Those pets of his didn't care, either. All Guns wanted was something to see through his director telescopes. "What difference does it make," he wanted to know, "just so long as we stumble on to her?"

"I don't like to stumble, Guns," said Commander Daniel Stark. "It wastes entirely too much time."

The skipper meant he, too, wanted to throw some bricks at the Jap up Gilbert way, with Barnham's cruiser force, instead of plowing the ocean on an endless patrol. That's why he gnawed this thing. He thought he knew who the enemy was. He could calculate his purpose and his needs. What he wanted now was an estimate of where that brute would have to go. That was the key piece to the jigsaw puzzle and he worried it doggedly. He was still gnawing at it toward dusk on the Warrin's bridge when the lookout in the starboard wing sighted a floating speck on the wine-dark sea. The skipper put his glasses on the bearing at once.

"Right ten degrees rudder. Steer for that bit of wood, Quartermaster." He let the binoculars drop against his chest. "All engines ahead one third."

There was all sorts of wreckage floating the ocean nowadays. Sometimes it told you things. But this was an oval bit of wood with a hole pierced through its center, nothing more. The skipper examined it carefully. It bore no identifying mark. Still it made him frown. Manning, the navigator, looked at it and gave his judgment at once.

"Wooden float from a smallboat's life line, sir. Might even be from one of the boats of that ship she sank off the Kermadecs."

"Yes." The skipper's frown grew more intense. "Looks large. It must have been a good-sized boat."

IN THE rapidly failing light Commander Stark stood idly hefting that bit of wood while the Warrin swung south again on her long patrol. Against the gray steel battle dodger, his face looked stern as the sudden darkness fell. He remained where he was, hearing the gun crews on the foredeck closing up for the night while the noise of the sea grew loud. He heard the changing of the watch. Frowning severely, he turned on his heel to have another look at the chart.

The navigator, marking a tiny cross and circling it, said carelessly, "That lifeline float made a pretty long drift, sir, from the Kermadecs to here."

The skipper looked at him quickly, looked down at the wooden thing he still held in his hand and then tossed it to the transom. His finger stabbed the chart. Suddenly his eyes began to glow.

"I am hauling her to the eastward," he said. "Lay off an accurate course to Minerva Reefs."

"Minerva Reefs? Good Lord, sir, that—"

"And the time to run it, Joe. At full speed." Commander Stark was already in the wing, calling sharply, "Left rudder! Bring her one-two-o degrees. All engines ahead full!"

The Warrin swung her head. Her blowers lifted their discreet humming to a strong, deep whine. A great slice of ocean splattered the foredeck as the ship heeled down. And the commander's eyes looked strangely blue when Lieutenant Manning made his report.

"We will be close against dangerous water at twenty-two-thirty hours, sir." He didn't like it. He spoke with a navigator's professional anxiety at shoal water and coral reefs. "We should have moonlight shortly," he went on, taking some comfort in that. "Course ninety-six, sir, PGC."

"Make it so. Pass the word for general quarters. And get coffee around to all hands."

THE Warrin knifed eastward. Moonrise revealed her dark, lean hull low against the water, her bows carving great steeps of ocean that shattered into acres of foam. She set her fantail down. A boiling wall pursued her astern, and the wind against her halyards made a loud, wild song. She was rushing full tilt toward Minerva Reefs, the skipper peering forward with the hot, hard glitter in his eyes. That's all Manning could tell the executive when Tompkin wanted to know what the devil the Old Man was up to now.

"You go ask him, Tom."

But Tompkin didn't. He knew better. When the skipper looked like that you asked him nothing. You just held on. And they did, excitement and the buzz of speculation spinning through the ship while the piece of a moon drifted higher in a star-bejeweled sky. All Manning wanted now was to dodge the coral reefs. He peered anxiously ahead for a sign of white water, almost hoping he had missed his calculations. But he hadn't. And neither had Daniel Stark.

"Ship, sir! Dead ahead!" the talker cried suddenly.

Manning's eyes went wide. Moments later she could be seen from the Warrin's bridge, black against a moonlit sky, a large innocent-looking freight ship with her after booms swung out. What was she doing in a place like this? With her boats in the water besides! They must have sighted the Warrin over there. The boats were scurrying back into the shadow of the freight ship's hull. Then suddenly her upper bulwarks seemed to collapse, slamming down against her iron sides. When that hinged camouflage fell away, the snouts of naval rifles glittered black. A swastika snapped to her truck. Disguise for her was useless now, and she knew it. In that moment Lieutenant Manning had an instant's sight of Commander Daniel Stark. He seemed taller than ever. He appeared to be smiling, but his eyes were fierce.

"Range one five double o!" They were already calling their calculations from the Warrin's director tower. "Scale four eight!"

"Right standard rudder." The skipper's voice was amazingly calm as he swung the Warrin to bring all her guns to bear. "Commence firing, Mr. Smilax."

Instantly all four of the Warrin's doubled turrets slammed out flame and thunder. The ship rocked steeply, staggered with concussion and rushed on. Just then the trapped raider let go her battery of five-point-nines. Orange spear-flames stabbed the night, smoke belching after.

"Up two hundred," the director droned. "Right one two."

The enemy fire was long. They heard the shell shrieks keening overhead. But Guns had his correction now. He wanted a target and here it was. He made the most of it. The Warrin's second salvo roared. Two geysers alone spat up from the shoals of the ocean over there. The other shells struck, great bursts of fire splashing from the target's decks.

"Hit! No change!"

The enemy's second salvo winked. Egged. She was badly hit, but the water spouts leaped close. Shell fragments rned the Warrin's foredeck but her guns vre blazing now at rapid fire. Over there agreat sheet of orange flame suddenly owned the raider's afterdeck. The exposions crept forward in deafening, tnderous roars.

'Her mines are going off," said Comnnder Daniel Stark.

They were. The whole ship disintegated while he watched. Sheeted in fntains of flame, she lifted broken parts herself clear of the water like a ashed cardboard box while the coltns of smoke and fire leaped skyward, tvering over her. The Warrin's twinned gns still nosed the sky, drooling smoke. It they were silent. Her searchlights sshed on. Fingering the water, their lht beams picked up a few floating dies in their purple pools. They weren't os. They were Nazis. And they were ad. Five minutes had passed. The actn off Minerva Reefs was closed.

Lieutenant Manning was frowning in nazement at oval bits of wood he saw lating amid the debris. He thought it d. They looked familiar to him. He ant to call them to the skipper's attenn, but just then he heard that man's iet voice:

"You had better shape a course for the ndavu Light, Joe. We haven't much e to waste."

So the Warrin came home in time after , although no one expected she would, st of all Blister Barnham, who flew his g in Fresno. The cruiser force was nding toward the hazy north in column en the Warrin showed her signal ainst the first gray light of dawn.

"Warrin mission accomplished," it de. "Proceeding to station."

She came up from the south to join that mous fleet rendezvous, her bows slicing nite water from a wine-dark sea. On r bridge Commander Stark looked ed, but his eyes were a gentle gray. If weren't for that, the executive would ve asked him nothing. But, seeing it, he ought the sign was good and, besides, could contain his amazed curiosity no nger.

"Would you call it fisherman's luck, ?" he ventured to ask. "Or did you ve that brute on a string?"

"No, Tommy. She just couldn't be anyere else."

"Oh," said Tompkin with a dry asperity. "I see."

The skipper smiled at the tone of Lieutenant Commander Tompkin's voice. "If I was correct in assuming the raider to be German," he explained, "her two great needs would be fuel and food. But she captured a Dutch tanker near St. Paul Rock. So she had fuel. Then where would she get food, and lots of it? The need was urgent. They were a hungry-looking lot. That wooden float we picked up wasn't from a boat's life line at all. It was a seine float. I've seen lots of them on the hook off the Massachusetts Cape.

"Well, if someone in the raider dropped a float like that overboard, they must have been overhauling seine nets. That meant they intended to fish. Where would she fish to supply a complement of between two and three hundred men? In shoal water, of course. You need shoal water to take fish in quantity with seine nets, Tom. Well, look at the chart. In this entire area the only isolated shoal to suit her purpose would be Minerva Reefs. So I went there. And there she was."

"Just like that!" grinned Lieutenant Commander Tompkin. "No wonder they sing about Fisherman Dan."

"Do they?" the skipper asked with disarming innocence.

"Of course, sir! Haven't you ever heard them?"

"Well, yes. I have, Tom. The words aren't bad. But the melody is—"

"You like it?" Tompkin asked with swift eagerness. "I plucked it out myself, you know. On the banjo, sir."

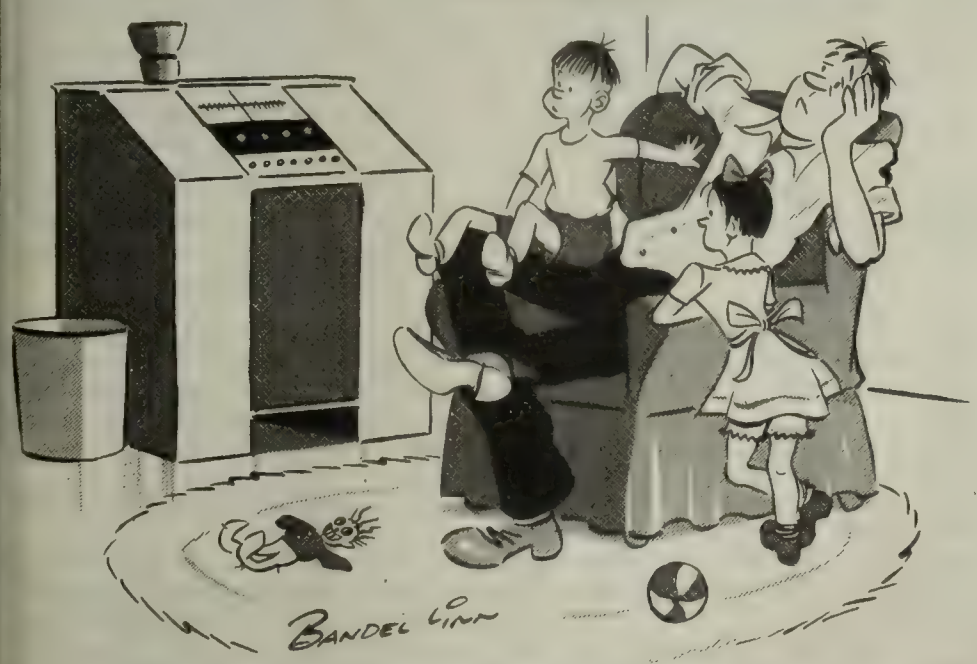
UNDER the skipper's craggy brows, his gray eyes twinkled with a dry New England humor. He was just about to tell his executive officer what he really thought of his musical accomplishments. But the signal P.O. saved that amateur artist's pride in time.

"Signal from Flag, sir," the signal P.O. called to the bridge. "Admiral Barnham's Fresno makes, 'Where the hell did you find her?' "

Commander Daniel Stark watched the Warrin slip neatly to her station on the flank of the cruiser force before he turned his head toward the signal bridge. His gentle eyes were smiling when he called his answering signal. It consisted of a single word.

"Fishing," he said.

THE END



". . . although the Army is noncommittal on the subject. Draft officials said that it was unlikely that any father would be drafted before October first or possibly by Christmas. Representative Snodgrass pointed out that this view was widely held, although he himself felt that pre-Pearl Harbor fathers would be inducted in a matter of days. Some observers felt that fathers would not be drafted before June of 1944, but the Washington Star, in a copyrighted interview, quoted Senator Schultz as saying we could expect big news on this subject at tomorrow's press conference"

COLLIER'S BANDEL LINN

"I'VE A SIMPLE PLAN FOR WARTIME MARKETING"

Says Mrs. Violet Bjong, of Ardmore, Pennsylvania as told to Frances Blackwood, Home Economics Editor of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin and author of the book, "Mrs. England Goes On Living"

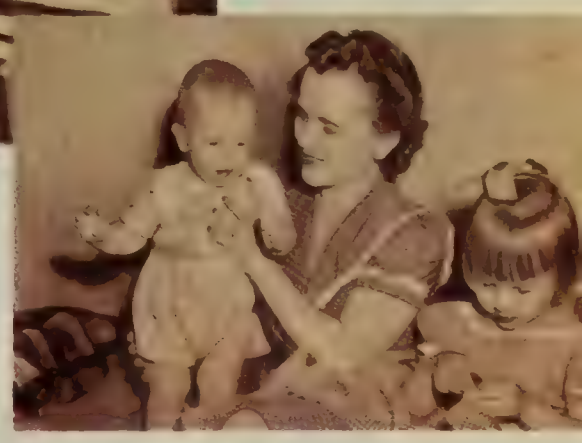
"You'll like my way of marketing . . . these wartime days. 'Flexible' shopping, I call it. For example, in choosing a main-course dish, I'll buy meat, poultry or fish . . . eggs or cheese . . . packaged, glassed or canned foods . . . whichever is most plentiful and offers me the best buy. I like this way of marketing . . . because it lets me choose to please my family's taste and serve sound nourishment, too.

"Of course, I have the advantage of shopping at my A&P Super Market where the variety is so abundant and the selection so generous. In the six big food departments I can always find wholesome, nutritious favorites . . . all of them offering inspiration for good meals. They also offer me wise, wartime thrift . . . as important as the savings I make on gasoline, tires and time by shopping for my foods at my A&P 'Super'."

● **VIOLET and LEO BJONG** are real Americans in every sense of the word. Violet believes in economy . . . designs and makes all clothes for herself and her children, Leona, 5 years old, and Leo, 12 months old . . . saves metal and fats for the Government . . . belongs to Ardmore's Women's Club. Husband Leo is project engineer for the Bendix Aviation Company. Violet has shopped at A&P . . . ever since she's been married . . . over a period of 9 years . . . finds that common sense can overcome all rationing obstacles.

● **"I SHOP** twice a week at my A&P Super Market," comments Mrs. Violet Bjong. "With two children, time is important to me . . . and I save time by shopping at A&P where I can get everything I need quickly. I read labels . . . get the most for my money. I guess that's why I buy Ann Page Foods. They offer splendid quality . . . and grand thrift."

● **WARTIME WORK** poses n problems for Leo Bjong wh solves aeronautical questions fo the Bendix Aviation Compan during the day . . . finds relaxa tion at his basement workbenc after hours. "It's easy to wor hard if you can eat hearty," say Leo. "My wife takes very goo care of that department."



WARTIME MEALS NEED THESE FINE FOODS

North, South, East and West . . . smart housewives rely on the name "Ann Page" to identify fine foods. Of course, some of the items in this quality line have gone to war . . . but there are still many ready to make your meals more appetizing, more nourishing. Whenever you go marketing at your A&P "Super", be guided by the exclusive Ann Page Foods. Let them guide you to high quality at money-saving prices.

ANN PAGE FOODS
America's Pantry Favorites

A&P
ESTABLISHED 1859

*Save up to 25%** **ON MANY FINE FOODS**

**Many A&P brands (sold only at A&P) bring you savings up to 25% compared to prices usually asked for other nationally known products of comparable quality. These savings are yours because A&P brings these good things direct from their source to you with many unnecessary in-between expenses cut from their cost.*

33 Ann Page Foods
Eight O'Clock, Red Circle and Bokar Coffees
Jane Parker Cakes, Rolls and "Dated" Donuts
Marvel "Enriched" Bread
Nectar and Our Own Teas
A&P Canned Fruits and Vegetables
7 Sunnyfield Cereals
White Sail Household Products
Sunnyfield Flours
and many other fine foods

SOLD ONLY AT A&P FOOD STORES

GROVE'S Vitamins

A family affair

GIVE YOUR FAMILY THE PROTECTIVE BENEFITS OF GROVE'S A B_1 D VITAMINS!

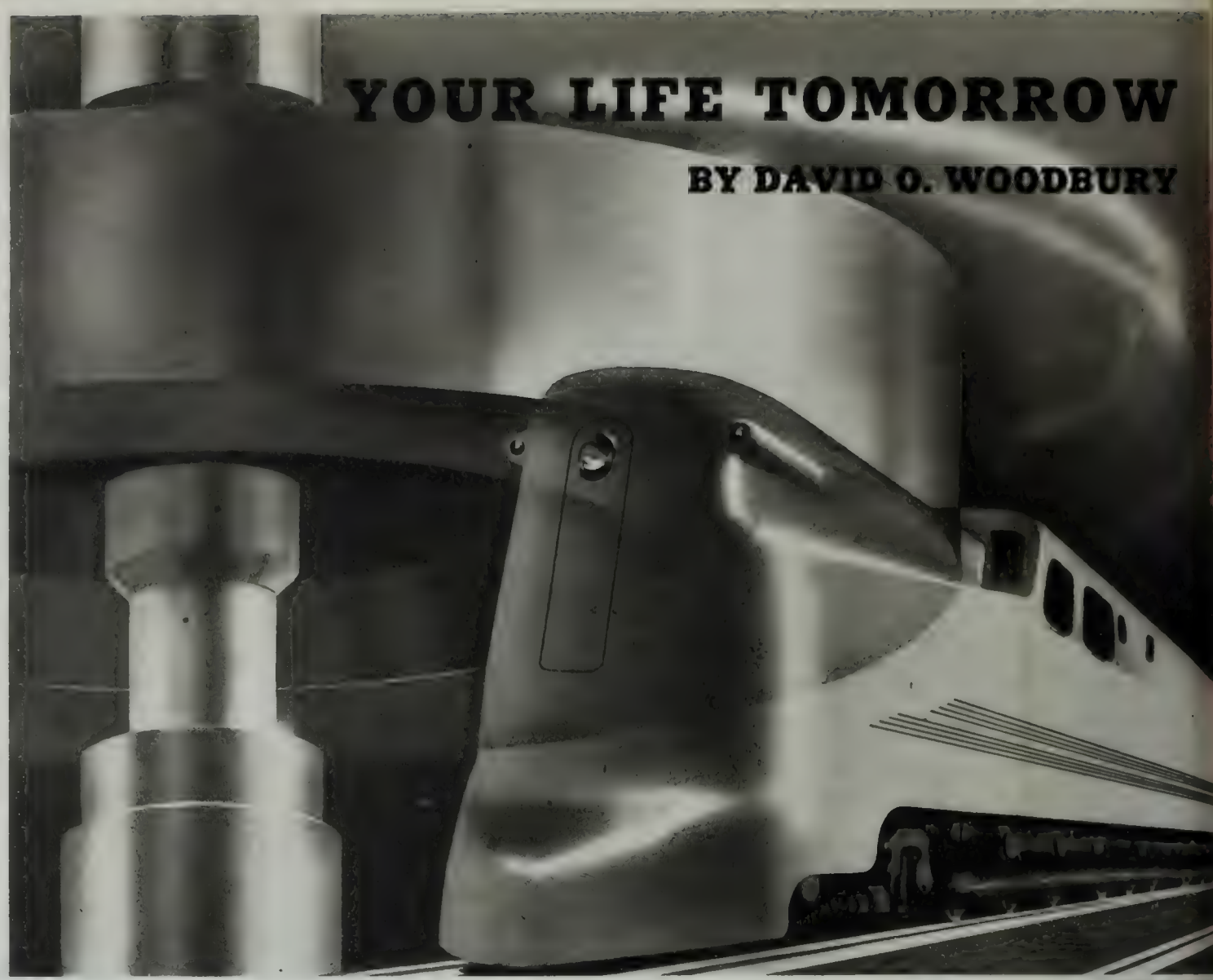
Vitamin deficiency can steal unsuspected upon *any* member of the family, regardless of age. Thousands today guard against dangers of A B_1 D vitamin deficiency with GROVE'S Vitamins . . . get their full daily protective requirements of these three wonderful vitamins in just *one* easy-to-take GROVE'S capsule. A and D, precious "cod-liver oil" vitamins, for body resistance . . . to maintain strong bones and teeth, healthy skin; *plus* a valuable *health-bonus* of essential B_1, to help guard against dietary nervous disorders, loss of appetite, lowered pep. So amazingly economical, too! Over two weeks' supply—only 25c. Actually, less than 1½c a day in the large-size $1.00 Bottle. Unit for unit, no better quality AB_1D vitamins at *any* price. Start today with GROVE'S A B_1 D Vitamins!

Distributed by makers of "Bromo Quinine" Cold Tablets

GROVE'S AB_1D Vitamins

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY



KENNETH W. THOM

Streamliners Will Not Gallop

It is a far cry from the unswerving steadiness of a big gun in a careening tank to the smooth relaxation of a passenger on a limited train. Yet the same magic hand that has held American weapons leveled at the enemy in Africa will cushion the bumps for railroad travelers of the future. So joltless will be the ride that patrons of the club car can balance their drinks on the arms of their chairs without spilling them.

The gyrostabilizer is the mechanism that will hold gun platforms steady, as Allied tanks lurch across Europe toward Berlin. Railroad men are eying it with delight, for they see it in use in tomorrow's superspeed streamliners. A stabilizer, they say, can be installed in each car so as to prevent the gallop and bounce that inevitably arises when lightweight cars are hauled over the best track at eighty to a hundred miles an hour. The effortless, stabilized ride will ban fatigue from the longest journey and assure sound sleep at night. It will also protect the roadbed from the impact of the bucking cars, thus saving substantial amounts for maintenance.

Plastics' Biggest Job

The ever-growing family of plastics will soon cease to be a group of substitutes for other materials, and will become a basic raw material as fundamental as lumber or iron. In endless combinations with woods, metals and fabrics, it will create a brand-new structural element capable of as many variations as steel.

Plastic-impregnated cloth, for instance, becomes a rigid substance that can be molded into shapes impossible to wood or metal. It will have the strength of iron and the lightness of paper without the limitations of either. A revolutionary kind of lumber will be made of wood or fiberboard, laminated and held together with a plastic which is both a binder and a waterproofing agent. From this lumber, boats can be made in one piece. Plastic-coated aluminum and magnesium will produce a sheet metal with the strength of steel in a featherweight product that cannot rust or corrode.

Plastic chemists of the future will establish consulting services for architects and structural engineers. When a knotty problem of design or manufacture comes up, they will create the exact combination of plastic and other basic materials that will give the special properties desired. It will be a revolution as spectacular as the advance from the stone age to the age of bronze.

Supermagnets for Medicine

Tomorrow's doctors will have a powerful new tool for removing foreign bodies caught in the windpipe or lodged in the stomach, when "alnico" magnets become available for emergency medical operations. The spectacular recovery of a small padlock from a child's stomach with a tiny magnet of this material has already made headlines. Your future dread that your child will swallow nails or tacks or inhale bits of steel will be set at rest when you know that your physician can retrieve such objects without a dangerous operation.

The new alloy, already mentioned in these columns, derives its great magnetic power from a unique molecular structure that permits it to retain magnetism far better than does steel. It will have many important applications in electrical apparatus but none so revolutionary as its use in medicine. Tiny magnets of special shapes will be devised to remove steel splinters from the eye, fragments from the body cavities, and especially bullets and shrapnel from flesh wounds both in war and peace.

A plastic-and-plywood piano will bring you a new standard in musical instruments. It will weigh hundreds of pounds less than present pianos do but will have the rich, vibrant tone of the finest grand.

No More Radio Static

Radio fans are soon to inherit a w where static will be silenced forever. longer will their favorite programs blotted out by the snapping and pop of distant thunderstorms or the buzz sparking refrigerator. The "radio s neutralizer," now emerging from the l ratory in foolproof form, will filter kinds of electrical strays from the re ing set without interfering with the br cast signal itself.

Chalk up one more triumph for tronic tubes, now becoming so "int gent" that they can receive the signals you want to hear while elimina the loudest static, even that which tri sneak through on broadcast wave len

The device will be so compact th will be built into every set. Its first will be to cut out ignition interfer in fighter plane radios. Later, it will come a special boon in every househ where electrical noisemakers like s ers and egg beaters now put the radio of business altogether.

Rosin, in a new polymerized form, be an important ingredient in soap. It improve the suds, increase solubility cut down to almost nothing the snee nuisance in soap powders.

Photography Will Escape Temperat

After the war, you will have ph graphic chemicals that do not need t used at a single critical temperature. velopers, hardeners and fixing baths operate equally well between 68 and degrees, so that you will no longer b slave to the photographic thermometer

Designed for use with our inva forces in tropical countries, the new s tions will save many an amateur f turning out poor results in warm mates or hot weather. They will speed up the work of professionals now have to depend on accurate temp ture control for commercial results.

AFTER THIS WAR . . . An Ever READY America!

By L. B. ICELY, *President*

BUT for the grace of God, and the protecting breadth of our oceans, *we* might have been another France, another Poland, or another Greece.

With this fearful lesson on the value of preparedness still fresh in mind, let us here and now *resolve*, as a nation, that *never again* shall America be caught physically unprepared and untrained.

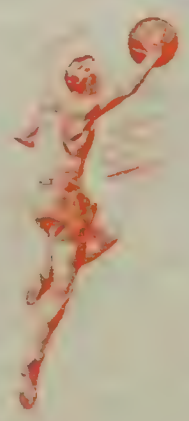
Our national purpose in this war is to help establish worldwide peace and freedom.

But—let us resolve that *from this war on*, America shall be *a physically fit, ever ready people.*

First—let us see that our returning fighters are *kept* in good condition, through participation in organized sports and vigorous games, to form the nucleus of the new, *physically fit* America.

Through compulsory Physical Training in our schools, colleges and universities, let us train *all* of America's youth, from the beginning, to be robust, strong and adept in the skills and agilities that football, basketball, baseball, tennis, boxing, and other American competitive sports develop.

Let us broaden the application of Industrial Recreation so that *all* the millions of young men and women who work in our great industrial plants may have access to organized sports and games that will keep *them* healthy and vigorous.



Let there be more golf clubs, more tennis and badminton courts, more play fields and gymnasiums, and organized participation in them by more business executives and office workers.

Let there be more help for that part of the youth of America whose only playgrounds are the sand lots of our cities and towns.

As a vital factor in our Postwar planning let us establish new and higher physical standards *for all of America.*

Let us resolve that not only our industrial and economic machinery, but our millions of Human Machines shall be physically equal to the challenge of our job as leaders in world restoration and progress after the war.

Let us now, therefore, dedicate this great, democratic nation of ours to the proposition that all men everywhere are entitled to Freedom from Fear, Freedom from Want, Freedom of Speech and Freedom of Worship. *But* let us also be *a Nation of athletes*—ever ready, if need be, to sustain our rights by the might of millions of physically fit sports-trained, freedom-loving Americans.

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., *and* Wilson Athletic Goods Mfg. Co., Inc.
Chicago, New York and other leading cities.

Wilson
SPORTS EQUIPMENT
IT'S WILSON TODAY IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT

FROM THE HEART OF CALIFORNIA

WINES true to type . . faithful in flavor . . sound of character . . reasonable in cost . . . America's largest-selling wines.

Roma offers
a wide choice of
APPETIZER WINES
TABLE WINES
DESSERT WINES
•
Before you buy wine
—buy War Bonds

ROMA WINES

TUNE IN to the Roma Wine Show. On your local Columbia Station—every Thursday night. Thirty minutes of fun and music by stars of the stage, screen, and radio. See your local paper for station and time.
Roma Wine Company . . . Fresno . . Lodi . . Healdsburg, California

With Eisenhower in Sicily

Continued from page 11

the prodigious display of warships steaming past. One German said, "I don't believe it. It can't be true." He had swallowed whole the Nazi propaganda that the British Mediterranean Fleet had been sunk.

Next morning we were called at five. By the time I got to the bridge about 5:30, Eisenhower and Butcher were already there and Sicily was in sight. Its purple shore was outlined against a rosy dawn streaked with fast-moving light clouds. Aircraft were overhead, and someone remarked jovially, "Hope you don't shoot down our own by mistake."

Then we approached our first destination and transferred from the destroyer to a small squat boat. The swell was high and glossy, and we landlubbers tumbled awkwardly down the rope, bouncing into the new craft.

We slithered across rollers, reached General Patton's headquarters ship and climbed aboard.

Then suddenly the urgency and dramatic quality of this mission became manifest. We were invading the continent of Europe. For the first time we were about to set foot on Axis territory, Europe itself. The first landings had taken place only forty-eight hours before, others were still going on. We had little information as to the progress of the fighting. And soon it became very clear that the war was very close.

An American cruiser was about a mile offshore. It began to bark. First a flash, then a crack, then a whish of shell, finally the echo plunging back from the drear Sicilian hills. We watched the floating cloud of smoke, first white, then gray, then yellowish at its edges.

A naval officer said dryly, "When it makes yellow smoke it's called smokeless. I don't know why."

The rate of firing increased, and another officer, American, said, "They must be on target now."

We saw fires quite near. I asked an officer when the Luftwaffe had been over this harbor. He replied, "Constantly."

There were 180 Nazi sorties yesterday and they did some damage. I walked up to an officer in khaki with three stars but I didn't notice he wore a black tie, showing he was Navy, not Army. I said, "Good morning, General."

He replied, "Hell, I'm an admiral." Indeed he was—he was Vice-Admiral Henry K. Hewitt, Commander of U. S. Naval Forces in the Mediterranean.

A Heroic Exhaustion

Another officer came up, leaned over to light a cigarette, fumbled and put his mouth over the match instead of the cigarette. He said, "I am captain of this ship. I haven't had any sleep and, God, I'm tired." Finally he got the match to the cigarette and added, "Guess I can't see straight yet."

The harbor was jammed with shipping. Every kind of craft was busy rushing to shore, unloading, returning, reloading. I counted more than a hundred ships. Our cruiser continued to bark angrily, but there was no sign of the Luftwaffe.

The admiral said, "The devils sneak in from those hills. Their spotters squirt information to them by radio, and they skip low through ravines before our boys can spot them, then dash away before our craft can get here. The lads on the beach who have been machine-gunned a lot have nervous triggers by this time. Sometimes they let go at our own planes. It's hard to tell ours from Messerschmitts at ten thousand feet."

Another admiral said, "We felt kind of helpless last night. The Luftwaffe came, dropped flares, bombed us to hell and left undisturbed. We haven't any night fighters yet."

Meantime, Eisenhower was having breakfast with Patton. Soon we took leave. The steel-helmeted Patton stood at the edge of the rope ladder looking like a Roman emperor carved in brown stone. He waved goodby. We bounced back to our destroyer and started to coast along the beach—if coast is the proper word to describe a speed of almost forty miles an hour. Eisenhower talked with the captain on the bridge. Butcher sat in a wooden chair, high above, and the rest of us clustered around.

The Villages Were Deserted

At about nine we approached an American squadron, and Eisenhower ordered a message sent to all ships, "Best wishes and good luck." By this time we were becoming aware how spectacularly successful our landings had been all along the shore. Cunningham said the American admiral's work was as good as any seamanship he'd ever seen. Blinkers flashed, conveying a message over smooth water. All of us, meantime, were closely watching the Sicilian beaches. Most of the villages, as far as we could tell through our glasses, seemed deserted. We passed a lighthouse roughly at the point marking the American right flank. The country seemed deserted. Eisenhower walked to and fro on the deck.

At 9:45 I was standing with the general and a sharp call came suddenly: "Action stations." The crews jumped up and manned our big gun aft. They stood in line, rough towels or rags on their heads, making them look like pirates, and began to feed long sharp shells forward. But another gun pointed in a different direction. We heard the snort of gunfire and saw splashes. We were being fired on by a German battery hidden in the groves behind the beach. I felt a tremendous thrill of excitement at this and wondered what would happen next.

Someone told Eisenhower to take cover. Eisenhower instead passed around cotton for our ears. Our guns now trained on the hidden enemy. We awaited the order to fire.

Someone rushed out with a couple of steel helmets and asked Eisenhower to put one on. He tried to do so but the strap came just under his nose. He laughed and said, "If I use this I'll need two men to hold it on."

Eventually we walked forward and took shelter. Eisenhower bantered, "It seems I'm the bird in the gilded cage." Then he added, "The last time I was shelled near Pantelleria the shots fell three hundred yards away, but now they're missing by four hundred. I guess we're doing better."

Eisenhower wanted to visit Sicily as soon as possible after the invasion, for several reasons: to confer with Hewitt, Patton and his other officers, to see for himself how things were going, and particularly to salute the Canadians who were associated with the British and Americans in a big-scale operation for the first time. He stood on the deck and watched the shore flow along beside us and in conversation he constantly stressed the Allied nature of this tremendous operation, expressing his appreciation in the warmest terms of the "exquisite" co-ordination achieved by all. He talked about how Cunningham, Alexander and Tedder, each working perfectly in his own sphere, assembled the whole machine into action with consummate efficiency while he was only "Chairman of the Board."

Before this, I'd met Eisenhower two or t ee times, attended several of his press cnferences, and been extremely impressed t this officer (only a lieutenant colonel acouple of years ago) who was now in ɜpreme charge of one of the greatest, ɔst complex operations in military his-t y.

He is a solidly built man of medium light, with sandy hair, big forehead and ckled face. He has one of the widest, ɔst mobile grins imaginable. His man-ɔr is direct, simple, friendly.

You get the sense from him that he's ry sure of himself and knows his own orth. But his informality and his mod-ty are intensely genuine. He's the least uffed-shirted general I ever met. All his lleagues admire his enormous tact. He d never had concrete battle experience the field till last November, yet found mself appointed superior to veterans e Alexander and Montgomery.

But he quickly proved himself a real ategist with the final victory in Tunisia. ow he has won not only the respect of s subordinates but their affection. ough he likes to call himself chairman the board, he is much more than that. e is a perfect co-ordinator, capable of gorous, decisive action. He is very rewd, as anyone can tell on listening to s conversation, despite his tremendous odesty. He tries to keep in the back-ound as much as possible, always resses his responsibility to Washington d London, and even refuses to let cor-spondents date-line anything as from General Eisenhower's Headquarters." e insists they use the term "Allied Head-uarters."

He is Master of the Colloquial

At one press conference, he listened to highly technical discussion about com-unications routes, etc. It was quite re-eshing to hear the generalissimo say, Maybe I'm dumb but I didn't get that. epeat it, please." He will listen to any-ne who knows his stuff. I have heard a oung American captain argue with him ubbornly.

At his desk, Eisenhower likes to sit back his chair and rock. He says to newspa-ermen, "Now, listen. I want to co-oper-te with you fellows and I want you to o-operate with me." He can certainly be evere if necessary, but most of the time, is informality, his use of homely lan-uage is disarming.

On the first day of operations, I heard im say, "By golly, we've done it again! By golly, I wouldn't have believed it!" Meaning the surprise of landing really turned out to be a surprise. And he added, "This is the period when you fellows want to know everything, but military folks are scared to death just now. Darn it, I can't tell you anything! After all, I'm the man responsible." But he never loses a nice healthy dignity. And don't think he lacks force.

As we rounded the bend of the Sicilian shore, Eisenhower watched with aware attention and talked cheerfully, casually, between glances. He said any military man, any general, had to believe in his own luck in the game of war, otherwise the awful strain would get him down. He added, grinning, "Of course anybody can draw a bad card sometimes." When he is tired and he wants to slump after a hard day, he knows his friend Butcher will cheer him up.

They Called Him "Alarmist Ike"

Eisenhower went to the Philippines with MacArthur in February, 1935. He returned to the United States in January, 1940. He was certain war was coming, but thought it would strike us from Europe first. Friends kidded him, called him "Alarmist Ike." He went to work in the Third Army at San Antonio. He said he had never been so busy in all his life as during that period. On Pearl Harbor day, worn out, he took a nap and left word that no one should disturb him under any circumstances.

Then an aide got news of the Jap attack, consulted other aides who said, "He'll murder us if we don't wake him." And they did.

Eisenhower said, "Well, boys, it's come." A few days later Major General W. B. Smith, then secretary to the Chief of Staff, phoned him and said, "Ike, the Chief says hop a plane and come to Washington." Smith is now Eisenhower's own Chief of Staff.

Eisenhower has enormous respect and admiration for General Marshall. The night before the attack on Sicily, he watched our aircraft go overhead. A sudden wind came up and grew in violence. Eisenhower, who is a plainsman Westerner, knows how to gauge weather. He saw near-by windmills whirring and he knew the wind had reached forty miles an hour or more, which might be ruinous to some phases of the operation. When he returned to Headquarters, he found a message from Marshall in Washington. It said, "Is it (meaning the operation) on

"You go ahead and order, dear; anything you can get is okay with me!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

Serve this low point Skinless meal tonight!
TRADE MARK

SERVES 4

SKINLESS FRANKFURTERS WITH STUFFED TOMATOES

Cut a thin slice from stem end of 4 medium size tomatoes. Scoop out center, flute top edge of tomatoes with scissors. Sprinkle inside with salt and pepper. Mix together 2 cups cooked corn, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper and 2 tablespoons melted butter. Fill tomatoes, place in greased baking pan. Bake in moderate oven, 375 degrees F., about 15 minutes or until tomatoes are tender.

Arrange SKINLESS frankfurters in center of platter. Place stuffed tomatoes and cooked potatoes, sprinkled with butter and parsley, around edge of platter.

Serve 4 hungry people with 1 pound of Skinless
TRADE MARK

HERE'S A SURE WAY to have a tempting, delicious dinner for very, very few ration points! Serve SKINLESS to your family and see for yourself how amply one pound serves a family of four.

AND THAT'S NOT ALL! SKINLESS frankfurters pack a peck of nourishment . . . rich juices, healthful vitamins that *stay* in because there are no skins to split open . . . no skins to peel and waste!

POINT FOR POINT, pound for pound, penny for penny—SKINLESS are one of today's best buys. A meal built around this tasty main dish is a foregone success. So next time you order frankfurters or wieners—make sure they're SKINLESS!

THE VISKING CORPORATION
6733 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois
"VISKING" is the reg. trade mark of The Visking Corporation
★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

DON'T WASTE FOOD

Skinless
TRADE MARK
FRANKFURTERS & WIENERS

THE NO-WASTE FOOD!

Overheard in the Bathroom

A dirty, dingy toilet brings whispered comments. It's inexcusable these days. Sani-Flush keeps toilet bowls glistening and sanitary without messy work. It quickly removes stains and incrustations where toilet germs lodge. Cleans away a cause of toilet odors. Use Sani-Flush at least twice a week.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically. Even cleans the hidden trap. *Cannot injure septic tanks or their action and is safe in toilet connections when used as directed on the can.* Sold everywhere. Two handy sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

THIS MAN

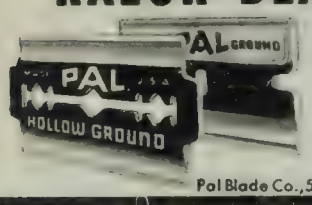
wants to share his shaving discovery with other men

"Have had great difficulty finding a satisfactory blade because of a tough beard and tender skin. Thank you for your Pal Blades."
Nathaniel Ewing
LOS ANGELES,

PAL BLADES ARE HOLLOW GROUND
They're flexible in razor—no need to "bear down"; kind to tender skins.

PAL

"hollow-ground" RAZOR BLADES



4 for 10¢
10 for 25¢
Double or Single Edge

Pal Blade Co., 595 Madison Ave., N.Y.

SAVE STEEL: Buy PAL Blades—They Last Longer

"By all means join an auxiliary if you insist, dear. I shouldn't be surprised if you'd be able to release two men for the front"

COLLIER'S HARTMAN-REA

or off and what do you think?" Marshall asked for an answer within four hours. Eisenhower had fifteen minutes wherein to reply. He answered, "It's on. There's a high wind, but I think we're going to be able to report success in the morning."

Eisenhower is as sound as can be on the essential strategy of war and speaks from experience of the comparative danger from the Germans and the Japanese. He knows we must beat Germany first for the most elemental reasons, and he is absolutely firm for Anglo-American solidarity. He has worked wonders impressing everybody in his command that it is truly an Allied show.

Just after ten, we approached the beach near Correnti. Again the bustle of shipping in the crowded harbor, again the pulsating beat of our aircraft overhead. We slid down the ladder and this time boarded a strange-looking craft, a remarkable amphibious creature known as a duck, a water wagon that looks like a truck and navigates on land as well as water. I did not realize the duck was a duck and, to my utter astonishment, suddenly we found ourselves well up on the beach, dry-shod. Eisenhower leaped out, and then came the colloquy with the officer, which I have described.

Greeting the Canadians

Eisenhower carried no flag or identification. He said, "I want to talk to the senior Canadian officer of this beachhead."

The reply came, "This is a Canadian beachhead, sir, but Headquarters is some distance inland."

Eisenhower went on, "I don't care if it's a second lieutenant, I want to talk to some Canadian officer."

All around us, troops were busy. Some swimming in the creamy surf, some unloading ducks and barges, some laying down roads, some cooking, erecting green pup tents, building signal boxes, watchtowers. Eisenhower determined to go inland to find the Canadians.

He explained, "I want to welcome Canada to the Allied Command." He borrowed a jeep and we followed in our duck.

I tried to take pictures as we bounced forward. That duck may have had a rough passage in some waters, but it never could have been rougher than it was up and down those narrow, twisting, dusty Sicilian lanes. We bumped along, tried to keep up with the general's jeep, got stalled in other traffic, and lost it. We ground through tall reeds and prodded into thickets. We heard snipers had been busy in this vicinity before. But the first Sicilian I actually laid eyes on was a kid about fourteen riding a bicycle. He smiled, waved and asked us to take his picture.

We went back to the beach. Eisenhower and the jeep returned a bit later. He had found a junior Canadian officer, Captain J. E. Moore, of Vancouver, and his mission was accomplished.

Our return was, as they say, uneventful. Eisenhower pointed to the duck and said, "Is the flagship ready?" "Aye, aye, sir, if you are prepared." "Set sail," replied the general, and we mounted the weird thing and were off. Two minutes later we slipped from land into water and rode smoothly to the headquarters ship of the British admiral.

We'd just sat down to drinks when the captain, whom I had known in New York, said, "As I'm captain of this ship and that's the red signal, I'm afraid I'll have to leave you." A red signal meant an air-raid alert, and before we had finished our drinks there was another. But nothing happened.

Then we discovered Eisenhower had already left the headquarters ship for our destroyer. Great commotion as Butcher and I thought—not very seriously—we might be left behind. The admiral, who is known as a tiger man who fought fiercely at Narvik and got more convoys through the Mediterranean than any other officer, said in one of the most vigorous tones of command I have ever heard, "My barge. Superspeed." So the barge drew up and in a miraculously short interval we were aboard our destroyer once again. Then began the trip back to the home port. The American generalissimo of the Allied Armies of Liberation had set foot on occupied Europe for the first time.

THE END

PROPER FILLING MAKES PENS WILLING

No smudge and no dirt, no sand and no grime. Ideas flow fast into words every time. Your Ink-O-Graph races, when properly filled. Hard work becomes play, and everyone's thrilled! If Ink-O-Graph filling's a mystery to you, read the offer below and learn what to do. So you, too, can enjoy a wonderful time, with no smudge and no dirt, no sand and no grime!

ONLY ONE PERSON IN 5,000 KNOWS HOW TO FILL ANY FOUNTAIN PEN PROPERLY!

An Ink-O-Graph Pen will give perfect satisfaction for many years—equal to that you expect from the highest-priced fountain pen—*provided you fill it properly.* If you haven't received one of our instruction sheets from your dealer, send us a 3c stamped, self-addressed envelope and we will mail you a copy.

Beware of imitations—Only by getting the genuine can you enjoy *all the advantages* offered by Ink-O-Graph. Look for the name Ink-O-Graph on every pen.

DeLuxe Model **INK-O-GRAPH $2**

Inkograph Co., Inc., 204 Hudson St., N. Y. C.

FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost **as well as with natural teeth.** Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25¢ and 50¢ at druggists. . . . If your druggist hasn't it, ***don't waste money on substitutes,*** but send us 10¢ and we will mail you a generous trial box. © L. P. Inc.

KLUTCH CO., Box 3007-J, ELMIRA, N. Y.

Enjoy PEP and SPARKLE!

Now—feel great! Be wide-awake internally! It's easy. Try crisp, *good-tasting* Eno in a glass of water, as directed, whenever you "overdo"—eat, drink, smoke, unwisely. Helps overcome ordinary sluggishness, acid indigestion! Try 30¢ size today—at all druggists.

Enjoy life with ENO

... THE REALLY PLEASANT SALINE

Eve Curie

Continued from page 24

he't and soul. And a chance, for once, to work without feeling embarrassed about trading on the family name. She would help the public to comprehend the grandeur of Madame Curie.

or almost two years she did careful research, examining documents and letters in Paris and in her mother's native Poland. "That part was easy. I have an orderly mind. I would make a good secretary. But the writing! I don't know when I'd have finished if it hadn't been for Vincent Sheean. He was to translate the book into English, and he and his wife stayed in Paris, prodding me to get the next chapter done, and the next."

The book made publishing history, with translations in 24 languages, and best-seller records in many countries.

Miss Curie's lecturing career grew out of the book. She was invited to the San Francisco World's Fair, spoke about her mother. Then she nervously embarked on a normal lecture tour. She used to write her speeches out in French, translate and memorize them. Reading from a manuscript was against her principles, besides being forbidden in her contract.

Formula for Success

She developed into one of America's most popular lecturers. "It is not so important that your hearers be interested in you," she says, "but it is essential for you to be interested in them. And you cannot bluff. If they are convinced that you are honest, that you are not lying to yourself or to them, they will listen sympathetically even when they disagree."

The character of her lectures changed when Germany attacked France. Appointed head of the women's section of the French Information Commissariat, she no longer spoke on Madame Curie, but on Frenchwomen and the War.

The French capitulation was a stunning blow to Miss Curie, who had proudly proclaimed that the France she loved was "prepared for a long, stubborn, patient, enduring, devastating war" in defense of a way of living her people believed in.

From Paris, on the day of the armistice, she sent a dispatch to the New York Herald Tribune, condemning the armistice and its perpetrators. She quickly left the country to go to England as a liaison worker with the Free French. She made broadcasts to the people back home, "not fine speeches, just simple factual reports to prove to them that they were not abandoned, that Free Frenchmen were fighting still."

She continued working in London through the blitz of 1940-41, then returned to America for more lectures. This time it was harder to speak. "I no longer had the backing of my mother, or of the French government. I was on my own, a saddened representative of a humiliated people speaking to a country not yet at war."

Americans liked her, as always—she's a habit with the people of Omaha, Houston, Louisville, Palo Alto, Kalamazoo—but Vichy did not. The puppet government deprived her of citizenship.

On November 10, 1941, she set out by clipper on her 40,000-mile tour of the fighting fronts, sending news stories along the way and piling up notes for her second important book. Wendell Willkie, whose One World undoubtedly cut into her sales somewhat, sent an unsolicited blurb to her publishers: "It is a report of social change and political movements throughout the world, with which every American should be familiar. . . ."

In all of her projects, Miss Curie is sustained by the remembrance of her indomitable mother. She was cold in Russia, hot in Libya, had no water for washing in China, yearned for a change of clothing in Iran. She slept on an unpadded bunk of bare boards in Rangoon. Still she did not complain. How could she when her mother had pursued her studies in unheated attics and laboratories for years and years, and had felt well clothed indeed when she had an extra dress hanging in her closet.

When Miss Curie heard bombs falling during the London blitz, she remained calmly in bed. "I thought it was better to get normal sleep. My mother had us stay in bed when bombs fell on Paris during the last war. She would have been shocked if we had asked to leave."

Miss Curie can go fearlessly anywhere, alone, at night, in strange country. "My mother did not want us to be overcareful. She let us work for farmers to help

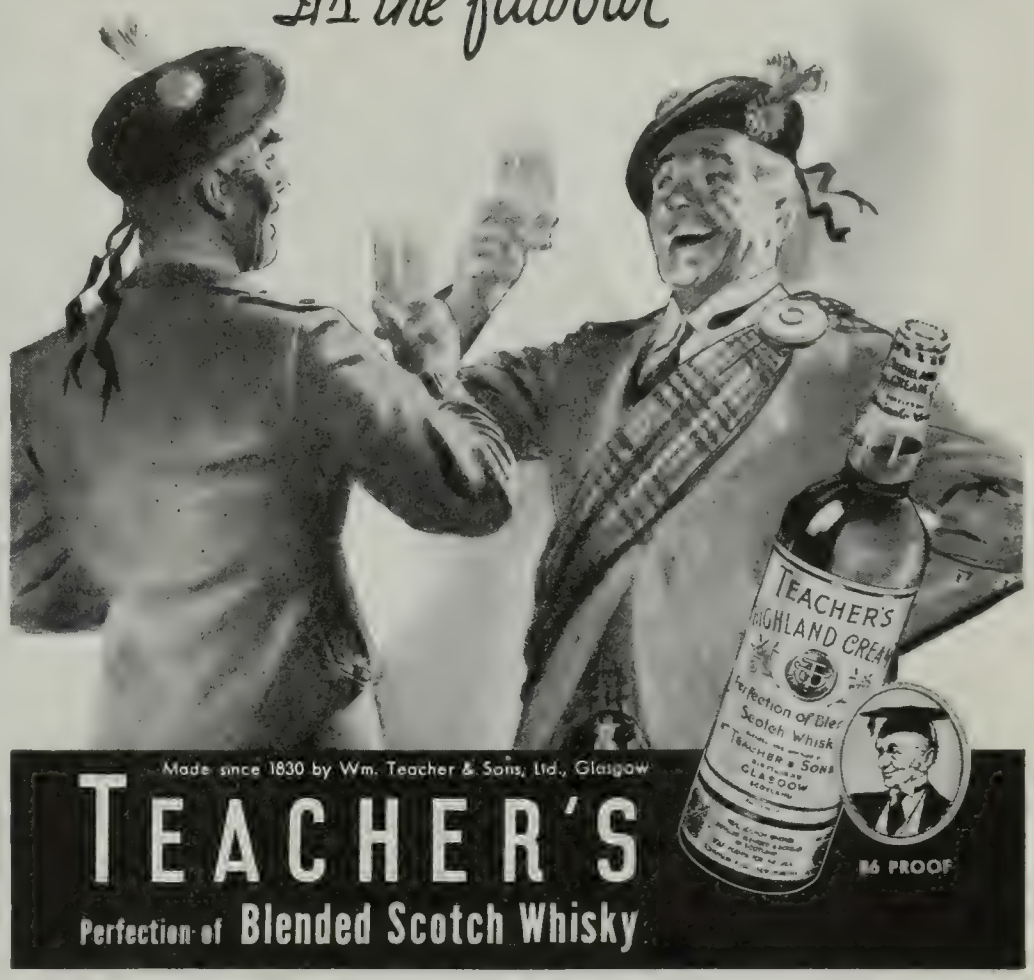
"This is the man you've been waiting to see. Now you have another wait ahead of you while they appoint his successor"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

"'Tis nae secret!"

Everyone knows the reason for Teacher's excellence. 'Tis expressed in just three short words...

"It's the flavour"



Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

TEACHER'S

Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

Which . . .

DO YOU CHOOSE?

LOVELY GLAMOR-GOWNS

or

DRESSES TO CONCEAL—

PSORIASIS

Women who take special pride in their personal appearance might easily find the solution to this perplexing problem by investigating immediately the merits of *SIROIL.* The use of *SIROIL* has altered the dressing habits of thousands of others affected by psoriasis and might help you. So why not try *SIROIL* at once? *SIROIL* tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on the outer layer of the skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of *SIROIL* will help keep them under control. Applied externally, *SIROIL* does not stain clothing or bed linen, nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. Try it. Certainly it's worth a trial, particularly since it's offered to you on a two-weeks'-satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

SIROIL FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES

Write today for interesting booklet on Psoriasis, using coupon—

Siroil Laboratories, Inc., Dept. C-27, Detroit 26, Mich.
Siroil of Canada, Ltd., Box 488. Windsor, Ont.
Please send me your free booklet on Psoriasis.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ *STATE* _____

7 things you should do to keep prices down!

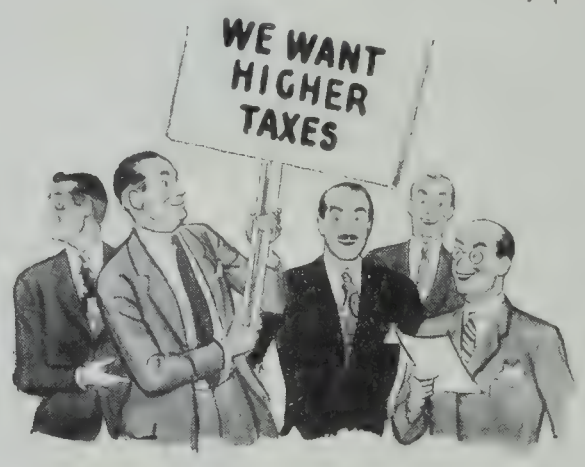
If prices soar, this war will last longer, and we could all go broke when it's over. Uncle Sam is fighting hard to keep prices *down*. But he can't do it alone. It's up to *you* to battle against any and every rising price! To help win the war and keep it from being a hollow victory afterward—you must *keep prices down*. And here's how you can do it:

1. BUY ONLY WHAT YOU NEED

Don't buy *a thing* unless you *cannot* get along without it. Spending can't create more goods. It makes them scarce and prices go up. So make everything you own last longer. "Use it up, wear it out, make it do, or do without."

2. PAY NO MORE THAN CEILING PRICES

If you do pay more, you're party to a black market that boosts prices. And if prices go up through the ceiling, your money will be worth less. Buy rationed goods only with stamps.

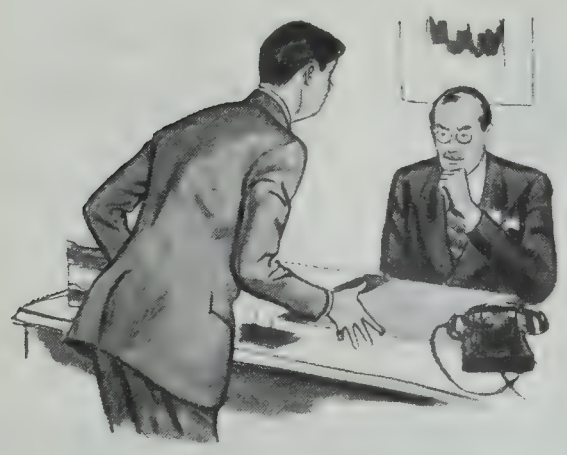


3. SUPPORT HIGHER TAXES

It's easier and cheaper to pay for the war as you go. And it's better to pay big taxes *now*—while you have the extra money to do it. Every dollar put into taxes means a dollar less to bid for scarce goods and boost prices.

4. PAY OFF OLD DEBTS

Paid-off debts make you independent now . . . and make your position a whale of a lot safer against the day you may be earning less. So pay off every cent you owe—and avoid making new debts as you'd avoid heiling Hitler!



5. DON'T ASK MORE MONEY

in wages for yourself, or in prices for goods you have to sell. That puts prices up for the things all of us buy. We're all in this war together—business men, farmers and workers. Increases come out of everybody's pocket—including *yours*.

6. SAVE FOR THE FUTURE

Money in the savings bank will come in handy for emergencies. And money in life insurance protects your family, protects you in old age. See that you're ready to meet any situation.

7. BUY WAR BONDS

and hang on to them. Buy as many as you can afford. Then cut corners to buy more. Bonds put money to work fighting the war instead of allowing it to shove up prices. They mean safety for you tomorrow. And they'll help keep prices down today.

KEEP PRICES DOWN...

Use it up . . . Wear it out . . .

Make it do . . . Or do without.

This advertisement, prepared by the War Advertising Council, is contributed by this magazine in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America.

arvest crops during the last war. I was nly thirteen then."

Miss Curie contracted malaria in Egypt, nd sometimes suffers a touch of it now. he brushes it off lightly. Did not her nother go on working in her damp shed f a laboratory with the earthen floor, hen she had tuberculosis, and yet in ome mysterious way get better?

It is unlikely that as a Voluntaire in his war, Miss Curie will encounter harder ork than her mother did in the last one. Madame Curie equipped mobile X-ray nits, and drove one herself to first-aid tations near the front, as needed.

In misfortune Miss Curie does not turn o religion. Her mother brought her up ithout religion, "but understand, she as not antireligious. Nor am I. It is for ach person to decide."

This mother of hers was thrifty, of neessity, and Eve can be thrifty, too. Cerainly she is a good businesswoman. Both Malcolm Johnson, of Doubleday Doran, er publishers, and W. Colston Leigh, her ecture agent, say she makes a careful ontract. Leigh tells that when they were rawing up the contract for some postwar ectures she asked, "But what if inflation omes? How am I protected against that?" sensible question which no other client ad thought to ask.

But remember how Madame Curie urned down an enormous fortune for erself and her daughters when she reused to take out a patent on radium? Remember how she said the discovery was he rightful property of all mankind?

Eve can flip money away for the sake of rinciple, too. When at the end of her our it seemed to her that the war had ot ahead of her, so that perhaps her book ould not be wanted, she offered to reurn to Doubleday and to the Herald Tribune the money they had advanced. Like her mother, she is always giving, genrously, quietly, to friends and causes.

"I am not so good as my mother," she ays. "I am more of a spender. But I do ot want jewels or burdensome possesions. I like to work. I like to make a ood living. I do not think I could live at eace without earning."

Miss Curie has never been married, hough, as her friends always add, it could ot be for lack of opportunity. Possibly ven there she remembers her mother's words: "I . . . think it is a source of disappointment to make all the interest of one's life depend upon sentiments as stormy as love. . . ."

Also, Miss Curie says, "It is hard for me to live with anyone else after living with her. She never played a part. Because of her, I cannot bear any affectation. The tiniest bit of it hurts my ear."

The fall of France eclipsed the last glimmer of Eve Curie's frivolity. The gregarious Eve, who enjoyed giving small dinner parties in her pleasant apartment on New York's Central Park South, disappeared entirely—for the duration. So did the grand hostess Eve, whose large-scale party at the apartment of Condé Nast in 1939 was the talk of society for its perfection.

Farewell to the Haut Monde

She gave up her apartment, moved to a modest two rooms sparsely furnished with hotel trappings. She stopped seeing the members of café society altogether—"They are more isolationist than any people I know. The people I met in Sioux City have more idea of what's going on in the world."

Her enlistment with the Voluntaires was necessary to her peace of mind. "When victory comes, no one must say that the French were not there, too, fighting."

But in spite of her sadness for France, for Poland, for all the peoples saddened by war, Miss Curie has achieved a personal victory the hard way, the Marie Curie way.

She is at last a person in her own right.

The other day someone again asked her the old question: Was it not hard to be the daughter of such a mother? She cried out with vehemence, "It is im-pos-sible!"

Not quite impossible, Miss Curie.

"Well, it is better now," she said. "I spent ten years of acute self-consciousness, suffering with shame each time I measured myself against her. I do not feel so any more. I was maybe conceited to be troubled in this way. Of course I could not measure up, not in goodness or in achievement. She was great. I am not. Everybody knows it, and it is all right. If I can just do normal work and be of some use in the world, I am satisfied."

THE END

Fire!

Continued from page 17

and! We hold the world's record for disastrous fires in modern times.

The point of the present frightening wave of fires is that if the factories making planes, tanks and guns are destroyed, the equipment doesn't get to the Armed Forces. The sad part is that the things that cause fires are very simple, are easily corrected. The most important principle in avoiding fires is: Don't put all your eggs in one basket. It wasn't necessary to have all that rubber at Fall River. It wasn't necessary to have 10,000 tons of cork lost in one fire in Baltimore because the cork was all in one place. In most cases the industrial process can be carried on just as efficiently in small units as in one large unit.

There must be intelligent inspection in factories, and the fact must be drilled into employees that it is fatal to delay putting in a general alarm when a fire starts. Most of our big fires have got out of control because the employees thought they could put it out without calling the city department. Naturally, fire-fighting equipment is needed in a plant and it is essential that groups of employees be organized into fire-fighting units.

The trouble with us is that we have no idea how widespread the fire hazard can be. If there is a fire in our neighborhood we assume that there has never been another fire that important. We don't see the entire picture because we can't see it. The British learned their lesson through bitter experience. It is estimated that 85 per cent of all air-raid damage done in England has come from fires. The Russians were prepared to the hilt for incendiary bombs, and the fire watchers and wardens of Leningrad and Moscow gave a lesson to the world in how the fight should be carried on. Our problem is simpler but our awareness is far less keen.

The instinct of an American to go galloping after the hook-and-ladder wagon was obviously founded on the principle of excitement and adventure. Since there is now a surfeit of adventure in the world, it will pay us all to look upon fires as we would look upon an enemy agent.

When we leap out of bed in our pajamas at the sound of a siren, the conflagration may be just as beautiful and the men in the helmets may do just as excellent a job in quelling the blaze without loss of life, but the spectacle will now be something less than a pleasure—if it ever was. Fires are a serious menace. We may as well wake up to the fact.

THE END

Rare Treat in Philadelphia

BOOKBINDER'S
SNAPPER TURTLE SOUP
Makes Two Quarts

Cover snapper with water, add one small onion, one-half stalk of celery, boil for two hours.

Mix together one-half pound of melted butter, quarter pound of flour, two teaspoons of flavor-glow.

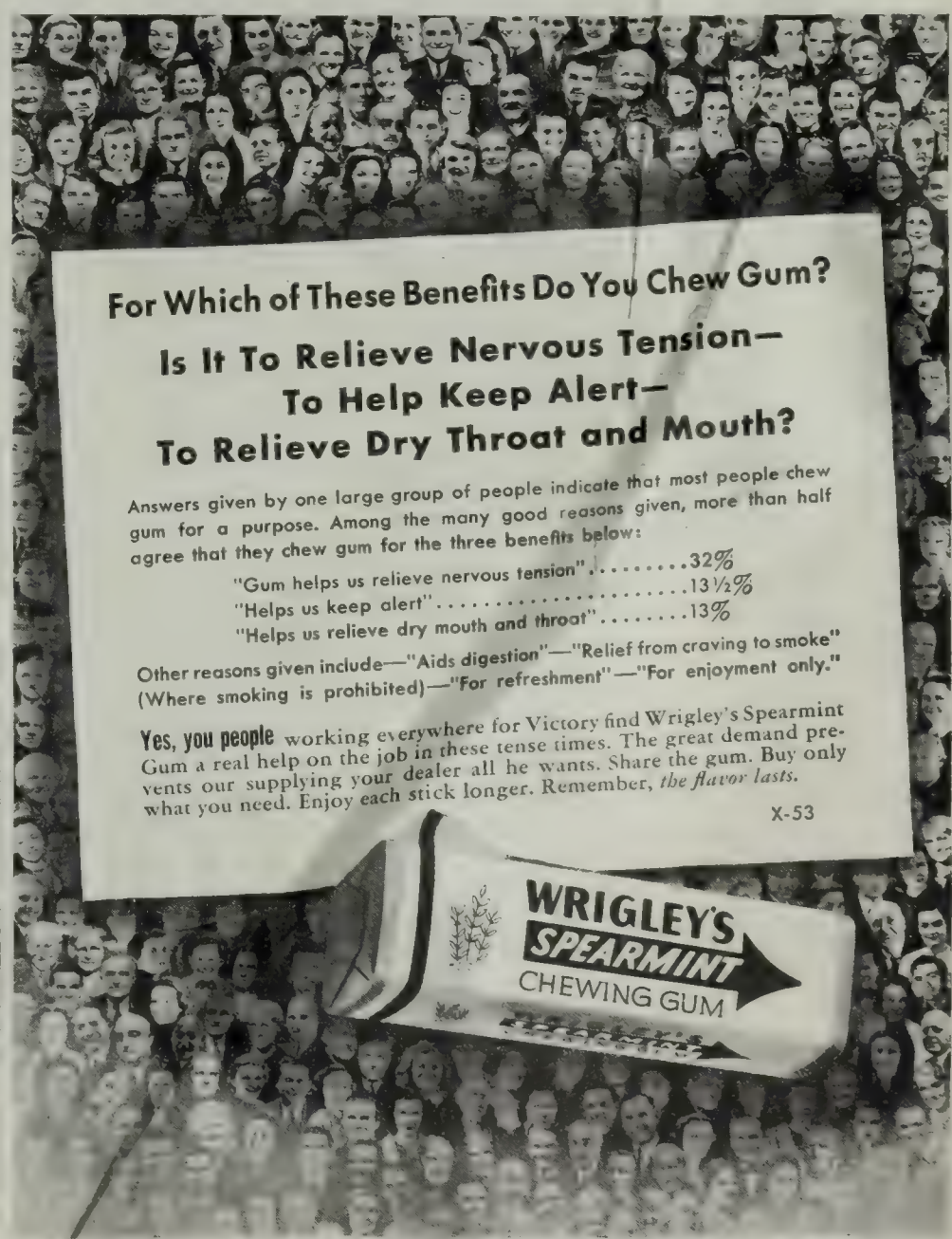
Add stock from snapper to melted butter and flour, season to taste. Chop two hard-boiled eggs and add to soup with three ounces of sherry wine.

Bookbinder's is at 125 Walnut Street in Philadelphia

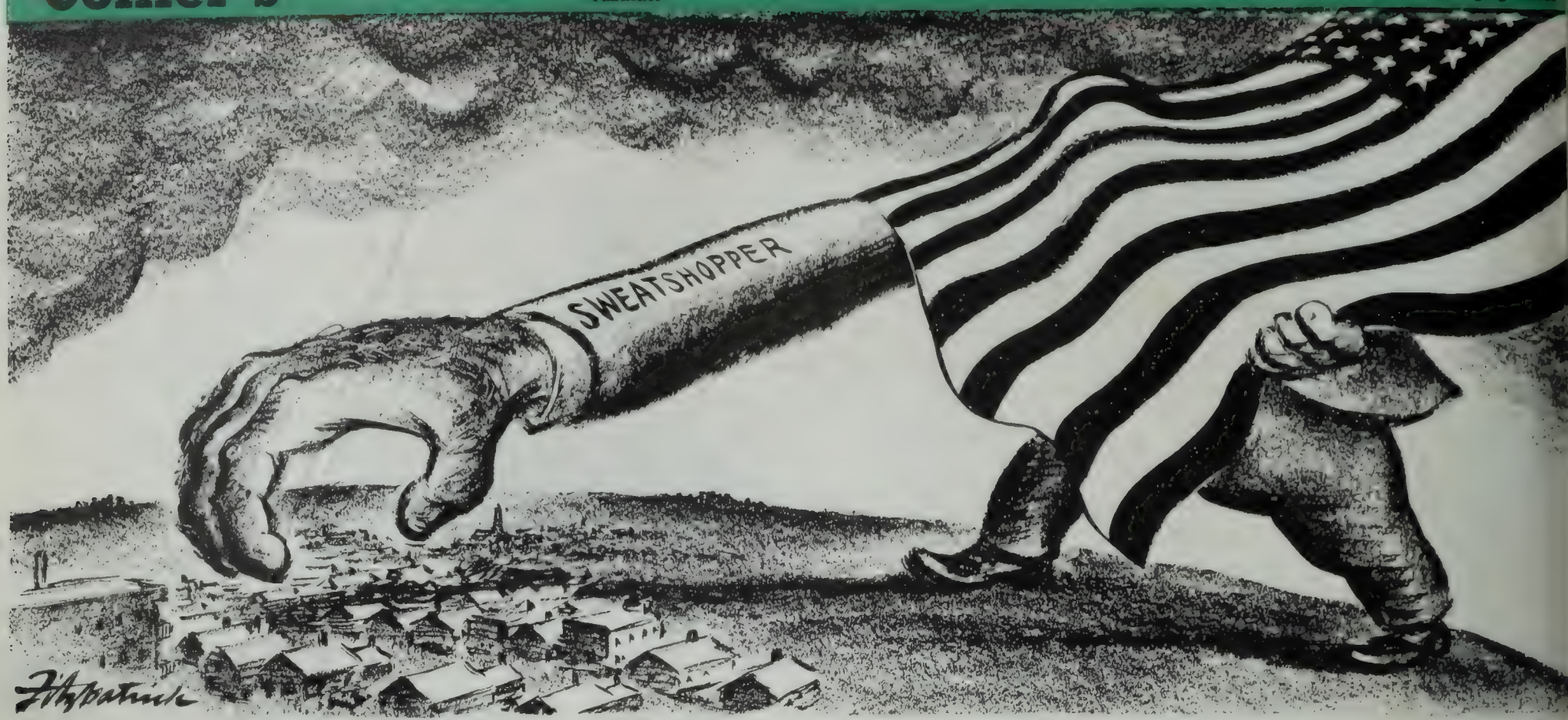
NATIONALLY FAMOUS FOR GOOD TASTE

Located on the site of William Penn's home, Bookbinder's is a landmark for fine food of good taste. To be in Philadelphia and miss Bookbinder's is to pass up one of the high points of the trip. And not to know Goebel Beer is missing a high point right at home; for Goebel is known from Canada to Florida for good taste. Would you like to enjoy that nationally famous good taste? Order Goebel Beer.

GOEBEL BEER
RIGHT FROM THE CYPRESS CASKS OF GOEBEL



Collier's
WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher • CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor • JEROME ELLISON Managing Editor



WHY WARTIME SWEATSHOPS?

WE HAD occasion some time ago to pay our disrespects to chiselers in numerous states who are trying to break down laws against child labor on allegedly patriotic grounds. The usual plea is that children of twelve and up ought to be permitted to "help the war effort" by tackling farm, laundry and other machinery with which they are unfamiliar and which therefore can easily kill or maim them.

We will now file similar objections to moves being made here and there to break down, under similar "patriotic" pretexts, assorted federal and state laws restricting the letting out of piecework to homeworkers.

Properly handled and paid for, this kind of work is all right. But when not carefully controlled by law, it is particularly vulnerable to sweatshop practices. There is wide opportunity for unscrupulous, natural-born exploiters of labor to cheat homeworkers in an unpoliced market—to underpay them, dock them for fictitious spoilage and fancied defects in the work, and so on.

The homeworkers, usually poor and unorganized, can't often fight back. They are frequently tempted, too, to dragoon their children into the candlewicking, buttonmaking, beadstringing, or whatever the homework may be, thereby violating the spirit if not the letter of child-labor laws.

The patriotic plea blows up completely wh you reflect that experience shows workers to generally much more efficient as producers wh working in factories than when working at hor

Altogether, the existing stringent federal re lations governing homework, and similar regulatic in some states seem as desirable in wartime as peacetime. When any proposal is made to relax a of them on a plea of war necessity, the presumpti is that the plea is made in bad faith and from ar thing but the professed patriotic motives. The fore, all such proposals should be closely scrutiniz from every angle, and our estimate is that some 99 per cent of them should be turned down cold.

Postwar Tax Refunds

THE government and all sensible citizens continue to struggle against the wartime inflation which, for all our best effort to date, still inches up on us.

We're all for the various anti-inflation measures which everybody is urged to take, and persistently: Buy War Bonds; cut your goods purchases to the minimum; pay your debts; be cautious and conservative in buying Christmas presents this year; stay away from black markets.

Nevertheless, there remains the gigantic problem of somehow sidetracking an estimated $40,000,000,000 in purchasing power this year; of preventing that enormous and explosive force from blowing the tops off the prices of our shrinking supplies of civilian consumer goods and thereby blasting us all into a truly disastrous inflation.

There are ways in which the problem can be met. Heavier taxation of incomes is one way. Compulsory savings is another. Greatly expanded voluntary civilian buying of War Bonds is another.

It may be that we'll save ourselves from a bad inflation by our purchases of War Bonds, which up to now have been phenomenal, plus our present heavy taxes, plus universal self-restraint in the matter of spending our wartime boom money.

But if further anti-inflation steps become necessary, what would be the most desirable one from all points of view?

We'd suggest to Economic Stabilization Director Fred M. Vinson and to Congress that the proposals for wartime income taxes to be refundable in part after the war look pretty promising.

Such taxes would tap the excess war earnings of people who didn't earn nearly as much before the war boom. People on more or less fixed incomes—teachers, government employees, many white-collar workers—would not be seriously affected; becau as Senator George of Georgia shrewdly observ these people are paying about all the taxes they c pay already without being wiped out as an econom group.

Those who are making big wages because of t war would be taxed steeply on those increased ear ings, but with the promise that a substantial part these tax payments would be returned to them aft the war. Thus they would be unable to contribu toward inflation during the war, and they wou have money coming to them after the war, wh many war-plant jobs can be expected to fold u

It looks like a way to kill two birds with o stone, and to do it with the least possible irritati to a lot of voters. We think official Washingt would do well to give the idea some serious consi eration.

The "Fifth" Freedom

THE United States Junior Chamber of Commerce at its recent meeting in Chicago adopted the following statement:

> We believe that in addition to the Four Freedoms we have a Fifth Freedom—the Opportunity of Enterprise—by which America has grown great and through which we can insure her future greatness.
>
> We believe this Freedom requires the right to an unfettered start in the race of life, with no artificial handicaps; the right to work as hard as we like and enjoy the fruits of that work as our own; the right to go as far as we can, developing according to our capacities as individual American men and women.
>
> We recognize that the Fifth Freedom is limited by the similar right of others, and that there is an obligation to extend these opportunities to all people who are willing and able to work.

This is an excellent statement, we think, and has our endorsement.

We'd amend it only in one particular; namely, b calling Opportunity of Enterprise the first America freedom instead of the fifth. Without this freedor what chance would the others (freedom of religic and expression, freedom from want and fear) have i this country?